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LASELL LEAVES

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Mr. Wass

LASELL proudly introduces to you a new-comer to the faculty, Mr. Raymond C. Wass, Assistant to the President. A graduate of the Washington Normal School of Machias, Maine (class of 1918), he was president of the senior class, a participant in football, basketball, baseball, and tennis, and was later elected president of the alumni association.

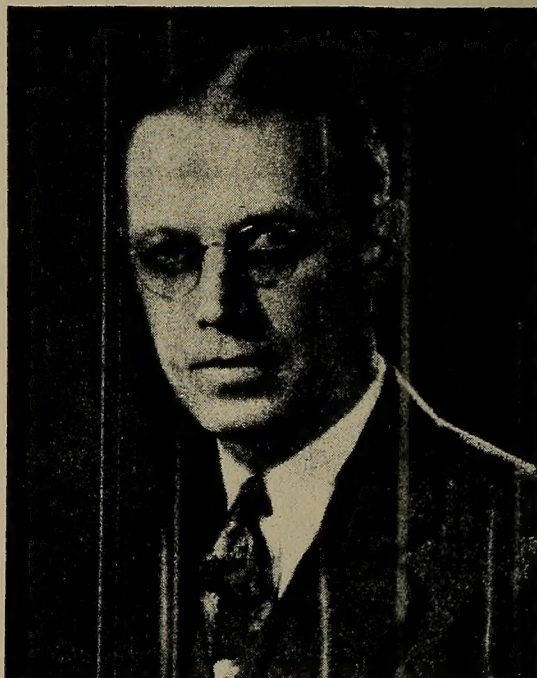
During the year and a half following his graduation, Mr. Wass served in the United States Army with a sergeant's rating in the hospital corps. He was stationed at various places such as Jackson Barracks in New Orleans, Alabama, Mississippi, and New York.

The following summer was spent surveying for the Machias Lumber Company, after which Mr. Wass resumed his education at the University of Maine as a junior. A member of Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity and the glee club, he was also active in inter-fraternity athletics—basketball, baseball, and varsity tennis. He received the degree of Bachelor of Education in 1921.

He then went to Standish, Maine, as the principal of the high school, remaining there for three years. His duties as administrator were combined with those of athletic coach and instructor in speaking, dramatics, mathematics, Latin, and science! It was during this time that he met Miss Mildred Bisbee of Berlin, New Hampshire, who later became Mrs. Wass. She was teaching French and mathematics.

The next five years saw Mr. Wass first as principal of Machias High School, which he had previously attended as a student, and then as dean and submaster at the East Maine Conference Seminary, a co-educational school in Bucksport, Maine.

In 1929 he left Bucksport to become principal of the high school in Hanover, Massachusetts. While there, Mr. Wass attended Boston University Graduate School, receiving his Master of Arts degree in 1935. In 1937,



Mr. Raymond C. Wass

1941, and the summer of 1943, he did graduate work in guidance and supervision of instruction at the Harvard Graduate School of Education. At the present time, he is working for his Doctor's degree.

Leaving Hanover in 1941, he became superintendent of schools in Hamilton, Massachusetts, and from there he came to Lasell. Mr. and Mrs. Wass now reside in Auburndale with their two daughters, Carol, a sophomore at Newton High School and Anita, a graduate of Westbrook Junior College.

It has taken only the short time that he has been here to prove Mr. Wass a real addition to the administration of Lasell Junior College. This new assistant to the President knows a great deal about human nature and is well acquainted with the many factors contributing to the individual happiness of the students. Already the girls have learned to appreciate his sound advice, his keen and fair judgment, and his kindly sense of humor.

Genie Dill

Accent on Dramatics

MAYBE you don't aspire to be a Sarah Bernhardt or a Helen Hayes. Maybe your life's ambition isn't to see your name in lights on star-studded Broadway. But does that mean a course in Dramatics is not for you? That's what I thought once—"Heck, I'm no actress! I can just see me emoting in a Dramatics class!" Then, to round out my schedule, I took a course in Dramatics. I entered class for the first time on fearful feet; quite definitely imprinted on my mind was the fact that tomorrow I'd be seeing Miss Beede about a change in schedule. Yes, I saw Miss Beede—just long enough to add another course in Dramatics to my already full schedule. And so I'd like to tell you what I know now . . .

Everybody has an ultimate goal in life—in her life's career. She may want to be a private secretary, or a buyer for a large department store, and, most likely, her eventual ambition is to be a housewife.

Let's look at the private secretary. What could be more helpful to her than poise, graciousness, and proficiency in expressing herself plainly and clearly before a large group of people? The ability to take one hundred and fifty words a minute in shorthand, and to transcribe those very notes on the typewriter at sixty words a minute, that's efficiency—that's wonderful! Naturally that's the prime requirement of a capable secretary—to take the words of her employer at a fast pace and to type them quickly and accurately. But being machine-like isn't all that a "boss" requires of his secretary. A business man wants a girl who knows how to handle herself in all situations, who can talk intelligently and freely to callers, and who, above all, will be gracious and courteous to business associates—a girl whose poise will give tone to the otherwise dull and colorless business office. Some people are born with these attributes and apply them quite naturally, but most of us have to have them "brought

out" in us and cultivated. We're definitely not boorish or vulgar, but neither are we the self-assured, polished person we should like to be.

Then, too, we may be shy—not overwhelmingly and uncompromisingly shy—but shy, nevertheless. We can't seem to talk much because we're afraid what we say may be wrong, and we have a great fear of annoying our employer with ungracious blunders in talking with his business friends. We need to believe in what we say, say it right, and stick by it until we have been proved wrong.

In the Dramatic courses here at Lasell we learn to cultivate such traits as are needed in the business office. First, we learn to express ourselves in clear and understandable speech, and we learn to talk with a purpose, not to talk just for the sake of saying something. Second, we overcome self-consciousness in meeting and talking to people. Third, we learn how to walk, how to hold ourselves—in other words, we develop good posture, and, subsequently, a good impression at first meeting. Fourth, we see clearly how graciousness and poise play an important part in our everyday lives, and we discover how we, too, can obtain such obvious assets.

And so it is in any job—salesgirl, buyer, stenographer, receptionist—we have to meet people, we have to know how to deal with them, and we have to apply ourselves to any and every type of situation that may arise in the business world. The kind of work we do in the different Dramatic courses gives us such helpful practice for success in our chosen fields.

Naturally each Dramatics course has a different angle. Speech may be considered a primary course in this field. There we learn to address formal and informal groups—large and small, to overcome self-consciousness, and to organize and present our speech well. In Literary Interpretation we are taught to read with meaning, to know and understand both prose and poetry. We cultivate our voice, and strive to make it charming in quality

and tone. We overcome silly mannerisms and make our actions accompanying our interpretation significant in order to bring out the beauty of what we are saying. In Play Production we get more of the fundamentals of actual producing, directing, and acting. But we also learn the art of walking with assurance, of presenting ourselves interestingly, etc.—things necessary to successful stage work, but also assets in every day living. Modern Drama is just what it implies. We study classical and Shakespearean masterpieces and Pulitzer prize plays, and gain actual knowledge by attending Theatre Guild productions.

So now you see Dramatics at Lasell really isn't what the word suggests. We don't go "dramatic all over the place." We *do* put on plays—quite professional ones. And we have so much fun in doing it. We all work with one goal in mind—to make the play good. That community spirit, so often absent in many colleges, comes to the fore as we all work together.

The dramatic courses at Lasell don't pretend to prepare you for a theatrical career, but you receive good training for intelligent participation in community dramatic groups. And so when you're married and have settled down as a sturdy, suburban matron, think how invaluable your knowledge of directing, producing, and staging plays will be in your work in women's clubs and church organizations.

Perhaps what I have been trying to tell you can be summed up in this statement about dramatic courses by Professor Glen Hughes of Washington University, Seattle, Washington:

"They develop the individual in a desirable way, and they provide a vital interest for many students who otherwise would drift through years of college without an enthusiasm. A major in drama not only animates the study of literature for the student, but it also provides a much-needed type of discipline. Our students must inevitably acquire

habits of promptness, attention to detail, care for person appearance, physical bearing, diction, and many others which improve them for the business of life, and which contribute not only to their person culture but to their character."

Emma Gilbert

News Flashes

- Sept. 16th—Reception, official opening of school.
- Sept. 23rd—Junior-Senior Frolic, the Juniors display their talents.
- Sept. 27th, 28th, 29th—Junior Week, "Did you ever see such a sight in your life?"
- Sept. 30th—V-12 Dance, Lasell entertains Tech.
- Oct. 11th—The Faculty's first tea of the year, at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Winslow.
- Oct. 26th—Students celebrate Halloween, party given by Student Council, Oh that Harvest Moon!
- Oct. 27th—Open House, Briggs starts it off.
- Nov. 1st—Carpenter opens house, high heels, hats, and corsages.
- Nov. 3rd—Draper entertains Junior sisters and the Faculty.
- Nov. 11th—Armistice Day, holiday, looking forward to the free weekend, end of quarter.
- Nov. 14th—Open house at Conn, tea and cookies.
- Nov. 16th—Cushing girls have finished their draperies; they display them at open house.
- Nov. 17th, 18th—"Alice Sit by the Fire", first play presentation of the year, grand success.
- Nov. 23rd—Thanksgiving holiday, turkey and all the fixings.
- Nov. 24th—Press Club Bridge.





The Saving Grace of Humor

Clara Austin Winslow

*(Extracts from a paper written for the
Auburndale Review Club)*

THERE are as many ideas of the quality of humor as there are different personalities, but nearly all agree on one inherent characteristic, its fundamental spirit of good will, a kindly feeling pervading its "quips and cranks and wanton wiles". It is the loving smile of a friend, permeating the mind and heart with a long-lasting glow of comfort and joy. A small boy expressed it when he said, "I'm so happy I'm giggling a little inside."

The world is full of humor to be enjoyed for only the price of its recognition. It appears in many unexpected places and in many different guises. Next to its tolerant and kindly spirit come its characteristics of unexpectedness, incongruity, exaggeration, as well as of understatement.

Humor's unexpectedness, or element of surprise, appeals to humanity in general as enjoyably funny. We seem to like being jolted, like the country woman who, after a smooth ride in a tourist's de luxe car, settled back into her own rattling, jouncing car, saying, "Now I can tell I'm really riding."

All who know life know that it is full of incongruities. When one laughs at them he transforms, as with a magic wand, annoyance to amusement. Let us hope that the man in the following incident was able to do just that. "The steamer was only a few feet from the wharf when a man came running madly from the gates, shouting to the officials to wait a moment. He flung his bag onto the boat, took a desperate leap, and landed on the deck with a crash. 'Good!' he gasped. 'A few seconds later I would have missed it.' 'Missed it!' exclaimed the officer. 'This boat is just coming in.'"

Exaggeration has the reputation of being a typically American kind of humor. Certainly we are not innocent enough to throw stones at other nations or even at sister states;

no, not even when a Californian claims that in his state three hundred and sixty-five days of sunshine a year is a very conservative estimate. Exaggeration is an easy, happy-go-lucky, harmless source of fun, provided it is enough of an exaggeration to leave no doubt as to its un-authenticity. The following example seems to fulfill this requirement.

"I don't need any speedometer on my car. I can easily tell the speed," said one. "How do you do that?" asked the other. "When I go ten miles an hour, my lamps rattle; when I go fifteen miles an hour, my mudguards rattle; and at twenty miles an hour, my bones rattle."

The following remark of a much-enduring husband leaves answering echoes on the patient air. He said, "I left my wife in the Grand Canyon trying to get the last word with an echo."

Understatement, exaggeration's third or fourth cousin twice removed, is quieter, more subtle, and perhaps less common. Many of Calvin Coolidge's dry remarks come under this head. Indeed, Vermonters seem to take a special delight in this tight-lipped form of humor.

But Maine is not far behind Vermont in this respect. From a hilltop there, one looks down upon a little lake bordered by green hills, beyond which blue-green hills melt into the misty blue of distant mountains. When sunset colors transform these hills and mountains into a heavenly glory, their beauty cannot be translated into words. But a workman from a near-by town looked at the view one day and tried to express his appreciation. It was a good try and at the same time a striking illustration of understatement. His remark was, "Ain't them hills pretty."

There is some satisfaction in realizing that plain, unadorned ignorance can add its humble share to the gaiety of nations. Although in 1775 there was a book published giving one hundred and thirty reasons why women should not be educated, the following extracts from young girls' compositions suggest a few reasons why they should be.

"The English teacher has learned me to write fast and correct."

"Julius Caesar is noted for his famous telegraph despatch, 'I came, I saw, I conquered'."

"Miss Jones is much older than I thought. I asked her if she had read Aesop's Fables and she said she read them when they first came out."

The clever use of words, originality of expression, and sparkling repartee broaden and brighten the field of humor. Much amusement has been added to the world's store by the innocent misuse of words, as in Mrs. Malaprop's "You go ahead and I will precede you." Or the school boy's statement, "The earth makes a resolution every twenty-four hours." "A momentum is what you give a person when he is leaving." "Emphasis is putting more distress on one word than on another."

When it comes to a fair rating of people and a sane appraisal of oneself, a sense of humor is a valuable aid. It gives one the sustaining grace to laugh at his own shortcomings and performs, as has been said, "the function of the slave who followed Caesar to remind him in the midst of his triumph that he was bald." Humor has proved its value as an uplifter of morale in time of war. A British general expressed his opinion of its worth when he said, "We're fighting together and we must laugh together."

The humor that arises from every day events lubricates the wheels of living and when it promotes a sympathetic attitude toward people in general, leading to a better understanding of them, it fulfills its highest mission and becomes indeed that "smiling wisdom".

The humor unconsciously produced by little children is perhaps the most highly prized of all. In it appear unpolished truth, fanciful excuses, and a point of view fresh and new, only slightly influenced by earthly contacts and often with touches of those "trailing clouds of glory" not so far away.

So humor runs through all our lives, giving

a touch of magic to the commonplace, sometimes monotonous way, as a gurgling, sparkling brook running beside a dusty, country road can change a tedious trip into a joyful journey. All days are not joyous as every traveler on earth's highway knows. The brook becomes dry, it trickles along among the stones and does not sing. Humor seems a thing apart, a stranger, and aloof. Yet the spirit of an old cherished humor may hover comfortingly about, the essence of humor may uplift, the strength of humor may uphold. Now is the time when it must become a saving grace. It must be more than a passing amusement, "a tinkling cymbal". It must produce the magic to transform itself from smiles of amusement into an abiding faith, from gay laughter into a shining hope, and from the pleasant give and take of congenial minds into the steady, warm glow of friendship and of love. When humor becomes imbued with "these three; faith, hope, and love", it takes unto itself a quality that glows with eternal joy.





Sunlight and Shadows

"Susan's mad and I'm glad—"
He was a monkey, this Willy Benton,
Jumping up and down, and grinning!
His parents would have put him in a zoo long ago
If they weren't so tender-hearted.
Really, she'd be doing them a favor
By throwing a stone into that offending cavern
And stifling all the chatter. . . .
Her fingers tightened in anticipation,
Then relaxed.
Let someone else do this good deed,
She was too busy.
There was somewhere she must go,
Not immediately, but soon

Footsteps lagging, dragging, deliciously feeling
Sunlight squishing through her toes,
She wandered aimlessly along the path
That led to Grandma's house.
The path widened and became a road.
She was a martyr, walking over burning coals
With head held high.
An instant's exultation, then the fall.
Carefully she tried every finger, every toe
To see if anything was broken.
It wasn't.
And since there wasn't anyone to notice if she cried
She didn't.
Mother would be angry, though,
To sew her dress again

Grandmother would be in the cool kitchen.
Where even the brightness was muted,
Kneading bread carefully, and slowly,
Very slowly, for there was no hurry.
A little girl could sit and wait
With bare feet not quite touching the floor.
Thinking of violets, and china cups painted in pastels,
And ginger cookies eaten under trees
Where sunlight tiptoed in amongst the leaves,
And spread lace handkerchiefs upon the grass
For her to sit on.

Helen Barker

The Resignation of Dean Rand

ALL of Lasell has regretted the resignation of Dean Rand. We remember her kindness, the sympathetic manner she had for all, and the friendly way in which she conducted assemblies. For those who lived in Bragdon last year, the small, informal get-togethers in her rooms are recalled with pleasure, as are the house meetings where her leadership combined the qualities of dignity, seriousness, and humor. Miss Rand was our friend as well as our Dean.

Taken seriously ill last May, she spent several weeks in the Newton Hospital. After many months of rest, she is reported to be much better, and at present is residing with her aunt, Mrs. Bancroft, in Concord, New Hampshire.

Margaret Rand was born in Newton Center, the oldest of a family of seven. Graduating from Smith College, she took her Master's Degree in history at Columbia University. Later she served as Dean of Women and Professor of History at Hiram College in Ohio.

Every spare moment finds her deeply immersed in a book for, never extremely athletic, she cultivated a great love for reading. Two other hobbies are bread-making and taking part in social legislation. She is intensely interested in the Cooperative Movement and has wanted to go to Nova Scotia to study it. Her interest in this field brought about the organization of our Lasell Campus and Community Association.

Miss Rand has been abroad several times and has visited England, France, and other countries in Europe. She has also toured the American West and spent the summer of 1942 in Mexico. Aside from the recreational value, these trips have been of lasting benefit in a broader sense; Miss Rand feels that she has gained a wider knowledge of people and their customs, far more than reading alone could afford.

Another interest of hers is the legitimate

theater and concerts. Having been so active as Dean for the past few years, she has been unable to make as frequent visitations to these places as she would have liked.

A great lover of people—young people, especially—she is an interesting conversationalist. Because of her willingness to share one's problems and offer a solution to them, her sympathetic and kindly nature has won her many friends. Aside from her interest in the school, she is very devoted to her family.

All of us who have been associated with Miss Rand and know her as a confidant and friend feel ourselves, in a sense, to be a part of her larger family which she has built up at Lasell, and we sincerely hope she will come to see us all soon.

Nancy Hayes

The Cycle

Gray, lonely lady, your cloak spread o'er the moor,
There's beauty and restful peace in your grace so sure;
The shining jewels that deck your robe, fall on buds
of spring,
Your haunting beauty seems to me a wistful, gentle
thing.

Clad in clinging draperies of palest violet hue,
Another maiden softly comes and takes your place
from you.
Smoothing long damp golden hair, she gives pale light
to see
The sweet white heather mid the rocks, blooming
sturdily.

All too soon in tranquil mood, I see your beauty fade,
A brilliant shiny creature comes with laughter un-
afraid;
She takes high place upon a throne, her yellow
robes aflow,
All things seem responsive to her eager, vibrant glow.

She reigns supreme, then later greets one gowned in
robes of state,
Majestic, regal afternoon, then enters through day's
gate.
Blue flowers festoon her white throat, her skirt is
gold and green,

I truly wonder who of all is nature's fairest queen?

Phyllis Cawthray

Dean Hoyt

THIS year at Lasell, we find a new figure in the dean's chair, Miss Phyllis Hoyt. However, she is not a newcomer to the school but has been a popular instructor at Lasell for the past four years, teaching sociology, United States history and a history of the Americas. Miss Hoyt has already proved her ability as an administrator. Who has not felt the effect of her principles of fair play and justice, her firm but kindly guidance?

Miss Hoyt's home is just two miles from here in Wellesley Hills, a residential part of the well-known college town. Here her mother and sister live and her father practices dentistry. Her sister graduated from Jackson in 1944. Her brother, recently a student at Tilton, is overseas, a corporal in the medical corps. Miss Hoyt has had all the benefits of a normal school-girl's life. During the winter months she attended Wellesley public schools, and a few summers of her childhood were spent enjoyably at Rye Beach, New Hampshire.

After graduation from Wellesley High School, Miss Hoyt enrolled at Russell Sage College in Troy, New York. Here, in a liberal arts course she majored in social science. Miss Hoyt discloses that she had always harbored a yen for teaching and that she comes from a long line of teachers. History has always been her favorite subject, and for her good work in this field, she received honors at her graduation from Russell Sage in 1939. Also on this occasion Miss Hoyt was presented the Keystone of Russell Sage, which is the highest extra-curricular award the college bestows. Besides being president of her house, Sage Hall, one of the largest dormitories on the campus, she held office in the student government. During her senior year, she occupied the editor's chair for the school paper, making up the type herself at the printer's. Although reluctant to participate in athletics during her college years, sports arouse her



Miss Phyllis Hoyt

keen interest and she is particularly enthusiastic about football.

The element of chance played a hand in her appointment to the faculty of Lasell. Living so near, she had, of course, heard much about our school and known girls who came here. Driving by one day after her graduation, she dropped in to see if there were, perhaps, a place for her here—"And there was," she explains simply.

On her first day at Lasell, Miss Hoyt found a pleasant surprise in store for her. When she went to the Faculty Meeting that night, she was very much pleased to see Mrs. Jewett, one of our English instructors, who had been a former grammar school teacher of hers.

The highlight of her career, thus far, came last spring, when she was asked to be acting dean of Lasell. She had been interested in personnel work previous to this, especially the handling of girls' problems.

In moments of relaxation, Dean Hoyt enjoys historical novels and biography. She also

likes to attend the theatre and symphony concerts in Boston.

Her dislikes are few, foremost among which is chewing gum. She likes the color red, but not on herself, choosing green instead—as a pleasing complement to her red hair.

Perfectly groomed, with an unruffled countenance, which at times breaks forth into a fascinating smile, Miss Hoyt guides Lasell girls with a confident efficiency which has won her real popularity. At student gatherings, we especially admire her grand spirit, which always encourages good sportsmanship and consideration for others. As a comparatively young dean, she is always interested in changes and new ideas, yet this does not allow any spontaneous disruptions on the part of the student body, for she holds the reins in a strong though sympathetic hand.

Lois Johnson



October

The golden beauty of October
Fell from your fingers
Into my heart.

The hidden wonder of its light
Is buried 'neath the leaves
For me to find.

Pat Luther

Mailbox Blues

CLINK, clunk. You can hear each letter as it slides into each individual mailbox and comes to a stop against each little door.

There are about three hundred pairs of eyes fastened on those mailboxes—every pair with a different expression. One eager pair of hands reaches forward and fumbles with the combination lock. It must be the right letter from the right person, for the owner of those hands has that at-long-last look written all over her face.

In the next section, a girl twists and twirls her combination but it persists in sliding past the right number. There is something in the box that blocks the little glass window. If only it could be a package! At last, the door swings open. Oh joy! Oh horrors! The hoped-for package is the home town newspaper.

There are three letters in the next box. The owner reaches in . . . a little timidly, but hopefully. She is apparently wondering just what to expect. The first envelope is pink. It's not from home . . . it's not from . . . No, it's from the dean. Her face becomes longer and longer as she reads the little slip inside. With a shrug and a sigh, she tucks the slip back into the envelope and then . . . joy of joys . . . in the corner of the next two letters, the word "free" is written. Well, maybe the world isn't so bad after all.

Another girl opens her box without looking first, and wears that "I-know-I-haven't-got-any,-but-I'll-blow-the-dust-out-anyhow" expression. Still another, stares hopefully into her box to see whether that dark spot is the real thing or just one of those deceiving shadows.

And so it goes. Each morning brings new hope and if nothing comes in the first delivery, there's always the afternoon to look forward to.

"So if nobody loves you
And you got no mail today
Just wait until tomorrow
Something's bound to come your way."

Virginia Phillips



Craftsmen of Today

IN THESE days of machine-made tools, toys and furniture, houses all alike, and clothes turned out of one pattern by the thousands, it is natural that we should occasionally look back with longing to the days of the medieval craftsmen—to whom time was nothing and individuality and artistic ability meant everything.

The medieval jeweler had the time to design, and carefully and lovingly execute a piece of jewelry. The modern jeweler is merely a retailer of pieces sent out by the wholesale houses—he might as well be selling toothbrushes or socks. The medieval jeweler was a skilled craftsman, having been trained in his trade as an apprentice and he loved each piece that he made and he put something of himself into every one.

Today there is very little of the medieval craftsman's spirit to be found, so it was with a great deal of pleasure and interest that I came to know two craftsmen in a small jewelry store on Boylston street in Boston. Here in this tiny store the medieval spirit is revived. Almost all of the jewelry is custom-made and consequently there is very little display that would catch the eye of the casual buyer, but those who are interested in old jewelry, odd vases, and coins will love this store. Bette Ray designs the jewelry and chooses the stones and settings for each piece and Alessandro Ferrar executes the designs. Bette is a slight, pretty, red-haired woman, who is not only a certified gemologist but has also won several prizes in France and Italy for her unusual designs for jewelry. She went abroad to study art but while in France decided to become a jeweler instead. She came back to America and started this small shop in 1938 and Alessandro has worked with her since the beginning. He is of Italian parentage and was apprenticed as a youth to a jeweler in Florence, Italy. Given a design, he can create anything desired and his skill with delicate instruments is such that he is a highly paid specialist at Raytheon in Waltham where he works for part of the day.

I first visited Jewel-Crest on the recommendation of a friend who told me that there would be a place that I could have a bracelet expertly and beautifully repaired. Since then I have spent a good deal of time there in that small shop listening and watching their work with great interest.

Alessandro took my bracelet, examined it, and said that if I could wait until he had finished the piece he was working on, he would be glad to repair it. He was working on a small filigree cross (to be worn as a pendant) and he was about to set stones in it. There were three small blue moonstones for the three upper points of the cross and one large oval stone for the center. I stood quietly in the background watching him as he first directed the thin Bunsen flame on the spot where he wished to place the stone. When it was white hot he picked up one of the moonstones with a pair of tweezers and deftly set and held it in place. Then again taking the Bunsen flame he directed it on the stone and the silver around it. When the silver was again white hot and the stone firmly set, he plunged the cross into a bowl of sulphuric acid to clean and cool it and then into a bowl of water to wash the acid off. When all the stones were set to his satisfaction, he washed and dried the cross carefully and then, going over to the buffer in the corner, rubbed the cross with "jeweler's rouge" and polished it on the buffer until it gleamed and shone. Alex turned to me and asked me how I liked it? I took the cross and turned it over in my hand, marveling at the intricacy of the design and the skill that had made it.

As most of their jewelry is custom-made, Bette must first design the piece, get the customer's approval and then turn the design over to Alex to be finished. Most of the customers who come in have either some loose stones which they wish to have put in an appropriate setting or they want an earring made to match the "one my wife lost." A customer may (a man in particular) wander in looking rather lost, and is hunting for "just

a little something for the Mrs." Bette talks with him, asking him what sort of jewelry his wife wears, what she has already and what type of clothes she likes. The man usually does not know exactly what he wants but as Bette talks to him she sketches a few rough designs on a sheet of drawing paper. She shows them to him, outlining the possibilities and describing them or perhaps showing him a similar piece to the one she has in mind. If the customer should decide on one, Bette will ask him to return later on to see the finished drawing. This final drawing is done on architects' paper in water colors. Bette and Alessandro talk over the price. When the customer returns and approves the plans, Alex takes the drawing to work from. When the piece is finished, the sketch, with the customer's name and the date attached, goes into a file, as it is their boast that they have never duplicated a piece.

With the picture in front of him, Alex starts to work. One piece that I watched him make was especially lovely. It was a bar pin in the form of a bee on a golden clover. The bee's body was a white five opal, his wings were many small diamonds, and his head was gold with two tiny rubies for eyes. When the pin was finished it looked like the drawing come to life, so faithfully did it follow the design and so exquisitely was it made.

Bette and Alessandro are sometimes confronted with strange orders which they fulfill as best they can. One of these orders was from a young soldier who wanted to give his ex-fiancee a ruby ring—with the ruby cut in the shape of a heart and the crack outlined in diamonds. They completed the order—not without some misgivings, however. Evidently the lady reconsidered, for shortly afterward, Bette received another order from the same soldier to make a wedding ring, and for the same girl.

Another odd request was an old man's desire that Bette examine his ancient family seal ring and tell him whether it could be opened in order to find, as legend had it, an object

hidden inside. Bette and Alex measured and examined the ring. It was originally intended in medieval times for a man's thumb ring. Alex took a small steel tool and a tiny spring and very gently pried at the edge where a jointure seemed possible. It gave very suddenly and the ring opened to reveal a small piece of yellow parchment and a green stone. I had been holding my breath expecting to see a diamond or at least an emerald of great value; I would not have been surprised if the ring had contained poison or gold dust—anything but a piece of parchment with illegible scrawls and a stupid green stone!

Bette telephoned the man to come over immediately and examine the contents of his ring. He was delighted that they had been able to open it but he could tell us nothing about the contents nor explain their purpose to us. He took them away with him, promising to let Bette know if he found out anything. A few months later Bette received a letter from him telling her that he had taken the parchment and the stone to a scholar who had had the parchment treated with chemicals and made legible. When translated from Medieval Latin it read that one of his ancestors had thought that he had discovered the "Philosopher's Stone" which was supposed (in the Middle Ages) to have the power to turn all base metals to gold with its touch. So believing, he had hidden it in his ring, along with the formula and the explanation, to keep the secret safe in his family. The parchment, stone and ring are now to be seen at the Jeweler's Exhibition in Detroit as an example of medieval jewelry.

Bette and Alessandro have had many such interesting experiences. They take the medieval craftsman's attitude toward his work—great skill, patience and love of his trade blend together, producing lovely, interesting and unique jewelry. The care and delight which they take in creating each piece inspires the beholder so that he returns again and again to watch the true craftsmen at work.

Susan Gates

On Pets—The College Variety

MAYBE we haven't locked up in secret closets any honest-to-goodness dogs, cats, birds, or what-have-you that we take out in the dead of night. In the first place, we haven't found any secret closets to hide them in; and, in the second, last, and most important place, live pets don't agree with college life. They just can't seem to adapt themselves to the swing and routine of things. They always do what they want and when they want. And I hate playing nursemaid to a dog. Anyway, it really would be rather dull for them, to say the least. What could they do while classes are on, while homework is being done, and while we're entertaining—ourselves and others? No, it would be worse than a dog's life for Fido. What to do?



The answer is simple. We ingenious children of learning have provided ourselves with the next thing best to live pets—stuffed animals. You know, those cuddly dogs, elephants, pandas, etc., that used to be strictly for children. But that was definitely the Dark Ages. Now, without a doubt, I'll bet the average college girl has as many or more "animals" than a three-year old child. Today when mamma goes shopping, it's "Look at those adorable stuffed bunnies! Let's get one for Jan for her room at Lasell! Patty? Oh, she's only six—much too young to have one." Ah, yes! And Papa bows his head and says, as



H

Fathers have said since the beginning of time, "Now, when I was eighteen . . ." And so into the night. Speaking of Daddy, have you seen the cute, white teddy bear he gave me for my birthday?

Some erudite men have proclaimed pompously that this passion for "childish animals", which has so overwhelmingly conquered the average college girl, is significantly and definitely an omen that our standards of learning will take a great decline in the near future. Jane Doe—college girl deluxe—will be taking courses in "Stuffed Animals—The Care and Feeding of Same," predict these sages.

What these men of books fail to realize is that we are like everybody else in our desire for pets. Since the real thing is taboo and not available, we've got to have a substitute. Thus—stuffed animals. Yes, I'll agree—we don't resort to stuffing men when they're not available, but that's different because . . . say, that's an ideal!

Emma Gilbert



H

Sisters of Former Students

Joyce C. Adams
 Jane W. Burnham
 Eugenia Cooney
 Norma E. Crosby
 Betty Ann Curtin
 Geraldine E. Deal
 Nancy I. Edwards
 Elizabeth Gallup
 Ruth J. Homan
 Marguerite B. Hunting
 Elizabeth L. Johnson
 Janith Kuhns
 Florence A. Lewis
 Dorothy B. Mauch
 Virginia A. Mills
 Patricia A. O'Neil
 Barbara Preuss
 Muriel A. Ross
 Jane B. Schalscha
 Ruth E. Secord
 Carolyn Stuart
 Jeanne B. Towne
 Constance Weldon

Lillian Adams Eaton, '40
 { Barbara Burnham Rice, '37
 { Nancy Burnham, '41
 Martha Cooney, '40
 Alice J. Crosby, '44
 Mary Curtin Duane, '39
 Virginia Deal Allen, '37
 Barbara Edwards, '42
 Jane Gallup, '41
 Anne L. Homan, '41-'42
 Joan B. Hunting, '43
 Grace M. Johnson, '42
 Margaret Kuhns, '40
 Beatrice Lewis Potter, '42
 Priscilla A. Mauch, '43-'44
 Joan F. Mills, '44
 Dorothy O'Neil Brown, '39-'40
 Ann M. Preuss, '43
 Florence Ross Summerhays, '40
 Nora Schalscha, '43
 Dorothy Secord Garon, '34
 Phyllis Stuart Rosebery, '35
 Elaine Towne, '43
 Shirley Weldon, '43

Daughters of Former Students

Joan Babcock
 Dorothy A. Domina
 Janet C. Eaton
 Marilyn A. Kelley
 Rosamond McCorkindale
 Eleanor H. Metzger
 Jane W. Sherwood
 Susan W. Slocum
 Janet Stirn
 Priscilla Turnbull
 Nancy Wilbur Vollers

Leonora Conklin Babcock, '21
 Sadie Lothrop Domina, '11-'13
 Mildred Cary Eaton, '18
 Hazel Small Kelley, '24
 Ruby Newcomb McCorkindale, '14
 Josephine Holbrook Metzger, '22
 Anna Crane Sherwood, '20
 Edessa Warner Slocum, '10-'11
 Mary Fenno Stirn, '13
 Dale Whipple Turnbull, '16
 Helen Selkirk Wilbur, '18

Granddaughters of Former Students

Marcia W. Clements
 Janet Stirn

Emma Civill Bailey, '87
 Lucy Foster Fenno, '83-'84



Big Ben

As I glance around my room, my eye rests upon an alarm clock ticking busily on the bureau. To a stranger this ticking seems noisy and disturbing, but to me it is a comfortable and homey sound. Thinking of the loud ticking, I remember once when I had to put the clock in a closet so it wouldn't annoy a friend sleeping in my room.

It isn't an expensive clock—in fact, it cost only seventy-five cents. It stands approximately five inches high and has a black base, black numerals, and black hands. Below the junction of its two hands is written in bold letters, "Big Ben," and that is officially and familiarly its name.

It was first bought in an emergency in 1936 to help us keep time in our apartment in Florida. My father, a contractor, was working on a job there in Miami Beach which required his getting up at five in the morning. He worked hard that winter although it affected his health, and Big Ben wakened him every morning. If it could think, it would remember palm trees and the great roar of the ocean.

From Miami Beach, Florida, Big Ben went to Columbus, Ohio, to keep time for the newly-wedded Mr. and Mrs. John G. Pool, Jr. It recalls to me the beautiful wedding there at the Episcopal church in September. I wanted so much to be the maid of honor but the bride had a sister and I was disappointed. I also remember that the minister had been playing tennis and performed the ceremony in sneakers which contrasted greatly with his solemn black robe.

Big Ben stayed two long years with my brother and his wife and I can't say I missed him. But I know they did when my brother was drafted into the army. That broke up their home and so Big Ben went to live with my other brother, who was teaching accounting at Ohio State University.

The clock saw my brother studying until

the small hours of the morning for he wanted to pass his tests for a Master of Arts degree that winter. Being rather temperamental, my brother would stamp the floor and sometimes throw the nearest and most prominent object, which undoubtedly was Big Ben, in his efforts to figure out a problem. That clock has a small nick in the paint on its side where it met some similarly hard object that year.

Then Big Ben traveled in a large trunk to Florida to keep leisurely time for my parents and me. This year there was no job that required getting up early so it was given to me to help me catch a school bus every morning. I remember how I would set Big Ben ten minutes ahead so I would have a safe margin of time to walk to the bus stop. But I always knew he was ahead of Western Union time so my plan didn't work.

Now that same clock is in room 33 at Woodland Hall and every morning it rings determinedly to waken two sleepy girls. It is my job to wind it every night but it is Big Ben's job to get us up and to breakfast on time.

Through the years I've become very fond of faithful Big Ben for his service and ability to stay on the job and to keep perfect time. With the wartime shortage of alarm clocks he has become even dearer. But I especially love him for the memories he recalls of the experiences my scattered family has had.

Perhaps in his dominant ticking Big Ben is asking, "What's to come after this?"

Louise Pool



I'd Like You to Meet— Hen Sharpe

SOME people you just naturally like at first encounter. That's the way it was with me when I met Hen. I wasn't particularly struck by her surface beauty, and she didn't bowl me over with any remarkable sense of humor. She isn't the kind of girl that makes people exclaim suddenly, "Charming! Ravishing! Stunning!" But she had something about her that made me want to know her better. Hen grows on you. The first time you see her and talk with her, you like her; the second time, you like her even more, and so on until you look forward to seeing her daily and talking things over with her. I was glad the day I met her that a certain Henrietta Ruth Sharpe was going to be my roommate for my first year at Lasell.

Born in Bridgewater, Vermont, in the year 1924, but spending most of her life in the nearby small town of Woodstock, Hen is small-townish. She's not a so-called "hick," far from it. But her expressions and ideas are typical of the naive and well-meaning people you find in the beautiful little country villages of Vermont. Her "don't you know?" which follows almost everything she says is appealing. She wants so much to have you agree with her that you feel as if you're committing a major crime if you don't. Not that Hen dislikes just criticism or to be told that she is in the wrong. In fact, she doesn't mind your pointing out her faults, and, if she believes they should be corrected, she'll remember once in a while, if you remind her, that she's "doin' wrong" again.

Hen can put on a good show. She doesn't tell stories or pretend to make a good impression. She just doesn't commit herself. I guess she figures you'll find out anything you want to sooner or later, and there's no sense rushing things—"don't you know?" For instance—for the first eight weeks till reports came out, I was quite certain Hen was a

"student." She took to her books a lot, and because she made no comment at all about any poor grades, I naturally assumed she was doing okay. Whenever I intimated that I thought she was a scholar, she'd just smile. When I think of it, it was rather a wistful smile—but, at the time, I thought it was just modesty. Then when marks came out and Hen showed me the worst, it was quite a blow. And it was then that I learned another of Hen's admirable traits. She kept her troubles to herself—if she got poor grades, it was her business, and the only person who could help her was herself. That's the key to Hen's philosophy—Don't bother others with what ails you—they've got lots of aches, too.

Hen may not believe in relying on someone else for homework, but will gladly loan out her own to a needy person—"for what it's worth," as she puts it. Despite her talent for not making the Dean's List, Hen has a very good head. She knows what the score is at the right times, and can handle herself very well in almost any situation, which is quite an enviable feat.

Then there's her dependability. Hen is substantial in everything except men. But that's understandable—any girl who hasn't found the "one" knows that you have to have variety and be a little fickle if you're ever going to discover the person who makes you forget the rest. But Hen has a few more of those trying times than most of us—you know, times when you're sure you've found "him." But she recovers quickly and easily, with no drastic after-effects.

Hen's long brown wavy hair, her hazel eyes, one of which peers out from under long bangs which Hen maintains, at the moment, are "growing in," and her nose (undecided as to turn up or go straight—depends on the weather) make her a very attractive girl. She makes excellent use of the "Three V's"—vim, vitality, and vigor. Whenever homework permits, Hen goes out for any and all sports, making quite a name for herself in the field of basketball.

And so this is the Hen I know whom I want you to know and like as I do. She's a wonderful person. Her friendliness toward everyone, her ability to converse, and above all, her dependability, make you say, "Sharpo? Nobody nicer at Lasell."

Emma Gilbert

Little Sister

Her dimpled smile is very sweet,
Her twinkling, happy eyes,
Her tiny hands so innocent,
And yet she's very wise.

One day she thought of something new,
And how those eyes did dance!
Up the stairs she crept and looked
About with one quick glance.

She tip-toed into mother's room,
And looking shyly 'round,
Crept over to the dressing stand
Without a single sound.

First came the stick of brightest red
With which she smeared her lips.
Then came the powder and the rouge
With one too many dips.

She gazed into the mirror, then,
But stepping slowly back,
Not satisfied with the result
'Cause something seemed to lack.

She reached for mother's new perfume
And took the cover off,
Then sprayed it on her face and hair
Which made her sneeze and cough.

Convinced at last, that she had "oomph"
She danced across the floor,
But looked up just in time to see
Dear Mother at the door.

Those big, blue eyes looked down in shame
As mom came toward her daughter,
But she just grinned and said, "Let's wash it
Off with soap and water!"

They scrubbed and rubbed, with all their might,
This tiny tot of four,
Until the face was clear and soft
And shiny pink once more.

Shirley Gleason



The Printed Word

DURING the short space of my young life, seventeen years, eight months, eleven days, and nine hours to be disgustingly exact, I have devoted most of my time to a large variety of subjects, most of them unimportant. The fact that I could concentrate on only one of them at a time indicates my one-track mind.

One of my passions was boats. Scissors in hand, I descended upon the household magazines with characteristic enthusiasm for uneducational and wholly useless projects. It was a mad week. When I had deleted all our magazines of boats, I invaded the home of my unwary grandmother.

When at last my mother and my mother's mother proclaimed more interest in the conclusions of their stories than in the artistry of "Swiftcraft and Company," I was shocked. Great though my misery was, I was deeply sympathetic toward "Swiftcraft and Company." It certainly was no "cinch" to sell boats with people as uncooperative as my mother and my mother's mother around.

In spite of my sources being cut off, I still had a goodly supply of pictures. With these, I decorated my bedroom walls. After eight mornings of opening my weary eyes to dories, motorboats, launches, sailboats, steamers, yachts, yawls, and particularly "Fulton's Folly," I began to feel a little distracted.

The subconscious awareness that the bare walls definitely lacked something was eventually replaced by a devout love for "Nancy Drew." "Nancy Drew" was, in the modern vernacular, a "solid character" and my heroine. As I look back, I am even more certain that she was a "character" taken in the mod-

ern conception of the word. The "solid" part, however, is open to debate.

Within a month I was the proud possessor of fifteen "Nancy Drews." Nancy and I got along beautifully but I couldn't help feeling that we would be on more common ground if I were to share an adventure or two. Therefore I spent the majority of my time keeping an eye out for disguised Indian Princes and lost diaries. I strained my ears listening for whispering statues and some invisible person's tapping heels.

After a few weeks of this, the seed of uncertainty was planted in my mind. Perhaps. . . . Resolutely I pushed the thought away.

When I received my sixteenth "Nancy Drew" mystery story, I opened it with almost feverish eagerness. It began as other stories do and I imagine it ended similarly, although I cannot remember. One incident definitely impressed me. Nancy had a very dear girl friend whom she presented with a necklace. That was all that happened. Yet, to me, a faithful idolizer, it was a momentous occasion. The necklace was to be a sign of continued friendship as long as it was worn. The friend immediately reciprocated with a precious bracelet. With that wonderful gesture, all my fears vanished. She was "true blue." As the turning pages revealed Nancy's dilemma, the minor incident of the friendship tokens was forgotten.

It was several days before I recalled the incident. I was walking down the hall of our apartment building with one of my girl friends. With resolution I took off a lovely hand-painted necklace I was wearing and presented it to her. I have always been sure that Alice, that was her name, was a sincere friend but she did not seem to grasp the significance of the event, for she only murmured her thanks and continued on her way. Possibly it was my lack of eloquence or perhaps her lack of imagination. Nevertheless, I was struck and deeply disappointed.

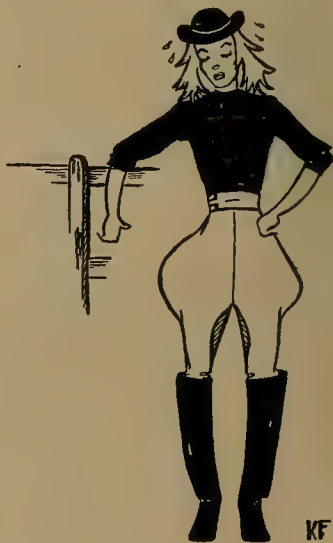
At the earliest possible moment I took my leave and hurried home to my mother's com-

forting arms. As always, she was very understanding and attempted to soothe me. "It was only a story," she would try to explain.

The explanation did not suffice me and I viewed "Nancy Drew" with increasing skepticism. Not only did "Nancy Drew" suffer but "Penny Nichols," and "Judy Bolton" as well. It was a sad occasion.

In an attempt to revive my dying interest in the little girl's classics, my mother brought home "The Dana Girls" clothed in a fascinating purple cover. I was enraptured. On its way to the bookcase I studied the cover carefully, noting something I had not heeded before. The authoress—"Carolyn Keene." I was not too impressed. In vague curiosity my eyes wandered over the other books in my collection. "Sutton," "Garis," "Edholm," "Keene," "Wayne". . . . I stopped! My eyes slowly returned to the book before "Wayne." Yes! It said "Keene!" Looking more closely I read "The Ivory Charm. A Nancy Drew Mystery Story by Carolyn Keene." I was thunderstruck! The book in my hand read, "Three Cornered Mystery, A Dana Girl's Story by Carolyn Keene." Resignedly I looked at the bookcase. "They're only stories," I sighed, reaching for "Rigby's Build Your Own Models."

Grace V. Rayfuse



Frogging

THE pond flowed through a shallow inlet in the wide sandy beach into the lake. Rimmed with tall trees, it was marshy, slimy—yet fascinating. A dead place, but somehow full of life. Here horn pout and pickerel lay among the reeds, a muskrat slept on a log, and innumerable large green frogs dozed in the sun.

It was frogs we were looking for. We had come to Maine, I myself from a year at a desk, punching a comptometer, the rest of us from pursuits equally commonplace. These two weeks in the beautiful lake country were my last vacation before leaving for school and two more years of concentration. I was determined to see everything—do everything that could be crowded into the time we had. The fish hadn't been biting; maybe the frogs would.

By dint of much heaving and tugging, two of us finally got the boat over the inlet, out of the lake, and into the pond. Armed with fishpoles baited with bright red flannel, we started in stealthy search of our prey.

It was my job to pole the boat. Using the oar as a lever, I propelled us forward by cautious inches, sending little swirls of muddy water to the top in bubbles of escaping gas.

Then I spied one! With the utmost caution we crept up on him, and dangled the dancing red bait enticingly in front of those unwinking eyes. For a minute he remained motionless; then a lightning lunge, a jerk, and the frog hung kicking wildly in the air!

The next one was too quick—a sudden move, and he darted away like a streak of lightning. Cautiously we moved the boat over the muddy bottom, between logs and stumps green with slime, marsh grass, and shallow channels where occasionally we ran aground. And there were frogs everywhere. Yellow eyes in those flat reptilian heads, somehow repulsive, yet not entirely so. And there was an element of excitement in the sport, for the luck was not all on our side.

A couple of hours and several frogs later, I decided to try my skill. Relinquishing the oar, I began to tease a big fellow peering out disdainfully from beneath a lily pad. Suddenly, to my complete amazement, he snapped at the bait, and in a second I had a frog in the boat! Without waiting for assistance, he jumped off the hook, and made a leap toward me. To my startled eyes, he looked at least a foot long, and I retreated hastily toward the back of the boat. The frog, as scared as I, made another wild leap, and with a shriek, I climbed up onto the back seat and made myself as small as possible. Urged on, no doubt, by the other enemy, who by now was chasing him with an oar, the poor frog, in desperation, jumped up beside me. My screams did me credit. I have no doubt that people heard me in Portland. Just as I was about to go overboard—anywhere away from that slimy, green menace, he made one last effort, and went over the side with a triumphant splash.

But this unfortunate episode did not seriously dampen my spirits. I went back to poling, and more expert hands caught the frogs.

As the shadows began to lengthen, we abandoned our task. Tired but happy, we dragged the boat back into the lake, and headed for camp and supper.

Nona Culver



On Spending Six Weeks In the Hospital

IT HAS often been said that women like nothing better than to boast about their operations. I guess I'm no exception; however, I can honestly say that the six weeks I spent in the hospital stand out more vividly in my mind than any other equal period of time.

It all began one Saturday morning when a group of friends and I decided to go skating. At that time I was in the sixth grade and had reached the age of eleven without any serious mishaps. All I remember about the skating that morning is that I stepped out on the ice. When I came to, I felt a bump on the side of my head and was informed that I had been knocked out by hitting my head on the ice. Two days later I entered the Baker Memorial Hospital with a fractured skull.

How well I remember the empty feeling inside me as I was wheeled into that large, medicinal smelling place. I didn't feel sick at all, just terribly scared. First of all I entered, or rather was wheeled into, a room for an entrance examination. Here I was patted all over, knocked on both knees and elbows, and wheeled out again. I was then put to bed, and bid my mother a cheery good-bye. Not that I felt particularly cheerful, but because she looked as if she were about to weep and it embarrassed me very much at the time to watch other people cry.

That night I stayed awake most of the time. I can remember almost every detail of that little room. It contained, besides the bed, a very unfriendly looking table, a radio, a clock, and two uncomfortable chairs. I was very lonesome, and if it hadn't been for my stuffed elephant which I had brought along for company, I'm sure I would have died then and there. It seemed as if I'd just fallen asleep, and it must have been nearly morning that I finally did, when I was rudely awakened by a very sweet looking nurse who had

come to wash my face! I was then wheeled down another long hallway and into a little room. I was then attacked by a cruel looking man with a razor and a long knife. This uncharitable individual chopped off one of my nice long pigtailed and then proceeded to shave off the hair from the right side of my head right down to the skin! After this outrageous action, a white garbed man stuck a needle into me and I fell asleep.

The first thing I noticed when I woke up was that my head seemed to have grown to a tremendous size. This was due to the fact that it was swathed in bandages to the extent that I gave the appearance of a rather overdressed Arab. I was given strict instructions to lie on my left side. I really felt ghastly now, and my mother, standing beside me, was again looking as though she was on the verge of weeping. Again I fell asleep, and the next time I awoke, felt considerably improved.

I had always been a rather lazy child, and the weeks that followed really suited my unenergetic personality perfectly. The only thing I had to do which required any energy at all was brush my teeth twice a day. The rest of the time was spent in being looked over by doctors and nurses, talking to visitors, reading books which were constantly being given to me, and best of all eating. The food there was really wonderful. We had a menu which was presented to us every morning for the next day's meals. We could have ice cream twice a day, which made me very happy, since at the time it was my favorite food. I had a window beside my bed which looked on a very interesting variety of sights. First of all there was the Charles River on which many fascinating things happened. An iceboat went up and down about once an hour which intrigued me immensely. Then there were many electric signs, one of which blinked on and off. I used to count how many times the thing went on and off in certain periods and this rather weird form of amusement occupied countless hours.

At frequent intervals voices could be heard over a loud speaker system, calling for doctors

of varied and curious names. I remember that I always became very excited when my own doctor's name was called. I don't seem to recall much about him other than his coming into my room once or twice a day with a very cheerful, "Well, how's the little lady today?"

After about three weeks, it was decided that I was well enough to ride in a wheel chair, which I managed to push about myself. This was really wonderful fun, and I went exploring all the long corridors. At the end of six weeks I was informed that the time of my departure was about to arrive and I really felt badly. The night before I was supposed to leave, I banged myself in the nose in a way that I knew from past experience caused a nosebleed. This delayed my going for three days, during which I was patted and punched to find out what had caused this mishap, and I had a rather guilty conscience since I had done it myself. At last the fatal day arrived when mother was to take me home. She was looking very cheerful now, and was, I think, rather insulted when I wept bitter tears at saying good-bye to the carefree life I had spent for the last six weeks.

Mary-Lou Fisher



My Pet Hate

TO ME, flies are the most annoying things to have around.

If you are having a picnic and the food is spread before you, they descend in droves, landing directly on the morsel you were about to put in your mouth. They walk across the devil's food cake and crawl in and out of the salad, thoroughly enjoying sugar icing and salad oil.

When you are lying in the warm sun on the beach, completely relaxed, having no thought except to wonder if you will peel tomorrow—you are rudely disturbed by the large green member of the fly family. This fellow gives no warning of his attack and usually lands in the most unscratchable spot on your back. Before you can raise your hand in protest, the winged menace had done the damage and speeds merrily on to the next unsuspecting victim, leaving you with a large red welt.

Should you be comfortably curled in the hammock on a sultry summer day—a large frosty glass of coke in one hand and the latest issue of *True Romances* in the other—friend fly picks this moment to start crawling up your leg. If you move your leg you will either spill the coke or fall out of the hammock—he has you in a spot.

Another moment the fly picks to attack is during the lapse of time between the instant when your head first hits the pillow and that when you are completely out of this world. The pest finds it necessary not only to crawl across your face, but also to buzz incessantly.

There are countless other experiences I could recall at this time—but I must kill the three that have been in this room since Sunday.

Joan Walker

Hawaii Comes to Lasell

HAWAII is no longer a land of beautiful women clothed in grass skirts and leis, sitting in front of grass huts.

I don't mean to discourage the romantic but I'm just telling you what Molly Ing has told me and she ought to know. Molly has lived in Hawaii all her life on the islands of Molokai and Oahu. But maybe you'd like to hear about it in her words.

"Everyone wants to ask me just what I saw of the attack on Pearl Harbor? Well, I could see the Jap planes dive bombing and hear the explosions. Although there was a lot of property damage, it mostly belonged to the Japanese and no one felt too badly about it.

"There was a great deal of confusion because so many Japs live there and we stayed inside until the worst of the excitement was over. The Japs are tricky people, even the young boys and girls, and although we went to school with some of them, we weren't really close friends—that was even before the war."

Molly told me one interesting incident and perhaps it accounts for the reason why she thinks the war will last three or more years. She said, "One story which aroused quite a bit of feeling was about a young Japanese twenty-seven years old, who intended to go back to Japan before he was taken into the service. For some reason (I think he missed the boat) he could not leave the island but would not appear for induction. He was taken by the authorities to Oahu which is a sort of internment camp for the Japanese suspects. He was kept there no longer than a year and then released and is living there as a free man. We felt that if they did that with one, they might do it with many and as these people are loyal to Japan, the result would be trouble."

Honolulu is the only big city in the Hawaiian Islands and surprisingly enough, Molly said it is very much like the American

cities with large buildings and homes much like the ones in this country. She thought that the biggest difference is in the scenery and climate. The islands are mostly mountainous and because of the warm weather, there are fruit trees and shower trees.

As for the customs and personalities of the people, Molly said, "The Hawaiians are simple people and there is very little prejudice among them. There are too many different nationalities to allow any feeling against any one of them. There are Portuguese, Chinese, Japanese, Hawaiians, and Americans. The Hawaiians are usually not as well educated as the others. However, many of them do go to school and there is one fine school, Kamehameha, which is for Hawaiians only. Most of the girls have English first names and their middle and last names are Hawaiian."

Molly added here that many of the Japs had English names until Pearl Harbor and then they changed them to Japanese. When they realized the Japanese army was not marching triumphantly into the islands, they quickly changed their names back to English again.

When I asked her about the grass skirt idea, she smiled, lit a Pall Mall and told me grass skirts were *out*. Now the well-known costume is used only for ceremonies like the May Day Lei celebration at which all kinds of leis are exhibited. There are many descendants of kings and princes and although they have no power, many still hold their titles. These people are very wealthy but most of the other native Hawaiians earn their living by fishing. After each season, they have a feast to which any passer-by is invited. Because most of these people are so simple and friendly, outsiders often take advantage of them and they are sometimes cheated and misled.

The reason for Molly's excellent pronunciation of English, although she has been here only a few months, is that most of the schools have English courses and most of the people speak it in their homes. She said the University of Hawaii stresses English so much that

almost anyone can enter as long as he has an A in English, regardless of his other marks. The best courses at the university are agriculture and forestry which are the main forms of work on the islands.

"Since Pearl Harbor," she said, "military personnel has taken over most of the islands and they are now under martial law. There are Army-Navy football and baseball games and some horse racing to amuse the servicemen.

"The Islands have changed quite a bit since the war started," Molly concluded, "but it is a changing world and from now on, Hawaii will keep up with it."

Virginia Phillips



A Triolet

I wonder if he'll dance with me;
I wonder if I look all right.
Who else is there for him to see?
I wonder if he'll dance with me.
Since first I met him at the tea
I haven't slept a wink at night.
I wonder if he'll dance with me;
I wonder if I look all right.

Dorothy Piper

A Toast to the Men on Anzio

A flare-lit night, a frosty breeze,
The checkered light of moon through trees,
The jellied quivering battle glow;
This is Nero's Anzio.

A warring beach, this spot of sand.
No sign of mail from Native Land.
The soldier sits in foxhole nest
Where lice and rats and bugs infest.

Our lines hold firm; they shall not fail,
But saddened eyes all long for mail.
Their hearts stretch 'cross the far-flung sea
To find their loves they cannot see.

The wind blows fierce; the cannon roar.
The men, they wait; they wait some more.
'Tis night; the scurrying clouds resound
With sounds of war from air and ground.

When God looks down on blackened hell
It's this He sees: a man-made cell
Where Doughboys stay to watch the night
And turn to heaven to find the light.

It's here he stays, the one I love,
Where guns won't cease, and planes above
Rain death on all the blood-stained ground
To spare no man this hellish sound!

He knows a place, another beach
Where life and love and Freedom's speech
Were all the pleasures of the young.
Of all these treasures, this he sung:

"Remember nights, when the moon was low
And the waters shone with a silver glow,
We joined our hearts 'forever' then,
And vowed we'd both remember—when."

If Doughboys' eyes, like his, behold
The past in bright and shining gold,
The future will be blessed with peace,
And rid of men as fighting beasts.

This inchoate beach, this spot of sand
Beyond the paperhanger's hand
Will share in history's hallowed glow.
. . . Remember it, this Anzio!

Audrey Bigley

PERSONALS



LILLIE R. POTTER
Dean Emeritus

Weddings

- Nancy Wilbur*, '45 and 2nd Lt. Ludwig Prufer Vollers, Jr., U.S.A. (Cornell, x'45), Nov. 3, 1944 at Rochester, New York. Nancy is the daughter of *Helen Selkirk Wilbur*, '18. *Rosamond McCorkindale*, '45, daughter of *Ruby Newcomb McCorkindale*, '14, was a bridesmaid.
- Jean Elizabeth Goodrich*, W.P. '23-'26 and Ensign Merritt Alvin Williamson (Yale, M.S. '37), July 3, 1943 at New Haven, Connecticut. Betty is the daughter of Mrs. *Jean S. Goodrich* (faculty '23-'33).
- Hester M. Shaw*, '28 and Mr. Samuel Francis Gordon, U.S.N.R. (Massachusetts State College), Oct. 19, 1944 at Albuquerque, New Mexico.
- Alice L. Penny*, '31 and Mr. Guy Hartwell Carter (High Point College, x'32), Sept. 21, 1944 at Reading, Pennsylvania.
- Barbara Dean Decker*, '34 and Mr. George P. Faulkner, AM 1/c, U.S.N.R., Sept. 10, 1943.
- Gertrude L. Heath*, '35 and Lieut. (j.g.) John Thomas Kehoe, U.S.C.G.R. (Holy Cross, '37), Oct. 21, 1944 at Shrewsbury, Mass.
- Harriet H. Petz*, '35 and Lieut. Charles Wesley Thompson, U.S.N.R. (University of Pittsburgh, '38), Sept. 30, 1944 at Upper Montclair, New Jersey.
- Margaret E. Buck*, '34-'35 and Mr. Edward J. Wood (Massachusetts Institute of Technology), Sept. 2, 1944 at Wethersfield, Conn.
- Alethea Marder*, '34-'35 and Mr. C. Nothrop Pond (Princeton, '34), Oct. 21, 1944 at Plainfield, New Jersey.
- Barbara J. Brinser*, '37 and Maj. James Galey Kelly, U.S.M.C., Oct. 17, 1944 at Grove City, Pennsylvania.
- Betty J. Olson*, '37 and Mr. Gerald Morgan Cooper (University of Buffalo, '36), Aug. 19, 1944 at Olcott, New York.
- Betty Harrison*, '38 and Lieut. Earle William Hartley, Jr., Pilot, U.S.A.A.F. (Colgate, x-'43), July 30, 1944 at Waterbury, Conn.
- Virginia A. Richardson*, '37-'38 and Lieut. Norman Latham Canfield, U.S.N.R. (University of New Hampshire, '41), July 15, 1944 at Medford, Massachusetts. *Janice Rogers*, U.S.N.R. (W), '39, was maid of honor.
- Carolyn Stuart*, '38 and Lieut. William Drange, U.S.M.S., Aug. 31, 1944 at Lyndonville, Vermont.
- Elizabeth Jensen*, '39 and Mr. Leonard Gordon Curtis, Sept. 29, 1944 at Longmeadow, Massachusetts.
- Jeanne M. Caldwell*, '35-'39 and Mr. William Stanley Waters, U.S.A.A.F., Sept. 18, 1944 at Denver, Colorado.
- Betty B. Bell*, '40 and Mr. Craig Westney Barry (University of Virginia, '42; Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration), Oct. 14, 1944 at New York City.
- Elizabeth J. Birkland*, '40 and Mr. Christian George Kramer, Jr. (University of Pennsylvania; Temple University), Nov. 11, 1944 at Erie, Pennsylvania. *Marjorie Mead*, '41, was maid of honor, and *Jayne Ann Evans Filip*, '39-'40, a bridesmaid.
- Elizabeth D. English*, '40 and Mr. J. Holtman Anderson, Chief Petty Officer, U.S.N.R. (Wentworth Institute, '37), Oct. 24, 1944 at Norwood, Massachusetts.
- Mary R. Gillespie*, '39-'40 and Sgt. Richard Francis Lincoln, U.S.A. (Boston University

- College of Business Administration, '41), Sept. 15, 1944 at Newton Highlands, Mass.
- Ruth E. Bayles*, '41 and Ensign Harvey Andrew Markham, U.S.N.R. (Merchant Marine Academy, King's Point, New York, '43), Oct. 4, 1944 at Port Washington, New York.
- Mae Hartsfield Feldt*, '41, was a bridesmaid.
- Berna Mae Bishop*, '41 and Capt. Paul MacDonald Richards, U.S.A. (Ricker Junior College, '39), Sept. 20, 1944 at Caribou, Maine.
- Margaret G. Goodrich*, '41 and Mr. Frederick F. Hoffman, at Cambridge, Massachusetts.
- Harriet H. Hanson*, '41 and Dr. Walter Wood Nelson (University of California, '42; Los Angeles College of Osteopathic Physicians and Surgeons, '44), Oct. 28, 1944 at Grosse Pointe, Michigan. *Patricia Herke Ferguson*, '41, was a bridesmaid.
- Mae B. Hartsfield*, '41 and Mr. Alfred E. Feldt, Jr., March 22, 1944 at Larchmont, New York. *Ruth Bayles Markham*, '41, was a bridesmaid.
- Ruth H. Kilbourn*, '41 and Mr. Albert D. Wallace, EM 1/c, U.S.N., Dec. 18, 1943 at Washington, D. C.
- Dorothy A. Mellen*, '41 and Lieut. Alan Harwood, U.S.A. (Northeastern University, '43), Sept. 26, 1944 at Arlington, Massachusetts. *Betty M. Davis*, '41, was a bridesmaid.
- Mary F. Sawyer*, '41 and Lt. H. Lloyd Philpott, U.S.A. Transportation Corps (Massachusetts Institute of Technology, x-'44), July 30, 1944 at South Weymouth, Mass.
- Alice Jean Townsend*, '41 and Sgt. William Kerslake, Jr., U.S.A., June 23, 1944 at Ravena, New York.
- Margaret M. Barry*, '42 and Ensign Rutledge B. Parker, U.S.N.R. (Michigan State College, '43), June 26, 1943 at Waterbury, Connecticut.
- Claire M. DeConto*, '42 and Lieut. (j.g.) George P. Trodella, U.S.N.R. (Tufts; Tufts Medical School), Oct. 8, 1944 at West Medford, Massachusetts. *Alathea Aguglia*, '42, was a bridesmaid.
- Eleanor J. Easterly*, '42 and Mr. G. Clark Vogt, Jr., U.S.M.S. (Syracuse University), July 22, 1944 at New York City.
- Sgt. Shirley M. Egglefield*, M.C.W.R., '42 and Lt. Robert Avrom Schless, Jr., U.S.M.C. (Princeton, '43), June 24, 1944 at Camp LeJeune, North Carolina.
- Jean A. Ferrell*, '42 and Lt. James Auren Howe, Air Corps, A.U.S. (Air Cadet, Colby College, '43), Aug. 9, 1944 at Waterville, Maine.
- Gloria Field*, '42 and Ensign Gordon White, U.S.N.R. (Brown University, x'44), March 1, 1944 at Andover, Massachusetts.
- Mary Jane Goodman*, '42 and Mr. Alfred Ernest Miller (Iowa State College of Engineering, '40), Nov. 18, 1944 at Westfield, New Jersey. *Reta Pratt*, '40-'42, was a bridesmaid.
- Jacquelyn L. Hand*, '42 and Ensign Vernon Martin Mattson, Jr., U.S.N.A.C. (Tilton Junior College), Aug. 5, 1944 at Pensacola, Florida.
- Barbara Kelly*, '42 and Lieut. Charles Acker Morell, A.U.S. (University of Maryland, x-'44), Sept. 23, 1944 at Alton, Illinois.
- Barbara L. McDowell*, '42 and Lieut. G. Norman Widmark, U.S.N.R. (Duke University, '42), Sept. 24, 1944 at New York City.
- Beatrice Lewis Potter*, '42 and *Petie Dieckman*, '42, were bridesmaids.
- Virginia E. Porter*, '42 and Flight Lt. Harold Fleming Kerrigan, D.S.O., D.F.C., R.C.A.F., Aug. 12, 1944 at Chestnut Hill, Mass.
- Peggy Smitt*, '42 and Capt. Harry M. Strauss, Jr., U.S.A.A.F. (Georgia Tech., '38), Sept. 8, 1944 at Detroit, Michigan.
- June W. Foering*, '41-'42 and Mr. William Harry McKay, U.S.N.R. (Drexel), July 10, 1944 at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.
- Lorraine F. Manchester*, '41-'42 and Flight Officer John S. Carder, U.S.A.A.C. (Northeastern University, x'43), Aug. 9, 1944 at Newton, Massachusetts. *Laura Bannon*, '43, was a bridesmaid.
- Annamary Musser*, '41-'42 and Mr. Edgar Brownell Phillips, U.S.N.R. (Brown University, x'45; now attending Yale University School of Medicine), Sept. 16, 1944 at Peterboro, New Hampshire. *Barbara Bradley*, '41-'42, was maid of honor.
- Jeanne L. Skeels*, '41-'42 and Capt. Frederick

- W. McKinnon, U.S.A.A.C. bomber pilot (Boston University, x-'42), Oct. 14, 1944 at West Roxbury, Massachusetts.
- C. Ann Webb, '41-'42 and Ensign Kenneth H. MacDonald, U.S.N.R. (Leland Powers School, '42), Oct. 5, 1944 at Grosse Isle, Michigan.
- Jane L. Glassbrook, '43 and Mr. Fred Willmott Hamilton, Jr., U.S.N.R., Oct. 12, 1944 at Glens Falls, New York.
- Anita Mangels, '43 and Ensign Clinton Roy Sampson, U.S.M.S. (Massachusetts Maritime Academy, '44), Aug. 27, 1944 at South Ozone Park, New York. Evelyn Nurkiewicz, '43, was maid of honor.
- Eleanor Millard, '43 and Rev. E. Spencer Parsons (Denison University, '41; Andover Newton Theological School), Nov. 3, 1944 at Newton Centre, Massachusetts. The bride's sister, Marjorie Millard Crooker, '41, was matron of honor. Virginia Robinson, '42 and Carol Hill, '44, were bridesmaids.
- Nancy L. Wells, '43 and Mr. David Holmden Harris (Amherst, x-'40), July 22, 1944 at Amityville, New York. Judy Hill, '43, was maid of honor. Mr. Harris, formerly a lieutenant in the Army Air Forces and a member of the Flying Tigers, is now a test pilot at Republic Aviation Corporation, Farmingdale, New York.
- Phyllis L. Whidden, '43 and Ensign Donald Boyd Carpenter, U.S.N. (U. S. Naval Academy, '44), Sept. 23, 1944 at Boston, Mass.
- Jane Beard, '44 and Mr. John Stevens Maxson, Jr., S 1/c, U.S.N.R. (Colgate, Dec. '42), July 1, 1944 at Cortland, New York. Janet Stevenson, '44, was a bridesmaid.
- Gloria W. Clifford, '44 and Lieut. (j.g.) Robert Whiting Gifford, U.S.M.S. (Pratt Institute; Merchant Marine Academy, New York), Sept. 30, 1944 at Sailors' Snug Harbor, New York.
- Katherine H. Cogswell, '44 and Lt. John Merton Darnton, U.S.M.C.R. (Washington University), August 19, 1944 at Wenham, Massachusetts.
- Virginia Wolfe, '44 and 2nd Lt. Ernest Fred Perkins, Jr., U.S.A.A.F. (Brown University, x-'45), Sept. 12, 1944 at New Hampton, New Hampshire. The bride is the daughter of Priscilla Alden Wolfe, '19 and niece of Priscilla Wolfe Scarth, '23.
- Margaret A. Ransom, '43-'44 and Mr. Alan Bartlett Ruprecht, S 2/c, U.S.N. (Rutgers University, x-'46), July 28, 1944 at Montclair, New Jersey.
- Alice M. Wyman, '43-'44 and Lt. Francis Henry Dawson, U.S.A.A.C. (Boston College, '42), Sept. 16, 1944 at Belmont, Mass.

Engaged

Priscilla M. Seavey, '32-'33 to Mr. Gunnar Nils Bjorkman; Charlotte Hillas, '39-'40 to Lt. Henry W. Vollendorf, U.S.A.; Peggy June Baldwin, '41 to Lt. Robert Samuel Williamson, U.S.A.A.F.; Jane E. Scanlon, '41 to Mr. William A. Reid, U.S.N.; Dorothy Stuhlbarg, '41 to Mr. Robert Kopple, U.S.A.; B. Raye Leonard, '42 to Mr. Joseph Francis Wiser, Jr., U.S.M.C.; Constance Dee Lynch, '42 to Lieut. (j.g.) Willard James Bird, U.S.N.R.; Bette McGar, '42 to Lieut. Howard Stoughton, Jr., U.S.N.R.; Mary Ellen Metzger, '42 to Tech. Sgt. Oliver F. Barrett, Jr., U.S.A.A.C.; Ruth E. Turner, '42 to Mr. Richard Arthur Crosby, U.S.N.R.; Jeanne Lovett, '41-'42 to Mr. Luther Newton Morris, U.S.N.; Bonney Wilson, '41-'42 to Mr. Richard Andrew Hakanson, U.S.A.A.F.; Jane Norwell, '43 to Mr. William Francis Chamberlain, U.S.N.; Ruth I. Oram, '41-'43 to Mr. C. Leonard Ruoff, MM 2/c, U.S.N.R.; Shirley Akesson, '42-'43 to Lt. George Morton, U.S.A.A.F.; Polly Kidder, '42-'43 to Ensign M. Loren Bullock, U.S.N.R.; Priscilla J. Amnott, '44 to Sgt. William Robert Pike, U.S.M.C.; Leonora J. Gamble, '43-'44 to Sgt. Gordon H. Stanley, U.S.A.A.F.; Frances M. Soule, '43-'44 to Mr. John Parker Hansel, U.S.M.C.R.

Births

Sept. 25, 1944—a daughter, Helen Sargent, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Alexander (Eleanor Paddock, faculty '39-'41)

July 24, 1944—a daughter, Gail to Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Estabrook (Eleanor Bradford, nurse '41-'42)

Oct. 5, 1944—a daughter, Janet Eleanor, to

- Ensign and Mrs. Merritt Alvin Williamson (*Jean E. Goodrich*, W.P. '23-'26)
- Oct. 28, 1944—a son, Madison Mott, III, to Mr. and Mrs. Madison M. Cannon, Jr. (*Rosamond Cornell*, '29)
- Oct. 15, 1944—a son, John David, to Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Mackes (*Ida Murphy*, '30)
- July 29, 1944—a daughter, Ann Eliasson, to Comdr. and Mrs. Henry S. Monroe (*Karin Eliasson*, '31, faculty '33-'42)
- Oct. 16, 1944—a son, Howard Eugene, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Howard E. Hanley (*Ruth Libby*, '31)
- Sept. 7, 1944—a son, Austin Paxton, to Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Austin Wildman, *Annamelia B. Paxton*, '32)
- June 25, 1944—a daughter, Mary Hood, to Mrs. Hood Harney (*Dorothy Guest*, '33) and the late Mr. Harney
- Sept. 6, 1944—a daughter, Linda Phillips, to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert R. Wilkins (*Charlotte Phillips*, '33)
- Aug. 19, 1944—a son, Carleton Bridges, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Carleton B. Davis (*Louise T. Cook*, '34)
- May 11, 1944—a daughter, Virginia Elaine, to Mr. and Mrs. H. Earle Lantery (*Marion McAuliffe*, '34)
- Oct. 10, 1944—a son, Allan Carvell, to Mr. and Mrs. Norman T. Bissett (*Beth Snow*, '34)
- Oct. 11, 1944—a daughter, Ann Elizabeth, to Lieut.-Comdr. James W. Greely and Mrs. Greely (*Dorothy Charlton*, '35)
- Oct. 17, 1944—a daughter, Sally Louise, to Mr. and Mrs. Frederick O. Newton (*Nina Williams*, '35)
- Sept. 18, 1944—a daughter, Marilyn, to Sgt. and Mrs. Brock D. Shiffer (*Cora M. Delabarre*, W.P. '32-'35)
- June 27, 1944—a daughter, Judith Barnett, to Mr. and Mrs. Philip C. Sherburne (*Europa Harris*, '34-'35)
- Sept. 20, 1944—a son, Robert Hammond, to Lt. and Mrs. Robert L. Craft (*Elizabeth Pomeroy*, '36)
- July 30, 1944—a daughter, Janice Carolyn, to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred C. Kelley (*Janice Remig*, '36)
- Oct. 16, 1944—a daughter, Dorothea Elizabeth, to Lt. and Mrs. Irving B. Tapper (*Jeanne Siff*, '36)
- Sept. 5, 1944—a daughter, Janet Bakewell, to Mr. and Mrs. Howard W. Jeffcock (*Jeanette Tift*, '36)
- Oct. 7, 1944—a son, Walter Abbott, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Walter A. Atherton (*Dorothy Abbott*, '37)
- Apr. 5, 1944—a daughter, Bonnie Jean, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Patterson (*Doris Carey*, '37)
- Sept. 28, 1944—a son, Stephen Frederick, to Mr. and Mrs. Vernon F. Swanson (*Shirley Parker*, '38)
- Oct. 3, 1944—a daughter, Ellen Katherine, to Mr. and Mrs. Albert K. Wolstenholme (*Martha Sill*, '38). Ellen is the granddaughter of *Irene Ball Sill*, '15.
- Sept. 29, 1944—a son, Elliott Franklin, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Stoughton (*Eleanor Skinner*, '38)
- Oct. 8, 1944—a son, Stephen Haley, to Mr. and Mrs. Warren C. Scott (*Frances Haley*, '39)
- Aug. 9, 1944—a son, Wayne Reed, to Capt. and Mrs. Clinton A. Petersen (*Jean Michael*, '39)
- June 19, 1944—a daughter, Joanne Hilton, to Lieut. and Mrs. Harold G. Elrod, Jr. (*Allison Starr*, '39)
- July 14, 1944—a daughter, Nancy Evans, to Staff Sgt. and Mrs. Melvin W. McLaughlin (*Florence Evans*, '40)
- Sept. 19, 1944—a daughter, Deanna Moxon, to Lt. and Mrs. James E. Nordeng (*Ruth Moxon*, '40)
- Sept. 23, 1944—a daughter, Sally Ann, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert D. Sterling (*Priscilla Sleeper*, '40)
- July 30, 1944—a son, Thomas Foster, III, to Lt. and Mrs. Thomas F. Stevenson, Jr. (*Barbara Jayne Wagman*, '39-'40)
- Oct. 25, 1944—a daughter, Ann Bixby, to Lt. and Mrs. Charles W. Averill (*Geraldine Bixby*, '41)
- June 28, 1944—a son, Walter Lispenard, III, to Mr. and Mrs. Lispenard Suydam (*Peggy Card*, '41)

Oct. 8, 1944—twin sons, Peter Lloyd and Paul Evans, to Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd E. Bryan (*Louise Johnson*, '41)

Sept. 27, 1944—a daughter, Linda Ruth, to Lt. and Mrs. Edmund R. Swanberg (*Ruth Mattson*, '41)

June 24, 1944—a daughter, Barbara Barton, to Lt. and Mrs. Mark D. Perkins (*Frances McBride*, '41)

Sept. 22, 1944—a daughter, Lynn, to Ensign and Mrs. Rutledge B. Parker (*Margaret Barry*, '42)

Aug. 17, 1944—a son, Jeffrey Robert, to Mr. and Mrs. Stephen A. Stone (*Sybil Feinberg*, '42)

Sept. 5, 1944—a son, Jonathan Rhodes, to Ensign and Mrs. John A. Harley (*Margot Moore*, '42)

Sept. 2, 1944—a son, Douglas Ross, to Lieut. and Mrs. Gardner C. Reed (*Priscilla Swett*, '42)

Oct. 12, 1944—a son, Thomas Farnsworth, to Lieut. and Mrs. Spencer E. Robbins (*Elizabeth Anthony*, '41-'42)

July 8, 1944—a daughter, Constance, to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Oliver, Jr. (*Helen Getchell*, '41-'42)

Sept. 23, 1944—a daughter, Mary Lou, to Mr. and Mrs. Richard R. Fraser (*Gene E. Irish*, '43). Mary Lou is 1943's class baby.

Oct. 19, 1944—a daughter, Ann Curtis, to Ensign and Mrs. John B. Robinson (*Lee Osborn*, '41-'43)

Oct. 20, 1944—a son, Clark Taylor, to Lieut. (j.g.) and Mrs. Bernard W. Corson (*Martha V. Clark*, '42-'43)

At the request of the *Personals Editor*, Mrs. Guy M. Winslow has kindly shared with readers of the LEAVES extracts from her paper on "The Saving Grace of Humor" written for the Auburndale Review Club. The article appears on page 8 of this issue.

We regret to report the passing of *Gertrude Rice Thayer*, '81, formerly of Allston and East Harwich, Massachusetts, who died August 5, 1944. Lasell extends sympathy to her daughter, Barbara Thayer Brown.

In September *Dr. Winslow* received the following note from *Florence S. Durfee*, '88-'89, of Marion, Ohio:

"The summer issue of the Lasell LEAVES, addressed to my sister, *Grace P. Durfee*, '85, has just arrived, and I have enjoyed reading it. I am sorry to inform you that Grace passed away in August, and I am left alone, the last member of our family. She was a precious sister.

"Grace was graduated from Lasell in 1885, having spent four happy and profitable years there. Later she was a successful teacher of piano and harmony, and a church organist."

Col. James L. Bevans, U. S. Army, retired, husband of *Desdemona Millikin Bevans*, '92, and father of *Dorothy Bevans Kramer*, '13-'14, died at Walter Reed General Hospital, Washington, D. C., February 5, 1944.

Surviving besides Mrs. Bevans and Mrs. Kramer is a son, Brig. Gen. James M. Bevans, Air Corps. Another son, Capt. Stuart M. Bevans, of the Adjutant General's Dept., died in the Philippines in 1938.

We are grateful to *Miss Evelyn B. Potts* of the Lasell faculty, for the correct address of *Laura Hawes Parish*, '91-'92, formerly of Delavan, Wisconsin, now living at 202 Island Home Boulevard, Knoxville, Tennessee.

Ethel Walton Abbott, '99, writes from Ryegate, Montana, that she is a senior caseworker for the Department of Public Welfare.

From a new address, 416 West Maple Street, Johnson City, Tennessee, *Anna Andrews Barris*, '01-'02, writes that she continues her writing career. Her latest book, *Mystery of the Jade Idol*, was published last year.

In a recent issue of a Boston church paper we read that *Rev. Mabelle Whitney*, '03, has presented a beautiful new cross for the communion table to Tremont Street Methodist Church. It is given in memory of Mabelle's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. William D. Martin. Mr. Martin was the first organist of Tremont Street Church after its dedication in 1861.

Martha Atwood Baker, '03-'04, national music chairman of the National Society of New England Women, has recently been ap-

pointed state chairman of the New York Federation of Music Clubs' "Music in Hospitals." A former Metropolitan Opera singer and president of the Cape Cod Institute of Music, Martha is well fitted for this new responsibility.

Barbara Vail Bosworth, '05, reports a happy day spent recently with *Leslie White Alling*, '05, in her lovely New England Home.

Barbara calls attention to the fact that *Dorothy Shank*, of the Lasell home economics department, 1912-20, is writing for *What's New in Home Economics*, and living in Chicago, Illinois, at 1400 Lake Shore Drive.

She also referred to her truly wonderful mother, Mrs. Milton Vail, who recently celebrated her ninety-eighth birthday. Barbara's father was Dr. Milton Vail, one-time missionary in Japan. It was through the generosity of Dr. and Mrs. Vail that Lasell came into possession of the beautiful temple bell, over two hundred years old, which hangs in Bragdon Hall and calls us to our meals.

Congratulations to Mr. G. B. Dealey who recently rounded out 70 years of continuous connection with the oldest business institution in Texas. Mr. Dealey, 85, chairman of the board of the *Dallas Morning News*, worked his usual eight-hour day. His only concession to celebration was to have lunch with a group of newspaper friends and recount some of his experiences. Mr. Dealey is the father of *Annie Dealey Jackson*, '06, *Fannie Dealey Decherd*, '06, and *Maidie Dealey Moroney*, '14, and father-in-law of *Clara MacDonald Dealey*, '14.

A welcome word has come from *Ida Mallory Lyon*, '03, who writes to the *Personals Editor*:

"I was so happy to hear from you and so delighted to be asked to do something for Lasell, that I set about the task at once. With the article on military drill at Lasell I am enclosing several clippings about drill day and some snapshots, showing the uniform we wore."

women. During my years there about 17 per cent of the student body elected it, and kept on with it throughout their residence at the school.

There were three companies, A, B, and C, the first two comprised of new girls "officered" by old girls. Company C was composed of old girls, most of them officers.

The companies of new girls were drilled in all the marching formations used by the regular army, except those requiring greater numbers than we had or more room than that contained in the old gym. The manual of arms was taught, and although the girls carried wooden replicas of rifles, the manual they learned was strictly military.

The senior company was instructed in foil drill. One year cavalry sabres were used, and many were the hypothetical horses' heads which felt the slash of steel.

In the early months of drill there was the usual confusion of direction and too many left feet, but the awkwardness did not last long. The girls prided themselves on their military bearing and deportment. They stood with "heads up, shoulders back, eyes front, heels together and toes turned out," in the then accepted manner!

The uniform worn in the early days of the 20th Century consisted of a plain, ankle-length skirt of dark blue wool, with matching "Norfolk" jacket. The caps were reminiscent of the Civil War. Barely hidden by the long skirts were high black laced shoes, and definitely hidden were the long black stockings.

All our hard work had its reward in the annual drill day, when we marched as individual companies, had individual prize drills, and finally ended the day's thrilling excitement with a full dress parade.

Under those old "Norfolk" jackets beat hearts as loyal to their country and as proud of its integrity as are those of today, beneath the smarter styles of our women's services. The costume has changed, but the love of country remains the same.

Military Drill at Lasell

Ida Mallory Lyon, '03

Lasell was a pioneer in military drill for

A well remembered drill by the Lasell battalion took place on Patriot's Day, April 19, 1902, in honor of Capt. Richmond Pearson

Hobson, hero of the Merrimac episode, who later that day spoke in Newton's Temple Hall to a crowd of over 600 persons. Capt. Hobson dwelt upon the possibilities of the future of the United States as a world power. He hoped that it would be as a help to the helpless, as an elder brother to all other nations, and in a position to dictate peace in event of strife between powers.

Madelene Halberstadt Kynor, '05-'06, recently sent to Dr. Winslow news of the passing of Nellie Albright Newhard, '05-'06, of Orwigsburg, Pennsylvania. Nellie was ill only a short time, and her passing was a great shock to all her friends.

Madelene hopes to come to Boston soon to see her daughter, Edith, a member of the senior class at Wellesley College. Her son, Herbert, Jr., finished his sophomore year at Lehigh University in October.

Our thoughts are turning with sympathy to Clara F. Nims, '07, and to her bereaved mother, Mrs. W. A. Nims, on the recent passing of Mr. Nims, an esteemed citizen of Watertown, New York.

Charlotte Ryder Hall, '08, wrote to the *Personals Editor* in October: "I am enclosing a clipping announcing the death last week of Prof. Robert Kent Steward, husband of Marjorie Carleton Steward, '04-'06. Marjorie was from Old Town, Maine, and though she and her husband had lived in Michigan during most of their married life, they spent their summers in Maine, so that I have always kept in touch with them. Bob was a fine person, and his passing leaves Marjorie very much alone."

We thank Marion Hale Bottomley, '10 for her report on the *Vermont Lasell Club*, and for the personal message which accompanied it. She writes: "Our daughter, Mary, '42, is getting into stride in her last year at Pratt. She loves the work, and we feel she is getting a splendid practical education.

"My work for the War Finance Committee keeps me busy during the Loan drives, and it is so strenuous that I do not take on any other duties.

"I saw *Bertha Hooker Willey* [formerly Mrs. *Bertha Hooker*, secretary to Dr. Winslow] last week when she was here for a Republican luncheon."

Lasell extends congratulations to Mr. Carlyle V. Willey, husband of *Bertha Hooker Willey*, on his recent election as a Vermont state senator.

Lasell was happy to welcome *Frances King Dolley*, faculty '08-'17, for a visit early this fall. Miss Dolley was recently retired from the faculty of Flora Stone Mather College of Western Reserve University. She was instructor in household administration there from 1920-21; assistant professor of household administration, 1921-37; and assistant professor of home economics from 1937-44.

Doubtless many of our readers enjoyed the performance of the well known and gifted American actress, *Dorothy Stickney*, as Mother (Vinnie) in the New York production of *Life With Father*, but probably few realized that she is a Lasell girl, having attended the Seminary in 1913-14.

Dorothy began her stage career in stock companies and vaudeville; was an understudy in *Nervous Wreck*, and went on tour in *Toto*. Later she appeared on Broadway as Anita in *The Squall*; Crazy Liz in *Chicago*; Claudia Kitts in *March Hares*; Cherry in *The Beaux Stratagem*; Rose in revival of *Milestones*; Mollie Malloy in *The Front Page*; Mincing in *The Way of the World*; Miss Krail in *Philip Goes Forth*; Stella in *Another Language*; the town dressmaker in *The County Chairman*; Granny in *On Borrowed Time*; and Mother (Vinnie) in *Life With Father*, which recently completed its fifth consecutive year on Broadway. In 1940 she received the Barter Theatre award for the best performance of the year as Mother in *Life With Father*. The presentation was made by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

In private life Dorothy is the wife of *Howard Lindsay*, famous American playwright, producer, and actor. In collaboration with Russel Crouse he dramatized Clarence Day's *Life With Father*, and played the role of Father.

Charlotte Whiting Clark, '16, of 239 West Side Avenue, Haverstraw, New York, writes: "Just completed a 'refresher' course in art at Teachers College, Columbia University, and have obtained a position as art supervisor in the public schools of Haverstraw. My oldest son, Walter, is 21 and in naval training. He is to be married soon to a girl in Dallas, Texas. The other two boys live at home."

We wish to extend sympathy to *Hazel Morrison*, '21, and *Marjorie Morrison Coburn*, '17, on the recent passing of their father, Mr. W. N. Morrison.

1919

Because of *Dr. Winslow's* request that last June's reunions be postponed for travel and other reasons, the Class of 1919 did not meet for its twenty-fifth reunion. Instead, *Mercie V. Nichols*, life secretary, sent cards to all her classmates asking them to send a message to the *Personals Editor*, to be printed in the fall LEAVES. We are happy to share with readers of the *Personals* these greetings from members of the Class of 1919:

Isabelle Adams Baker: "I was disappointed that we could not have our reunion in June. I had hoped to have one or two classmates as house guests, but shall look forward to that pleasure when conditions permit.

"My older son, Donald, is with the 15th Air Force somewhere in Italy. Philip will be a sophomore at Wesleyan University in November."

Priscilla Alden Wolfe: "I received a card from *Mercie Nichols* recently, asking me to send some news about myself and family, to be printed in the fall issue of the LEAVES. Since *Miriam Bell Bell* and I were the only 1919-ers back at college in June, I am sincerely hoping that many of the girls will send in news so that we can have a reunion through the LEAVES.

"I have three children, two sons and a daughter. The oldest boy, Leonard, Jr., is in the Navy and has been on foreign duty for over two years. He was studying forestry at the University of New Hampshire when war started and hopes to finish his course after this is over. The younger boy, Alden, is studying

agriculture at New Hampshire University. He evidently plans to be a horse trader, if I can tell anything from the fact that he keeps showing up here at home, seventy miles from the college, each time with a different horse that he is 'working on.' Our only daughter, *Virginia*, '44, attended Lasell for four happy years, and was graduated in June. She was married September 12 in our village church to a young 2nd lieutenant in the Army Air Forces. They will be in Sebring, Florida, for three months.

"As for myself, I keep very busy. This is a small town, but we all find much to do. I am completing my fourth year as a member of the local school board, and am also on the board of our library. Am president of the town garden club, vice president of our Red Cross society, director of the board of the Woman's Club, and a director of the *Lasell Alumnae, Inc.* As you see, living in the country does not mean that one has nothing to do. Any spare time left from home making can always be devoted to rolling bandages and knitting."

Miriam Bell Bell: "I was sorry that the rest of our classmates could not meet my oldest child, Louise, 21, who was with me at Lasell in June. The next oldest is Bill, 19, who is in the Navy. He served a year and one-half with the Merchant Marine Cadet Corps before going into the Navy. Bradford is 12, and Marlea, 10.

"I am busy with Red Cross, church and P.T.A. work. Am always glad to hear from classmates.

"*Margery Deffenbaugh Hoop*, '18, was here a few weeks ago. We had not seen each other for about two years. She has four sons, three of them in the services."

Olive Chase Mayo: "After graduation from Lasell in 1919, I lived in Boston for several years, and continued study of music and associated subjects. On June 28, 1923, I married George William Mayo of Laconia, New Hampshire, the smartest thing I ever did. We have three children: George William, Jr., first classman at the United States Naval Academy in Annapolis, Maryland; Katherine

Olive, a sophomore at Skidmore College where she is majoring in art; and Gordon Chase, freshman at Laconia High School.

"Through the years I have continued seriously the study of piano, specializing for the most part in accompanying and ensemble work.

"For the past eighteen months I have held the position of Volunteer Home Service Secretary for the Laconia Chapter, American Red Cross."

Frances Coombs: "I am teaching English and Commerce and Industry in Westbrook High School, Westbrook, Maine. Last summer I had a most delightful trip to Old Mexico, an exciting, glamorous, and exotic country."

Dorothy C. Hall: "At present I am very much interested in my work as a junior analyst in the Old Colony Trust Company, a position which, except for the war, would still be available only to men.

"Strange as it may seem, I seldom meet any of the members of the Class of 1919, although recently after all these years I found my roommate, *Sibyl Weymouth Braniff*, working in the same building with me. What a surprise, as the last I heard of her, she was in Panama!"

Marguerite Hauser Hamlin: "My oldest son has been in the Army for a year, and I have travelled to see him whenever he was near. He was stationed in New York for a time, so when I visited him there I also saw *Helen Moss Post*. We had a delightful luncheon together. In Philadelphia I visited *Mary Eshleman Willauer*, '17-'18, who has two fine children, Ellen and George. In June, *Mary Hopkins* stopped in Bangor for a visit, and I had a nice chat with her."

Helen Moss Post: "I have one child, a son, 12. My household duties keep me too busy for very much outside activity; a little Red Cross and first aid work is all I can boast of.

"I have seen *Peg Hauser Hamlin*, *Eleanor Beaman Kendall*, *Priscilla Alden Wolfe*, and *Mary Eshleman Willauer* recently. My cousin's daughter, *Carolyn Crowell*, entered Lasell this fall, which makes me very happy."

Ethel Ramage Fisk: "I send greetings to all

my classmates of 1919 and to the members of the faculty who were my teachers. I often think of my two happy years at Lasell and the friends I made there.

"For the past three years I have been with Home Service, Providence Chapter, American Red Cross. It is a pleasure to work with the servicemen and their families. My son, Bob, is in the U. S. Navy, and I feel I should do what I can for the war effort. My daughter, Lula, is attending college near here and lives at home."

Phyllis D. Rowe: "I am still at Hopkins [The Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore 5, Maryland] helping to feed two thousand people per meal, and training dietitians for the Army and civilian hospitals. Often think of you all and my happy days at Lasell. If any of you ever come to Baltimore, do look me up."

Frances Wieder Hartman: "I was married in April, 1920, and have a wonderful husband, and had two marvelous sons. One will be 20 in November; the other would have been 23, June 22, but on June 14 he was wounded at Saipan, and died June 18 on board a hospital ship. He was Cpl. William A. Hartman, U.S.M.C.R., and with the Col. Carlson Scout Raiders had landed on many of the Marshall Islands. He was awarded the Purple Heart and an Asiatic Medal. When he was stationed at Camp Pendleton, California, last December, I visited him for six weeks. On my way there I stayed overnight in Chicago with *Sylvia Bregman Klein*, '20. She has a charming daughter and son, and a beautiful home.

"My younger son is also with the Marines, in the V-12 unit at Dartmouth College. He leaves there November 1 for 'boot training,' and then will attend Officer Candidate School."

Mercie V. Nichols:

"Dear 1919-ers,

"Wish we all could have been at Lasell with *Priscilla Alden Wolfe* and *Miriam Bell* and their daughters in June. Shall we wait until our thirtieth and have a big reunion then, or meet for our postponed twen-

ty-fifth at an earlier date? Please send me your suggestions. I am living at home, keeping house for my mother who has not been well. Am busy in various community activities, and have quite forgotten my art teaching days.

"*Al Phillips Weeks* and I live near one another, so I see her frequently. What fun it was to attend the wedding of her charming daughter, *Cornelia*. It was a delightful affair, and our Al was lovely as the young mother of the bride."

Lasell extends sympathy to the family of *Elizabeth F. Crooks*, '18-'20, who died last summer. Elizabeth attended Lasell and Syracuse University, and had been with the Women's Educational and Industrial Union in Boston for the past year.

In response to a request for her address, *Caroline Benson Hirst*, '19-'20, wrote to the Alumnae Secretary in August:

"I am returning your card with notice of the change in my address. I shall always enjoy keeping in contact with Lasell, as I have many pleasant memories of the part of my life spent there.

"Your request for news I shall try to answer briefly. At present we are located at Rochester, New Hampshire, where my husband, Mr. George Hirst, is teaching at the beautiful new Spaulding High School. We find Rochester an unusually friendly town and a very pleasant place in which to live. One of my closest friends is *Muriel Gilman Chesley*, '21-'22. We often speak of Lasell and Woodland Park where we both lived.

"This last year has been pleasant with new associations, but otherwise sad for us as our only son, Philip, was killed in Italy, November 6, 1943. He was nineteen years of age, and had just begun his college life when he was called into service. We still have nineteen years of happy memories to live with and try to remember that he is only one of thousands being sacrificed."

Lasell is happy to announce that *Mrs. Albert F. Corbin* (formerly *Mrs. Alice Hillard Smith* of the Lasell faculty) has recently been elected to the college Board of Trustees. Mrs.

Corbin is the mother of *Barbara Smith Huntington*, '22.

Phyllis Rafferty Shoemaker, '22, leaves early in November for about six weeks on the west coast where she will visit her oldest brother and her mother, Mrs. James J. Rafferty, of San Juan Road, Watsonville, California (mail: Route 4, Box 13). She plans to stop in South Bend, Indiana, to visit relatives, and hopes to call on *Vera Clauer Hans*, '22, while there. Her only other stop en route will be in Lincoln, Nebraska, to visit her former Lasell roommate, *Jean Field Faires*, '22. Phyllis writes that she recently attended a lovely luncheon given by *Dorothy Barnard*, '24, at which *Helen Perry*, '24, and Dorothy's mother, Mrs. Maurice Barnard, were present.

Elizabeth Bickford Sigler, '20-'22, is in Washington, D. C., where her husband, Mr. Wendell P. Sigler, is Chief of the Foreign Section, Aluminum and Magnesium Branch of the W.P.B. They have three children: Eleanor, a sophomore at Hood College; Wendell, Jr., a graduate of Perkiomen Preparatory School and now in the Merchant Marine; and Jeannie, 11.

The "Our Gracious Ladies" column of the *Boston Traveler* recently carried a photograph of and an interesting writeup about *Louise Woolley Morgan*, '23, director of women's programs for the Yankee Network. Louise writes the script for and conducts her own radio program. She has appeared at the Paramount Theater in Boston; has officiated at bond rallies and at leading fashion shows; and is a popular speaker on women's club programs. She was mistress of ceremonies for the two-day benefit matinees held recently at the Boston Stage Door Canteen.

After her graduation from Lasell, Louise attended the Leland Powers School of the Theater, where she later taught. She has also been teacher of dramatics at Southern Seminary, and of drama and diction at National Park Junior College where Margaret Lindsay was one of her pupils. She has directed plays in summer theaters in New England, and has appeared on the radio in New York as well as in Boston. As a member of the New York

American Women's Voluntary Service she has sold over \$80,000 worth of war bonds.

Dorothy Barnard, '24, recently sent the following items of interest to readers of the LEAVES:

"While having luncheon at the 'Blue Ship' on T Wharf recently, I was surprised to run across *Carolyn Badger Seybolt*, '22, of Portsmouth, New Hampshire. From her I learned that her sister, *Frances Badger*, '24, is now a member of the State Board of Education in New Hampshire, with headquarters in the new State House Annex on State Street, and living quarters in an apartment on Union Street, Concord.

"*Frances Bliss*, '24, writes in a recent letter from her home in Buffalo, New York, that she is still very busy with her duties as secretary to Dr. Green, heart specialist, and with church, club, and Red Cross work.

"*Carolyn Badger Seybolt* says she is anticipating a visit soon from *Pinkie Puckett Neill*, '23."

Dorothy has added a new duty to her weekly round of responsibilities at the Chandler School. She is giving a course of twenty-eight lecture-demonstrations in foods and cookery to an elective group of forty-four students every Friday morning at eleven o'clock at 261 Marlboro Street. The girls are very enthusiastic over their work.

From the October 12 issue of the Westfield, New Jersey, *Leader* we learn that *Sgt. Lydia Parry*, '24, of the WAC, is a classification specialist at an Air Force replacement depot in England. There military personnel arriving in Britain for service with the Army Air Forces are "oriented" and assigned to their permanent overseas stations. Before entering the WAC in November, 1942, Lydia was a social worker in Summit, New Jersey. She received her basic training at Daytona Beach, Florida, and was assigned to Boston Fighter Wing headquarters before going to England.

We were delighted to receive this newsy letter from *Mariesta Howland Bloom*, '26, who writes to the *Personals Editor* from her home, 307 Crestwood Drive, Peoria 4, Ill.:

"I was in the East all summer, but since,

like everyone else in these war times, I was stranded 'carless and maidless' with two lively children, there was little opportunity for me to visit either Boston or Auburndale.

"I did receive a visit from my Lasell roommate, *Dorothy Schumaker*, '26, while she was on leave from her research job in New York, and from her received news of *Dodie Schumaker Walthers*, '26, who keeps busy with her charming house and two delightful children, Peter and Joan.

"*Margaret Anderson Gage*, '26, still a dynamo of energy, has a large home in Portland, Oregon, and two children to keep her always busy. *Ginnie Amos Farrington*, '26, has the same 'set-up' in Pennsylvania.

"*Marta Aspegren Parker*, '27, has a second son, born last year, and is a busy Navy wife in Maryland."

Marjorie Blair Perkins, '28, was a welcome caller at Lasell this fall. She is living at 108 Mount Vernon Street, Boston, and working at the Women's Educational and Industrial Union.

An unexpected joy of the early summer was a visit from *Phoebe Dotten Low*, '28, and her two lovely children, Dicky and Bonnie. Little Dicky, most manly in his bearing, seemed to be in charge of his blue-eyed baby sister, whom we registered promptly on the list of future Lasell girls.

A short time after her visit, Phoebe wrote to the *Personals Editor*: "I hear from *Tink Paige Colon*, '28, often, and we manage to see each other once or twice a year. She has a lovely family; her husband, Bill, is a fine person, and they have three delightful children, two boys and a girl.

"I have also heard from *Tommy Holby Howze*, '27, still at Mitchel Field, Long Island, with her husband, Col. Charles N. Howze, and their two children. Charles expects to leave soon for overseas duty.

"Heard from *Maudie Williams Gittleston*, '29, the other day. She has moved around the country a good deal during the past few years, and at present is in Providence, Rhode Island."

In the rotogravure section of a recent issue

of the Boston Sunday *Herald* we saw a photograph of *Mme. Yvonne Birks*, faculty '27-'36, now a private in the W.A.C. at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia. A native of Paris, France, Pvt. Birks also lived and travelled in Belgium, France, England, Italy, and Switzerland. She was educated at Sorbonne and Edgar Quinet School, Paris, France, and Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont.

We have received word of the marriage, in 1942, of *Leora Adams*, '29, to Mr. Dan Neal. Their address is R.F.D. #1, Colchester, Conn.

Barbara Powers Gans, '29, is temporarily located in Norman, Oklahoma, where her husband, Lieut. (j.g.) Leo Gans, U.S.N.R., is stationed at the Naval Air Technical Training Center. Their permanent address is 37 Sunapee Street, Springfield, Massachusetts.

Congratulations to *Marion Roberts*, '29, former Lasell enrollment director, on her recent promotion to the rank of lieutenant (junior grade) in the WAVES. *Robbie* is stationed at Quincy, Massachusetts.

On the east coast with her husband, Lieut. (j.g.) Richard F. Thrall, U.S.N.R., who is stationed at the Naval Training School at Harvard for three months, *Alice Mealey Thrall*, '28-'29, recently visited Lasell. We were indeed happy to welcome this alumna, a graduate of Ohio State University, and mother of two daughters, Nancy, 11, and Virginia, 6. Alice's home address is 283 East Longview Avenue, Columbus 2, Ohio.

Karin Eliasson Monroe, '31, and her husband, Comdr. Henry S. Monroe, U.S.N., are in line for double congratulations. In July they rejoiced in the birth of a little daughter, Ann Eliasson Monroe, and recently Comdr. Monroe has been notified of his promotion to the rank of full commander in the United States Navy. He is on active submarine duty.

A charming picture story of art, *What and What-Not*, by *Kay Peterson Parker*, faculty '27-'38, '39-'41, was published this fall by Houghton Mifflin Company of Boston. This attractive new book, interesting to young and old alike, already graces many a Lasell bookshelf.

Four afternoons a week, *Mrs. Parker* teaches painting on textiles in the wards and Red

Cross hut of the Chelsea Naval Hospital, under the Arts and Skills volunteer division of the Red Cross.

From *Mrs. Statira P. McDonald* we learn that *Blanche Dougherty Horsman's* ('32) husband, John G. Horsman, is a lieutenant in the U. S. Naval Reserve, stationed at Harvard.

Elizabeth Schuller, '33, American Red Cross Clubmobile Group Captain, has been awarded the Army's Bronze Star Medal "for meritorious service in the United Kingdom and in Normandy, France, from 16 March to 16 August 1944." Elizabeth was among the first three hundred American Red Cross workers to land in Normandy. She is the first Red Cross woman to receive an Army award other than the Purple Heart during this war.

We are indeed grateful to *Bobbie Davis Massey*, '34, for her wonderful cooperation in sending in news of her classmates. To the fine report which appeared in the summer issue of the LEAVES, Bobbie adds these items:

Emily Cleaves Martin: "Apparently no one at college knows I was married August 2, 1941, as all my correspondence from there is addressed to my maiden name. I had intentions of sending an announcement, but guess it was overlooked. I was married to Dewey Franklin Martin, which news won't be a surprise to anyone who doesn't already know it, as we went together when I was a student at Lasell." Emily's address is Stone Street, Gardner, Massachusetts.

Marion McAuliffe Lantery: "I have three children, two girls and a boy. The oldest, Katherine Marie, had her sixth birthday last Monday; she will enter school this fall. Earle, Jr., is three-and-one-half, and is a grand little boy and full of fun. The baby, Virginia Elaine, is seven weeks old today. She is just like a cupee doll, with big blue eyes, chubby cheeks, and lots of black hair.

"I hear from *Annabeth Williams Bergen* and *Kay Maxwell McCray* frequently. *Ann* is in the south with her husband, Mr. Robert H. Bergen of the U. S. Army. Kay has two sons, Richard and Robert, and lives in Spokane, Washington."

Bobbie Davis Massey: "Helen Hall spent a weekend in July with me at my family's home in Connecticut. She is fine and enjoying her work as assistant buyer in the rug department at Bamberger's in Newark, New Jersey. We had a good time reminiscing and then catching up on the years since we were last together."

Helen's address is 326 East Dudley Avenue, Westfield, New Jersey, c/o W. J. Herr.

Lasell Junior College extends sympathy to *Dorothy Secord Garon*, '34, and her sister, *Ruth Secord*, undergraduate, on the recent death of their father, Mr. Beverly G. Secord, of Newton, Massachusetts.

We are happy to welcome *Roberta Morrill*, '35, as a member of the Lasell faculty. Roberta teaches dramatics, and as this issue of the LEAVES goes to press is busy making preparations for the presentation of the fall play, *Alice Sit by the Fire*.

The Class of 1936 wishes to extend deepest sympathy to *Phyllis Gunn Rodgers*, *Virginia Hall Theurer*, and *Hilda Theurer*. Phyl's brother, Capt. James A. Gunn, Jr., U.S.A.A.F., reported missing following a raid on the Ploesti oil fields in August 1943, has been listed as killed in action according to recent notification to his parents, State Senator and Mrs. James A. Gunn, from the War Department. Ginny's husband, 1st Lt. Otto Morton Theurer, U.S.A., brother of *Hilda Theurer*, was killed in Italy July 27. Ginny and her two daughters, Charlotte Ann, 6, and Janet Lee, 4, are living with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Karl F. Hall, 12 Overlook Terrace, Maplewood, New Jersey.

Elizabeth Kenney, '36, and her sister, *Eleanor Kenney Barthold*, '37, called at Lasell in October. With Eleanor was her cute little son, Ricky, who charmed the Lasell girls and faculty with his firm handshake and his blowing of goodbye kisses.

Billie Baxter Perkins, '36, writes that her husband, Ray, has just been appointed superintendent of schools in Burlington, Massachusetts. They have an apartment in a one-hundred - eighty - year - old house on Center Street.

From Collegeville, Pennsylvania, *Luke Elton Remig*, '36, writes:

"We are so fortunate that Russ is still at home. I am keeping my fingers crossed; the two boys need a firm hand, they are so full of the dickens. I wish I had their pep so that I might at least keep up with them.

"Jan (*Janice Remig Kelley*, '36) and Al have moved to Cape Cod, and how we miss them! They have a sweet little daughter; we enjoyed having them live so near to us."

One of the most welcome callers at Lasell this fall was little *Mariele Higgins*, chaperoned by her devoted mother, *Tap Tardivel Higgins*, '37. We did not ask permission to do so, but promptly registered wee Mariele on the list of "White Doves" for future years. Tap brought with her a report on the activities of her classmates of '37:

"I intend to send out cards before the next LEAVES goes to press to see if we can bring our 1937 class news up to date. So please return the cards promptly, as I know you are all anxious to hear how your classmates are faring in these 'war days.'

"Since I have been home I have found plenty of Lasell company. 'Sleep' (*Marian Sleeper Hall*, '37) and I 'stroll' our little girls together these nice fall afternoons. We often see *Doris Carey Patterson*, '37, who has two little daughters. Sleep's husband, Lieut Robert F. Hall, U.S.N.R., is somewhere in the Pacific area.

"When I first returned home I had a visit from *Anne Tipton Gardner*, '35-'37, and her small son, Chris. Major Gardner is stationed on an island in the Pacific, and Anne is living in Arlington, Virginia.

"A short time ago Sleep, *E. Y. Cummings Mileikis*, '37, *Meredith Johnson French*, '37, and I had a get-together. I know that classmates join in extending E. Y. our sincere sympathy on the recent death of her mother, Mrs. Earle C. Cummings. E. Y.'s husband, Lt. John Mileikis, U.S.M.C.R., is doing his bit out in the Pacific. Meredith looked her usual chic self; she is working for the Liberty Mutual Insurance Company while her husband, Corp. James French, U.S.A.A.C., is at Buck-

ingham Field, Florida. She sees *Jean Meady Harvey* occasionally, as Jean also works at the Liberty.

"*Nancy Edmonds Oburg's* ('37) husband, Harold G. Oburg, has returned from duty in the Aleutians. They are visiting in this part of the country before going to Kentucky, so I hope to see them. Have also learned that *Helen Raymond Severance*, '37, and her two daughters, Linda and Pamela, are living at her home in Greenfield while her husband, Mr. Charles S. Severance, is on active duty with the Navy. *Dottie Acuff Stone*, '37, and her husband, Mr. George V. Stone, are in Melville, Rhode Island, where George is stationed with the U. S. Navy.

"*Renie Gahan Burbank*, '38, telephoned me recently, and promised to bring her little daughter over some afternoon. She is living in Belmont while Ensign Burbank is stationed in Florida.

"I spent yesterday with *Tillie Parmenter Madden*, '37, in her darling little home in Wellesley. She's the same Tillie, but now she has some competition in her two-and-one-half-year-old personality child, Marcial!"

Tap neglected to give news of herself. She is at home with her family in Auburndale while Lieut. Higgins, U.S.N.R., is on active duty. We hope that she and little Mariele will be frequent callers at Lasell.

We have two letters from *Lt. Frances C. Austin*, '37, Hospital Dietitian with the U. S. Army overseas. The first letter, written in early July, came from "somewhere in England." Fran wrote:

"Letter writing is rather difficult since we can tell so little about what we are doing. Our A.P.O. number has changed again, and we are getting to see a lot of England. We are in a lovely location now, just outside a large city which has a great variety of entertainment facilities. Our one complaint is that we are not busy enough. That may sound queer to you when there is so much going on just now, but that is the way the Army works. First we have more than we can handle, and then we go crazy with nothing to do. We are hoping to be in our 'spot' soon, however,

and then I am sure we won't have to worry about being bored.

"The flying bombs are the big excitement over here now. I don't believe the people really thought Germany could bomb them to any extent again, but they are taking this new terror in the same spirit that they took the blitz of '41. These people are really wonderful. The war has hit them hard, but they carry on as before. There have been a number of London evacuees here, and when I talked with one woman about the 'buzz bombs,' she said to me, 'It's rather annoying, isn't it? This is the third time we have been bombed out.' Nothing seems to break their spirit; I believe they would be more 'annoyed' if they missed their afternoon teal!"

Fran's second letter, written September 23, came from France. She wrote to *Mrs. Guy M. Winslow*, who has graciously shared her letter with us:

"We are busy now and finding it a challenge and very interesting to be running a tent hospital. We are proud of what we have been able to do with it. We have the very best American equipment, and in addition have been able to pick up some German equipment which is in good condition. Our living quarters are tents with cement bases, and have been recently wired for electricity, so we feel quite civilized. The area is nicely laid out with hard surface paths, and one of the boys made some street signs for us; we live on *Rue de la Chanson*.

"In our 'club' we are very short of furniture, but find that empty bomb racks, discarded telephone wire spindles, cheese boxes, and the like make excellent tables and chairs. It is really lots of fun trying to make things out of almost nothing."

When Frances wrote this letter, her youngest brother, Warren, was a patient in "her hospital," recovering from an appendix operation.

A recent issue of the Bridgeport (Connecticut) *Post* carried a photograph of *Elizabeth H. Tracy*, '37, who has arrived in India to serve as an American Red Cross secretary. Before her Red Cross appointment Betty was

employed by the First National Bank and Trust Company, and the Aetna Casualty and Surety Company.

Congratulations to *Eleanor Dresser Gross*, '36-'37, who recently became a life member of the *Lasell Alumnae, Inc.* Her husband, Capt. Douglas M. Gross, U.S.A., is still in this country.

Arlene S. MacFarlane, '36-'37, is soon to go overseas as a hospital social worker with the American Red Cross. She is a graduate of Simmons College, and received her M.A. degree from Smith in 1942.

From 3 Gerry Street, Newmarket, New Hampshire, *Betty Harrington*, '37, writes to the Alumnae Office:

"Am teaching in the high school here, and live near *Polly Philbrick Gritz*, '35. Never before have I been so busy: P.T.A. meetings, Woman's Club, bridge clubs, as well as feeble efforts on my part to organize a Girl Scout troop, a dancing class, and a home economics club."

Sgt. Donald J. Winslow, U.S.A., and his wife, *Lois Nelson Winslow*, faculty '37-'43, recently spent part of a furlough in Auburn-dale. They appreciate increasingly the cordiality of their Idaho associates, but constantly express their loyalty to New England.

From 52 Newell Avenue, Southbridge, Massachusetts, *Elizabeth Bernheim Price*, '38, writes that she is children's librarian at the Jacob Edward Memorial Library in Southbridge. Mr. Price is an ensign in the United States Naval Reserve, temporarily stationed at Harvard University.

One Sunday afternoon in September we were delighted with a visit from Mr. and Mrs. William O. Pentheny, Jr. (*Mildred Birchard*, '38). They have moved recently, and may be addressed at 8 Webster Place, Greenwood, Wakefield, Massachusetts.

Bette Black, '38, is secretary to the Rev. A. Powell Davies, minister of All Souls' Church, 16th and Harvard Streets, Washington 9, D. C. She would love to see any classmates or friends who may be living in or near Washington.

Cpl. Ruth S. Fulton, W.A.C., '38, is over-

seas. Before entering the Army she was employed as a secretary by the Lahey Clinic, Boston.

Both *Peggy Williams Peterson*, '38, and her husband are working at the Pentagon Building in Washington. Captain Peterson is with the Signal Corps, U.S.A., and Peggy is secretary to the Field Director, American Red Cross, for the Pentagon Building. They are living at A-14, Boulevard Gardens, 1208 Mt. Vernon Boulevard, Alexandria, Virginia.

Eleanor Fuller, '37-'38, has arrived in England to serve the armed forces as an American Red Cross hospital recreation worker. Until her overseas assignment she served the Red Cross at Camp Forrest, Tennessee, and Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia. A graduate of Ohio State University, she taught school in Lancaster, Ohio, before going into Red Cross work.

Eleanor Borella, '37-'38, is editorial assistant, Navy Department Bureau of Supplies and Accounts, Washington, D. C., where she has been since April 1942.

Recently *Mary Bryan Rooney*, '39, returned to Wellesley Hills from Oakland, California, where she and her husband, Ensign Eugene P. Rooney, U.S.N.R., lived while he was attached to the Alameda Air Station. Ensign Rooney is a Navy Transport Pilot, at present stationed outside the continental United States.

Katharine Farnell, '39, has arrived in North Africa to serve the armed forces as an American Red Cross recreational staff assistant. Until her Red Cross appointment, Kay was employed by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and previously with J. C. Penny. She is a graduate of Lasell, and received her A.B. degree from Syracuse University in 1941.

Madeline Perry, '39, PhM 2/c in the WAVES, is stationed at the Chelsea, Massachusetts, Naval Hospital.

Classmates and friends of *Jane Robinson Clark*, '39, extend their sympathy on the death of her husband, Staff Sgt. Robert M. Clark, killed in action in France, July 13, 1944.

Corp. Ruth A. (Kupe) Shepard, '39, U.S. M.C. (W.R.) writes from her present base, San Diego, California, that she is cooking for the W.R.'s. Recently she spent the weekend with *Bobby Lee Williams Hammell*, '39, who is happily married and living in Los Angeles.

Lieut. and Mrs. Harold G. Elrod (*Allison Starr*, '39) have named their baby daughter Joanne Hilton, after Allison's brother, John Hilton Starr, killed in this war in 1942. Harold is now a full lieutenant, and still teaching at the Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland.

Spar *Ruth Weymouth*, '39, SK 3/c, has been assigned to duty in Baltimore, Maryland. It was announced that she would be in service at the Fifth Naval District Coast Guard Headquarters.

Jeannetta Annis Richardson, '40, is home at 3405 Harley Road, Toledo, Ohio, while her husband, Lieut. (j.g.) Kenneth W. Richardson, Jr., U.S.N.R., is serving overseas.

A Boston newspaper recently carried a photograph of PhM 3/c *Mildred Baldwin* of the WAVES (Lasell, '40), preparing a wounded Marine for an X-ray at the U. S. Naval Hospital in San Diego.

According to word received from *Antoinette Meritt Smith*, '23, treasurer of the *Lasell Alumnae, Inc.*, *Lillian Grace*, '40, has gone overseas with the American Red Cross.

We are indeed sorry to report the news that *Sibyl Lander Baxter's* ('40) husband, Douglas F. J. Baxter, R.C.A.F., has been reported missing in action.

During the summer *Susan Ridley* wrote from her new address, Apt. 6A, 410 West 24th Street, New York City:

"After graduation from Lasell, I attended the Fashion Academy which led to employment as a fashion artist and designer. When the war broke out I found this type of work to be very precarious, and took a stenographic course at Katharine Gibbs. I 'landed' my present job even before I had finished school, and have been here for nearly fourteen months. My position is that of private secretary to one of the executives of the Botany Worsted Mills of Passaic, New Jersey. I like my work very much, but hope to continue in the creative field when conditions permit."

We have received word that *Lt. Elizabeth Kingsbury*, W.A.C., faculty '36-'42, has been transferred to Manchester, New Hampshire. *Emilie Berkley*, faculty '35-'43, has been promoted to 1st lieutenant in the W.A.C. Her present address is 1908 Bolton Street, Baltimore 17, Maryland.

Mr. and Mrs. Craig W. Barry (*Betty Bell*, '40) are living at 418 East 50th Street, New York City. Before her marriage, Betty was account executive at the Institute of Public Relations in New York. Mr. Barry is an official with American Air Lines. In the October 1944 issue of *Mademoiselle*, Betty's picture appears on page 132, as a member of the magazine's Jobs and Futures Panel. Highly recommended, the girls had to compete for their places on the panel, and have been acting as behind-the-scenes reporters for *Mademoiselle* during the year.

Berna Mae Bishop Richards, '41, is living with her parents at 24 North Main Street, Caribou, Maine, while her husband, Captain Paul M. Richards, U.S.A., is overseas.

Virginia Black, '41, very kindly sent to the *Personals Editor* a report of recent reunions with classmates in New York. Early in August *Nancy Cooper Bailey*, '40, *Priscilla Sleeper Sterling*, '40, *Camie Porter Morison*, '40, *Diane de Castro*, '39-'40, *Anne Appleton Anderson*, '37-'39, and *Ginny Black* met at Priscilla's home in Brooklyn. Bail's husband, Paul, was stationed in England at the time, and Camie's husband, Bill, was in Normandy. Diane, a 1943 graduate of Mount Holyoke College, is now secretary to a theatrical firm in New York City.

Ginny writes that another gala reunion was held at the Biltmore in New York early in June. The party included *Nancy Maguire*, '41, who is studying for her master's degree at Columbia; *Sue Cairol*, '41, who owns a gift shop in Bridgeport, Connecticut; *Vicki Muehlberg*, '40-'42, doing laboratory work for a chemical firm in New Jersey; *Jean Cooney*, '41, secretary in Radio City; *Ginny DeNyse*, '41, who works for a Wall Street firm; *Lucille Wielandt*, '41, and *Ginny Black*.

Ginny adds, "I also saw *Mary Doig*, '41, at Class Night in June. She returned to Lasell

to attend her sister, *Jessie's*, graduation.

"I am now recruiter for the Boston office of the Institute of Living, Hartford, Conn."

Nat Monge, '43, writes that in June her sister, *Nita Monge Colby*, '41, flew to Cheyenne, Wyoming, with her small son, to be with *Ensign Colby* of the Naval Air Corps.

Tex Weatherby, '41, has joined the WAVES and is now a hospital apprentice first class at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Norman, Okla.

Mary Sawyer Philpott, '41, flew home from England in July, and was married to Lt. Lloyd Philpott of the Army Transportation Corps at the end of that month. Lloyd is now overseas, and Mary has returned to her work at M.I.T. after a short leave of absence.

Lt. and Mrs. Alan Harwood (*Dorothy Mellen*, '41) are living at 55 Orchard Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts, while Alan is stationed at Harvard and M.I.T.

To *Helen Beede*, '21, recorder at Lasell, *Dorothy Barbara Mitchell*, '41, writes:

"For about a year I have been intending to write to tell you to include my name on the list of Lasell alumnae in the services. I have been in the Marine Corps since August, 1943, and am attached to the classification division, Headquarters Marine Corps, which is really at the bottom of assigning personnel to their jobs. Am a staff sergeant, and acting first sergeant in my office, in charge of the enlisted personnel which consists of fifteen Marine girls."

Lucille Hooker, '41, is employed at Vermont State Headquarters of Selective Service, Montpelier, and not at the National Life Insurance Company as reported in the last issue of the LEAVES.

Mrs. Staira P. McDonald has kindly shared with us a recent V-mail letter from *Sgt. Margaret E. Gamble*, W.A.C., faculty '39-'43, who writes from "somewhere in Italy":

"The Lasell LEAVES has reached me, and I have read it avidly. It is a pleasure to see the names of the girls, now married and with their children, still reflecting such enthusiasm for Lasell. But I am sad to see that *Miss Rand* will be among the missing this year. Though *Phyllis Hoyt* will carry on with merit,

Miss Rand will be sorely missed. Please give her my love and best wishes.

"On a recent Sunday, I had dinner with an Italian family, a criminal lawyer, his wife, and his brother, a professor of civil law in Bari. We ate a typical European dinner, lasting about an hour and one-half. Although they apologized for the war-time foods and said I should return after the war for a proper meal, it was by far the best I had had for some time."

Wave *Bette McGar*, '42, Y 1/c, has been stationed in the Flag Secretary's Office of the Potomac River Naval Command Headquarters, Navy Yard, Washington, D. C., for the past seventeen months. Her engagement to Lt. Howard Stoughton, Jr., U.S.N.R., Dartmouth, '39, was announced recently. Bette writes to *Miss Margaret Rand*:

"The girls here are fine. We have a small organization, and everyone knows everyone else. For the past few months I have been doing a great deal of legal work. Little did I realize when at Lasell that some day I should be writing up wills, specifications and precepts. Please tell *Mrs. Weston* how much I appreciate that law course she gave at Lasell."

Congratulations to *Laura Kuykendall*, '40-'41, who has been elected to Phi Beta Kappa at the University of Texas. Laura is the daughter of *Ethel Murray Kuykendall*, '15.

After two years on the faculty of Milwaukee-Downer Seminary, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, *Dorothy Johnson*, faculty '31-'32 and '41-'42, has returned to New England to teach anatomy and physiology at the Massachusetts General Hospital School of Nursing in Boston.

Miss Marjorie Gould, faculty '41-'44, is with the American Red Cross somewhere in Italy.

Class of '43 graduates continuing their studies at senior colleges this fall are *Judy Morrison*, Simmons; *Vida Pike*, Emerson, and *Barbara Smith*, Wellesley. *D. Anne Streeter* will enter the junior class at Radcliffe in November, and *Dottie Graham* will study at Simmons.

Esther Roth, '43, called at Lasell in August before returning to Port Chester, New York,

where she is a member of the dietary department staff of the United Hospital.

Ruth Meyrowitz, '43, wrote to the Alumnae Secretary in September:

"*Bea Lewis Potter*, '42, and I may soon visit Lasell, as *Bea's* sister, *Florence*, is a junior there this year.

"My work as secretary to the fashion coordinator at B. Altman and Company is fascinating. I understand *Alba Squarcia*, '44, is on the training squad here this fall, and I intend to look her up. *Emily Thumm*, '43, is also at Altman's as an assistant buyer. I often see *Chickie Goldsmith*, '43, who works at Lord and Taylor's, and *Betty Heckel Hoff*, '42, who is with Johns-Manville Corporation."

Late in July *Dorothy Rosien Roberts*, '43, paid Lasell an afternoon call. She is living in Roswell, New Mexico, while her husband, Mr. Charles Roberts of the Army Air Force, is stationed there. Dorothy works at the air base.

Jean Nutt Oswald, '41-'42, also visited Lasell during the summer, and brought with her some fine snapshots of her adorable little son. 1st Lt. Oswald is a bomber pilot, still stationed in this country at last report. Jean's Lasell roommate, *Lynne McKendry*, '43, visited her in Dayton in July.

Ruth Oram, '41-'43, is working at the General Office in Portland, of the Boston and Maine Railroad. Her engagement to Mr. C. Leonard Ruoff, of the United States Naval Reserve, was announced recently. Mr. Ruoff is a graduate of Pasadena Junior College, and was attending the College of the Pacific when he entered the service.

The Class of 1943 assistant life secretary, *Betty McAvoy*, writes that *Catherine Morrison*, '41-'42, has joined the WAVES, and is at present stationed at Hunter College, New York. *Carol Wadhams Wolcott*, '43, has been moving about the country with her husband, Ellsworth Wolcott, Jr., who is in the Navy. They spent some time in Virginia, and are now in Chicago. Betty has been very busy for the past year, studying for her present position as junior draftsman for Pratt and Whitney Aircraft in East Hartford, Conn.

Three members of the June 1944 graduating class have joined the WAVES: *Elaine Curtiss*, *Janet Stevenson*, and *June Trani*. Bunny is seaman second class at storekeeper school, Georgia State College for Women, Milledgeville, Georgia. Janet expected to enter boot training at Hunter College early in October, and June is at the WAVES training school for yeomen at Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College. *Penny Smith*, '42-'44, has joined the SPARS.

This fall finds many of the Class of 1944 going on with their studies at senior colleges and training schools. *Pris Amnott*, *Dorothy Carll*, *Claire McCreery*, and *Gloria Van Ham* are at Boston University; *Gloria Boyd* at Barnard; *Patty Frangedakis* and *Anna Olesen* at Wheelock; *Soupy Campbell*, Pembroke; and *Ros Smith* at Boston School of Occupational Therapy. *Nancy Morse* began her studies at Bouvé Boston on June 25. *Peggy Revene* worked for General Electric in Bloomfield, New Jersey, during the summer, and entered Jackson College in October. *Nancy Williams* is attending the University of California at Los Angeles, and *Lorrayne Hron* is a member of the junior class at Connecticut State College. At nearby Newton Hospital *Bobbie Linnitt* has begun nurse's training. *Freda Reck* is in the executive training program at Jordan Marsh Company, Boston.

Betty Rhind, '44, is secretary for Ginn and Company, Boston; *Alice Crosby*, '44, is with the engineering department of Western Electric Company in Haverhill, and *Shirley Haviland*, '44, has a secretarial position at the Perth Amboy, New Jersey, Hospital. Life Secretary *Norma Badger*, '44, is working at a recreation center in Tarrytown, New York, and will attend Columbia University this winter.

Jeff Fleer, '44, secretary in a private banking firm in New York, plans to study business finance at New York University this winter. She writes that *Suzanne Lange*, '44, and *Willie Kemp*, '43, are at Brown Brothers, and *Ruth Purcell*, '43, works next door.

Classmates and friends extend sympathy to

Dodie Stang, '44, whose father, Mr. George H. Stang, died recently.

In New York City *Alba Squarcia*, '44, is in the personnel department of Altman's. Her family has moved to Mt. Horeb Road, Martinsville, New Jersey. *Jeanne* ('43) and *Peggy Revene*, '44, also have a new home address: 17 Summit Street, Glen Ridge, New Jersey.

From *Jinnie Nelson*, '44, we hear that *Kae Evans*, '44, is a junior hematologist in a hospital; *Barbara Coudray*, '44, is working in a store in New Haven; *Pris Perley*, '44, is attending secretarial school, and *Perkie Perkins*, '44, is a student at Maryland College for Women.

Carryl Donavan, '43-'44, called at Lasell on Columbus Day. She is at Forsyth Dental School in Boston, and reports that *Marion Fulton*, '43-'44, has begun her studies at Beaver College, Jenkintown, Pennsylvania.

Madeline Dungan, '43-'44, also visited Lasell on October 12; she is working for New England Mutual Life Insurance Company, Boston.

Bella Baker, '43-'44, is a freshman at the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy, Boston; *Victoria Komanetsky*, '43-'44, is at Connecticut State College.

The October 15 issue of the Boston *Herald* carried in its rotogravure section a photograph of *Elizabeth Houlton*, '43-'44, who recently joined the W.A.C.

Lasell Alumnae, Inc.

Dorothy Barnard, '24, president, announces that the annual *Midwinter Reunion* of the *Lasell Alumnae, Inc.*, will be held on *February 10, 1945*. Further plans will be announced later.

Connecticut Valley Lasell Club

The thirty-eighth annual meeting of the *Connecticut Valley Lasell Club* was held on Saturday, October 7, 1944, at the City Club in Hartford. President *Helen Burwell*, '33, called the meeting to order at 3:20 p.m. and the secretary's and treasurer's reports were read and accepted as read. One death, that of *Gertrude P. Reynolds*, '88-'90, was reported by the president.

Harriette Case Bidwell, '22, chairman of

the nominating committee, presented the following list of officers for the coming year: *Helen Burwell*, '33, president; *Lillian Grant*, '20, vice president; *Julia C. Case*, '32, secretary-treasurer. Executive committee: *Dorothy Merwin Brown*, '23, chairman; *Mary Korper Steele*, '24. Publicity, *Ruth Montgomery*, '41. Honor Roll, *Helen Merriam Cornell*, '02-'03. The secretary cast one ballot for the election of these officers.

Motion was carried that this year the club discontinue its \$25 scholarship gift to the *Lasell Alumnae, Inc.*, and instead buy a \$25 war bond.

The following program committee was formed to make plans for a midwinter gathering: *Elizabeth Gorton*, '43, *Dorothy Donaldson Morris*, '41, *Shirley House Campbell*, '41, and *Nancy Hale*, '39.

The meeting was adjourned at 4 p.m.

Julia C. Case, '32, Secretary

Tea was served following the meeting.

Whoever "thought up" such a unique gift as the one sent recently to the *Personals Editor* by the *Connecticut Valley Lasell Club*—a dainty autograph book containing a message of God-speed to their Dean Emeritus. The *Personals Editor* expresses sincere appreciation of their unfailing kindness.

Vermont Lasell Club

The annual meeting of the *Vermont Lasell Club* was held by mail again this year. Twenty members were "present," and the following officers were elected: president, *Priscilla Barber Fitch*, '30; vice president, *Sara F. Crane*, '22; secretary-treasurer, *Elsinor Prouty*, '43. The retiring officers have been in office for two years, and during that time we have had no regular meetings because of war-time restrictions. All business has been done by mail or telephone.

We have purchased a bond which was given to the *Lasell Alumnae, Inc.*, in 1943, and in this time we have almost doubled our bank balance of 1942. Our purpose has been to keep the club alive and ready to carry on when normal times return.

Marion Hale Bottomley, '10,
Secretary

B. B. McKeever, *Pres.* T. M. Leahy, *Vice Pres.*
PAUL MCKEEVER, *Treas.*

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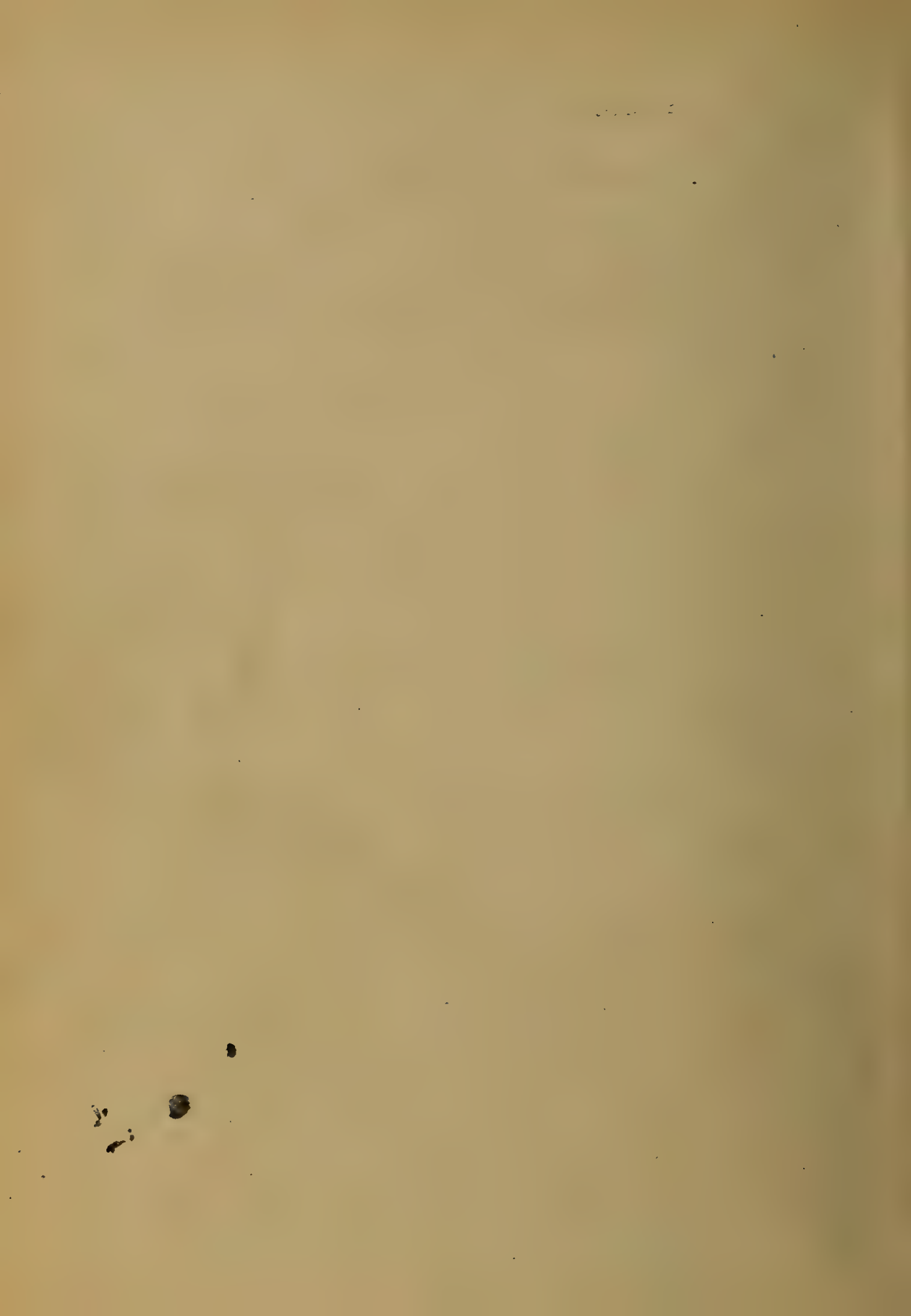
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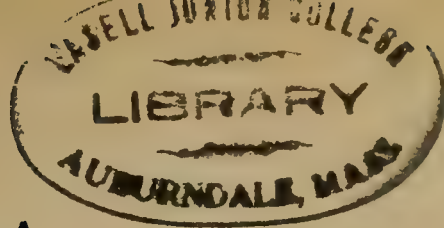
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LASELL LEAVES

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Interview with Madame Bailly

BUZZ! Nine-twenty had arrived and once again Madame Bailly dismissed the French class. But today, amid the closing of *Vingt Contes Divers* and the general scramble for the coat at the bottom of the pile, the bit of discussion at the end of the period lingered in the girls' minds. We wanted to hear more about the value of learning a foreign language and just how the pre-war school system in France was different from ours. During the German occupation, had children enjoyed a "holiday" from their studies? Is it America's responsibility to extend her ideas on education to Europe?

Confronted by these questions, Madame Bailly asked pleasantly, "Do you remember that in pre-war days, parents liked to send their daughters to finishing schools where they received instruction in foreign languages and social graces?"

"Often, after graduation," she continued, "many of these girls visited Europe, as a final polish. Today, however, we realize that in the future, travel will be more than a luxury, the knowledge of languages more than mere culture. The reasons for this revaluation are as many as there will be contacts with the world at large. As we try to think of ourselves, not only as citizens of our own country, but as citizens of the world, we shall wish to become better acquainted with our world-neighbors and with their countries. We shall need to be able to speak with them. One important thing which each of us can do to promote good will among the nations is to learn to speak a foreign language fluently and accurately. When a Frenchman, for example, settles in this country, we think more highly of him if he learns to speak English correctly. We, in return, should show our world-neighbors that we respect them enough to use their language without spoiling it."

Oftentimes a tourist is advised that if he talks fast enough, all will be well. "Although

fluency is very important, correct French does count," declared Madame Bailly, who has lived in France.

Under the pre-war school system, boys and girls in France acquired a thorough knowledge of gerunds, gerundives, gallicisms (idioms to us) and verb formations. During their years in the primary grades, several new rules of grammar had to be memorized word-for-word every night. Although these young students did not always comprehend the rules which they repeated; as adults they were able to incorporate them into their own writing habits with a new understanding.

More helpful probably than the rules of grammar, were the passages from great literature and the fables which the pupils memorized at this early age. As Madame Bailly suggested, "A well-furnished mind is as useful and satisfying as a well-furnished house."

The study of French literature, the elements of algebra and geometry, history, English, and the fundamentals of Latin began with the third or fourth grade. Consequently those adults who had received only this compulsory grammar school training were familiar with arithmetic and the younger sciences of mathematics, sometimes the rudiments of a foreign language, and certainly the classics of their own land.

During the earliest years of school, the required costume was a black, full-sleeved apron. Practically eliminating the distinction between rich and poor as to dress, these knee-length aprons were also a real clothes-saver (as Madame Bailly and many other mothers discovered). The small boys had the advantage of all the pockets of their regular clothes, plus the apron pockets. "Small boys' pockets contain the same mysterious treasures the world over!" added Madame Bailly.

The teacher maintained full authority during all recitations and lecture periods. Parents never visited classes. After the daily session, the children were conducted out of the schoolhouse and through the gate. There on the sidewalk, and only there, might they be claimed!

Even in the early nineteen-thirties, before the present laws proclaimed that the secondary schools and fifty per cent of the colleges be free, poverty need not have prevented a deserving student from attending high school. Scholarships from the government were readily available to young people who were prepared to study hard.

The secondary schools accommodated resident pupils as well as day students. "I visited one of these boarding schools," the instructor of French at Lasell recalled. "Thursday afternoon was the visiting period. Seated on benches around a large room, we outsiders talked to the pupil of our choice, all the while sensing a watchful gaze from behind the desk. Was the teacher present to see whether the parents misbehaved or the pupils? I often wondered."

Either a private secondary school or one supported by a municipality is referred to as a college. After completing the six years course of study at a state-supported lycee or at a college, the student became a bachelier and received the baccalaureate. The equivalent of a junior college education, the baccalaureate does not correspond to our bachelor's degree; the French name for the latter is license.

Above all else, the French schools encouraged boys and girls to think for themselves. Rather than acceptance of the instructor's word *per se*, pupils were taught to do original reasoning. Individually, students analyzed literary passages. They tried to discover the significance of the facts in their history books. As they read they paused to think about what had been said, and to form their own opinions. The success of this method has made French logic world-famous.

Surprisingly enough, this school system continued with almost no interruption during the recent occupation of France by the Germans. "Naturally, the history courses suffered the most from imposed Nazi doctrines, but the Germans couldn't inject much

propaganda into arithmetic!" Madame Bailly explained.

In the Underground, during the German occupation, there were not only active fighting and sabotage groups, but also an "above ground sequel", the French Forces of the Interior, devoted to the study of the future reconstruction of France.

The F.F.I. possesses at this time (thanks to the recent years of careful thought pertaining to the modernization of French schools) a wisely worked-out program for post-war systems. In view of this program, especially adapted to the French needs and qualities, we in the United States would be unwise to try to force our own ideas upon France. "It will be interesting to see what actually happens after the war," Madame Bailly concluded, "and to find out if the plans of the F.F.I. will materialize."

Dorothy Domina

Home Sweet Home

NO HAND-WROUGHT iron gate in the fence enclosing the yard. No yard! No irregularly edged slate for a flag-stone walk. No walk! No delicate rose nor sweet-scented violet bordering the veranda. No veranda! No sculptured high-relief on the huge oaken door. No door! No ruby and royal interwoven in the Brussels carpet on the wide circling staircase. No staircase! No Skinner's satin drapes to cover the richly stained-glass windows. No windows! No changing alexandrites nor rose-hued diamonds studding the chandelier. No chandelier! No Goya's Sir Henry to glare down from above the ivory carved mantel. No mantel! No downy duck-feathered mattresses on the French-laced canopied beds. No beds! No deep Persian rugs for the feet to sink in on the floors. No floors! No delicately hand-painted patterns on the spacious walls. No walls! Some tent!

Grace V. Rayfuse

A Voice from Jersey

LIVING among a large group of New Englanders as I do here at Lasell, I find it hard to voice my opinion or describe some place at home without several people screaming, "Oh, you kids from Jersey." Perhaps this is my opportunity to say a few words without fear of emphatic remarks from the majority group.

Approaching Manhattan from the Jersey side, newcomers and 8:15 commuters alike cannot fail to be awed by the scene and activity in the New York Harbor.

Due to the war, the activity on the river is inspiring. Small tugs, P-T boats, majestic, gray-green battleships, ferries loaded with silent troops, supply boats, hospital ships, and swift moving Coast Guard cutters are all weaving their way up or down stream, intent upon their individual destinations.

As the ferry nears the middle of the river you glance to your right and notice the Statue of Liberty, green with mold, but nonetheless typical of our democratic way of life.

As you near the New York side and your ferry turns to worm its way into the slip, you have before you a section of the famous skyline. Naturally, the Empire State building stands out, towering above the other buildings, but as you scrutinize the scene more closely you see countless other buildings of various sizes and shades, all combining to make a compact group. If you happen to make this trip in the evening, the lights sparkling from the numerous windows make a picturesque sight. As I gaze at them, I always wonder about the people in the buildings, what they are doing and what they are like.

Although I have made this trip many times, I never fail to be impressed by the scene that is spread below me.

No matter what New Englanders may say, and how loudly they may say it, there is no other view comparable to the New York Harbor and skyline.

Joan Walker

The Feel of a Library

I LIKE the cool quiet air of our orderly town library. The feel of everything in it is pleasant and familiar—the smoothness of the long reading tables worn from the touch of many generations, the slippery feel underneath of the glossy floor.

When I was small I loved to finger the round fish bowl and speculate as to the feel of the gold fish therein.

I remember also the cold and rather unpleasant feel of the knob to the massive library door. This particular door was on a side street and opened to a flight of steps leading to the children's library upstairs. It always presented difficulties when I was young because it was so heavy and seemed so hard to open.

When I opened the door I would proceed up the stairs, pausing at a little window to put my hand through and feel the prickly bush outside. This was a rite I never failed to perform and it was a special satisfaction when the window was closed and I had to deposit my books on the stair while I struggled to open it in the exciting anticipation of being caught. Somehow or other I never was.

Happy was the day when I stormed the downstairs library, fortified with a blue card of which I was extremely proud. It was misty out and I can remember the wet feel of the iron railing as I went up the stairs. On that day no rain could dampen my spirits and with a light heart I entered.

From that time on the downstairs library with its many sensations has been a delight to me. I like to roam about and feel the different books, the smooth finish peculiar to certain new ones, the rough feeling covers and deckle-edged pages of old volumes. Tracing the letters of an embossed title is another "library feel." For no particular reason I have often lifted the musty old books with satin smooth pictures scattered among the leaves. When I become particularly interested in a book, I like to sit on one of the little



stools and feel the unevenness of the volumes on my back while I deliberate.

The feel of the steel case that holds the current best sellers is a sensation neither unpleasant nor pleasant; it seems rather to be simply everyday or ordinary. It is nonetheless a sensation and as such is treasured along with all other pleasant memories I have of the library.

Joal Rice

We Walked Into Stillness

Through the grey morning we walked into stillness of
white woods,
Thrilling with the crunching, crackling of each foot-
step;

In familiar crispness, felt the cleansing sting of branch-
lings;

Tasted coolness dipped in snow drops;
Shared the gleeful singing of a truant streamlet sliding
Down forbidden rockways.

And mid flurry of wings among branches

And scurry of feet along paths,

Silence sighed and slipped away

Through birches pledged to secrecy.

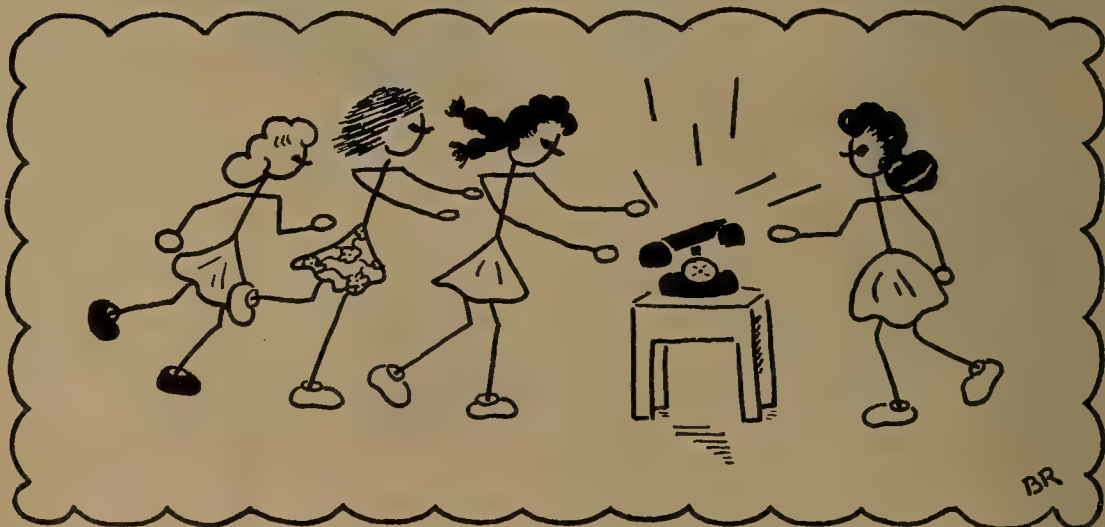
Helen Barker

On Sound

THERE are two sounds about which I feel quite strongly, but with directly opposite emotions. First, I do not like to hear the busy signal on the phone. There is something about the monotonous repetition that irritates me more than any other sound. It seems to say "not yet—not yet—not yet" with a definite smugness, and even the mouthpiece of the phone appears to take on an expression of leering complacency. I sincerely think that the annoying busy sound deserves the slam of the receiver it is ordinarily given.

Now to the more cheerful side of life—I love to hear snow sliding off the roof. To be rightly appreciated, this sound should be heard while you are securely tucked in your bed with the covers clear up to your chin. You should also be sure that the window or windows be wide open so nary a crunch is lost! Is it any wonder I like to hear a wintry sound like that of snow sliding when I am so comfortably warm and bundled? I think the most pleasure is derived from anticipation. There is a familiar "scrunch"—silence while it falls, then the dull thud as it hits the ground. I do not know why, nor do I particularly care; I merely know that of all the sounds it is my favorite.

Suzy Steel





A Student from China

THE quotation "East is east; and West is west and never the twain shall meet" can no longer be applied. With American boys in China and Chinese students in America nothing can stop the ever-growing interest and the friendliness between the younger generations of both countries.

A Chinese student, Chi-Hsuen Shou, has just come to Lasell and her impressions and comparisons of this country and her own are both amusing and interesting.

She was born in Shanghai and lived there until five years ago when it was occupied by the Japanese. While Shanghai was being bombed, Shuen moved with all the students, who attended the Nanking University, to Kunming which is still free.

"Before the school moved," Shuen said, "all the halls we lived in were damaged by bombs. We could see the wounded—some without hands, legs, or had half their faces blown off. Of course, many were killed. We

were also bombed in Kunming, but now the Japs are afraid to bomb there because of the American army."

I was interested in finding out just how enthusiastic the Chinese are over this war that has been ravaging their country for so long. Shuen told me that most of the people feel that they will never give up, no matter how long it takes them to drive the Japs from their country. They have faith in Chiang Kai Shek and think that the Americans will be more friendly and give more help than the British.

"Each time the Japs capture a town, guerilla bands organize. There is no draft in China. If boys want to join the army, they can; if they don't, they don't have to. That is why there is usually a group of men in each town to form guerrilla groups."

Shuen's family still lives in Shanghai. They live on concessions of British and American property where the Japs are not allowed. Her father is an electrical engineer and still continuing with his work.

After a month and a half in this country, Shuen thinks the big difference is in the standard of living and the food.

"The cost of living is much higher in China than here in the United States. An average salary might be about \$10,000 a month, but we pay \$3 for one egg and \$300 for one pound of meat," Shuen said.

It seems that some of the Chinese families still follow the old custom that the whole family from great grandparents down should live together. "Also," Shuen said, "you very seldom find a family of three or four in China. It is more likely to be seven or eight."

But she thinks the biggest difference is between a fork and chopsticks. In China, you can find a spoon or a knife, but no such thing as a fork. Shuen found her most difficult problem in the United States was keeping her food on her fork long enough to get it into her mouth.

Shuen's ambition is to be a chemistry professor in her own country. She majored in chemistry at the Nanking University, and

hopes to go to Radcliffe next year to continue her studies. Here at Lasell she is taking clothing and English courses.

Virginia Phillips



The Pond

IN THE woods near our house is a secluded spot where, as a child, I had some of my best times. The particular place to which I refer is a pond set quite far back in the woods. It is small and round, with a narrow outlet running off to one side, and rough edges of overgrown grass tumble into its waters. All around are tall trees of every description, the dead branches of which afford convenient seats.

A large group of us would go to the pond together and I would be under my sisters' charge. Although I knew very well when we were approaching the pond, it always seemed a wonderful surprise when, brushing aside the last springing branch, I saw it. I never failed to exclaim very loudly and triumphantly, "Here it is, here it is!" as though I had led rather than followed.

All of our visits to the pond were made in winter, as we went there to skate. I think I had the most fun when I was too young to skate and merely played about. The others, I think, flattered themselves with the thought that I watched and admired them. Peering through the cleaner parts of the ice at the floor of the pond, however, was my favorite occupation. The tangled under-

growth and sticks and paper caught below always fascinated me. I remember that there was an old trunk, or chest as we preferred to call it, on the bottom of the pond. Great was the speculation as to what it contained; some guessed money, jewels, or valuable maps. In all probability, it did not contain anything, but that never entered our heads. My own favorite, if rather fantastic, opinion was that it contained a little baby. I do not remember whether in my imaginings I expected it to be alive or not. Stretched out on the ice, I would lie and gaze at the trunk until I was set on my feet with sharp reproofs and forced to seek other entertainment. Sliding on the ice also amused me and I thought it much more sensible than putting on skates and more fun, too. I liked to break the thin edges of ice while squatting on the shore, then probe with a stick underneath. The different thicknesses of the ice and the air bubbles under them were a constant source of wonder to me.

I always began to be cold at just the right time, while waiting for the "big ones" to doff their skates. This they did very gingerly and with much clapping of hands, muttering exclamations about the weather and the strings of skates. At this time, when everyone was comparatively quiet, the stillness of the woods awed me. I was always glad to trudge down the path and out on to the road, smooth with snow, which gleamed under the street lights. We had an ideal walk, far enough to warm up after skating, then just far enough to get cold and hungry, the proper condition in which to arrive home. When we got there, I was sufficiently sleepy to allow Mother to pull off my clothes without protest.

During supper, however, I revived again to monopolize the conversation with stories of the afternoon, and also to rectify any errors my older sisters might make while telling *their* stories. Then off to bed to dream of untold treasures in a chest on the bottom of the pond!

Joal Rice



Accent on Advertising

FOR girls with incentive, the creative urge, ambition, plus the all-important factor—ability, the field of advertising holds unlimited opportunities. If you can write with imagination and fervor, if seemingly fantastic but workable ideas come tumbling from your fertile brain in rapid succession, if the idea of the inevitable “deadline” rush doesn’t start you biting nails and tearing hair, you’re pretty much set—in advertising. That is, you have a better than 50-50 chance to make a success in one of the most “glamorous” businesses of today. The perpetual Webster defines the word “glamour” as “Magic; a spell or charm.” Advertising is just that, and can be for you—you work under a charm or spell, and, as if by magic, “gigantic, stupendous, phenomenal, spectacular, compelling, irresistible” ads are concocted—by YOU. And you’re in the advertising business for good, for once it gets in your system, nothing can remove it.

But advertising is an art. Just as the artistic technique demands knowledge and skill, so does the copy-writing angle, the phase I am dealing with in this article. You can’t just take off your hat and languidly introduce yourself to the advertising business with an “Okay, give me an ad or two to write, and I’ll get ‘em in to you as soon as I can.” Advertising just isn’t a languid business—it’s a big business, for big people with big ideas. With ability, stamina, and originality you’ll succeed; without them, you might as well go back to taking dictation or selling cupcakes. You’ve got to put those ideas into effect when they’re demanded, not when *you* get the “call” and feel like conjuring something up. Even if you’ve reached the stage of the freelance advertiser, you have a schedule set before you, and that schedule, if advertising is your meat, will be kept devoutly. Demanding business? You bet it is. Demanding, strenuous, and exacting—all of that, but more so is it interesting and fascinating, which makes up for all the responsibility and effort entailed.

Here at Lasell we get a good, thorough outlook on the advertising profession. We learn the terms, the different approaches and methods, and the aspects peculiar to the trade. If you’re taking the merchandising course, a supplementary course in advertising would benefit you greatly. Probably many of you merchandisers have read and enjoyed the stimulating and action-provoking book by Estelle Hamburger called, *It’s a Woman’s Business*. It tells of the astonishing rise of an inexperienced girl as an insignificant copywriter to a highly-paid, prominent advertising executive. In this book you get a glimpse into the opportunities available in fashion advertising and in department store advertising. As for you secretarial majors, if a job as secretary to a C.P.M. in a real estate office leaves you cold, why not get a little background in advertising here at Lasell and afterwards you will be well-enough equipped with a knowledge of advertising terms and procedures to seek a secretarial job in that profession. Advertising has unlimited possibilities any way you look at it. I have touched on those possibilities but briefly. If you have any interest at all, you can discover a wealth of material to aid you in getting acquainted with the advertising business—the national advertising, the department store advertising, the magazine advertising, the corporation advertising, and so on and on. Advertising is truly a field for the modern with ideas to match.

Advertising is a natural for women—most ad-readers are women, thus a woman’s viewpoint is obviously necessary. So—you’ve got the situation? And you like the prospects? And you’ve got what it takes? Advertising executives, make way!

Emma Gilbert



Personal Observations on the Art of Ice Cream Cone Eating

FOR many years I have made a rather intensified study of the various approaches to the ice cream cone. I have come to the conclusion that Americans generally eat cones in one of three ways. There are the "biters", those who go through a "sucking" motion, and last, but not least, the "lickers."

I have always longed to be a "biter." However, my front teeth are very sensitive and after trying this method once, I have decided that people with sensitive front teeth must never use this attack. The shock of the cold causes dire results. However, people who are not troubled this way often find this approach very satisfactory and practical. I have noted this method to be popular especially with the male sex.

I have discovered that the "suckers" usually occur among the younger generation. The ages range from about three to ten. I have never heard any scientific reason as to why this should be true, but I feel that children prefer this method because it is by far the sloppiest of the three and affords an opportunity for the ice cream to become well distributed all over the face and chin.

I have noticed that the "licking" method is employed by almost all of the female population from the "teens" on up. The reason for this is because it is the daintiest method and we women must be dainty whenever it is possible. However, many of the male sex also use this attack, and it proves very satisfactory to them, also.

I have presented the facts and the observations on the art of eating an ice cream cone as I see them. Are you a "licker," a "biter," or a "sucker"? Notice the next time you buy an ice cream cone.

Beverly Andres



The Neighborhood Grocer

IN ONE section of our town there is a neighborhood grocery store, which is owned and operated by an old gentleman whom we call "Pop" Smith. All the family Pop had was a son, as Mrs. Smith had passed away some few years ago. Tommy and his father were inseparable pals. They were very happy in their simple life, each living for the other. Then one day a catastrophe happened. The war came and Tommy enlisted. Pop was alone but he carried on, serving the people of his community while Tommy was serving his country. Pop bought a service flag with a red border and a white field with a blue star in it and hung it in the window for Tommy. He was proud of that flag and looked at it every day the passing of which seemed to bring Tommy nearer.

Months later Pop stood behind the scrubbed white pine counter, a little pale, a little stooped, his hands thrust deep into the pockets of his blue cotton trousers. A deep bitterness filled his heart, as his faded eyes were fixed on the piece of cloth hanging in the crystal-clear window. It had faded from the sun but Pop was going to replace it with another—a new one bright and clear and unfaded. His face sagged. The bitterness had taken all the strength from him.

A boy came banging into the store through the screen door. He had red hair and a band of freckles across his small nose.

Tommy had had freckles too, when he was a boy and Tommy had turned out to be a good boy. Everybody knew that.

The boy with the red hair stared about the store. He was new in this part of the town. He had just moved into the corner house. His eyes lit on the tin box of fat chocolate cookies on the counter. He sidled over to the box and his nose wiggled like a rabbit's.

"What is it, son?" Pop asked.

"A dozen of eggs and a loaf of bread," answered the boy.

He had the exact change and laid it on

the counter as he took another look at the cookies. His eyes were very blue.

Pop Smith went into the back room to get the eggs. When he came back, the boy was standing at the other end of the counter. His face was a little white under the freckles. The old man glanced at the tin box. One of the fat chocolate cookies was missing from its row.

Kids never change. Fat chocolate cookies fascinate them and make their mouths water. He remembered Tommy had taken a cookie once without asking. His freckled face had a mighty worried look afterwards and he did not go about whistling as he usually did. Then that evening his father found a bright new penny lying on the glass cover of the tin box and from outside came Tommy's cheerful whistle. Tommy had paid for the snatched cookie with his own money and once again could face the world with a smile.

Pop said the same thing to the boy now that he had said to Tommy ten years before. "You're an honest-looking lad, son. I like a youngster I can trust. What is your name?"

The boy stood on the sides of his feet and wouldn't look the old man in the eyes. "Jackie," he mumbled.

"That's a good name. A good honest name. I like you. I may need you to help me out some day in the store. I will pay you, too." Pop picked up one of the cookies, "Here, have a cookie. They are mighty good and cost a whole penny apiece, but they are worth it."

The boy grabbed his eggs and bread and backed away. "N-no," he stammered. "I don't much like chocolate cookies." He turned and went out of the door.

Pop put on his brown felt hat, locked the door and went down to the corner to the dime store. He bought the new Service Flag for Tommy. The girl behind the counter did not meet his eyes but bundled the little flag into a paper bag and handed it to him. He went back to the store on Maple Street and noticed that the old service flag looked a little dingy. As he prepared to change the flags, the door opened quietly and the new boy came in.



"Something, son?" Pop asked.

"Nope," the boy said. He sidled toward the cookie box. "Just looking."

"Go ahead and look," Pop said as he took down the flag.

Except for the stars, there was not any difference in the two flags. But those stars made all the difference in the world to Pop Smith. The new one had a gold star. A gold star. The old man felt his heart dry up and grow cold like a lump of frozen clay as he put up the new service flag with the gold star. The new flag for Tommy—Tommy his son. He got down stiffly from the apple box he was standing on and found the boy had gone. Pop went over to the cookie box and his face suddenly lost some of its bitterness, for on the top of the glass lid of the cookie box lay a bright shining penny.

He opened the cash drawer under the counter and laid the flag with the blue star beside the yellow telegram that had come from the War Department a few hours before. Then he smiled and dropped the penny on top of the flag and shut the drawer.

The bitterness was suddenly gone out of his heart. But it left him lonely. He wished Jackie would come back. He would give him a chocolate cookie. He knew Jackie would accept this time. Kids never change.

Marie Duprey



Revelation

The telephone rang loud with indignation;
I picked it up with trepidation
And wondered who in all creation
Desired such swift communication.
A voice with greatest aspiration
Gave to me an invitation,
And I said, "Yes," with animation
And did not guess the implication
Of a telephone flirtation.
First came pleasant contemplation
Of the night's anticipation
Of a time with much elation
With the one of conversation.
I remember each sensation
Of my heart's quick palpitation
And my eyes with scintillation
Rivaled any constellation.
The night arrived in due rotation
And my date in obligation
Met me at my habitation
Full of eager expectation
For a night of recreation.
Oh, what sorry devastation
In the form of dissipation
I saw upon investigation.
So I had no inspiration
To give him cooperation,
For I in resignation
Wanted no contamination
Of alcoholic fermentation
And a shady reputation.
Thus I gave my exclamation
Of my love to henceforth ration.

Elsie Bentel



Sue Slocum

Senior Class President

SUE SLOCUM, who lives in Farmington, Michigan, came to Lasell from the Kingswood School Cranbrook in Bloomfield, Michigan, where she was head of athletics and on the year book committee. She is president of the Senior Class, a member of the Executive Council, and the head of the Lasell Campus Community Association—in addition to being a steady on the dean's list since her arrival.

As a junior, Sue was president of Bragdon Hall and on the crew team. A lover of the outdoors, she is fond of tennis and has spent a few summers as a counselor at a camp in New Hampshire.

Sue lives in Carpenter Hall and is taking a general course. The University of Michigan is her goal next year, where she plans to major in sociology—with the hope of being a social worker in the near future.

Ursula Feeney



Barbara Rudell

Junior Class President

BARBARA RUDELL, known as "Rudd" to her classmates, comes from Larchmont, New York. She came to Lasell in 1943 as a member of the high school group, and is now the president of the Junior Class and a member of Executive Council and Press Club.

"Rudd", who is a great sports enthusiast, was made captain of her crew last year. She also received letters for active participation in hockey, soccer, basketball, and baseball, and has won numerous cups for swimming—her favorite pastime. The summer of 1944 she spent as a lifeguard at the Larchmont Shore Club.

She lives in Woodland Hall and is taking the liberal arts course. A reporter on the *Lasell News*, "Rudd" plans to continue with journalism next year at Lasell.

Ursula Feeney



Our Closet

IT IS amazing the difference a door will make. A closed door will look neat and orderly, but leave it slightly ajar and what a change! I believe nine out of ten people will close a door that they find in the "semi" stage yet they will not even give an encouraging shove to a door that stands wide. No matter how well kept a closet is, one never gives the impression of being neat at any time. There is just something about a gaping door, the varied colors of garments and sundry other things that puts the word "orderly" far from my mind.

Our closet door often stands open, mainly because, unless it is clicked shut, it will swing back on its hinges. Neither my roommate nor I is infallible when it comes to the art of "clicking" so I repeat—our closet door often stands open. Both of us make fortnightly attempts to arrange the eyesore in a satisfying manner, but thus far without suc-

cess. The source of the trouble is merely this—we have too much and too little—too much paraphernalia for too little space.

From where I sit now I can see a maze of clothes of which nothing is particularly distinguishable other than my roommate's red house coat that hangs a good foot and a half below everything else and the skirt of my blue and white evening dress leaning against the back wall, all hope abandoned. On the floor are any number of articles; an empty cider jug, golf sticks (my roommate's—I don't indulge), two "Lasell" plastered overnight bags—just in case, and a lonely bedroom slipper (where was it I saw—?). Farther back are three pasteboard boxes of the large, larger, largest variety and a small crate. The boxes brought a radio and the hundred and one things "Mom" had to send on to us because we had not done a complete job of packing back in September. The crate sheltered the typewriter, vintage of 1909 or thereabouts (it has the shift only on one side). Although these gems take up a ridiculous amount of space, we dare not throw them out. Being farsighted we figure that next spring what's here must go home again. At the other end are three shelves. The bottom one is for soap, toothpaste and brushes, shoe polish and nail polish remover—there is also a spare box of Kleenex. The second shelf holds hats and clean towels and over in a corner a few left-over birthday candles. The third is the first place you look when you want to find something—that kind. To my knowledge it holds paper bags ranging in size from "spool-of-thread" to cleaner's bags, a few miles of miscellaneous string, very knotted, ice skates and—I wonder about the other bedroom slipper.

With a closet like this is it any wonder that my roommate and I are turning over a new leaf—"resolved that the closet door should be clicked at all times."

Audrey Day



CAST OF "ALICE-SIT-BY-THE-FIRE"

Seated (left to right): Lucy Clark, Jeanne Gilbert, Hibbard James, Patricia Luther
 Standing (left to right): Eleanor McFetridge, Anne Valentine, Barbara Banser, Jack Shepard

News Flashes

Nov. 24—Gardner Open House. The house on the hill was open for inspection—with candy in every room.

Nov. 26—Seniors take Cap and Gown. We seniors serenade the juniors and the Winslows with the traditional Cap and Gown song.

Nov. 30—Chandler Open House. Our pretty, little white house opens its doors.

Dec. 7—Hawthorne Open House. The last senior house spreads its welcome mat to underclassmen and faculty.

Dec. 9—Snow Ball Dance at Winslow Hall. The Executive Council, with "Winky" as Chairman, makes the Christmas Ball a rollicking success!

Jan. 19—Basketball Game—Junior vs. Senior. The Amazon seniors take their little sisters down a peg!

Jan. 22-25—Semester Exams. Enough said!!

Jan. 26—Mid Year Recess—White Mountain trip. A welcome reprieve after exams. The beautiful weather plus the excellent skiing conditions made the White Mountain trip a wonderful experience for those that went.

Feb. 2—M.I.T. - Orphean Concert. M.I.T. and Lasell get together for a concert, followed by a dance.

Feb. 3—Lasell Club of New York meeting at the Midston House at Madison Avenue and 38th Street, New York City.

Feb. 10—Lasell Alumnae Midwinter Reunion at the Sheraton Room of the Copley-Plaza Hotel, Boston.

Feb. 10—Junior-Senior Prom. Both classes get together for a combined dance—with Valentine atmosphere.

Genie Dill



Walking

I BELIEVE that a person's character is somewhat brought out by the way he or she walks. For a long time, I had dreamed of just sitting down in a park to watch and study people, paying particular attention to their gait. This may seem to you a queer way to spend a lovely afternoon, but I had a definite purpose in mind.

The first person of whom I took special notice was a man of seemingly great dignity and importance. As he walked along, with a brief-case under his arm, his steps were rather heavy. (I hardly think the case had anything to do with this.) He took long steps, yet walked slowly giving the impression that even though he was important and many people were waiting for him, he would hurry for no one.

Then came a person to whom I have often wanted to stop and talk, but never quite dared. I could see that he needed a shave and his clothes were badly in need of repair. With not a care in the world, though slouched and worn, he walked slowly past me, his big toe protruding from a shoe which was torn at the side. He looked around at me, with small eyes, perhaps wondering if I would like to change places with him. "No, thanks, Mister, the life of a hobo doesn't appeal to me!"

"Here comes a cutie," I thought. Her hair was pulled up high and her high French heels tapped a quick, light step on the pavement. "Cocky, sure, not too demure and sweet, but rather nice. Ten to one, she is a typist in an office, working with many other girls, enjoying the latest gossip and the not too hum-drum life that girls lead."

In contrast, the girl walking about twenty feet behind my "Cocky Cora" was "Ambitious Anna." Her walk was on low heels and she took longer steps, slower ones than Cora. Horn-rimmed glasses and books under her arm, she was determined to accomplish big things.

When I reached home that evening, I thought over what I had seen, and decided that it had been a most enjoyable afternoon. You should try it sometime!

Mary Zanleoni



How to Take a Compliment

"YOU look so pretty in that blue dress, darling," he says, looking into your eyes dreamily. And you, with the charm and grace of a hippopotamus, reply, "Oh, this rag!" Finessel Touchel Pretty sad.

What to do? Course you don't want to appear as if *you* agreed that you were looking pretty sharp, so you can't very well spout, "Think so? I thought I looked pretty good in it when I bought it." That just isn't tact-

ful—even if you *do* think so (and you probably do!), be a little subtle about the situation.

Naturally the most obvious, and yet the most adequate, reply to a compliment is merely to say "Thank you." That will serve in almost any case. Then, of course, you can always add something like, "It's sweet of you to say so."

The timely, but well-worn, answer to a compliment these days is often the sophisticated, "Okay—I'll pay you the fifty cents later. Or are your prices higher in the evening?" This wears pretty well in a flighty way, especially if the giver of the compliment is known for the free bestowment of same. But it isn't recommended for constant use on *him*. It might result in his thinking you were giving him the same old "line", and that's bad.

Compliments from another girl can be treated in almost any manner just so long as you refrain from undue sarcasm, and let her know, no matter how flippant a reply you may give, that you really appreciate it, and are flattered that she should think enough of you to say so. Nothing can be so completely deflating to any girl as to hear a cutting response (to a compliment) such as this, "Oh, don't overdo it, dear. I mean, don't bother to exert yourself on my account." That just isn't done in circles where good taste is the key-note today and any day.

In "taking a compliment", then, remember always to be gracious, at least as gracious as the person addressing you. It's a good policy, in some cases, to return the compliment, not for the sake of merely being pleasant and agreeable, but because you sincerely believe what you are saying. If you can't return a compliment with sincerity, just say "Thank you."

"What's that? *This* dress? Oh, darling, I was thinking of giving it to the rag man! I don't see how you can say that!"

Emma Gilbert

"Ars Gratia Artis"

(Courtesy of M.G.M.)

WHAT some people, including me, won't go through for entertainment, if *entertainment* is the correct word. I am referring to the motion picture.

You can walk into any theater at any time and you will always know just what has happened and just what is going to happen in the film.

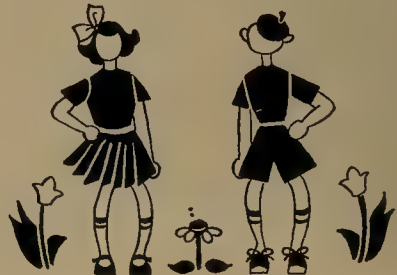
Take the secret agent plot for instance. Here we have a conglomeration of people including the sweet old lady who isn't a sweet old lady but a mean old Nazi spy and the English spy who is really working for the Japanese. Our heroine is the underground agent who peddles candles with messages in them to the wrong man and is arrested by the Gestapo. In the end the Japanese spy is an American secret service man and he is tearing down the narrow road leading to the airport with the underground agent and the Chief of the Gestapo's car. So, while the Nazis race toward them, the hero tries to convince the heroine she should fly away to America but in the last scene she is standing on the ground, waving "Au Revoir" midst a hail of bullets.

For you who have an eye for the decorative, there is the technicolor production. In this you find the bare-chested hero and his stooge wrecked on a volcanic island where all the lovely girls speak a combination of perfect and pidgeon English. The high "What's his name" condemns our hero to death as a sacrifice to the great god "Coca Moka" who bears a remarkable resemblance to a cobra. While the stooge runs around with a rope in his hand trying to get our hero out of the leopards' den, the princess, who is going to marry the high "What's his name," commands the leopard to go away and saves the handsome prisoner just as the volcano erupts. The two then hop into a boat which the stooge miraculously provides and they sail away into the sunset. The colors are very nice.

Then there is the gay musical comedy in which all the miscellaneous talent is used. Mary Sue who has boundless talent in throat and feet is the unhappy niece of the wealthy Mrs. Q. who doesn't like any kind of talent especially singing and dancing. Mary Sue meets some wonderful kiddies who dance and sing all the time and Mary Sue is happy because instead of taking her language lessons she is dancing and singing all the time. Naturally the little cherubs want to put on a musical comedy to earn money to send some of them to music school. So Mary Sue who will be the star of the show lends them Aunty's barn which is quite a place. Just as the second act curtain is going up, in walks Aunty who has escaped from the closet in which the famous orchestra leader who is in love with Mary Sue's governess locked her. Aunty is very unhappy about the whole thing and has brought along some Irish cops who are crazy about Mary Sue because she is a little song bird. Some dear friends of Aunty's immediately accost her with "Why, darling, it was too, too clever of you!" Then twelve or thirteen acts follow while Aunty smiles happily and you crawl out of the theater on your hands and knees.

I could go on to more horrible stories such as the westerns, the love triangles, and the old cops and robbers routine, but I haven't the time now. "The Priestess of Hayanaoo and the Secret Agent" is playing around the corner.

Grace Rayfuse



Reminiscing

ABOVE all others, my favorite place is the top step of the stairs leading up into the hallway of our attic. Sitting there I can view the panorama of my entire life. The hall walls are almost completely covered, and only an occasional patch of wall paper can show through the souvenirs and trophies I have collected during different stages of my existence. The wall on my right has more space than the others since it begins at the very bottom of the stairway and continues up to the thirteenth step and then up even farther to the ceiling. There is no wasted space. The wall on my left begins at one end of the house and continues to the other, interrupted only by the space taken out for three doorways.

Looking around me I am naturally attracted by the largest and most outstanding item tacked there. It is a huge map of Camp Four Winds, the camp I went to several years ago. It recalls to my mind the friends I made there, swimming, sailing, canoeing, picnicing, playing, and a wonderful summer. Just below it, is a green camp banner. Very near the ceiling pinned in a line are all the corsages I have ever received. The first is a cluster of pink roses I wore the night of my first prom when I was in the eighth grade. That was an exciting night. I had my first formal gown, my first flowers, and my first dinner party before the dance. A little farther down the line is my first orchid that I wore to the prom when I was a sophomore. That was a thrill in itself. My last prom is represented by three gardenias, and these have many memories connected with them. The last corsage of all is another orchid I received on the night of my graduation. That was a night of mixed feeling, I was happy, sad, proud, and worried. Underneath this is a large bouquet carefully enclosed in wax paper and tacked to the wall. These were the flowers I carried three years ago when I was bridesmaid at my sister's wedding. The house was full of excitement and everyone

was decorating and preparing for the ceremony. It was a home wedding, and as I led the way down the stairs and into the living room, I remember so clearly looking up on the piano at my mother's picture and wishing and praying she could have been there to see my sister married. Under the flowers a recent picture has been added, that of my two nieces, one six months and the other a year and a half old. I'm so proud to be an aunt.

Next to the floor, way down low, are all my report cards, put there in the hope that they would be overlooked by any visitors. The first card is all A's, but after that, I'm ashamed to say, my record was never as good again. The one mark that stands out above all others is the C I received in Citizenship in the fourth grade. I can't understand now how I used to get into so much trouble. The first day of school I was stood in the hall for eating peanuts; almost regularly I was sent to the principal's office for some offense, quite often throwing spit balls; and I was always the one who was caught drawing pictures on the blackboard. Over in one corner there is a dark curl tied with a blue ribbon. This lock of hair caused me a lot of grief at the time, because for some reason, neither my parents nor Natalie's parents appreciated me for cutting off her long curls and for giving her what I thought was a "feather cut". The hurricane is represented in my Hall of Time by a huge pine cone that formerly came from California, and which I found blowing down the street. That was the day I ruined so many umbrellas by taking them outdoors and watching them blow inside out. In the evening we ate by lamp light, and the next day there was no school so I helped my father chop up the tree that had blown down on our house.

I would fill a book if I should continue listing the souvenirs on my wall and to continue reminiscing with each one. There is the badge I received when I was sergeant bugler in the Drum and Bugle Corps, and the two pictures of the Corps are under it. There are the letters I received for the different sports in

which I participated in school. There is a section devoted to napkins with autographs on them that I collected during a trip. There are dance programs, newspaper clippings, and snapshots which recall some childhood romance. That hallway contains almost my complete biography if one had the time to study it. This is my favorite place. This is the place where I sit and day-dream.

Muriel Ross



On Chewing Gum

EVERY day, at any hour, hundreds of otherwise intelligent people put into their mouth sticks of sweetly flavored rubber on which they proceed to chew, like a cow her cud.

You're apt to find these offenders anywhere, chewing in any fashion and at any rate of speed. There are the ones who go at it most vigorously, chewing as if their very lives depended upon it, opening their mouths to unbelievable dimensions, and just daring anyone to try to stop them. This is the type I find most frequently chewing in time to

music, to the clinking of chains, to the roar of traffic, to the rhythm of anything they can find.

Then there are the melancholy chewers, those whose jaws move more slowly, whose eyes turn slightly glassy, and whose thoughts are lost in the distance. A very self-satisfied look is apt to come over the face of this chewer and frequently I have seen him twiddle his thumbs to the rhythm of his chewing.

The playful gum-chewer I usually see on the bus or subway on Sunday or some sunny day. He is out to see the sights of nature and, as he has nothing else to do, has brought his gum along for company. After inserting the same, and getting it softened down to the right consistency, he begins by blowing bubbles, first small then large. Next he pulls it slowly over his tongue and begins over again. Large bubble, small bubble, pull over the tongue and so on. This continues for hours at a time.

This type is interesting to watch, but there is another among the species which is even more engaging. This is the contented gum chewer, the one who chews methodically, almost without thinking about it. Over his face spreads a peculiarly cow-like expression. This pleased-with-life-in-general attitude causes him to smile at everyone he meets.

Why people chew gum is a mystery that will probably never be solved. Some say they like the taste. Then why do they keep on chewing after the flavor is gone? Others say it helps one relax and relieves nervous strain. In a war plant, then, it is a wonderful addition, and under some of those riveting masks no one would be the wiser.

There have been hundreds of excuses made for gum chewing and for gum chewers, but I'm sure if people could be made to watch themselves for five minutes, they would be cured of the habit forever.

Judith Woodbury

Miss Grainger

MISS GRAINGER came from Brookline, and she never forgot it. Her pride in herself and her forebears was as much a part of her as the quick, studied tilt of her head, and the dainty lace handkerchief that was always on her desk.

Each fall, the new English classes had the same attitude. "Miss Grainger is eccentric—she's queer—she dyes her hair—she's so affected! Look at the way she minces down the hall!"

So the whispers went. And a month later the attitude of the senior class would have altered completely. No more did they gossip about Miss Grainger nor laugh behind her back. There were few comments now. Everyone was too busy with original plays, new and fascinating trips into the realm of Shakespeare, food sales, the senior show "Cavalcade", and the class book. Boys and girls alike worked with a will that would have astounded their parents, and Miss Grainger backed them all.

An astounding about face? If you will—but this woman, by sheer force of personality, influenced every young mind who came to her, and sent each away a broader, better person with finer ideals—an adult.

She was all they had accused her of; her faults were those they had mocked. But she was more—so much more. Louise Grainger gave her life to her work. The hours outside of school were spent in collecting and compiling articles, reviews, editorials,—a picture of the world at large, which made her bulletin-board an ever-changing panorama of world affairs. Every cause she backed, and she backed them all because, by some mysterious alchemy, her own and her classes went all out for every one.

She expected the best of everyone, and knew she would find it. What can one do in the face of such a challenge? The students gave their best—they had to.

The senior class book was one of the best in the East. She made it so. Her own idea

had become an institution, and each class took it for its own and perfected it.

The senior production, "Cavalcade", was an event of the year in our town, and she was the guiding spirit. But the credit was all for the students that did the work—she would have none of it.

But the most Miss Grainger gave us were the impromptu lectures that included any subject from the latest bit of American poetry to the late President Lowell of Harvard. Here she revealed to us so much of wit, wisdom, and the wide world, that we learned without knowing that she taught.

Louise Grainger was a shining example of a selfless and devoted teacher. As a person, in spite of her oddities, she was an inspiration to her students, and through her wisdom and guidance gave each the help he needed most to become a worthwhile and successful person.

Nona Culver



Hibiscus

It blossoms but a few and lingering days,
With sunset redness, full and velvet soft. -
It feasts upon, with wide and wond'ring gaze,
The bit of world that meets its cherished eyes,
Then with a little disappointed sigh
It curls its lonely leaves and, fading, dies.

Pat Luther

A Twinkle in Her Eye

YOU look at Miss Roberta Morrill and she entrances you. She is saying nothing, doing nothing, just standing and waiting. Yet she is vitally alive. You want to know her. You speak to her. The charming, low, cultured voice which responds gaily tells you what you knew—that Roberta Morrill is a vibrant personality.

You'll know Miss Morrill when you see her—tall, dark hair, unique black-rimmed glasses, very attractive. And you'll know where you stand with her very soon. She is a fine judge of people. She recognizes a real person quickly, and is rather scornful of today's ultra-sophisticate. Overdone artificiality, Miss Morrill believes, is not for the theatre just as it is not for real life. True, the theatre is glamorous, but it is real. And life, too, should be real, with a touch of the exotic.

Miss Morrill has a sound philosophy of life, but, unlike most people, she doesn't just talk about it, she uses it. That philosophy is a simple one, but, as you think about it, you realize that it is a pertinent one, that you can apply it to almost any situation you may encounter. Miss Morrill's philosophy is that no matter how horrible the world may seem at times, a twinkle in your eye will get you by if nothing else will.

Miss Morrill is no stranger to Lasell. Ten years ago she was a student here. And, according to her, ten years have made a very big difference in the life at Lasell. She recalls having gym three times a week. Not being the athletic type, she didn't particularly appreciate that. But that wasn't all—big, black bloomers and long black stockings constituted the uniform of the days on which you had "Phys. Ed." Most of the girls never had time to change after their gym classes, and so went around the whole day in what we moderns would term an atrocity "strictly from the Middle Ages." Also, there wasn't any Barn, and smoking was taboo any place, any time. Social permissions were few and

far between, and men were almost as taboo as smoking.

Born in Nashua, New Hampshire, Roberta Morrill has always wanted to be an actress. She can't remember ever having wanted to be anything else. After attending Lasell for two years, she went on to the Leland Powers School of Dramatics in Boston. Miss Morrill, now back at Lasell as teacher of dramatics, has spent her last five winters in Florida producing and directing plays. Summers she goes up to Maine to work in the Booth-Bay Playhouse. There she has appeared in such plays as *Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire*, *Kind Lady*, and *The Ship*. *Kind Lady*, by Edward Chodorova, is her favorite play, and she intends to put both it and *Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire* on at Lasell.

Besides her definite interest in the theatre, Miss Morrill enjoys sketching dogs in her free moments. She also enjoys reading the sonnets of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. As for sports, "Definitely no!" Talking about her likes and dislikes, Miss Morrill said she had a keen desire at the moment to hear James Melton sing "The Surrey with the Fringe on Top." Those momentary impulses make her personality still more alive and gay. And she doesn't keep her bubbling happiness to herself, she transmits a little of "the twinkle in the eye" to you, and makes you feel quite a bit better for having talked with her.

As for acting itself, Miss Morrill likes any and every type of part, but characterizations are her pet project.

As for the years to come, Miss Morrill has no definite plans in mind. "The war will necessarily change all our plans. Live each day as it comes, and really live it."

Emma Gilbert



A Faithful Servant

THE two huge snow-white eyeballs set in the coal-black face radiated all the kindness and understanding that one person could give. Her slow-moving body swayed from side to side with every step. This was our maid, Ida.

Every morning at exactly seven-thirty I used to hear Ida shuffle up the back walk. Even when the weather was at its worst, Ida could be relied upon to arrive on time. She always carried a large, black leather shopping bag that was stuffed with detective stories and horror novels in which she was deeply engrossed every spare minute. When Ida was not cooking or cleaning, she was invariably sitting on a stool, reading. Sometimes she would become so involved in a story that we would have to stand right beside her and shout her name before she would realize that she was wanted.

Her work was done to perfection; she had no use for a haphazard manner. Emphatically, she explained her stand, "The good Lord gave me two hands, two feet, and de rest of de right fixin's to work with; so I'se is goin' to do my work the bestest way I knows how. Then some day when I get to Heaven I'll be able to thank Him." As a result, Ida's work was never done. She always could find something else to do after she had finished one job.

Like all Negroes, Ida was very religious. She would work hard all week, but Sundays were devoted entirely to worship. Every Monday morning she could be heard for blocks singing all the spirituals she knew. Ida's voice seemed to ring with depth and strength. It was a pleasure to hear her humming and singing while she worked. Her voice was as much a part of her as Churchill's cigar is of him.

Ida prevented many spats among us children from developing into blows. The minute she heard a harsh word, she would run from the kitchen and make us behave our-

selves. She did not do it in a way that made us resent her, but rather, she made us ashamed that we had quarreled over such petty concerns.

As the years went on, we began to notice that Ida's health was failing. Her steps became slower and more difficult each day. Within a few months it was evident that Ida would have to leave our family. She had been a great asset to our household. When she left, after seventeen years of faithful service, something in our family went with her.

Yvonne Johnson



Walt

UNCLE WALT, a distant relative of mine, is a well known character on Nod Hill.

About sixty-five years of age, stoop-shouldered and bent at the knees, Walt carries on his busy life with the spirit of a youngster.

Walt has lived by himself since the death of his wife about eight years ago, in the old farm house his great grandfather built on land bought from the Indians.

During the winter he lives in the kitchen, having all the necessary household articles in this one room for his hermit-like existence.

Walt used to keep quite a large farm and garden, but in recent years it has dwindled down to a small vegetable garden, a few

ducks, about twenty-five chickens and two cows.

Croquet is Walt's favorite pastime and even if he had to let the rest of his land go to seed, he would see to it that the croquet field at the side of the house was in excellent condition. During warm summer evenings you can always find Walt and his neighbors playing there, until darkness makes it impossible to see the wickets and balls. No matter what the outcome of the game, Walt considers himself the winner and has a ready excuse for all his mistakes and a new rule to cover them.

Sunday finds Walt "dressed up" in his ancient black serge suit, walking or riding his ever faithful bicycle to his wife's grave. Although Lou has been dead for quite a few years, Walt refuses to sit down at a table unless there has been a place set for her. There are always flowers in front of her picture on the mantle.

A great favorite with the boys and girls on Nod Hill, this Connecticut farmer is always willing to loan his rowboat and fishing tackle to them.

When the ice is thick enough on his pond, Walt holds open house from morning to night for all his neighbors who want to go skating. Past the skating age himself, he enjoys the company and break they provide in his daily routine.

Walt is tall, blue-eyed, with brown hair and a weather-beaten and bewhiskered face. His year-round costume is Sears Roebuck overalls and a blue denim shirt.

A man of few words, except when approached on the subject of his land, which stretches acre after acre over the Connecticut countryside, his favorite comment is, "What forever in our memories."

Walt characterizes the typical old fashioned New England farmer, who is rapidly passing out of existence in America, but will live forever in the memories of many.

Joan Walker



On Listening to Music

THE sense that means the most to me is hearing. Through this the most beautiful and worthwhile things come to me; a bird singing at dawn; the wind howling on a cold winter night; the sound of happy voices; and most of all, music. It seems to me that life without being able to hear would hardly be worth living at all.

Music brings more to me than anything else. It brings me the great concertos of Beethoven, the sad and weird compositions of Debussy, and the melodies so heart stirring of Chopin. Through it I also hear the great folk songs of Stephen Foster and the lovely modern pieces of George Gershwin.

When sad and discouraged at life and its problems, I turn to music; and it never fails me. It seems to be hardly a thing of this material world, but more a link with something heavenly; a promise of future happiness.

Music is nothing you can smell, taste, feel, or see, but a series of vibrations traveling through the air on ether waves to the listening ear.

There is music for every mood, gay, sad, weird, and passionate. There are songs of adventure, love, and the seas. People of other countries express their tragedies and joys in

music which is the universal language, and through it, all men become one.

I think I could do without the pleasures offered by the other senses, but without my hearing which enables me to enjoy music, life would be dull and devoid of pleasure.

Mary-Lou Fisher



Reflections on Receiving Letters

THE importance of receiving letters never impressed itself upon me until I came to college. Suddenly, it seems as if I thrive on them as fully as I thrive on food. Every morning I run down to my mail-box at the earliest possible hour, and peer cautiously into the little window—hoping against hope that something will obstruct my view, yet half afraid that the glass will be clear. Oh, how much my day depends on mail. Even an obscure circular is better than nothing at all.

Almost inevitably I find a letter from Mother every day. Good old Mother—I never realized how much she meant to me before, with her newspaper clippings, and tales of things at home. Another person whose cor-

respondence frequents my tiny cubicle is Diane, my high school friend. Her letters carry me back to the days of my seemingly long-gone youth when I, too, attended schools of elementary learning. However, I look forward to Diane's letters eagerly, and devour the news of school activities and of those people I know who are still there.

About every five or six days I receive a note from Louise who is at a college in Missouri. She gabs gaily for two or three pages about the gorgeous Western men, her new Marine, etc., ending her scribbling epistle with "Puddles of Purple Passion," or some such phrase. Less often than Louise (once every two weeks), I hear from another of my acquaintances, namely Carol. She attends a university in New England. Although she is very dear to me, Carol is not, I am afraid, much of a letter-writer. Once in a while she hastily covers a sheet of paper with pencil marks and mails it to me. Last, but not least, is my very best friend, Marge—from whom I never hear at all. But there is something so close between Marge and myself that it makes letters seem rather superfluous.

Listen to me! Here I am scribbling on about letters while there are five sitting on my desk waiting to be answered. So, if you'll excuse me, I'll get at them. It's either that or face an empty mail-box—and you know how I feel about that!

Patricia Luther



PERSONALS



LILLIE R. POTTER
Dean Emeritus

Weddings

C. Lucile Willmarth, staff '40-'44, and Lt. Benjamin Frederick Allen, AUS (Northeastern University College of Engineering), Feb. 4, 1945 at Newton, Mass. *Arlene Wishart Sylvester*, '38 and *Ilene L. Derick*, '41 were bridesmaids.

Ensign *Ruth Kilborne*, USNR (W), and Lt. Steven Bittenbender, USNR, Dec. 22, 1944 at Bloomfield, N. J. Lt. Bittenbender is the son of *Elizabeth Peirce Bittenbender*, '04-'06, and grandson of *Annie Kendig Peirce*, '80.

Doris M. Coan, WP '28-'29, and S/Sgt. Edgar R. Tucker, USA (Trinity College), Dec. 30, 1944, at Augusta, Ga.

Marjorie B. Kuehn, '29 and Pfc. Marshall Weaver Brock, Nov. 26, 1944 at Port Jefferson, N. Y.

Audrey Kaiser, '29-'30 and T/5 Robert Shields Handy, Signal Corps, USA (Stratton College; University of Buffalo), May 1, 1943 at Buffalo, N.-Y.

Georgianna B. Taber, '33-'35 and 1st Lt. Herbert Lawrence, USAAF (Brown, '40), Mar. 18, 1944 at Roswell, N. M.

Hilda Katersky, '36 and Lt. Samuel Zaslow,

USA (Temple University, '39), Aug. 4, 1944 at Camp Blanding, Fla.

Leona Siff, '32-'36 and S/Sgt. William B. Tapper, Aug. 8, 1942.

Ruth E. Baber, '37 and Mr. William John Lounsbury (Syracuse, x-'39), Sept. 16, 1944 at Keeseville, N. Y.

Florence Stetson Grower, '37 and Dr. Louis A. Pipes, Aug. 21, 1944 at Reno, Nev.

Dorothy L. Carneal, '39 and Capt. Jonah Jackson Bowles, USMCR (Temple University), Jan. 6, 1945 at Richmond, Va.

Helen M. Forsberg, '39 and T/5 George H. Powers, USA (Clark, '39), Mar. 20, 1943 at Worcester, Mass. *Norma L. Forsberg*, '41 was maid of honor for her sister.

Norma E. Jacobus, '39 and Flight Officer Robert J. Riddle, USAAC (Princeton, '39; Harvard Law School), Apr. 7, 1944 at Wichita Falls, Tex.

Lt. (jg) *Janice E. Marr*, USNR (W), '39 and Lt. Comdr. Walter J. Demer, USN (DC) (Notre Dame; Georgetown) Jan. 27, 1945 at Malden, Mass.

Betty Pfeiffer Rivenburgh, '39 and Mr. Howard E. Van Hoesen.

Mildred Jones, '39-'40 and Lt. James David Luse, USCG (Western Reserve, x-'43; U.S. C.G. Academy, '43), Dec. 17, 1944 at Cambridge, Mass. *Margaret Jones*, '39-'40, was maid of honor for her sister.

Mary F. Cameron, '41 and Cpl. Elliott Kimball Blaisdell, USAAF (Bryant and Stratton), Dec. 27, 1944 at Cambridge, Mass.

Doretta Garcia, '41 and Mr. Joseph H. Linden, Aviation Machinist's Mate, USNR, Oct. 11, 1942 at Chicago, Ill.

Ruth Montgomery, '41 and Mr. Ralph Goodrich Tryon, Jr. (Stockbridge Agricultural School), Oct. 14, 1944 at Suffield, Conn. *Barbara Walworth*, '42 and *Nancy Gorton*, '42, were bridesmaids.

Phyllis E. Rees, '41 and Mr. Grayson Winterbottom Wilcox (Worcester Polytechnic Institute), Feb. 10, 1945 at Arlington, Mass.

Jane Scanlon, '41 and Mr. William Alan Reid, USNR (Brown, '43; Yale), Dec. 2, 1944 at Newtonville, Mass.

Jean J. Bradley, '40-'41 and T/4 Milton Robert Post, USA (Yale, x-'43), Dec. 7, 1943 at Greenwich, Conn.

Joyce M. Brewer, '40-'41 and Mr. Robert Lawrence Toft (University of Minnesota, '42), June 17, 1944 at Cheshire, Conn. Mr. Toft is an aeronautical engineer for United Aircraft Corp.

Priscilla A. Lufkin, '40-'41 and Lt. (jg) Joseph D. Ward, USNR (Holy Cross; Boston University Law School), Oct. 16, 1944 at Fitchburg, Mass.

Elaine Schultz, '40-'41 and Lt. G. A. Kruttschnitt, USAAF, Oct. 21, 1944.

Doris E. Bracher, '42 and Mr. David J. Jenkins, C/PhM, USN, July 15, 1944 at Brooklyn Heights, N. Y.

Geraldine H. Chertof, '42 and Mr. Sheridan Richard Etkin (Northwestern, '40), June 4, 1944 at Buffalo, N. Y.

Eleanor C. Pratt, '42 and Lt. Wilfred J. Smyly, Jr., USAAF, July 21, 1944 at Sebring, Fla.

Bonney Wilson, '41-'42 and Cpl. Richard Andrew Hakanson, USAAF (Northeastern, x-'42), Dec. 2, 1944 at Winchester, Mass.

Mary B. Crawford, '43 and Tech. Sgt. Kenneth Burnham Ray, Air Forces, AUS (Kenyon College, x-'41), Nov. 25, 1944 at Southbridge, Mass.

Marjorie Dows, '43 and 1st Lt. John Arthur Cohn, USAAC (Northeastern), Oct. 21, 1944 at Worcester, Mass.

F. Jean Phillips, '43 and Mr. Robert J. Canning, USNR (Pennsylvania State College of Optometry, '43), July 22, 1944 at Southbridge, Mass.

June Hollingshead, '42-'43 and Ensign William Henry Todd, II, USNR (Williams; Northwestern), Jan. 20, 1945 at New York City. *Janice Root*, '44 was a bridesmaid.

Jeannette Jones, '42-'43 and Mr. Edward George McIntosh, USMS (U. S. Merchant Marine Academy), Jan. 21, 1945 at Summit, N. J.

Mary P. Kidder, '42-'43 and Ensign Maurice Loren Bullock, USNR (DePauw), Jan. 6, 1945 at Southboro, Mass.

Alice Jean Crosby, '44 and Mr. Edwin George Martin, Mo MM 3/c, USNR, Jan. 29, 1945 at Merrimac, Mass. The bride's sister, *Norma Crosby*, '45, was her only attendant.

Joy Cartland, '43-'44 and Flight Officer Norman J. Fowler, Jr., USAAF (Hinds Junior College, '42-'43), Dec. 19, 1944 at South Dartmouth, Mass. *Saunda Pease*, '45 was maid of honor. Joy is the daughter of *Wilda Berkey Cartland*, '14-'16.

Engagements

Barbara Hildreth, faculty '42- , and Capt. George Adams Parkhurst, USA

Dorothy B. England, '29 and Mr. C. Palmer Chester

Isabelle Cragin McGarey, WP '29-'30, and Lt.-Comdr. James Williamson Brown, Jr., USNR

Janet F. Payson, '39 and Lt. Francis W. Dinan, USNR

Justine Reilly, '39 and Mr. C. Philip Shannon

Janice A. Rogers, '39, S 1/c, USNR (W), and Mr. Richard Walker Wilson, brother of *Peggy Wilson Logan*, '39-'40

Mary L. Doig, '41 and Ensign John Baker Nicholson, USNR

Helen G. Nickerson, '41 and Mr. Albert Oakland Weasner, USNR

Dorothy E. Walker, '41, PhM 1/c, USNR (W), and Capt. John W. Hughes, USAAF

Virginia A. Wilde, '41 and Sgt. Ralph Norman Chase, USA

Marian Shirley, '40-'41 and Lt. Albert L. Wellman, Jr., USNR

Barbara Thornburg, '40-'42 and Mr. Alfred J. Donnelly

Marilyn L. Isenberg, '43 and Ensign William Oliver Barnes, Jr., USNR

Nathalie Monge, '43 and Lt. Morris F. Stoddard, Jr., USAAF

Barbara Schaufele, '43 and Lt. John J. McBride, 3d, USMCR

Barbara F. Linnitt, '44 and Ensign Oliver Perry Morton, Jr.

H. Louise McLaughlin, '44 and Lt. J. Clifton Simonds, Jr., USAAF

Elizabeth A. Shellenback, '44 and Mr. Thomas Francis Riedy, USAMC

Births

- Dec. 5, 1944—a daughter, Carol Ames, to Lt. (jg) and Mrs. Frank G. Picard (*Barbara Ames*, faculty '42-'44)
- Nov. 29, 1944—a son, Peter Babcock, to Mr. and Mrs. Horace B. Hills (*Martha F. Wilcox*, '25)
- June 19, 1944—a daughter, Luray Dudley, to Mr. and Mrs. Leroy D. Esten (*Juanita Dudley*, '26-'30)
- Nov. 24, 1944—a daughter, Betty Joanne, to Mr. and Mrs. George E. Kessel, Jr. (*Dorothy Brown*, '31)
- Nov. 10, 1944—a son, Carl Irving, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Carl I. Hayes (*Virginia Ogden*, '33)
- Dec. 15, 1944—a son, James Saye, 3d, to Lt. and Mrs. James S. Dusenbury, Jr. (*Nina Keppler*, '32-'33)
- Nov. 14, 1944—a son, Duane Nichols, to Mr. and Mrs. Dewey F. Martin (*Emily Cleaves*, '34)
- Oct. 19, 1944—a son, Charles David, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry D. Weller, Jr. (*Betty Allenbaugh*, '35)
- Nov. 20, 1944—a son, Christopher Lee, to Major and Mrs. Hugh J. Rosebery (*Phyllis Stuart*, '35)
- Nov. 25, 1943—a son, David Kelly, III, to Mr. and Mrs. David K. Auten, Jr. (*Mary W. Smith*, '34-'35)
- Nov. 21, 1944—a daughter, Nancy Ruth, to Lt. and Mrs. Gordon B. Petremont (*Ruth Upham*, '36)
- Jan. 13, 1944—a daughter, Gail Louise, to Mr. and Mrs. Norman J. Thompson, Jr. (*Marjorie Foster*, '35-'36)
- Nov. 29, 1944—a son, Kent Mumford, to Lt. and Mrs. John C. Mileikis (*Edythe Cummings*, '37)
- April 1, 1944—a daughter, Gwendolyn Cheryl, to Mr. and Mrs. Earl K. Giffin (*Sarah Gwen Davies*, '37)
- Jan. 17, 1944—a daughter, Cynthia Prescott, to Mr. and Mrs. Howard S. Jones (*Priscilla Greig*, '37)
- Oct. 20, 1944—a daughter, Susan, to Mr. and Mrs. Woodrow W. Miller (*Ann Robertson*, '37)
- Jan. 1, 1945—a daughter, Susan Sleeper, to Lt. and Mrs. Robert F. Hall (*Marian Sleeper*, '37)
- Dec. 22, 1944—a son, Charles Hiram, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. O'Neil (*Jane Walton*, '35-'37)
- March 10, 1944—a son, Jack Drake, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Jack D. LaRock (*Peggy Sage*, '36-'37)
- Jan. 8, 1945—a son, Michael Winthrop, to Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop A. Wells (*Betsy Bassett*, '38)
- Nov. 28, 1944—a daughter, Linda Ann, to Mr. and Mrs. William A. Pentheny, Jr. (*Mildred Birchard*, '38)
- Feb. 22, 1944—a son, Brian Paul, to Mr. and Mrs. Coleman F. Bicknell (*Nancy Caruthers*, '38)
- Jan. 15, 1945—a son, Charles William, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Patterson (*Florence Christopulos*, '38)
- Dec. 19, 1944—a son, William Laurence, to Ensign and Mrs. Daniel E. Burbank, Jr. (*Irene Gahan*, '38)
- Nov. 30, 1944—a son, Raymond Bradley, to Mr. and Mrs. Bernard W. Jewell (*Elizabeth McCausland*, '38)
- May 9, 1944—a son, Philip Myers, to Lt. and Mrs. Philip L. Lowe (*Carole Myers*, '38)
- Dec. 20, 1944—a daughter, Gayle Lane, to Chaplain and Mrs. David M. Humphreys (*Wilmine Lane*, '33-'38). Gayle is the granddaughter of *Pauline Rowland Lane*, '11-'12.
- Aug. 30, 1944—a daughter, Susan Webster, to Lt. (jg) and Mrs. Thomas H. Wiss, III (*Mary E. Brett*, '39)
- Nov. 22, 1944—a son, Alden Clark, to Mr. and Mrs. Elliot H. Harrington (*Louisa Clark*, '39)
- Feb. 16, 1944—a daughter, Cynthia Anne, to Mr. and Mrs. Albert C. Pierce, Jr. (*Harriet Clemons*, '39)
- Nov. 24, 1944—a daughter, Mary Jane, to Sgt. and Mrs. William R. Wheeler (*Jeanne Daniels*, '39)
- Sept. 17, 1944—a daughter, Judith Marion, to

- Mr. and Mrs. Howard E. Van Hoesen (*Betty Pfeiffer*, '39)
- Nov. 20, 1944—a son, Brian Freeman, to Lt. and Mrs. Ira E. Boyer (*Geraldine Pluff*, '39)
- Jan. 13, 1945—a son, John Wesley, Jr., to Lt. and Mrs. John W. Simcock (*Barbara Wilband*, '40)
- Aug. 4, 1943—a daughter, Judy Ann, to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Linden (*Doretta Garcia*, '41)
- Dec. 27, 1944—a son, Leon Thomas, to Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Wallace (*Ruth H. Kilbourn*, '41)
- Dec. 5, 1944—a son, Walter Deane, to Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Faino (*Dorothy Stone*, '41)
- Dec. 3, 1944—a daughter, Susan Joan, to Mr. and Mrs. Emerson G. Sawyer, Jr. (*Lucy Snow*, '40-'41)
- Dec. 19, 1944—a son, Stephen Merrow, to Mr. and Mrs. Carl M. Sampson (*Frances Church*, '43)
- Jan. 7, 1945—a son, David Bruce, to Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Harcum (*Edith Harrington*, '43)
- Oct. 31, 1944—a son, Carl Jerome, to Dr. and Mrs. Peter J. Koeniger (*Mary-Louise McLean*, '43)
- Dec. 22, 1944—a son, John, to Capt. and Mrs. John J. McKenna (*Ruth Walsh McKenna*, '43-'44)

Recently *Miss Inez Winslow*, sister of our president, *Dr. Guy M. Winslow*, made one of her occasional visits to Lasell. We are always happy to welcome this loyal friend of the college. For a number of years Miss Winslow has been identified with the educational program of her native state, Vermont.

Lasell regrets to announce the passing of two loyal alumnae, *Emma George Newhall*, '73, and *Gertrude Early Winegar*, '84-'85.

Emma George Newhall, '73, one of Lasell's oldest graduates, died very suddenly the day after Thanksgiving. She celebrated her ninetyeth birthday last August, was wonderfully well and keen up to the very last, and had

enjoyed an especially happy Thanksgiving day with her three granddaughters.

Gertrude Early Winegar, '84-'85, of Detroit, Michigan, a life member of the *Lasell Alumnae, Inc.*, and formerly active in the *Michigan Lasell Club*, passed away late in December. For a number of years she had charge of the art department of the Detroit Conservatory of Music.

Anna Andrews Barris, '01-'02, lost her husband, Mr. J. M. Barris, and her sister, within a few days of each other last November. She is now living in New York City at 240 West 14th Street.

Mae Chisholm Brown, '03-'04, has two granddaughters, born last October. Barbara Annette is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clark Chisholm Brown, and Linda is the daughter of Lt. (jg) and Mrs. Edwin M. Larson (Miriam Brown).

Elizabeth Wells Hawkins' ('29) daughter, June, now in her first year of high school, hopes to enter Lasell in a few years, making the third generation to be enrolled. June is the granddaughter of *Edith Burke Wells*, '02-'03.

Many friends will be grieved to learn that Lt. William House McMillan, USA, youngest son of *Elizabeth House McMillan*, '05-'06, has been reported killed in action in Holland. Lt. McMillan served 26 months in the mechanized cavalry, and had been overseas since July 1944.

Lt. Edward L. Leahy, Jr., USNR, son of *Fern Dixon Leahy*, '07, and brother of *Virginia Leahy Berwick*, '34, has been reported as missing in action according to a notice recently released by the Navy Department. A telegram had been received by his parents in July, notifying them that their son was missing, but it expressly requested that no word of his name or that of his ship be made public. Recently the Navy department revealed that the U.S.S. *Herring*, the submarine on which Lt. Leahy was an officer, had been lost in patrol operations, presumably against the Japanese. His ship had been in

action several times in both the European and Pacific areas. Lt. Leahy was highly respected by the men who served with and under him.

Martha Dale Loomis, '06-'07, writes from 1030 South Highland Avenue, Los Angeles, California:

"My daughter, Mary Dale Loomis, was graduated from Mills College in June and is now in the WAVES, training in New York City. Laura (*Laura Dale Wood*, '03-'04) is living in San Antonio, Texas."

On November 20 the International Relations Group of Lasell had the pleasure of having as its guest, *Pauline Rowland Lane*, '11-'12, who for many years lived in Sapporo on the island of Hokkaido, Japan, where she and Mr. Lane taught English in a part of one of the universities. It was with great reluctance that they gave up their positions after the Pearl Harbor attack in December, 1941, and everyone on the faculty was sorry that it was necessary to break their contract.

Mr. and Mrs. Lane were taken to the "piggpen," as the local jail was called. There Mrs. Lane followed developments in the war by listening to the guards' radio and their conversation. Mr. Lane was in the cell above hers, and although they could not see each other, they whistled "I Love You Truly" and "All Through the Night" back and forth. Later at their trial, the questioners wanted to know the code of the whistling.

On the whole, they were well treated in the jail. Their former students would gather outside the windows and sing college songs to them, and hundreds came to the jail daily to demand their release and to send them food at the risk of their own lives.

After a short time they were moved to the House of Detention where they were treated kindly. Mrs. Lane spoke of the warden as a "prince in all ways"; he even sent across the city for European food prepared by nuns, for the Japanese food was not always palatable to Americans. In the course of their questioning, neither Mr. or Mrs. Lane was ever physically harmed.

When the news of their exchange came, the warden used the only English word he knew and told them to get ready for a "brain-storm." On September 15, 1943, they boarded a ship and were exchanged at Goc, India.

Throughout her discussion, Mrs. Lane revealed her sincere sympathy for the Japanese public (not for the military). Much of the difficulty between the Japanese and Americans, she said, is due to the impressions the Japanese have had of us from our motion pictures and from the conduct of some Americans in their country.

Roxana Stark Burns, '18, writes that her daughter, Ada, is looking forward with a great deal of pleasure to the day when she will be an undergraduate at Lasell.

In a letter to *Senora Orozco* in November, *Gail Wilson Boynton*, '18, wrote:

"Our John is finishing his training with a B-17 crew in Nebraska. He has just had his first furlough after a year and a half in service. Bill is away at school, and my husband, Mr. Robert C. Boynton, is soon to leave on a U.S.O. assignment."

Mr. Arthur G. Maddigan, husband of *Lilian Doane Maddigan*, '21, passed away in October. Lasell extends deepest sympathy to Lilian and her bereaved family.

The Loomis sisters are still in widely separated parts of the country: Sis (*Cecile Loomis Stuebing*, '22) in Houston, Texas; Gene (*Eugenia Loomis Flagler*, '32) in Chicago, and Margaret (*Margaret Loomis Collingwood*, '21) in Riverside, Connecticut. Margaret's 19-year-old son is at Parris Island after 16 months at Yale under the Marine education program.

Lt. Col. Francis Cressy Wilbur, USA, husband of *Helen Selkirk Wilbur*, '18, and father of *Nancy Wilbur Vollers*, x-'45, died in December after a brief illness. He was Headquarters Commandant in Hollandia, Dutch New Guinea and had been overseas for 33 months. To Mrs. Wilbur and Nancy, their many friends among the alumnae, undergraduates, and faculty extend their sympathy.

Gertrude Korn Wormhoudt, '14-'15, of 504

Columbus Street, Pella, Iowa, writes that her daughter, Theresa, '20, is in her junior year at Central College, Pella, Iowa.

Dorothy Burnham Eaton, '20, as usual sends greetings in the form of an original poem, illustrated with one of her own drawings. Her poems and pictures are always prized.

From *Caroline Benson Hirst*, '19-'20, we have news of *Muriel Gilman*, '21-'22, now Mrs. Norman Chesley of 19 Charles Street, Rochester, New Hampshire. Dr. and Mrs. Chesley have two sons, Gilman and Paul, and a beautiful new summer home at Rye, New Hampshire.

Frances Angel Levenson, '22, writes from 1650 Harvard Street, Washington, D. C.:

"My husband, Capt. Milton Levenson, USA, has been in the service since May 1943. He spent six months in North Africa, and on his return to the States was sent to Washington where I joined him last summer. Our young son is at a military school in Virginia.

"Tell *Senora* I think of her often, for I am taking a course in Spanish conversation. When I visit Lasell we may be able to really converse in that language! I have just started to study Russian, and it is proving as difficult a task as any I have undertaken."

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Grimm (*Marjorie Gifford*, '22) have announced the engagement of their daughter, Nancy, to Ensign John Derkacz, USNR, of Palmerton, Pennsylvania. Nancy is a sophomore at Bucknell University.

Claire Parker Everett, '23, extends a cordial invitation to any Lasell girls who come near Pasco, Washington, to call on her and her husband, Lt. Comdr. Norman S. Everett, at the Naval Air Station.

Elizabeth Rhoades, WP '22-'23, is now Mrs. Paul Revere of Washington Street, Canton, Massachusetts.

Lasell extends sympathy to the family of *Marjorie Jagger Ferguson*, '24, of Sanford, Maine, who passed away January 22, 1945.

Florence Longcope, '21-'22, is a private in the WAC, stationed at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia.

We are pleased to share with readers of the *Personals* this most interesting letter from *Phyllis Shoemaker*, '22, written on a New York-Boston train after the annual luncheon of the *Lasell Club of New York*:

"Dear Miss Potter,

"Emily Post might not approve of pencil, but as this is being written on the train between New York and Boston, it must do,—and I dare not delay longer sending my report of the New York gathering.

"You will be more inclined to forgive my delay when you hear that one of your special 'doves,' *Marje Gifford Grimm*, '22, was partly to blame. Marge was one of four '22-ers at the New York luncheon, and I could not resist her invitation to visit her home. Her tall blond son, Gifford, was at home, but Nancy was away at Bucknell. Though Marje and I talked way into the night, we never did get caught up on Lasell news. She saw me off on the train this morning, and whom should we run into at the Newark station but *Jean Merrick Moss*, '23 and *Liz Buettner Lang*, '23. They were going only as far as New York City, so I didn't have a chance to chat, but meeting them seemed to put the finishing touch on a Lasell-filled weekend.

"It had started when *Helen Perry*, '24, a friend of Ruth's and I joined *Kinks Hemingway Killam*, '22, as weekend guests of *Ruth Hopkins Spooner*, '23 and *Mercedes Rendell Freeman*, '23. I for one report never a dull moment, from the first good dinner at Ruth's to the very 'elegant' basket supper Mercedes gave on our last night in Yonkers. It was then that I heard the thrilling news that Manila had been liberated, and it was Mer's thoughtful little daughter, Helen, who called to tell me the good news. (She knew I had been anxiously 'listening in' at intervals all day.) After church the Spooners were hosts at dinner at a delightful place, 'Rock House,' which is perched on a rock high above the Hudson. Mer's and Ruth's husbands deserve medals, not only for being with us but also for acting as though they enjoyed our 'babbling bunch.'

"The *New York Lasell Club* luncheon will doubtless be reported elsewhere, so I'll confine myself to personalities—except to say that the place, food, and service could scarcely have been improved upon. The Classes of '22, '23, and '24 had miniature reunions. *Kinks Hemingway Killam*, '22, had found a cousin to 'take over' at her farm-home in Connecticut (which includes four children, as Mallory, the eldest, is away at Loomis School), so this trip was a real treat for her. *Bud Birdsall Lutze*, '22, had sandwiched the luncheon in between visiting and making up boxes for sons in service, and *Marge Gifford Grimm*, '22, had dashed in from East Orange on a rare free day between Red Cross nurses' aide duties and church work. Mer and Ruth saw several '23-ers, including *Florence Boehmcke Simes*, *Dorothy Millsbaugh*, and *Mary Godard Hadley*. *Helen Perry* had practically a table full of '24-ites, *Kay Webb*, *Helen Terry Francisco*, and *Edith Clendenin Stahl*. I had a pleasant chat with *Julia DeWitt Read*, '10, and *Sophie Mayer March*, '08, and saw a few '37-ers, among them *Jane Eldridge Meaney*.

"*Dean Phyllis Hoyt*, guest speaker from Lasell, had just what the girls wanted to hear, and spoke very well. She read your letter, Miss Potter, but perhaps she should have read it at the reception before the luncheon, for it was then that we 'from the Lasell front' were bombarded with questions about our Dean Emeritus, and were given messages of love for you.

"Not long ago I returned from a visit with my family in California. My husband [Dr. A. B. Shoemaker] had to go to Los Angeles, so I preceded him, and he joined me at the Rafferty Ranch for Christmas. The only thing to mar the perfection of the trip was my mother's serious illness and the fact that we had yet to hear any direct word from my father, a prisoner of war in Manila. Before we left the ranch, however, Mother's health was considerably improved, and just two weeks ago she shared with us the wonderful news that she had received two Imperial

Japanese Army postals with short, typed messages and Father's signature thereon. It was the first time we had seen his handwriting since October, 1941.

[Feb. 23, 1945.—Phyllis' father, Mr. J. J. Rafferty, was among those liberated in the Philippines according to a list released by the War Department today.—Ed.]

"Because of the difficult traveling conditions, I did not plan many stopovers. While visiting a cousin in South Bend, Indiana, I saw *Vera Clauer Hans*, '22. We had not met in many years, but those years have passed lightly over Vera, and I would have known her anywhere. She took me to luncheon and then to see her darling 'architect's dream' home, with its picture windows. Her mother was there to greet us, and I was lucky to be there long enough to meet her very pleasant husband, Mr. Edwin C. Hans. Dr. Winslow will be interested in hearing that one of their 'hobbies' is starting forests! They showed me the thousand fir trees they had planted on their lot!

"My next stopover was in Lincoln, Nebraska, where *Jean Field Faires*, '22, her husband, Sam, their son, Frank, and the entire Field family combined to make my visit a very happy one. Jean is so interested in all Lasell 'doings,' that we didn't waste much time sleeping. We did take time out to visit Sam's offices in the Veteran's Bureau, and to inspect the awe-inspiring display of electrical gadgets in young Frank's room. (He has developed Thomas Edison tendencies!)

"We '22-ers hadn't had a word from our class president, *Jean Woodward Nelson*, for years, so when I found we would have some time in Denver, I decided to see if her name was at least in the telephone book. My report to our classmates is that Jean actually answered the phone and sounded much the same.

"Our alumnae secretary had sent me a list of Lasell girls living near my family's home in Watsonville, California, and I had planned to have them come to the ranch or to meet them elsewhere. My mother's condition upon

my arrival prevented my even thinking of such a meeting, and after her recovery it was too near Christmas to plan a get-together. I was disappointed, but hope that the next time it may be arranged.

"I had a very happy reunion with my family in California, with 13 of us together for the first time in 18 years. Father may even now be reading about it, because before I left I wrote one of the 500-word letters that the Red Cross was to send ahead and have ready for the internees as each island and town was liberated. We hope and pray that the day is not far off when all the fathers, husbands, sons, relatives, and friends may be holding their separate family reunions, and that those who can never share these reunions may not have given their all in vain."

We have received a new address from *Jeanette Starin Sagal*, '23-'24: 97 Dyer Street, New Haven, Connecticut. Jeanette has one son, Alan, born on Pearl Harbor Day, December 7, 1941.

Members of the Class of 1926 extend sympathy to *Mary Witschief Wood*, whose father, New York Supreme Court Justice Graham Witschief, died in January.

Helen D. Peterson, '26, is working for the War Department in Honolulu, Hawaii.

Isabelle Thompson Bourgeault, '24-'25, writes that her days are full, with part-time work in an insurance office, teaching drama-tics, making Red Cross surgical dressings, and caring for her 18-months-old son. Mr. Bourgeault is in the U. S. Army.

Who has said that the carryall of olden days is outmoded? Glance at the picture which I have just received from Laddy (*Evelyn Ladd Rublee*, '28), showing a four-wheeled vehicle drawn by a well groomed pony which looks as though he might have stepped out of a Barnum and Bailey show. The entire family has been snugly tucked in by Laddy herself, who looks as though she has been acting as family field marshal.

Donald, *Isabelle (Isabelle Daggett Wilson*, '29), and Marilyn Wilson did not forget

Lasell at the holiday season. We appreciate their unusually beautiful greeting.

From 407 Seabreeze Avenue, Palm Beach, Florida, *Catherine Worrall Clarke*, '28, writes that she is associated with Harrison Snider, Inc., as interior decorator. Last summer she was head councilor at Camp Newfound, Harrison, Maine.

Sylvia Huston Rourke's ('29) permanent address is R.F.D. 2, Box 98, Charlottesville, Virginia.

Eleanor McKenney Black, '30, recently took over her new duties as occupational therapist at Bald Pate Inn, Georgetown, Massachusetts.

Doris Alley, WP '28-'30, is now Mrs. Joseph M. Berney, of 633 Pioneer Drive, Glendale 3, California.

Lasell Junior College extends sympathy to *Nancy Pepper Brown*, '29-'30, and *Betty Pepper McCracken*, '30-'32, on the passing of their mother, Mrs. Crawford A. Pepper, January 19, 1945.

A brief surprise visit from *Karin Eliasson Monroe*, '31 (faculty '33-'42) was enjoyed by the new as well as the old Lasell girls and faculty. Her husband, Comdr. Henry S. Monroe, USN, is stationed in Washington, D. C., after six months' submarine duty in the Pacific. Karin brought snapshots of their little daughter, Ann, a future Lasell dove.

Agatha Canfield, '31, has a full schedule as director of the Junior Chorus in her county, church organist, teacher in a private school for boys, besides having several private piano pupils. We were sorry to learn that Agatha's mother, Mrs. Erwin S. Canfield, passed away last July.

One of our prize greeting cards came from *Mildred Fischer Langworthy*, '31, bearing a charming picture of her little son, Theodore, six years old, who entered the University Military School in Mobile, Alabama, last September. Even now this little soldier has to us the bearing of a commander. His father, Comdr. E. D. Langworthy, has been port director of Mobile for over three years.

Sarah B. Fletchall, '31, was an inspector in a defense plant for 22 months until last September when two or three plants closed. At present she is working in the book department of the Grant Paper Company.

Eleanor Idler, '31, American Red Cross hospital social worker, is with a general hospital in India, but may be transferred to China in the near future.

Recently *Eunice Stack*, '31, was commissioned an ensign in the Navy Nurse Corps. She received her training at the United Hospital, Port Chester, New York, from which she was graduated in 1937. Since January 1941 she has been associated with Russell Birdsall and Ward in Port Chester, as factory nurse in charge of the medical bureau.

Harriette Bunker, WP '30-'31, is a 2nd lieutenant in the Army Nurse Corps.

Barbara Cowdrey Alexik, '32, and her husband, Mr. Frank S. Alexik, are living in Stillwater, New York, where Mr. Alexik is music supervisor in the public schools. Barbara is doing substitute work in the grades and high school.

In October the commanding general of a U. S. Army infantry division in the European war theater sent the following commendation to an American Red Cross director overseas:

"I desire to express to you my deep appreciation and the appreciation of every man in this division for the splendid service rendered by the Clubmobile personnel of Group E to [this] division.

"When these Clubmobiles were presented to the division in England, their potentiality was little realized. However, as the campaign has progressed the service rendered the division by Group E cannot be measured by words. During the past week every infantryman of this division has been served while occupying portions of the Siegfried Line. This was done under extremely difficult conditions: inclement weather, broken equipment, and physical hardships.

"The tenacity of purpose and courage of *Miss Elizabeth Schuller* [Lasell, '33] and Red Cross girls of her group . . . shown in serving

this division under these trying conditions has helped immeasurably and will long be remembered by the men of this command."

Later an Associated Press dispatch from Paris, dated January 5, reported that group captain *Elizabeth Schuller* and her four crew members were at a town behind the new American lines after fleeing from the Nazi breakthru in Belgium. They were hoping to salvage as much of their clubmobile equipment as possible.

Bobbie Davis Massey, life secretary of the Class of 1934, has moved to 1371 Hampton Road, Grosse Pointe Woods 30, Michigan, as her husband, Mr. Robert A. Massey, has been transferred to Detroit.

Reda Bartlett Degree, '34, wrote from Windsor, Vermont, late in November:

"After December 1 my address will be 208 Coburn Avenue, Worcester 4, Massachusetts, as my husband [Mr. Robert T. Degree] accepted a position with the Ashworth Howard Card Clothing Company there.

"I saw *Janice Piper Baird*, '35, on Thanksgiving day, as she was home for the weekend. Her son, Johnny, is a fine youngster and a great friend of my Bobby.

"My sons, Robert and Stephen, are my pride and joy. It seems almost impossible that youngsters can grow as fast as they have. Robert will start kindergarten next fall.

"*Lucina Cummings Carr*, '34, recently wrote that she had been visiting *Dee Richardson Smith*, '34, in Fall River. Dee's little daughter, Melinda, started school in September."

Eleanor M. Elms, '34, holds a military substitute's position with the S.P.C.C. in Boston. She has an A.B. degree from Connecticut College for Women, and B.S. and M.S. degrees from Simmons Graduate School.

Capt. John M. Huggett, USMCR, husband of *Mary Fitch Huggett*, '34, left in September for active duty in the Pacific area.

In a note just received, *Cindy King Haskins*, '35, writes:

"I have little time for correspondence with my friends for I am busy writing to my hus-

band [Comdr. E. D. Haskins, USN] and caring for two lively children. Our little daughter, Barbara, is five years old and is already beginning to have that 'Lasell look' in her eyes!"

Lasell Junior College extends sympathy to *Barbara Henry Kop*, '34-'35, whose brother, Ensign Richard Kirk Henry, Jr., USNR, died in the service of his country last December.

Janice Piper Baird, '35, has an editorial position with the Dewey Shorthand Corporation in New York City, and is living at 23 West 89th Street.

Persis Jane Peeples, '34-'35, daughter of *Mary Florine Thielens Peeples*, '04-'05, is an ensign in the WAVES, stationed in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Dot Ell, '36, now a lieutenant junior grade in the WAVES, has been transferred from Sampson, New York, to Boston.

Lt. John S. Hay, brother of *Priscilla Hay Nichols*, '36, has officially been reported by the War Department as having died in action. A United States Army Air Forces bombardier, John was reported missing in a bombing raid over Ludwigshaven, Germany, December 30, 1943.

We are happy to welcome *Margaret Pearl Ide*, '36, and her two small sons, Tim and Bill, to Auburndale. They are living nearby for the winter, and expect to return to their home in Danville, Vermont, this spring. Peg's husband, Dick, is with an infantry division overseas.

Midge Reed Colley, '36, writes that she is busy taking care of her two sons and doing the bookkeeping for her husband's cranberry business.

Recently *Hilda Katersky Zaslow*, '36, visited *Jeanne Siff Tapper*, '36, in Jacksonville, Florida, and reports an enjoyable time. We were indeed sorry to learn from Hilda of the passing of Mr. Joseph Levine, husband of *Arlene Kerr Levine*, '36.

We have been wondering where *Marian Mapes*, '36, found such a charming Christmas card. It represents a village church in the

snow, and around the picturesque tower some little white doves are twirling.

Elizabeth Doe Houston, '35-'36, has two children, Mary Elizabeth, five, and Everett Merrill, Jr., who will be two in March. Betty's husband, Everett M. Houston, is a gunner in the Navy Air Corps.

Jane Eldridge Meaney, '37, has moved to 1108 Putnam Avenue, Plainfield, New Jersey. She writes of a recent dinner party with *Renie Dreissigacker Brimlow*, '37, *Sy Seidler*, '38, and *Ruth Meighan*, '38.

Margery Fothergill, '37, American Red Cross Hospital Staff Aide, went to France shortly after D-Day, and has been with a field hospital close behind the lines in France and Belgium ever since. She praises the excellent work being carried on by Army doctors and nurses and tells of the important part she has seen blood plasma play in the saving of lives of our boys over there.

From New York comes this letter from *Rae Salisbury*, '37:

"Hattie [*Harriet Petz Thompson*, '35] writes that she has seen *Lt. Rosalie Martin*, faculty '31-'43, several times, and that she is well and loves the WAVES.

"I see *Cindy King Haskins*, '35, frequently. Her husband [*Enrique D. Haskins*] has been awarded the Navy Cross and promoted to the rank of Commander, USN.

"Received a letter from *Phyl Atkinson Stone*, '34, recently. She was at Cape May, New Jersey, but expected her husband [*Lt. Arthur D. Stone*] to be sent overseas soon."

Flight Officer John W. Ross, RCAF (husband of *Louise Turner Ross*, '36-'37), missing in action since June 15, 1944, when he was piloting a Typhoon on a reconnaissance flight over France, has been reported a prisoner of war in Germany.

Dorothy Schwarz Foster, '38, recently moved into her new home at 404 Ludlow Avenue, Spring Lake, New Jersey.

Last May *Ritamae Hinchliffe*, '38, joined the WAVES, and after "boot training" at Hunter College and yeoman school at Cedar

Falls, Iowa, she is stationed in Washington, D. C.

Jean Allen Bird, '38, has notified the Alumnae Office of her change of address from Boston to 775 Trapelo Road, Waltham 54, Massachusetts.

Peggy Jones, '38, writes that *Kay Bartlett Mosher*, '38, is living at home, 10 Standish Road, Wellesley Hills 82, Massachusetts, while her husband, Jack Mosher, is overseas.

Elizabeth Leland Kibbe, '38, has moved to 71 Woodland Road, Auburndale 66, Massachusetts. Her husband, Staff Sgt. Gordon Kibbe, U.S.A., is overseas.

Another change of address received recently is that of *Elisabeth Sylvester Robinson*, '38, 785 Crescent Avenue, Buffalo, New York.

Louise Mosher, '37-'38, is seaman first class at the Cape May, New Jersey, Naval Base.

Mrs. Statira P. McDonald has kindly shared with us a letter from 1st Lt. *Emilie Berkley*, WAC, faculty '35-'43, of The Greenway Apartment, 117-A, 34th and Charles Streets, Baltimore 18, Maryland. She writes that *Margaret Dunham*, faculty '39-'41, has been promoted to 1st lieutenant in the WAC, and is stationed at Edgewood Arsenal. Recently *Helen Bogert*, '40, PhM 3/c, USCG (WR), spent the day with Emilie in Baltimore.

Ruth Weymouth, '39, SK 2/c, USCG (WR), wrote to *Helen Beede*, '21, at Christmas time:

"I joined the Coast Guard last January, and after spending six weeks in 'boot training' and 15 weeks in storekeeper's school, was sent to Norfolk, Virginia. From there I was transferred to Baltimore, Maryland, where I am now stationed. My work at the Coast Guard Commissary Warehouse is very interesting. We have a small General Mess which issues to small boats stationed in and around Chesapeake Bay, and I keep the books for the General Mess Store and have numerous other duties."

Mr. and Mrs. Richard P. Stout (*Sarajenny Annis*, '39, faculty '40-'42) have moved to 24 Creeley Road, Waverley 79, Massachusetts.

Parthena Whipple, '39, is assistant buyer

of the handkerchief department at Porteous, Mitchell and Braun Company, Portland, Maine.

Alumnae and friends will be saddened to learn of the untimely death of *Miss Eleanor E. Mulloy* on November 25, 1944, and will share the sorrow of the Lasell staff in the passing of a very dear friend and colleague. Twenty-two years of service are a high tribute to her loyalty and devoted interest in all that concerned Lasell's welfare and progress.

She was a talented musician and in her earlier years at the college played the cello with the school and community orchestra. The secretarial training which she had acquired at Bryant and Stratton Business College as a pupil of Mr. Walter R. Amesbury, then a member of the teaching staff, was the fine background for her later work as private secretary to Mr. Amesbury when he became treasurer of the college.

To those of us who knew her as a friend, no written tribute could express our sense of loss. True friendship needs neither symbol nor token, and our remembrance, sincere and heartfelt, will be the knowledge that her place on the staff will never be filled with the same keenness, graciousness and understanding that so distinguished her association with Lasell. We, her friends, delighted in her sense of humor and capacity for fun; admired her skill and efficiency; commended her devotion to her family with whom she spent her weekends in East Braintree, and enjoyed her company at our house parties.

Because Eleanor was so much a part of our daily routine, she will not be missed less in the years to come but rather more, for the splendid courage and selflessness which marked her career here has made us humbly proud to call her Friend.

Occasionally a word from *Sgt. and Mrs. Donald J. Winslow* (*Lois Nelson*, faculty '37-'43) in Idaho, strengthens our hope that at some future date they may make their permanent home in New England. Their ex-

pressions of loyalty recalled to mind Dr. William L. Stidger's poem, "The Lovely Rolling Hills of Old New England," written after a visit to the Canadian Rockies. Dr. Stidger, gifted member of the Boston University faculty and author of many inspiring poems, has generously permitted us to quote from this poem:

THE LOVELY ROLLING HILLS OF OLD
NEW ENGLAND

WILLIAM L. STIDGER

I like the rugged reach of mighty mountains,
I like the redwood trees that tip the sky;
The Douglas fir, the cedar and sequoia,
The peaks that soar in majesty, on high.

I like the mountain passes and the sky-lines,
Glacial meadows and the thunder that appalls,
I like the rushing tumult of the torrents
Where sky-flung floods in fury shoot the falls.

I like the rugged trails that skirt the sky-lines,
The rough volcanic wastes that stir and chill;
I like the bare and granite peaks of silence,
The far and fearless spaces—solemn, still.

But I'll be glad to see the peaceful rivers,
And I'll be glad to walk the ways I've known
Along the little paths that cross the meadows,
And down the lowly trail that leads me home.

And I'll be glad to see the little gardens,
The lakes that lap in love along our shore,
The lovely rolling hills of old New England
Where I'll forget the glacier and its roar.

Yes, I'll be glad to hear soft winds that whisper
Though maple trees where humble grasses grow,
And I'll be glad to walk the wistful lowlands
Where memories of childhood come and go.

Classmates and friends of *Priscilla Aiken*, '40, extend their sympathy on the recent passing of her father, Mr. Henry M. S. Aiken, of Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts.

Helen Bogert, '40, is pharmacist's mate third class in the SPARS, stationed in New York.

Cynthia Davis, '40, has been teaching in a nursery school in New York City, and living at 74 Charles Street.

Edith Forman, '40, writes from her home in Brooklyn, New York:

"Have had some good times with Camie [*Camie Porter Morison*, '40] since she returned, and Sleeper [*Priscilla Sleeper Sterling*, '40] is here too, though I haven't seen her or the baby yet. We had some excitement recently when *Ruth Watson*, '40, left for overseas duty with the Red Cross."

Also in Red Cross service overseas is *Lillian Grace*, '40, who has arrived in England to serve the armed forces as an American Red Cross staff assistant.

Pat Kieser, '40, S 1/c (Aer M) in the WAVES, is stationed at Bunker Hill Naval Air Station, Peru, Indiana.

Camie Porter Morison, '40, is living at home while Bill is overseas with the headquarters detachment of a medical unit.

Julia Rankin, '40, Sp (S) 2/c, USNR (W), is at Treasure Island, California, and *Verne Brown*, '39-'40, S 1/c (Y), USCG (WR), is stationed in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

In Washington, D. C., *Barbara Mayhew*, '40, has a position with the Signal Corps.

In January, *Janet Jansing*, life secretary, sent news of her '41 classmates: *Grace Sheffer*, SK 3/c, USNR (W), is living at 441 South 17th Street, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and *Tex Weatherby*, HA 1/c, is stationed at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Farragut, Idaho.

In England, *Rosalind Kaspar*, '40-'41, is doing secretarial work for the American British Laboratories.

Jean Bohacket, '41, has been promoted to Lt. (jg) in the WAVES. She is stationed in Washington, D. C.

Dorothy Walker, PhM 1/c, USNR (W), is stationed at the Naval Medical Supply Depot in Oakland, California. She was home in December to see her fiancé, Capt. John W. Hughes, fighter pilot in the 9th Air Force, recently returned from duty overseas.

One of the outstanding students in her class at the University of Texas, *Laura Kuykendall*, Lasell '40-'41, received her M.A. degree last February. She was elected to membership in Phi Beta Kappa, and was also a

member of the Pieran Literary Society, Pi Sigma Alpha (political science), Sigma Delta Pi (Spanish, vice-president), Mortarboard, and was Panhellenic representative of Delta Delta Delta. Since April 1944 she has been working for Braniff Airways, Laredo, Texas. She is the daughter of *Ethel Murray Kuykendall*, '15.

Elaine Schultz Kruttschnitt, '40-'41, was graduated from Bucknell University in June with an A.B. degree in modern languages.

Constance Courtois, '42, SK 3/c in the WAVES, is stationed at the Naval Air Station, De Land, Florida.

Miss Sally E. Turner of the Lasell faculty, has kindly shared with us a letter from *Nancy Gorton*, '42, S 2/c, USNR (W), who recently completed six weeks' training at Hunter College, and who has since been transferred to Washington, D. C. Nancy writes:

"I am working in the Hydrographic Office which is a branch of the Bureau of Chief of Naval Operations. All our work and methods have a very high security placed on them so there is little to say except that the work is fascinating and I think I am very fortunate to be stationed here. I share an apartment with three other Waves, and we do all our own cooking. The Navy furnishes the apartment and we receive subsistence for food. I love everything about the WAVES, and wouldn't give up a bit of it."

Our congratulations to *Claire DeConto Trodella*, '42, on her fine record at Boston University, from which she was graduated last year. She was editor-in-chief of the all-university yearbook, the *Hub*, and was also elected to the honorary society, Scarlet Key.

Carol Payne Bramley, '42, and her small son are living on Devon Road, Colonia, New Jersey, for the duration. Capt. Bramley is overseas.

Phyllis Reinhardt, '42, is working in the yarn department at R. H. White's, Boston.

Pvt. June Homan, '41-'42, is a member of the WAC Squadron at the Reno, Nevada, Army Air Base.

Mary V. Hurley, life secretary, Class of 1942, reports a recent reunion in New York. Present for this gala occasion were *Helen Cizek*, nurse trainee at Presbyterian Hospital; *Mary Ann Fisher*, medical student at Ohio State University; *Barbara Edwards*, who works for New Departure Division of General Motors in Bristol, Connecticut; *Anne Witney*; *Helen S. Sullivan*, Y 3/c in the WAVES, stationed at Floyd Bennett Field, Brooklyn; and *Mary Hurley*, doing publicity work for General Electric in Schenectady. *Jean Hardy*, Y 3/c in the WAVES in Washington, and *Mildred Fraser* had hoped to be present, but at the last minute were unable to attend. The girls in New York were able to talk to Jean by telephone however.

Two members of the Class of 1942, now in the WAVES, have recently sent changes of address to the Alumnae Secretary: *Elaine Evans*, Y 2/c, is in the Issuing Office, 11th Naval District, San Diego, California. *Nina Hobson*, SK 2/c, has been transferred from Cleveland, Ohio, to the Disbursing Office, U. S. Naval Ammunition Depot, Hingham, Massachusetts.

Pfc. Marie L. Good, '43, U.S.M.C. (WR), is stationed at Camp Pendleton, Oceanside, California; *Mary Ledbetter*, '43, of the W.A.C. is at Buckley Field, Denver, Colorado, and *Elaine Towne*, '43, AM 3/c in the WAVES, is at the U. S. Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Florida. Congratulations to *Marie*, who won second prize on Kay Kyser's radio show from Camp Pendleton early in November.

Jane Hickman, '43, studying technical production at the Yale Department of Drama, New Haven, was scene technician for an original Yale production, *Uptown*, presented in January.

Muriel Humphrys, '43, *Dorothy Mitchell*, '43, and *Ruby Nichols*, '43, graduates of the Jordan Marsh Executive Training Course, are continuing work in the merchandising field. Muriel is an interviewer in the employment office, and Dorothy is a copy writer in the fashion division at Jordan's. Ruby was assistant buyer in one of Jordan's dress depart-

ments, but left to take over the management of a small specialty shop in her home town, Exeter, New Hampshire.

From *Miss Marion Macdonald* of the Lasell home economics department we learn that *Betty Schmidt*, '43, is studying at Katharine Gibbs secretarial school.

Jane Tarbutton, '43, will receive her degree in merchandising from the Richmond Professional Institute of the College of William and Mary, this June. During six weeks before Christmas she was in charge of the Personnel Department in Rich's Fashion Store, Norfolk, Virginia.

Sue White, '43, SC 3/c, USNR (W), has been transferred from New York City to Washington, D. C., where she is living at WAVE Quarters D, Massachusetts and Nebraska Avenues.

Members of the Lasell family join in expressing their sympathy to *Betty Schmidt Krause*, faculty '42- , whose husband, S/Sgt. Paul J. Krause, USA, was killed in action in Germany, November 24, 1944. Sgt. Krause was a member of the 104th Infantry (Timber Wolf) Division. Betty is the daughter of *Julia Potter Schmidt*, Lasell '06.

Congratulations to *Jean (Soupie) Campbell*, '44, on her election as vice-president-secretary of her dormitory at Pembroke. *Soupie* is also a member of the college glee club.

Bunny Curtiss, '44, wrote in December that she would be graduated from the WAVES storekeeper school at Georgia State College in January. She saw *Bobbie Beall*, '43-'44, *June Trani*, '44, and *Janet Stevenson*, '44, in "boot camp" at Hunter College, New York. Bobbie has since been transferred to Corpus Christi, Texas, where she is a hospital apprentice second class at the Naval Hospital.

From *Norma Badger*, '44, we learn that *Joe Leroy*, '44, is an undergraduate at the University of Tennessee, and that *Ellen Wester*, '44, is a section manager at Holmes' in Maplewood, New Jersey.

Barbara Goodwin, '44, is living at 3427 Martha Custis Drive, Alexandria, Virginia,

while her father, Massachusetts Congressman Angier L. Goodwin, is in Washington.

Beverly Wright, '44, writes with enthusiasm of her work at Taunton State Hospital, where she is student technician in the laboratory.

Jane Ohnemus, '43-'44, has joined the Cadet Nurse Corps, and is studying at nearby Newton Hospital.

Recently cited for excellence in scholarship at the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy was *Bella Y. Baker* of Georgetown, Lasell '43-'44.

Lasell Alumnae, Inc.

One hundred thirty-nine members and guests of the *Lasell Alumnae, Inc.*, gathered at the Sheraton Room of the Copley Plaza Hotel, Boston, Saturday afternoon, February 10, 1945, for the annual Midwinter Reunion and luncheon. A record attendance of more than 175 had been expected until two days before the luncheon, when the worst snow-storm Boston has experienced in several years forced many to cancel their reservations.

We missed our toastmistress of many years standing, Dean Emeritus *Lillie R. Potter*, '80, who was unable to attend because of the storm, but we were glad to have a message of greeting from her.

Louise Tardivel Higgins, '37, was a very able toastmistress. We heard brief messages from our alumnae association president, *Dorothy Barnard*, '24; *Irene Gahan Burbank*, '38, vice-president and chairman of the luncheon; *Dr. and Mrs. Guy M. Winslow*; *Mr. Walter R. Amesbury*, treasurer of the college; *Miss Phyllis Hoyt*, dean; *Miss Mary W. Blatchford*, registrar; *Mrs. Statira P. McDonald*; *Mr. Raymond C. Wass*, assistant to Dr. Winslow; *Phyllis Rafferty Shoemaker*, '22, who brought greetings from the *Lasell Club of New York*; *Susan Slocum*, president of the senior class, and *Esther Sosman*, '36, college alumnae secretary. We were glad to have news of *Miss Margaret Rand* and *Miss Grace Irwin*, who for many years served Lasell as teachers and as dean and registrar respectively. Miss Rand sent her greetings from 104 Pleasant Street, Concord, New Hampshire,

where she now resides. Miss Irwin suffered a broken hip after a fall in December, and is now at the Spring Hill Rest Home, East Sandwich, Massachusetts, c/o Mrs. Orcutt.

Lasell is carrying on despite fuel, food, and help problems. The demand for junior college training has grown so great that already our enrollment for the coming year is almost complete. We learned of the various improvements which have taken place on the campus during the year since our last gathering in Boston, of changes in the curriculum, and of student organizations and social activities of the Lasell girls of today. The afternoon proved to be both interesting and informative, and we are looking forward to our next midwinter gathering in 1946.

The following have recently become life members of the *Lasell Alumnae, Inc.*: *Eleanor Dresser Gross*, '36-'37; *Nancy N. Gorton*, '42; *Effie M. Prickett*, '91; *Marian E. Fitts*, '41; *Ada F. Patterson*, '15; *Dorothy Hayward Sutherland*, '29; *Eleanor Kenney Barthold*, '37; *Lilian M. Douglass*, '07; *Margaret Pearl Ide*, '36.

Chicago Lasell Club

Catherine Morley King, '29, of Wilmette, was elected president of the *Chicago Lasell Club* at the annual fall meeting.

New Haven Lasell Club

The first meeting of the *New Haven Lasell Club* for 1944-45 was held at the home of the president, *Frances Stephan*, '38. Officers elected at that time were: president, *Frances Stephan*, '38; vice-president, *Jeanette Gessner Somers*, '30; secretary, *Jean Adams*, '40; treasurer, *Eleanor J. Pfaff*, '41. Plans for the Christmas tea were discussed, with *Jean Adams* as chairman, and *Miriam Nye Newcomb*, '38, and *Virginia Wilhelm Peters*, '38, in charge of invitations.

The annual Christmas tea was held December 30 from four to six o'clock at the Hotel Taft. *Cornelia Hemingway Killam*, '22, and *Elsie Flight Wuestefeld*, '18, poured. We were happy to welcome as our guests Lasell undergraduates from New Haven and vicinity. Those attending were: *Cornelia Hemingway*

Killam, *Elsie Flight Wuestefeld*, *Mary King*, '38, *Jean Adams*, '40, *Madeline Vivian*, '41, *Jane Hickman*, '43, *Frances Stephan*, '38, *Mildred Munson*, '32, *Jeanette Gessner Somers*, '29, *Virginia Wilhelm Peters*, '38, *Barbara Schilf*, '40, *Helen Woodward*, '40, *Lee Osborn Robinson*, '41-'43, *Eleanore Whiting Pitt*, '37, *Etta Eldredge Long*, '40; and *Marjorie Beebe*, *Marjorie Millar*, *Claire Stolzenberg*, *Dorothy Morris*, and *Pat Luther*, undergraduates.

On January 8, 1945, *Charlotte Ockert*, '33, *Emma Ockert*, '26, *Mildred Munson*, '32, *Madeline Vivian*, '41, *Eleanor Pfaff*, '41, *Mary King*, '38, *Elsie Flight Wuestefeld*, '18, *Carol Burns*, '43, *Jean Adams*, '40 and *Frances Stephan*, '38, met at the home of *Virginia Wilhelm Peters*, '38, to roll bandages for the New Haven Hospital and make plans for the annual spring bridge, to be held at the New Haven Women's Club.

Virginia Wilhelm Peters, '38

Lasell Club of New York

The 52nd annual meeting and luncheon of the *Lasell Club of New York* was held on Saturday, February 3, 1945, at Midston House, New York City. *Sarah A. Moore*, '07-'08, was in charge of arrangements, and *Dean Phyllis Hoyt* was guest speaker from the college. A complete report of the meeting will be published in the next issue of the LEAVES.

Omaha and Council Bluffs Lasell Club

The *Omaha and Council Bluffs Lasell Club* is meeting as usual the third Tuesday of each month for a simple luncheon and an afternoon of sewing for the Visiting Nurse Association. The January meeting was held at the Fontenelle Apartment with *Alice Andreesen Dietz*, '95, hostess. In December members gathered at the home of *Elizabeth Allen Paxton*, '98, for a Christmas party. Sixteen were present for a delightful luncheon, Christmas tree, and exchange of small gifts.

Officers for 1944-45 are: *Martha Stone Adams*, '91-'93, president; *Dorothy Shove Kelloway*, '21, secretary; *Elizabeth Allen Paxton*, '98, treasurer.

LASELL IN THE SERVICES

WAVES

Ruth S. Anson, '41-'42
 Mildred Baldwin, '40
 Jean Morrison Bennett, '32-'35
 M. Jean Bohacket, '41
 Geraldine Pluff Boyer, '39
 Katherine I. Braithwaite, '29
 Priscilla L. Buck, '38-'39, '42-'43
 Mary E. Case, '37-'38
 Lucille Caton, '33-'35
 Laura Cobb, '37-'38
 Constance Courtois, '42
 Louise A. Crawford, '42
 Elizabeth L. Currier, '36-'37
 Elaine R. Curtiss, '44
 Janice Marr Demer, '39
 Nancy Drew, '38-'39
 Dorothy Ell, '36
 Marie C. Ellis, '43
 Elaine R. Evans, '41-'42
 Carolyn Craig Franklin (Librarian '42-'43)
 Janet Stevenson Gill, '44
 Nancy N. Gorton, '42
 Dorothy Green, '41
 Ruth M. Grover, '39
 Jean P. Hall, '43
 J. Gertrude Hannigan, '31-'32
 Susan Paisley Hansbury, '41
 Jean H. Hardy, '42
 Barbara M. Hayton, '42
 Ritamae Hinchliffe, '38
 Nina F. Hobson, '42
 Constance Ackerman Hunt, '39
 Pauline R. Kelly, '35
 Pat Kieser, '40
 Margaret Kuhns, '40
 Catherine S. Laffin, '35-'36
 Amoret Larchar, '33
 Jean E. Macdonald, '42
 Rosalie W. Martin (Faculty '31-'43)
 Patricia E. Maxwell, '42
 Margaret T. McEnerney, '38
 Elizabeth McGar, '42
 Priscilla Miller, '40
 Catherine Morrison, '41-'42

Dorothy A. Mosher, '42
 Louise E. Mosher, '37-'38
 Nancy A. Nettel, '41-'42
 Catherine E. Nolan, '33-'37
 Natalie E. Park, '32 (Faculty '36-'43)
 Persis Jane Peeples, '34-'35
 Madeline Perry, '36-'39
 Julia Rankin, '40
 Marion A. Roberts, '29 (former Enrollment Director)
 Janice A. Rogers, '39
 Grace Sheffer, '41
 Ruth W. Skinner, '44
 Doris L. Somerville, '40
 Despina Spring, '41
 Helen S. Sullivan, '42
 Elaine Towne, '43
 June M. Trani, '44
 Dorothy Walker, '41
 Marvine Weatherby, '41
 E. Sue White, '43
 Nathalie R. Williams, '40-'41

WAC

Emilie Berkley (Faculty '35-'43)
 Yvonne Birks (Faculty '27-'36)
 Jane Fowler Day, '31-'32
 Rita Driscoll, '37-'38
 Margaret U. Dunham (Faculty '39-'41)
 Ruth Fulton, '38
 Margaret E. Gamble (Faculty '39-'43)
 June Homan, '41-'42
 Elizabeth Houlton, '43-'44
 Elizabeth Kingsbury (Faculty '36-'42)
 Mary K. Ledbetter, '43
 Evangeline Lobdell, '39-'40
 Florence Longcope, '21-'22
 Lydia Parry, '24
 Bernice Schanberg Peachy, '36-'37
 Elizabeth M. Pfeiffer, '41
 Marion Howes Reed, '23-'24
 Katherine Tufts, '16-'19
 Corinne Werner, '41

MARINES

Barbara Birch, '43
 Elaine H. Cook, '41
 Adelaide P. Cotter, '38-'39
 Marie Good, '43
 Louise C. Kelly, '41
 Mary Louise Lappen, '41-'42
 Barbara Lownds, '41-'42
 Florence Evans McLaughlin, '40
 Dorothy B. Mitchell, '41
 Marjorie L. Richards, '30
 Shirley Egglefield Schless, '42
 Harold Schwab (Faculty '24-'42)
 Ruth A. (Kupe) Shepard, '39
 Martha G. Sweetnam, '36

RED CROSS OVERSEAS

Ruth E. Bull, '39
 Katharine Farnell, '39
 Margery Fothergill, '37
 Eleanor Fuller, '37-'38
 Patricia Gilbert, '35-'37
 Marjorie D. Gould (Faculty, '41-'44)
 Lillian Grace, '40
 Eleanor Idler, '31
 Arlene S. MacFarlane, '36-'37
 Elizabeth Schuller, '33
 Elizabeth H. Tracy, '37
 Mary A. Tucker, '29-'31

SPARS

Helen B. Bogert, '40
 Verne Brown, '39-'40
 Marcia Monaghan, '40-'41
 Dorothy L. Smith, '42-'44
 E. Jeanette Hall Stewart, '35
 Ruth Weymouth, '39

ARMY NURSE CORPS

Virginia Amesbury, '38
 Harriette L. Bunker, W.P. '30-'31
 Mary M. DeWolf, '24
 Katharine I. Edwards, '29
 Adeline Trafton, '25-'27

CADET NURSE CORPS

Audrey L. Herrmann, '43
 Jane Ohnemus, '43-'44
 Jean Zimmermann, '42

ARMY DIETITIANS CORPS

Frances Austin, '37
 Florence Spencer Ownby, '21-'22

NAVY NURSE CORPS

Edwina Kelley, '36-'37
 Eunice Stack, '31

CANADIAN WAC

Ann Carrington, '41-'42

LIFE SECRETARIES

1896. *Josephine Chandler Pierce* (Mrs. A. D.) 10 Dexter St., Malden 48, Mass.
1897. *Lena Josselyn Lamson* (Mrs. F. F.) 21 Waterston Rd., Newton 58, Mass.
1905. *Miriam Nelson Flanders* (Mrs. S. R.) Derby Line, Vt.
1906. *Edith Anthony Carlow* (Mrs. Harry) 60 Church Green, Taunton, Mass.
1908. *Lela Goodall Thornburg* (Mrs. H. D.) Box 789, Sanford, Me.
1910. *Olive Bates Dumas* (Mrs. G. C.) Box 216, Hanover, Mass.
1911. *Margaret Jones Clemen* (Mrs. R. A.) Edgerstoune Rd., Princeton, N. J.
1912. *Clara Parker Colby* (Mrs. J. T.) 75 Willett, Albany, N. Y.
1913. *Mary Fenno Stirn* (Mrs. A. L.) 56 Howard Ave., Staten Island 10, N. Y.
1914. *Ruth Thresher Jenks* (Mrs. R. R.) 90 Summit St., Pawtucket, R. I.
1915. *Nellie Woodward Collins* (Mrs. H. B.) 54 Lincoln St., Manchester, Mass.
1916. *Mabel Straker Kimball* (Mrs. R. M.) 79 Carpenter St., Foxboro, Mass.
1917. *Jessie Shepherd Brennan* (Mrs. H. M.) 105 West 55th St., N. Y. C.
1918. *Barbara McLellan McCormick* (Mrs. R. W.) 9 Chamblet St., Dorchester 22, Mass.
1919. *Mercie V. Nichols*, 59 Ripley Road, Cohasset, Mass.
1920. *Eleanor Thompson Cline* (Mrs. S. S.) Amenia, N. Y.
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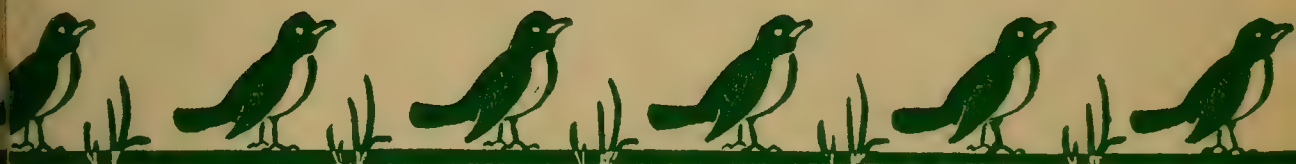
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Editorial Comment

"I WONDER who drew that!" Has this been your thought, as you thumbed through the LEAVES? Maybe, underneath the cartoon, or the fuzzy monkey, or the geometric pattern, you spotted some initials and tried to guess the identity of "N C", or "A N" or "H". Let's push back these screens of anonymity and focus the spotlight on the LEAVES illustrators:

Heading this team, of course, is our art editor, Isabella McEwen, from Bay Shore, Long Island, who designs the covers.

* * *

Also majoring in fashion, as is the Art Editor, other contributors are Barbara Birnbaum, Shaker Heights, Ohio; Nona Culver, Naugatuck, Connecticut; Kathleen Ford, Wollaston; Florence Lewis, New Rochelle, New York; Eleanor Lincoln, East Orange, New Jersey, and Janet Vaill, from Lakeville, Connecticut. Joint fashion and advertising majors are Marilyn Kelley, Springfield, Ohio, and Ann Nelson, a day student from Jamaica Plain. A senior, Constance Blades of Brockton, specializes in advertising and interior decoration; Beverly Moore of Worcester is another advertising major.

* * *

Among the juniors who, enrolled as liberal arts students, elected drawing and design or fashion, are Beverly Armstrong, Plymouth; Lucy Clark, Brighton; Beverly Harris, Croton-on-Hudson, New York; Patricia Reynolds,

Upper Montclair, New Jersey, and Corinne Wilkins, from Danvers. Three merchandising juniors have contributed to the lay-out: Barbara Banser, Maplewood, New Jersey; Sally Breckenridge, Akron, Ohio, and Betty Renison, Westbury, Long Island. The work of a secretarial student, Sally Atwater, West Newton, who transferred to Lasell from Edgewood Park, is also contained within these covers.

* * *

Especially, we acknowledge Miss Virginia Carter, Lasell's instructor in crafts and fashion, whose full-page cartoons appeared in the Autumn LEAVES. Ann Nelson also donated the large drawing illustrating "Sunlight and Shadows" in the same issue.

* * *

In the Winter LEAVES, there were four full-page drawings: the frontispiece by Nona Culver, the skaters on page eleven by Corinne Wilkins, the illustration for "A Neighborhood Grocer" by Marilyn Kelley, and the illustration for "The Feel of a Library," on page seven by Ann Nelson.

* * *

This issue contains two large drawings. Ann Nelson again contributed the sketch for the story "Tommy and I" and Marilyn Kelley illustrated the story "A Baker's Dozen."

* * *

Many thanks, artists, from the editors and the readers of the LEAVES.

LEAVES STAFF FOR 1944-45

Editor-in-Chief—DOROTHY DOMINA
Associate Editor—VIRGINIA PHILLIPS
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LASELL LEAVES

VOL. LXX LASELL JUNIOR COLLEGE, AUBURNDALE, BOSTON, MASS., SPRING, 1945

NO. 3

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Commencement Activities

FRIDAY, MAY 11—8:30 P.M. LASELL NIGHT AT THE POPS, Symphony Hall, Boston

WEDNESDAY, MAY 16—8:15 P.M. COMMENCEMENT CONCERT, Winslow Hall

THURSDAY, MAY 24—2:00 P.M. CANOE RACES, Charles River

THURSDAY, MAY 31—3:30 P.M. MAY FETE—Crowning of the Queen, Bragdon Lawn
Style Show, Winslow Hall
Dance Pageant, Recreation Field

SATURDAY, JUNE 2—3:30 P.M. ALUMNAE DAY

3:30 P.M. ALUMNAE MEETING, Bragdon Chapel

5:30 P.M. ALUMNAE SUPPER (Tickets Necessary)
Bragdon Hall

5:30 P.M. SENIOR SPREAD, Winslow Hall

7:45 P.M. CLASS NIGHT EXERCISES (Cards Necessary)
Recreation Field

9:45 P.M. INFORMAL RECEPTION, Woodland Hall

SUNDAY, JUNE 3—4:00 P.M. BACCALAUREATE SERMON, Winslow Hall
Robert Clyde Yarbrough, Ph.D.

MONDAY, JUNE 4—8:30 A.M. LAST CHAPEL, Winslow Hall

10:45 A.M. COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS, Winslow Hall
Walter Crosby Eells, Ph.D.

12:00 M. FAREWELL AT THE CROW'S NEST, Bragdon Lawn

12:30 P.M. COMMENCEMENT LUNCHEON, Bragdon Hall

Accent on Journalism

SOMEONE, when inquiring about your curriculum at Lasell, invariably asks you *why* you take a certain course. Most of the time the answer is either that you need it in order to have the necessary number of points for graduation, or that it is considered a "must" in your course, especially if you are planning to transfer to a senior college. Those are usually the two reasons given—the only alternative reason being that you are very much interested in the course and what it can mean to you in your future career, whether it be in marriage or in the business world.



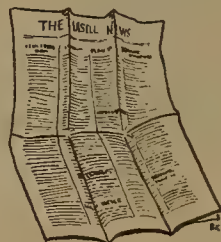
Thus, when asked why I take Journalism, I usually reply in the latter way—I am extremely interested in creative writing as a means of expressing myself entertainingly yet convincingly. This is something, I believe, every intelligent person should develop, whether or not she will have a specific use for it. In the business world, this ability would be invaluable, and, if the contemplation of marriage as a career is forecast in your mind, a skill in writing is of no small advantage. Take, for example, the daily letters you will necessarily be called upon to write as a sociable young matron. Nothing is as annoying or discouraging to receive as is a dull letter—a dull letter serves only to mark you as a listless, unimaginative person. Remember—you are what you write just as you



are what you say and do. Writing, too, portrays your personality.

Everywhere today people, who can write with skillful imagination, are looked up to as people worth knowing. In order to be able to put across your ideas, opinions, and knowledge of a certain subject, you must: (1) have an excellent understanding of your subject, (2) be interested in that subject, and (3) be able to make your reader as interested in the subject as you are. This can be done only if you can write your material in an entertaining way, keeping foremost in your mind that you are trying to make your reader understand the subject (that's where the skill comes in—make your reader *want* to know about what you have to tell him by giving him that material in a vivid fashion). Take, for example, the professional man—a scientist, specifically. Doesn't he have to write both entertainingly and convincingly? Of course! His reports and articles must necessarily be convincing at all times, and, if he seeks to attract the eye of the general public to his inventions, ideas, or what-have-you, he *has* to present his material in an appealing way so as to interest his audience. And so it is with anybody in any occupation. It is an obvious fact that the ability to write has never been a hindrance, but always a valuable aid in the world of business.

At Lasell there are two courses in Journalism. The first year we deal primarily with



the newspaper angle. Besides acquiring skill in the gathering and writing of the news, editorials, and features, we also learn how to edit copy, proof-read correctly, and how to dummy the paper for the publisher. (Visiting a large newspaper plant supplements the class work.) If initiative, ability, and reliability in this work is shown, we are eligible for positions on the staff of both the *Lasell News* and on the *LASELL LEAVES*.

Journalism II deals primarily with magazine article writing, and the creation of short stories appropriate for a magazine. This course should definitely determine whether or not we can write, *and* write articles and stories that will *sell*.

In reality, there is a third course to be mentioned. Creative writing, though not slanted directly for periodicals, is thoroughly as interesting and helpful in learning self-expression. In this course the technical points of journalistic writing are not as much emphasized as is the creativeness and originality.

Now the question invariably is: How do you know if you can write? Find out—don't just ponder. Pondering is as helpful as day-dreaming—neither get you anywhere. Take advantage of the opportunity offered at Lasell to develop any writing skills you may possess.

To apply my knowledge of the advertising technique—Don't Hesitate! Enroll Now! Time Is Wasting! And—who can tell—you may be a budding Dorothy Thompson, or a famous war correspondent, or a well-known columnist, or a short-story writer, or—or you may even get married. But, whatever the situation, please don't be dull—when you write. And you will be called upon to write on many occasions—so be witty, entertaining, clever, and convincing! If you're the congenial extrovert, write in the manner in which you speak; if you're the introvert, you can express yourself clearly through your writing. Conclusion? Just this—when you write, eliminate deadly dullness—accentuate creative cleverness.

Emma Gilbert

News Flashes

February 17—Draper Tea Dance. The Draper girls make merry—in style!

March 16-17—"Kind Lady." The Lasell Workshop Players repeat their earlier success.

March 19—Red Cross Drive ends—with every house on campus contributing 100%.

March 20—Spanish Play. Senora Cobb's third year Spanish classes produce the humorous "La Suegra" (The Mother-in-Law).

March 22—End of third quarter. We seniors reach the homeward stretch, with our goal in sight at last! But a ten-day vacation comes first.

April 4—Back again!

April 10—The French classes present a scene from "The Barbier de Seville"—tres grande.

April 12—Dumbarton Oaks Speaker. Dr. Mather reviews the events as they happened at the Dumbarton Oaks Conference.

April 14—V-12 Dance. "The Gay 90's" theme and delicious refreshments plus V-12's from Harvard and M.I.T.—an evening of fun.

April 17—The second year Spanish students show their talent by producing "Uno De Tos Profesores Debe Casarse."

April 20—Senior Party and L.C.C.A. Bridge. The seniors hold an exclusive picnic supper, but get together afterwards with the underclassmen for a session of bridge at the Barn under the sponsorship of the L.C.C.A.

April 27—Kaffee Klatsch. An evening of novel entertainment given by the German classes.

May 12—May Cotillion. Our last dance of the year, and dance we do—amid the setting of a country fair.

Emma Gilbert



Cast for "Kind Lady"

1st row, seated, l. to r.: Jeanne Gilbert, June Ahner, Hibbard James, Patricia Luther. 2nd row, standing, l. to r.: Jack Shepard, Elizabeth Ward, Peter Dibble, Barbara Baner, Lucy Clark, Fritz Lamont, George Plimpton, Priscilla Peters.



Tommy and I

"Tommy was so thrilled with the music box—"

Tommy and I

FROM my bedroom window I can see Tommy walking down the wet London street, looking ardently up into his mother's face. He has just turned and waved good-bye to me as he has done for so long. Tommy and his mother have just been here for tea. Tommy's thirteen years old. I'm fourteen. Even though I'm a year older than he, Tommy says he thinks it would be all right if we got married some day because he's much, much older than I mentally. And I guess he's right. Besides he's already six inches taller than my five feet. Tommy says height has nothing to do with it, but I notice that he always straightens up proudly when I make the comparison between his height and mine. I say it often because I want to make Tommy happy. Mother says this talk of marriage at my age is merely puppy love—but Tommy and I, we know better.

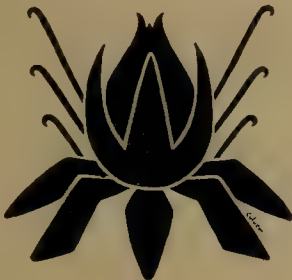
I've known Tommy ever since I was six years old. It was in 1937—almost three years before the war—that I met him. His mother and my mother went to school together in America. Mother had Aunt Mary out to tea one day, and Aunt Mary brought Tommy. Aunt Mary asked me to amuse Tommy, so I took him up to my room to hear my new music box. It played the "Blue Danube Waltz." I remember about that day so well. Tommy was so thrilled with the music box that when it was time to go home, he cried and cried because he didn't want to leave the pretty sounds in the "tinkle box." Even then I wanted to please Tommy, and, though I loved the new music box dearly, I let him



take it. He still has it. He doesn't play it anymore.

Aunt Mary used to come over to see Mother often, and she usually brought Tommy along with her, so Tommy and I soon became jolly friends. Tommy and I were in the same grade in school. And, since we went to different schools—he, to a private boys', I, to a girls'—we used to have contests to see which school "taught the best", and to see who had learned the most things. I guess Tommy went to a pretty good school, 'cause he got most of the points. I used to spend hours trying to think up a question that would stump Tommy. But I soon gave it up as an impossible task. You see, the one rule of the game was that we had to know the exact answers to the questions asked. And I never seemed to know the answer to a question that Tommy didn't also know the answer to. Once, though, I discovered a "big" question that I could ask. I didn't know the answer to it, but I thought it such a magnificent question that I just had to use it. So I asked Tommy. He admitted it to be a "right good question." I was so proud. Then he asked the answer. I had to reveal my crime. Tommy was very, very angry with me, and he said he never, never wanted to hear that I'd done such a thing again. He hasn't.

In 1939 the war broke out, and even during the months of "fake war", before the full horror of the destructive and ruthless Nazi air-machine hit us, we spent long hours in our air-raid shelters. Since we lived in the same district, Tommy's family and mine were





assigned to the same shelter. The hours we were forced to spend down in that dank hole were tiresome and tedious. The question-answer game had long since lost its savor, so we devised a new method of escaping that inevitable boredom. I would read aloud to Tommy. It never tired him to listen to me, and, though my eyes became blurred and weary after long stretches of reading, I would never give in. To hear Tommy say that listening to me read was the best thing he could think of doing was sufficient reward in itself.

Aunt Mary was always chiding me about my obvious admiration for Tommy. She said my eagerness to please him would soon make me his slave. But Tommy never took unfair advantage of me. He's like that—unselfish, and kind to everyone. Sometimes I wonder how he could ever have been so patient with me. I was forever asking stupid questions. Tommy would listen attentively, and then explain carefully what I wanted to know.

Tommy loves nature—when he was younger he would sit in the park for hours, listening to the different birds. Then he'd come home and imitate their cries. Everyone said Tommy had a keen ear for sound. He even learned to play the piano all by himself—by ear!

One day the Nazi bombers came over London in hordes. And they kept coming—more and more every time. Sometimes the skies were black with them. The government ordered all the women and children of London not necessary to the war production moved to the less dangerous country areas.

The day before Tommy and I were slated

to be moved the Nazis decided to give us a bang-up farewell party. They came over in droves, dropping their bombs by the thousands. I got down to the shelter just before the bombers arrived. Aunt Mary and Uncle Frank were there, but Tommy wasn't with them. Aunt Mary said he'd come in with her, and then wandered off somewhere. She said he was probably playing with the other children. I looked and looked. After completely searching the large shelter and not finding him, I began to get scared. The planes were directly overhead; the roar was deafening. Where could he be? And then I saw him—walking down the entrance slope. He was all right. He had a book in his hand. He'd gone back to get a book. Silly boy! But he wasn't hurt. The bombs I'd heard crashing a few minutes ago had missed him by some stroke of luck. We walked over to the side wall and sat down. I took the book and began to read. I read for a long time. The planes had gone. The "All Clear" would soon sound. I turned to Tommy. He was sleeping. Tommy is a light sleeper. I called his name softly. A little louder. Louder. And still louder. I was screaming and shouting his name. Tommy slept on. I was paralyzed with fear. I couldn't touch him. Everybody began to huddle around us. At first I thought he'd fainted. But Aunt Mary shook him and he awoke easily. And then we knew. Yes, the bombs had failed to make Tommy a "direct hit." But they'd done their damage once more.

Tommy has taken it in his stride. And he reads lips rather well now.

Emma Gilbert





On Temptation

"THE love of money is the root of all evil." So goes the ancient proverb. Believe it—or not. In our family there is a dispute that is a clash of fundamental ideas, or better yet, Mother thinks so and I don't.

I am told to look into the hard and sophisticated age in which I find myself, and take warning from the smug, the bitter, the hated and the captured, to learn that money should mean nothing. Do I want to go through life being able to buy happiness instead of making happiness? Do I want to be known as an idler, as a person with a glittering exterior and no heart or soul? No, no, I cry in protest! I am unheeded. I am told of the misery caused by "marriage for money." I am taken on an imaginary visit through the state penitentiary. I gaze upon the agonized souls, the lives of sin. "The love of money is the root of all evil!!" I shudder; I cringe; I am reminded of the touch of Midas. At this I weep—swear

never to spend foolishly another penny.

I am now reformed, no longer envious, no longer proud. Contempt is written in my gaze upon mansions, the splendor of millions. I meditate upon the futility of life, how it is wasted and ruined by those ever trying to climb the social ladder. I am calm and cool—and then! Suddenly I am attracted by an exquisite creation to be found in the most exclusive shop in town. My senses leave. I spend weeks scrimping and saving and then it is my own. I am happy as I have never been before. To think it is mine. How others must envy me. What joy money brings. How superb to be able to buy! Wherever I go I am applauded; I glow with contentment and self-satisfaction.

I have fallen again and it is just faintly at first that I hear my mother's voice. She asks, "Is it you or your possessions that are making such an impression?" A simple question, and yet the answer is all confusion. The root of all evil? It's up to you.

Kathleen Ford



Dancing Into Politics

THE life of the politician has always held a curious and undeniable attraction for me. There is something about the annual emergence from wherever they hide (and who ever sees a politician except when he is campaigning?) that is gay and elusive at sunlight. The swish of hula skirts, the Hawaiian voices as they sing-song their own merits, the gleam of a feather lei atop the head of a dignified orator, the slant-eyed urchins that follow the crowd—these pictures all flash vividly through my mind.

Everyone looks forward to election time in Hawaii. Then is the time of mad vying for the favor of the public, of giving luaus (feasts) for one hundred people and of feeding five hundred, of practicing hula steps—for what better way to judge a candidate than by the intricacy of his dancing?

I remember once in Kalihi-uka we went to a meeting where two big Hawaiian women, one a Republican and the other a Democrat, were trying to get the votes away from each other. Hawaiians never start a speech without several songs and a few hulas to mellow the crowd. When the band played "Wahine U'i", "Beautiful Woman", one of the women got up and swung into a hula step. She had no sooner finished a graceful 'round the island', when her opponent got up on the other end of the stage and started dancing a little faster, a little more elaborately.

Up got the first woman again and swayed low with bended knees in 'picking ti-leaves', a hard step for a two-hundred and fifty pounder. Nothing daunted the other who, with a grunt, launched into a 'figure 8'. Beads of perspiration stood out on her brown face as she swayed lower and lower, but she finished it, amid the riotous applause of the audience. She won the Supervisorship by a landslide.

Yes, there is something about politics that is utterly fascinating.

The strains of the music die away and one of the figures on the flower decked stage steps forward with a simple Hawaiian prayer. The orator always seems to start with a simple Hawaiian prayer where he gently implores the good Lord to send the opposing party right down to you-know-where. Then he starts his speech. "My friends, I am proud to say I was born right here in Honolulu (pause for loud cheers from relatives in the back row). I was educated at Kamehameha School for Hawaiians (more cheers). When I played football with the team in '32 we won the island championship (thunderous applause). I have been track coach for Kamehameha and football coach for Leilehua School. My brother Joe drives a garbage truck for da ceety and county" (suppressed sighs of admiration). This continues, including a brief summary of hobbies, friends, etc. The crowd listens enthusiastically to each candidate's athletic record and wildly ap-

plauds the graceful hulas of the women. Just before the final ballots are cast there is even more celebration and island liquor flows freely.

But even as the flowers wilt, the stands are torn down, and the successful candidates fade into the oblivion that is to be theirs for the next few years, I start looking forward to the next session of our own peculiar brand of politics.

Linda Mangelsdorf



SONG OF THE SEA

Come, little children, come with me,
Over the hills and down to the sea,

Down to the rocks and golden sand
Out to a stretch of liquid land;

The smell of seaweed, the whip of air,
Wrinkling nostril, and ruffling hair;

Snowy white foam lapping the shore,
Waves dancing out and returning for more.

Out on the line where sea kisses sky
Ships of the Universe swiftly pass by.

Come, little children, come with me
Over the hills and down to the sea.

Diana Teele

Pedro

WHEN I was in the mountains of Central America last year I had a little donkey called Pedro. He was a very obedient donkey with a black-button nose that smelled apples and made the silky ears stick up straight and the sleepy green eyes open wide. Pedro and I became very fond of each other and we traveled about a great deal. I would say, "Pedro, let's go to the village", and because Pedro was a very obedient little donkey, we would go to the village. Then I would say, "Pedro, let's go home", and because he was a very obedient little donkey, we would go home. One day when we were returning from the village I said, "Pedro, let's go home the long way to-day", and because Pedro was a very obedient little donkey, we went home the long way. Up into the mountains we went, higher and higher until we came to a ledge just wide enough for Pedro to walk across. Pedro looked first at the chasm on the left side which was a thousand feet deep and then at the sheer cliff on the right side which was a thousand feet high. His sleepy green eyes opened wide. There was no food around. But I said, "Pedro, let's go across the ledge", and because Pedro was a very obedient little donkey, we started across. When we reached the middle, I decided it was rather late and we should be going home. So I said, "Pedro, let's turn around and go home." Pedro was a very obedient little donkey, but he was not very sure-footed, and when he turned on the ledge, his hoofs slipped. Down we fell! Five hundred feet! Seven hundred feet! Nine hundred feet! I began to get worried. Nine hundred and fifty feet! It would be a crushing blow. Nine hundred and seventy feet! Then I was really worried. Nine hundred and eighty feet! Quick as a flash I remembered how obedient Pedro was. Nine hundred and ninety feet. "Pedro," I said, "stop." And he did.

Grace V. Rayfuse

The Magic of Fashion

BEAUTY, allure, and charm are those intangible, elusive somethings that women have sought for centuries. Maidens have gone to witches for potions and spells, used wigs and paint, heavy brocade, iron-bound corsets and rings in their noses; they have even strapped their feet to make them so small that they were incapable of walking! Do not shake your permanented curls at me, and tell me I am out of date—that today's women are sensible and a far cry from the gullible ladies of yesteryear, because that very magazine that lies open on your lap betrays your pretty words. In it you will find perfumes, clothes, and beauty aids—all promising fabulous results, if, dear maid, you will but spend a paltry and insignificant sum at your nearest department store.

Let me give you a few examples of the way in which man may make a living from the credulity of his weaker sisters.

A perfume can either be "a joyous fragrance, light as your heart on a gala night, and fun to wear—a perfume that stirs the mind and like music lingers on" or "a breath of old Sweden, out doors and woodsy." The



creators of one perfume tell you "if you have the courage, wear this fragrance for your most important moment. . . ."

Also, you are informed that a certain nail polish has the colors for your nails, to wear with your Springtime, Lovetime clothes, and goes on to name three of the most appropriate shades, as: Seashell—"sweet, with a touch of dare," Frozen-Fire—"newly flame-like and brilliant," and Flowering Plum—"like a rare exotic blossom on your nails." Another nail-polish maker advertises "Pink lightning," a nail shade with lipstick to match that is "akin to flashing sparks of high voltage on the lips and fingertips of the nation's smartest women."

Of course you need a beautiful background for these gay shades, so you turn the page and use Matchabelli's Duchess of York make-up and learn that "that day your pulse will quicken; you will have found a new star-touched note in your pattern of loveliness."

What to wear to complete this picture? Will it be a black and white hounds-tooth check cashmere suit—soft . . . subtle . . . and super, for Spring and you . . . ?



Or will it be a dress? We have a variety of dresses. Two dashing fashions "that owe their chic and charm to spanking white buttons in trim marching rows," a dress "to capture that uncluttered look," or to "design away pounds." One designer takes two tones and whips them into a new idea that's all dash and flattery.

The material? Oh, yes, one concern sent "style scouts junketing all over New Mexico, Arizona, and Texas to glean ideas for the original designs—vibrant flowers, intriguing cactus shapes, canyon shadows, and Indian art motifs," or, do you "wish to stay at home and wear peppermint peplum for all your daily doings"? We have one enchanting model that has Easter bunnies and flowers imprinted in black on innocent shades of blue, green, and pink.

To add to this ensemble, on M'lady's feet she wears Flirt, "a provocative little pump that goes everywhere but out of style," or, if she prefers "sheer delight and gay allure," she will buy "lovely patent Connies . . . vivacious

styling and superb craftsmanship, which make them bewitchingly becoming, a perfect match for her brightest moods."

To adorn your legs, you are persuaded to buy stockings "devilishly dull, wickedly sheer, because we knit them wrong side out."

At last, the coat to finish the outfit. Something with a fitted back and belted front—"as soft as a whisper," or a dress coat in Pacific virgin wool-worsted that comes in black, navy, beau-brown, gremlin-green, gloaming-blue, and harlequin pink.

Ooops! We must remember the hat. Let's skim back over the pages. There's a cute one. If you purchase it, you will beat the Robin to Spring, and put yourself ahead of schedule in one of these "pretty as a picture, fresh as a daisy Gage straws."

Not for long will you be ahead of schedule, however, for next Spring the charm of this combination will be gone. In two or three years it will be dated, and in ten, old-fashioned. Those quick-stepping somethings will be found in other styles only to escape again with the seasons.

Lucy Clark



A Baker's Dozen

THE grimy mirror on the wall opposite the window dimly reflected a girl—hair swept high in an engaging pompadour, small hat with yards upon yards of veiling perched on the left side, a smart-looking "Morning Sky" blue gabardine suit (exclusive with Tilton's of Boston), pert fushia shoes "with hat and bag to match." An engaging picture, but all these were merely accessories to the face and figure of Karen Jill McKinley, "Advertising Agent for America's Leading Fashion Stores."

She sat on the hard bench in the small, drafty railroad station. She got up and walked over to the window, peered out into the gathering night, and, seeing nothing but the still life of the Connecticut countryside, shrugged her Adrian-padded shoulders, and sat down again on the straight-backed bench. She automatically looked at her watch, the tenth time in the past hour. It was 5:34—the train from New York had arrived at 4:47, 19 minutes behind schedule. Karen McKinley was "precise, definite, and exact." Not very comforting remembering those words of Brick Ryan at this time. To hide her resentment, she'd called it "redundancy unbecoming a person supposedly original and creative." But that hadn't discouraged Brick—he'd gone on to inform the eager ears of the staff of "Ryan and McKinley Advertising Agency" that Karen McKinley, known to intimates as "Mac", though he himself preferred to refer to said person as "Miss McKinley", was precise, definite, and exact in everything—including love. "Watch it, boys, she may throw you a handful of it. Me? I prefer a good, full baker's dozen!" The over-grown Irishman! It had been "McKinley Advertising Agency" after that.

Five fifty-nine. It was getting darker. He was probably taking his time on purpose. He'd waited so long; maybe he thought she

could do with a little waiting. She looked at her fingernails, selected the more progressing-looking of the stubs, and chewed it down to resemble the others. A disgusting habit, she knew. But even her most vehement business enemies, of which she guessed there were quite a few, admitted that Karen Jill McKinley looked peculiarly docile and appealing when she nibbled her fingers in that inimitable way. But that was merely a smooth bit of camouflage, they agreed unanimously, an attempt at distracting attention during big business deals, and thus getting the best of them. Karen never bothered to explain that it was a habit left over from childhood that many a specialist had tried to cure—who'd believe it of a sophisticate with a "line", hair-do, figure, and face known in the New York columns as "incomparably beautiful" with a brain to match? It was better to leave it as a "smooth maneuver."

Six-thirteen. The long, black car slithered up to the door of the station. A man pulled himself lazily out of the back seat, and with a magnanimous gesture to the chauffeur to remain where he was, opened the car door. Karen got in, kissed Tommy Manley, and leaned back gratefully on the welcome softness of the padded seats. Tommy Manley, ex-polo ace (before that much-publicized fall and the resultant trick knee), son of *the* Manley Metal "Millions," sighed contentedly. Marrying her at last—tomorrow, to be *exact*. And Karen Jill McKinley remembered a Brick Ryan. . . . once foremost fashion photographer. . . . Stork Club previews. . . . Brown Derby items. . . . December 7, 1941. . . . news cameraman in the South Pacific. . . . Signal Corps releases shown in movie houses all over the land. . . . "Photography by Capt. Michael 'Brick' Ryan". . . . "The War Department regrets to inform you—". . . . Brick, who wanted a baker's dozen.

Emma Gilbert



A Baker's Dozen

"Maybe he thought she could do with a little waiting—"

Sports Parade

“A GOOD sport for every girl and every girl a good sport!” So says Miss Mac and so echoes Lasell as Spring enters, bringing with it the final games of basketball, badminton, volley ball, and the first of riding, crew, archery, and all the other outdoor sports.

The seniors brought the basketball season to a close with a victory over the juniors. At the end of the inter-class game, the first senior team emerged victorious over the first junior team. The score was 31-18. The forwards on the senior team were Penny Henry (also the head of basketball), Sue Slocum, Dolly Schambach, and Midge Brady. The guards were Elsie Simonds, Barbara Preuss, Dorie Andrews, and Ruth Davis. On the junior team, Susie Steel, Barbara Rudell, Corinne Wilkins, and Ginnie Terhune were forwards, and Dorothy Lowe, Betty Renison, Janice Schuelke, and Evelyn Hillis were guards.

In the final basketball game between the Blue and White teams, the Blues scored 48 against the Whites' 19.

The junior first team made sure the seniors wouldn't walk off with all the prizes and won the volley ball tournament. When the Blues and Whites played, they also reversed things and the Whites came out with the lead of 40-34.

This was too much for the seniors so with Virginia Jenness as captain of their team, they won the bowling tournament. The girls on her team were Rolfe, with an individual score of 549, Buchanan with 469, Coleman with 506, and Jenness with 556. Bev. Moore, the captain of the junior team, had a score of 557. On her team were Handlin with 490, Nolan with 533, McAuliffe with 504, and Mullican with a score of 462. The total scores which decided the victory were 2,545 for the seniors, and 2,486 for the juniors.

And now for the spring sports. Horseback riding at the stable in Weston has begun



and will continue every Saturday as long as the gas and pleasant weather hold out. The class consists of the first seven girls who sign up for the week. Many of these riders take part in the annual fall horse show. Beginners are given instructions by the French riding master while the experienced riders take to the bridle paths.

Soft ball practice has begun, and teams are being permanently organized. And so it goes for archery, too. The targets are up, the field is dry, and there's plenty of new, up-to-date equipment.

Of course, the greatest spring feature is crew. Now that the strength tests and swimming tests are over, daily practice has begun. And what does it all lead up to? River Day—which ends with the juniors racing the seniors. It's an old tradition that if the juniors win, it will rain on Commencement Day, and if the seniors win, it will be pleasant. So naturally this is the most important race of the whole day and the grand finale in every sense of the word.

So there is the preview of sports to come, the line-up of what's here and what has come

and gone. Don't forget, if you've passed your swimming test, the canoes are always ready for your use, tennis is in full swing and the courts are open to all.

Virginia Phillips

The History of a Concert Pianist

AT THE tender age of three, I, Louise May Pool, toddled into the living-room and, fascinated by the contrasting colors of the piano keys, began to push first one and then the other. Instantly my mother rushed into the room and gathered me into her arms exclaiming that I had talent. It was decided then and there that I was to be a concert pianist.

The next four years were spent teaching me the appreciation of fine music. I was seated in a straight-back chair close to the piano so I could watch my mother's fingers one hour each day. Saturday afternoons were devoted to listening to the Metropolitan Opera over the radio and discussing the high points in the music.

Then the lessons began. My first teacher was Miss Dorothy Horne, a member of the faculty of Harman Avenue School which I attended at that time. Through her efforts I learned the fundamentals of music. The climax of her teachings was my playing "The Gnomes and the Elves" at a school recital. I did well.

Up to this point I had not objected to fulfilling my parents' ambition. But then I became more interested in sports and having fun with my friends. So I was rather obstinate when practice hour came near.

My next teacher was Miss Catherine Brod, a very sweet woman who was interested in my "talent." She would talk to me for hours about my ability as a musician and she gave me confidence. I took a new interest in the great composers and worked hard. At the age of twelve she thought me skilled enough to give a concert by myself.

I shall never forget the preparation for that concert. Invitations were ordered and sent. A new dress was made. Flowers were received and appreciated with girlish excitement. But I was nervous.

When the inevitable night came, I was dressed in my new dress, immaculately clean white shoes, a pert hair bow and a corsage of red roses. As I descended the stairs of my home to the audience waiting below, I discovered my knees trembling and my hands moist. The remainder of the evening's performance is not clear in my mind. In fact, it is quite blank. I can only remember sitting on the familiar piano bench and starting to play but that's all. When it was finally over everyone crowded around me and congratulated me on my playing.

After my concert I decided never to play in public again. It wasn't worth the suffering. I went from teacher to teacher after that, but somehow I had lost that spark.

Now I am eighteen and I'm not sorry. I find that I do love music and appreciate others' playing it. The small bit of playing I did for friends gave me poise and self-assurance. I do enjoy playing the piano and going back over my old pieces as long as I am alone.

My parents never pursued the subject further.

Louise Pool



The World in His Hand

IT WAS ten o'clock in the morning. One of those hot, dry, and very unpleasant New York mornings that come along towards the middle of August. Although the heat and noise in the office of "Smith, Wells & Brook, Attorneys at Law" proved almost unbearable for most of the people, a certain Joseph E. Brook had the most pleasant place that he knew.

This was a special day. Until this morning the sign on the door had said merely "Smith & Wells", but now, now he was a partner.

He had worked a long time for this pleasure. For his name had been on a door, in fact a very prominent one. But that was ages ago. That was before he had known what poverty really was, before he was married. That was before '29, twelve long years ago.

However, he should think of the future ahead of him instead of the past which was all behind him. He must phone his wife and tell her the good news. He dialed the number and received the busy signal so he sat down at his desk and waited. Scraps of years gone by still drifted through his memory.

He recalled his two partners in the other firm. He remembered how well they had been doing, then suddenly—ruin. He recalled Charlie Anderson's look when he had found out what was going to become of them. Not long after he had been found in his room with the gas on. Then Bill Worton—he had left town, and hadn't been heard from since. But not Joe Brook. He was made of better stuff than that.

He had gone out and hunted work, and what's more he found it. It wasn't much, clerk in a law office. But he had to live, and perhaps things would get better. Five years as a clerk is a long time. Then finally a raise and a junior partner's job, but still that was a long way from his former position, and he still barely made enough to live on.

Then he met Alice. All thoughts of marriage were impossible; but finally another

raise, and he started saving for a house in the suburbs. He remembered how he had saved for three long years, gone without many of the small pleasures that even his meager salary had been able to afford. Then at last he had married her. He remembered how they had saved for little things in the house—and then the baby. How they had saved and hoped and afterwards how they had given up many of their small pleasures so the baby could have nice clothes and more toys. And now they could have all the things they'd dreamed about.

"Brr rr rrr ng" rang the telephone. He picked up the receiver. He was cut short by a harsh clipped voice.

"This is Dr. Gilbert of the General Hospital. I'm afraid, sir, that I have some bad news for you. Your boy has been brought here seriously injured as a result of a fire at your house a short while ago."

"My wife?"

"We could do nothing to save her. Would you please come at once."

He weakly sat down and put the phone back in its cradle. A moment later his whole body was shaking with sobs.

Have you ever seen a man cry? It's horrible. When a woman or child cries, they cry tears; but a man cries with his whole body. Instead of tears, there are deep rasping sobs that shake the whole soul.

After what seemed a very long time to Joe Brook, he went to his desk, picked up his pen, and wrote and wrote on his memo pad.

He walked to the window and stood looking out on the world which he was to hold in the palm of his hand. Suddenly there was a crash of glass, a scream—

A few minutes later the phone rang, and the police officer, arriving to inspect Mr. Brook's office, answered it. He was greeted by that same harsh voice that had been the last one to speak over the line:

"Hello, this is Dr. Gilbert again. I must apologize for a most serious mistake a moment ago. It was my error in dialing the wrong number."

Ursula Feeney

Our Chanie

CHANIE talks with the Lord—Chanie has religion. Indeed she has something. Whatever it is, it lights up her face with smiles and puts a cheerfulness in her drawl that brightens up the kitchen on a dull day as if sunshine flowed from the faucet instead of H₂O. Although I am far



from her, the memories I call upon every so often are extremely vivid. I can see her now—if I try hard enough—standing by the stove stirring some concoction with a large spoon held in a still larger black hand. Her massive figure is always encased in a starched cotton dress with white collars and cuffs (clean every day) while under the hankie that peeps out of the breast pocket there lies a heart as limitless as the sky and as pure gold as the sunset.

Chanie has a bit of the philosophy of Will Rogers. She is the "If ah can't say sumpin' good about a body then ah don't say nuffin' at all" type. She has a passionate hatred for dirt and will scour away at the least provocation. Her two happiest tasks are shelling peas out under the lilac bush in the summer and shining silver on a rainy afternoon at any time of the year. She is always singing hymns, but they resound through the house on Monday more than any other day because it follows so closely on the heels of the Sabbath.

The washing is usually done to the "The Lord Jesus Loves Me". On Sunday she goes to church three times and sings in the choir. Hers is a sincere belief. It lasts all week long, making the blue hours lighter and the happy hours still happier. She is an asset to any household and ours would be in chaos without her.

Twinkling eyes, large square hands, flashing white teeth and an occasional "Lawsey me"—there you have a material picture of our Chanie. But it is a crude, unfinished portrait; her most striking characteristic cannot be seen at all. It is in an air of contentment, a surplus of ever awing energy; a humble spirit, self sacrificing and contrite, a spirit that would become a stone wall if you were to suggest a slightly dishonest act. I think it is religion, her own practical religion, sincere and simple. I think it is God in Chanie that makes her the lovable character that she is.

Audrey Day

WISHING

I wish that I were never asked
To write a poem of any kind;
Each time I feel I should run fast.
I wish that I were never asked;
My poor head's emptiness is vast;
A subject is so hard to find.
I wish that I were never asked
To write a poem of any kind.

Lee Gamble



Beyond

THE huge bomber dipped and climbed awkwardly, trying to dodge the persistent fighter planes clinging to its tail.

At the controls, Bill grinned to himself as he put his plane through all the tricks he knew. He had dropped all his bombs and in the right places, too, he thought with some satisfaction. He really felt as though he was just leading those Jap planes back into the range of American guns. He had done it before, and he could do it again, yet down inside him he began to wonder if things would turn out the same way this time; for the first time in his life, he wondered what it would be like if his ship cracked up, if he were killed.

He was still wondering when he was nearly jolted out of his seat. There were a few more bursts of fire and when he looked out, the right wing was just beginning to rip.

"This is it, fellers!" he shouted. "Hold tight. We're coming in for a rough landing."

He wasn't so sure he could make any kind of a landing at all now. If everything went right, he could make that island over on the left. He tried to jockey the plane into position and keep it out of a nose-dive at the same time.

"If I don't make that island—" Bill leaned over to his co-pilot, but no one, not even Bill, ever heard the rest of that sentence. There was a blinding explosion and for what seemed an eternity, he kept wishing they would stop sticking those red-hot needles in his head.

When Bill opened his eyes, he was surprised to find himself in such good condition. Even his headache was gone. Apparently, he had been thrown out of the plane but when he touched his arms and legs gingerly to see where he had been hurt, he had another surprise for himself. Not a scratch on him anywhere. He wondered how he would have felt if he had been killed—and more than that, he wondered why he hadn't been killed. He knew a lot of the fellows wondered that

same thing, but he had never thought about it much and had never experienced the queer feeling that went along with it.

He rubbed his head thoughtfully. "Whew! I sure was one lucky guy. But I could have sworn—" Suddenly, he caught sight of the plane. "Hey, fellers!" he shouted. Then he stopped. "You didn't do so well for yourself this time, Bill," he said to himself. "If those guys were in that jumbled wreck, they wouldn't be in any condition to hear me."

He began to talk to himself as men do when they see nothing around them but an expanse of tangled trees and grass and—God only knows what hidden inside and beyond it.

"William, my boy, I suggest you take yourself elsewhere before some of your buck-toothed friends find you."

There was a path leading through the underbrush, and as there was no point in trying to get through without a path, Bill began walking cautiously, his eyes darting in all directions. When you're about six feet two and weigh somewhere around two hundred pounds, you find it pretty hard to make yourself inconspicuous. But Bill had two points in his favor and he knew it. He was not only a Marine, but he was also an O'Rourke. He had to admit he had departed a little from the O'Rourke tradition by having brown eyes instead of blue with his black hair, but he could fight with the best of them bare-handed or otherwise, and what's more, he enjoyed it.

Bill grew tense. Someone was walking up the path. He dodged silently into the undergrowth. It was strange, he thought, he didn't have any trouble pushing inside the branches. It almost seemed as though he was just floating through them. When he considered himself safely concealed, he peered down the twisting path.

For a minute he thought he was seeing things—but no, there she was.

His first impulse was to call out, but his better judgment held him in check. He studied her carefully. She didn't seem to be in any hurry, but apparently she knew where she was going.

He began to forget that he might lose his scalp if he were detected. But he had to admit she wasn't hard to look at . . . dark hair, sort of wavy and long; high forehead, but not too high; height, well—about five feet two.

He started. She was staring right at him, a slight smile playing around her lips. He didn't understand how she could see him, but there was no sense pretending; he might as well face the music and see what was what.

He was out of his hiding place now and standing in the middle of the path. Every inch of him was on guard. The girl didn't seem the least bit awed by his appearance. In fact, she extended her hand and said brightly:

"It's good to see you. Would you like to come to the village with me. There's going to be a little celebration tonight and you'll have some place to stay."

Bill just gaped. If this were a trap, it was too late to try and get out of it now. There was something about the whole thing that annoyed him and made him feel strange inside.

"Would you mind telling me who you are and what you're doing here? You might also tell me where we are."

The girl didn't seem at all disturbed by his abruptness.

"One question at a time," she laughed. "To begin with, my name is Anne Sheldon. I came from way back in Maine as a Navy nurse. The Japs took over, and now—"

He thought she looked at him in a funny way, as though she didn't want to say too much, too soon.

"And now—what." He had fallen into step with her and took it for granted they were heading for the "village," wherever that might be. He was a little surprised when he realized that, although he kept himself alert, he didn't feel as though anything dangerous was particularly imminent. In fact, he had to admit to himself, aside from that feeling that everything was strange, almost uncanny, he felt quite at ease with this girl.

The path was just about wide enough for the two of them to walk abreast, but in places the trees and bushes extended their branches so that Bill occasionally found himself dodging or putting his hand up to push them aside. When he did so, he felt more as if he were passing his hand through them, although he could feel their touch.

They were silent now and Bill began to lose some of his tenseness and let his mind slide back to the preceding events. He couldn't help thinking that it was strange that Anne should come along that path and find him. It was also queer that she should see him when he was well hidden and what was more, when she did see him, she wasn't in the least bit surprised. It was almost as if she had expected him.

"Are there any other white people in the village we're headed for?" He looked down at the top of Anne's head a few inches below his shoulder.

"You'll find out in a few minutes." She tilted her head back and smiled at him. "And please don't start firing so many questions at me again. You'll know about everything pretty soon although I always had heard that the Marines knew all the answers without asking questions."

"Yeah! Well, they come pretty close to it," he snapped. He wasn't in any mood to be kidded and the more he thought about everything that had happened that day, the more confused he felt.

"Okay," she laughed. "I'll let you in on a few of the secrets. I saw your plane come down, so I thought I might as well walk to meet you."

"But why did you come alone? Didn't it occur to any one that some of the guys might be hurt?" Up to now, Bill had forgotten about his crew. "Poor guys. Every one of them must have been killed right off and—"

Anne put her hand on his arm and stopped him. She wasn't grinning any more.

"Maybe THEY weren't killed, Bill."

But Bill wasn't looking at her now. His eyes were staring down the path. Coming

toward them was a platoon of soldiers—and they weren't American soldiers.

Involuntarily, Bill grabbed Anne's arm. But he knew they had been seen. After all, they were directly in the path of the oncoming soldiers and there was no place to go for escape.

Suddenly, the leader raised his hand and the column came to a halt. Two men marched forward and after a short conversation, walked cautiously down the path toward Bill and Anne.

"Guess this is it." Bill looked down at her. "Do you want to—." He stopped abruptly. There wasn't the slightest trace of fear in her eyes as she smiled up at him. She just stood there with her arm locked in his. By this time the two Jap soldiers were almost upon them. Bill gaped. They weren't even looking at him. They just walked closer and closer until Bill could have put out his hand and touched the one nearest him. Both soldiers had stopped and as they babbled to each other in their own language, one of them pointed toward the sky. In the distance, Bill could hear the drone of airplane motors. As they came closer, the two soldiers suddenly turned tail, and shouting a warning to the rest of their platoon, ran off down the path.

Bill felt his lower jaw drop lower and lower. "They didn't even see us," he said, as soon as he was able to talk. Then he realized that what he had said was true and he began to understand.

For a minute he felt as though the bottom of his stomach were dropping out. Now he knew why those soldiers hadn't seen them; he knew why he had thought the branches he had tried to push aside seemed to just be passing through his hand instead of being pushed out of the way. And now he knew why Anne had said a few minutes before that it wasn't the other members of his crew that had been killed.

Anne was laughing now and suddenly he threw back his head and laughed with her. The funniest part of it was that he had won-

dered what it would be like to be killed, just before he cracked up. Now he knew, and when he looked at Anne, he didn't think it was going to be half bad after all.

Virginia Phillips



Tropical Fish

UNDERWATER life has always fascinated me. Pictures in the *National Geographic Magazine* of brilliant fish swimming among delicate coral reefs, far below the noise and confusion of our world, fire me with the desire to don a diver's helmet and go down and see for myself.

So far, this has been impossible. The next best thing has been to bring a little bit of underwater splendor into my home.

A small, all-glass aquarium, plants, and two silvery-olive guppies were a satisfactory start. I became very enthusiastic. Soon I had to have a larger aquarium, for the larger the container, the more realistic the underwater life became. My father, who had accepted the financial end of the project, accompanied me to the pet store one evening. We came home laden with white, waterproofed containers. Each one encased three or four tropical fish.

I always enjoy pouring the new arrivals into their new home, after the aquarium

water has been carefully adjusted to within one degree of the water in the containers. (Any sudden temperature may be fatal to these delicate animals.)

This particular occasion provided a vivid picture, set against lovely green plants with big silver bubbles nestled among their leaves. The fish were often attracted by these bubbles and would nose them gently until they were released from the greenery and floated to the surface of the water.

Now one could examine the fish. Red and blue Platys, sometimes called moonfish, were bright spots of color in that aquatic community. Mexican Swordtails, brilliantly marked with black and green and yellow, showed off for the benefit of their females. Most striking of all were the Mollies which looked as though they'd been cut from black velvet. The aristocrats of that world were the princely Angel Fish with their black and silver stripes. When viewed from above, these fish appear as a mere sliver, for they are paper-thin. Along the bottom of the tank the catfish scurried, his long whiskers dragging the bottom.

At night, we covered the aquarium with winter coats, plunging their whole world into darkness.

Barbara Harris

Our Retreat

WE'VE found our little niche in the world, and, God and the real estate man willing, it will always be there to go back to. Away from the rest of civilization, at the foot of a small, friendly mountain, we have spent many happy days and rainy nights there. It is quite impossible to see our haven from the small footpath which runs by it, because it lies peacefully behind one hundred feet of prickly bushes, and only daring souls like ourselves with an unusual sense of direction would venture through them. After penetrating this wilder-

ness, bloody, footsore and weary, a familiar sight greets our eyes. Throwing our blanket rolls on the grassy bank we look blissfully about. There, swirling lazily in front of us is a pool, our pool, made for us by a little stream as it passes. This pool is at the bottom of a sunny waterfall that gurgles brightly over mossy rocks to rest in idle waters beneath. Now these rocks are no ordinary rocks as the stream well knows, because they are placed in such a way as to make a private, miniature roller coaster for pleasure-seeking human beings. One of the breath-taking joys we have dreamed of during long winter evenings is the sudden, slippery slide—kerplunk into the chilly basin below. On the opposite bank of the stream, huge boulders rise, half shaded by overhanging pines—ideal for sunbathing or general all-around laziness. The pines are not all on that side, however, for we are surrounded by them here. Pines and maples rustle in the woodsy silence.

It is getting warm here on the grass with the sun reaching down through the treetops. We rise, all with one thought in mind, to make use of the cool brook. We cross to the fallen log on the farther side of the clearing, put our bed rolls against it, and pull on our bathing suits, being careful to hang up our clothes on the stubs of broken pine boughs. We return to the bank, sit and dabble our tired toes in the peppermint-cool water. No one moves. For a while we are overcome with a sense of peace. We sit content,—at peace with the world, home again, back to the placé we love best!

Lucy Clark



The Best One of All

TOMMY walked down the road slowly, kicking a rock ahead of him. As usual, he seemed lost in thought even though the rest of the kids were whooping about him, glad to be out of school and even though he was really too young to be lost in thought.

A little freckled-faced youngster ran up to him, his eyes glowing with pleasant anticipation and his face so happy that the freckles just stood out all over.

"Hey, Tommy, c'mon over to my house later on. Daddy got me a new swing—and trapeze—and everything." He was so excited, all his words came out in gasps.

"O.K." Tommy forced a smile, "But I'll have to ask first."

So there it was again, thought Tommy. Every little boy had a Daddy to buy him something or build him something or take him some place. Daddies were for little boys and little boys were for Daddies. It was different with Tommy.

In school, Miss White didn't know just what to make of him. On visitors' day, she had talked with Tommy's mother, "He's too young to have worries," she had said, "and yet sometimes he seems to have something on his mind. He certainly is good enough, Mrs. Heath, but—well as I say, he's just too serious for his age."

He had seen her talking with Miss White for some time, but she never said anything to him about the conversation. She understood. He had seen her crying her heart out one day. His own mother, who was so brave about everything and always told him about the bright side of life. He had stood with her while she tried to explain to him and although his own eyes were swimming, he didn't quite understand until he was in his own little bed and could think everything over.

That day in school, Miss White had asked the class to draw a picture of something they wanted more than anything in the world.

When it came time to show the papers to the teacher, Tommy wished he hadn't attempted to draw his. It was pretty awful, but he had labeled it. When Miss White looked at it, she saw a picture of a man in some sort of uniform standing beside a sketched airplane. It just didn't make sense to her.

"I don't think you were listening to what I was saying, Thomas," she said impatiently. "I told you to draw something you wanted—something like these." She held up what some of the others had done, crude pictures of a bike, football, or some kind of an animal.

Tommy just turned quietly and went back to his seat. He wouldn't tell her anyhow, he thought bitterly, even if he did know how to express it in words.

Each Wednesday, one boy and one girl were supposed to bring in their most treasured possession and give a short talk about it.

Everything imaginable that might satisfy the heart of any small boy or girl was brought in. The girls usually brought something in the line of a china doll or a doll representing a foreign country, or a piece of jewelry they thought must be the most valuable thing in the world. Miss White dreaded the boys' favorites more than any others. They were likely to be most any kind of thing, alive or dead. The little freckle-faced Ryan boy had topped it off by bringing in a snake which he swore he had raised from practically an egg. Well, tomorrow was Tommy's turn, and although she didn't think she would have anything to fear, Miss White wondered just what an odd child like that might treasure. Tommy knew what he was going to bring, but he wouldn't tell a soul.

That morning, Tommy walked into the room and there was a little bulge in his jacket pocket. He walked to the front of the room and faced the class quietly, not tugging at his sweater or playing with a pencil as most of them did.

He held a little box in his hand and began his speech. "This really is my father's and not mine." He paused a second and took a deep breath. "But my mother gave it to me

to keep for my father forever and it is the nicest thing I have."

He opened up the box and held it up for everyone to see. There was a slight snicker in the room but Miss White silenced it with one glare.

She put one arm out to Tommy and drew him towards her. So this was it.

"You don't need to finish," she said kindly. "You gave a very nice speech and that is lovely." She pointed to the little box Tommy held so tightly. In the box was the Purple Heart medal to "Captain Thomas D. Heath, who died—."

Miss White smiled at Tommy as he went back to his seat. Now she knew. Now she understood.

Virginia Phillips



A TRIOLET OF FRET

Oh, come, my love, come back to me
Again to laugh and love and live;
Since you have fought to make men free
Oh, come, my love, come back to me.
Is it not right to have one plea
And have one prayer alone to give?
"Oh, come, my love, come back to me
Again to laugh and love and live!"

Doris Andrews

The Mystery and Glory of Radio

OH, FOR the glorious, fascinating life of radio behind the scenes! How wonderful to earn thousands of dollars just for writing radio programs! It's marvelous! Marvelous to sit and stare at a blank piece of paper day after day, knowing that the deadline is soon arriving. When it does, you finally pound out a drama strictly from desperation and dash into station W.O.O.F. only to find there is no continuity. You sit down to face another blank sheet with a good three hours to go. Sixty of these two hundred and forty minutes trip by while you rip up introductions either too original or too usual. Another sixty minutes drag by while you wish you were at the North Pole or any place but where you are. Then H-hour arrives and still the paper is blank. People keep charging into the borrowed private office asking if you have finished, and if not, *why* not. In desperation you bang out an introduction and then discover you don't know who is going to sing and what the song is. You dash madly around the station for the program manager only to find him managing a program with a "Do not disturb" sign hung out. Finally the director divulges the information. You hurry back only to find that some person who "simply had to get a letter off" has borrowed your typewriter. By this time you are a harassed wreck. Nobody knows who is sponsoring the program and nobody cares. That's your worry! After you have questioned just about everyone in the station, some friend, who has calmly been watching you pounce on people, politely tells you what you want to know in such a quiet and unruffled voice that you would choke him if you had the time. It is now about fourteen minutes before rehearsal time. Falling over everything that you could possibly fall over, you reach the typewriter and begin to type frantically. The ribbon is stuck! That's all, brother!! Tearing your hair, you stumble to another typewriter in another office and

just about finish the announcer's closing dialogue when people dash in yelling something about hunting all over the place for you and what are you doing loafing in here. The director hurries in just in time to prevent wholesale murder and grabs your script. The program is ready to be rehearsed. You breathe a deep sigh and beat it home before the program manager gets a good look at your masterpiece. At home the phone rings and it is the P.M. to tell you that your script is amazingly good and why aren't all of them like that. Weakly you say goodbye and crawl exhausted into bed. You'll never go through that again, not till next week anyway.

Grace V. Rayfuse

The Silent Testimony

THE house was an old one on the outskirts of town. It was unoccupied and had been so for years, but as I stood there on the walk, looking up at its brown clapboard front, it seemed very much alive and lived-in. The sweet scent of the lilac trees on either side of the doorway and the very hominess of the house itself brought an immediate picture of the family that might have once lived there.

The dry steps creaked and moaned from disuse as I found my way up to the piazza, threw open the door, and looked into the semi-darkness beyond. It was not just the dry, empty smell of an old house, but a silent

testimony of the living that had been there, just as distinctly characteristic of a family as a portrait.

Suffocating particles of dust rose as I walked along the worn carpets, and the musty dampness of the halls came down upon me like an invisible fog. The mouldy odor of old wood and the smell of dry, rattling paper yellowed with age greeted me at the door to the living room. At one end, there stood a fireplace with the remains of a fire lit and burned how many years ago? The season's storms had pounded its ashes into an indiscriminate mass of grey, giving them the acrid, moist—yet dry smell of a forest fire suddenly put out by rain and this smell permeated the whole room.

Down the winding staircase from the second story, came the dampish smell of paint and varnish mingled with the scent of perfume which lingered there in this old house like a melody which one cannot quite place, yet cannot refrain from humming.

As I neared the kitchen, all the old familiar culinary smells, still appetizing, though stale, came to my nose. The pungent odor of spices, the fresh, clean-as-a-whistle smell of laundry soap, the suffocating fumes of flour, stale bread, the aroma of well browned, medium-cooked roasts—all these the smell of a long-ago yesterday's cooking were there.

Every scent was distinct and meaningful and surrounding each was another, the combination of these, the odor which gave proof of the family's life.

Judith Woodbury





In the fall issue of the LEAVES, Ida Mallory Lyon, '03, kindly contributed a short article in the personals on Military Drill at Lasell. Here is a photograph of a Military class in 1890. The first classes were organized in 1890 and continued until 1914.

PERSONALS



LILLIE R. POTTER
Dean Emeritus

We are indebted to our *Mrs. Guy M. Winslow* for this timely word which she has graciously allowed us to use as an introduction to the *Personals*.

"Looking out my window toward Bragdon on the hill, where it has stood for ninety years and more; then higher through the bare branches, I saw, waving against a gray sky, our flag, the Stars and Stripes, and I had my message for you: 'Our flag is flying at Lasell.'

"It is flying over the girls at their regular work and play, as well as at the many activities which wartime brings. It is flying not only for the girls now within those walls, but for you who were there in the past, and whose work and influence now in the outside world are such an important part of the abiding and fighting strength of Lasell.

"Yes, dear Lasell daughters, our flag, your flag, the flag of all of us is flying at Lasell."

Weddings

Catherine Mason Fernald, '99, and Mr. Fred K. Prosser, October 21, 1943. Mr. Prosser, an official of the Norfolk and Western

Railroad, returned recently from a government mission to North Africa, Italy, and London. He and Mrs. Prosser are at home at 823 Avenham Avenue, Roanoke, Virginia.

Sarah M. Hammond, '16, and The Rev. Dr. George Savage Brookes, April 4, 1945 at Rockville, Connecticut.

Mary Cowles Reed, WP '20-'22, and Lt-Com. Herman Frederik Carel Holtz, Royal Netherlands Navy Air Corps, March 3, 1945 in London, England. Mary is the widow of Capt. Willard Reed, Jr. USMACR, who was one of the group of American flight instructors who went to Java in 1940 to instruct Dutch Naval Air cadets. She accompanied him but returned when this country declared war, engaging in government work in Washington which eventually took her to London. Capt. Reed, attached to a U. S. Army fighter squadron, was killed in February 1942 while on active duty.

Com. Holtz escaped from Holland a few days after the surrender and was sent to Java as a flight instructor with the Netherlands Navy. After the fall of Java, he was attached to the Royal Netherlands Military Flight School in Jackson, Mississippi, and in 1943 was ordered to Washington, where he was attached to the Netherlands Representatives to the Combined Chiefs of Staff. Now he is in London in charge of flying training in the Directorate of Netherlands Air Forces.

Priscilla M. Seavey, '32-'33, and Mr. Gunnar Nils Bjorkman (Boston University, x-'27) October 12, 1944, at West Roxbury, Massachusetts. The bride is the daughter of *Georgie Duncan Seavey*, '02, of Searsport, Maine.

1st Lt. *Frances Austin*, USANC, '37, and 1st Lt. Donald Mareau Ferris, USAAC, March 17, 1945, somewhere in Belgium. Lt. Ferris is a member of an Army Air Forces fighter group. Frances is dietitian with an overseas hospital unit.

Margaret R. Harris, '37, and Chief Warrant

- Officer Francis Philip Abreu, USNR (University of California), September 11, 1944, at Boston, Massachusetts.
- Virginia M. Allen*, '36-'37, and Mr. Gifford Newton Hartwell, Jr. (Wentworth Institute; Eastern Radio School), April 14, 1945, at Auburndale, Massachusetts. Virginia is the daughter of *Winifred Knapp Allen*, '12-'13.
- Nancy E. Hale*, '39, and M/Sgt. William Leroy Canning, USA, April 7, 1945 at Portland, Connecticut. The bride's sister, *Barbara L. Hale*, '41, was maid of honor. Sgt. Canning is stationed at Fort DuPont, Delaware, having recently returned to this country after 25 months in the China-Burma-India theatre of war.
- Mary D. Shanley*, '38-'39, and Cpl. James E. Johnson, USMCR, March 14, 1942 at Brookline, Massachusetts.
- Frances Britton*, '40, and Mr. Calvin Brewster Holden (Worcester Polytechnic Institute, '43), May 19, 1945 at Holden, Massachusetts. *Barbara Fales*, '40, was the bride's only attendant.
- Mildred E. Grant*, '39-'40, and Lt. (jg) Stanley Thomas Smith, USN (DC) (Loyola University Dental School, '43), March 10, 1945 at New Orleans, Louisiana. The bride's mother is *Mildred Snyder Grant*, '10.
- Paula Maue*, '39-'40, and 1st Lt. C. B. Dickson, USA (ATC) (Ohio Mechanics Institute), October 25, 1944 at Cincinnati, Ohio.
- Amelia M. Yankus*, '41, and Lt. (jg) Anthony J. White, USNR (Northeastern, '43), February 20, 1943 at Wilton Connecticut. *Mary E. Powers*, '42, was an honor attendant.
- Barbara M. Murray*, '40-'41, and Ensign Thomas H. Neyland, Jr., USNR, (University of Texas, '43), January 11, 1945 at Pomona, California. Ensign Neyland is stationed at the Naval Hospital, Corvallis, Oregon.
- Lura M. Anderson*, '42, and Cpl. Brua C. Keefer, III, USAAC, December 24, 1943 at Gulfport, Mississippi.
- Marilyn F. Crowell*, '42, and Pfc. Samuel Keatly Stewart, USA (ASTP) (Harvard, '43; Tufts Medical School), March 16, 1945 at Brockton, Massachusetts. *Anne L. Patterson*, '42, was a bridesmaid. Mr. Stewart, in his third year at Tufts Medical School, is a member of the Alpha Omega National Honorary Medical Society.
- Grace M. Johnson*, '42, and Sgt. Ernest Lendrum Johnson, RCAF (General Motors Institute of Technology, x-'44), March 24, 1945 at Belmont Massachusetts. The bride's sister, *Betty Johnson*, '46, was maid of honor, and *Shirley Armstrong*, '42, and *Alberta Carson*, '42, were bridesmaids.
- Barbara Walworth*, '42, and Pfc. Street Montgomery, AUS (Colgate University), April 21, 1945 at Greenwich, Connecticut. *Ruth Montgomery Tryon*, '41, sister of the bridegroom, was a bridesmaid. Pvt. Montgomery, who served 38 months in the southwest Pacific, wears the Asiatic ribbon with three battle stars, and has received the Presidential Unit Citation.
- Phyllis R. Edmiston*, '40-'42, and Pfc. Robert Burns Olstad, USA (ASTP) (Brown, '44; Temple University Medical School), September 20, 1944 at Providence, Rhode Island. *Victoria Muehlberg*, '40-'42, was maid of honor.
- S/Sgt. *Barbara L. Lownds*, USMC (WR), '41-'42, and MT/Sgt. Augustine Wynne, USMC, March 4, 1945 at New Bern, North Carolina. Sgt. Wynne recently returned from 23 months overseas duty, and he and Barbara are stationed in the same office at Cherry Point, North Carolina.
- Elaine M. Kemp*, '43, and 2nd Lt. Lewis V. Johnson, Signal Corps, USA (Ball State Teachers College, Indiana), March 10, 1945 at Maplewood, New Jersey. Elaine's classmate, *Elizabeth J. Cushman*, was a bridesmaid. Lt. Johnson is stationed at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey.
- Jane M. Norwell*, '43, and Mr. William Francis Chamberlain, USNR, April 21, 1945 at Dedham, Massachusetts. *Muriel O'Connor*, '43, was a bridesmaid.
- Priscilla Redfield*, '43, and Ensign Richard Montgomery Potter, USNR, February 26,

1945 at Winter Park, Florida. They will live in Pensacola, Florida, where Ensign Potter is stationed.

Christine Turnbull, '43, and Cpl. John W. Jensen, USAAF (University of Utah, x-'45), March 3, 1945 at Columbia, South Carolina.

Ann C. Stearns, '42-'43, and Lt. Thomas Hammond Mansel, USAAF (Washington and Lee University, x-'46), August 11, 1944 at Williamsport, Pennsylvania. Ann is the granddaughter of *Martha Hays Stearns*, '77-'78.

Anna E. Olesen, '44, and Chief Petty Officer Francis Whitney McCurtain, USCGR, March 24, 1945 at Portland, Maine. The bridegroom recently returned from two years of foreign duty, and is stationed at South Portland.

HA 1/c *Janet Stevenson*, USNR (W), '44, and HA 1/c Clifford Leroy Gill, USNR (William Jewell College, Missouri, x-'46), January 13, 1945 at Jamaica, New York.

Engagements

Verne Brown, USCG (W), '39-'40, and Ensign Joseph F. Staebell, USNAC

Lt. (jg) *Cyrrilla R. Green*, USNR (W), '39-'40, and Mr. Roger L. Macdonald

Betty M. Davis, '41, and Lt. Thomas F. Meehan, USAAF

Ellen Visscher, '41, and Major William N. Taft, USMCR

Patricia J. Gunning, '42, and Ensign Paul J. Muller, USNR

Elizabeth Hutchison Miller, '42, and Mr. Herbert Ingersoll Buttrick, Jr.

Natalie McKenzie, '40-'42, and Lt. Edward Lanning Pepper, USNR

M. June Allen, '43, and Ensign Raleigh Suarez, USNR

Betty Gorton, '43, and Lt. (jg) Paul Stanley Collier, Jr., USNR

Janet M. Reid, '43, and Mr. Bruce Mason Sherwin, USMS

Alma H. Copp, '44, and Lt. George Lyle Fearnley, Jr., USAAF

Betty Jane Strickler, '44, and BM 2/c Robert E. Mertz

Grace H. Ellery, '43-'44, and Pvt. John J. Schambach, USAAF, brother of *Roselyn M. Schambach*, '45.

Births

Mar. 10, 1945—a daughter, Deborah Hall, to Mr. and Mrs. John W. Harrison (*Bettina Hall*, faculty, '40-'41)

Feb. 26, 1945—a daughter, Dorothy Kurth, to Mr. and Mrs. Elmer S. Doriot (*Joan Johnson*, '28)

Feb. 14, 1945—a son, Dan Alfred, to Mr. and Mrs. Dan Neal (*Tiny Adams*, '29)

Apr. 4, 1945—a son, William Rich, III, to Mr. and Mrs. William R. Steele, Jr. (*Mary B. Korper*, '29)

Apr. 7, 1945—a son, Richard Packard, to Mr. and Mrs. F. Gilbert Hills (*Elinor Packard*, '29-'30)

Mar. 7, 1945—a daughter, Harriet Ann, to Mr. and Mrs. Werner H. Kessel (*Betty Condit*, '31)

Mar. 29, 1945—a daughter, Judith Marie, to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas P. Foley, Jr. (*Helen L. Fitch*, '32)

Feb. 25, 1945—a daughter, Mary Elizabeth, to Pvt. and Mrs. Neil U. Flemming (*Libby Page*, '32)

Apr. 2, 1945—a son, John Arthur, to Dr. and Mrs. T. Royle Dawber (*Eleanor Ronimus*, '32)

Feb. 10, 1945—a daughter, Jean Carole, to Mr. and Mrs. Luther L. Rowland (*Hope Decatur*, '33)

Jan. 9, 1945—a son, Richard Scott, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Amidon (*Carolyn Scott*, '34)

Mar. 16, 1945—a daughter, Cameron, to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Matthews (*Roberta Leonard*, '35)

Feb. 26, 1945—a daughter, Anne Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Stauffer (*Eleanor Ramsdell*, '35)

Feb. 21, 1945—a daughter, Joanne Dale, to Mr. and Mrs. Clarence G. Isaacson (*Ruth Buswell*, '36)

Apr. 10, 1945—a son, Jeffrey Nelson, to Mr. and Mrs. Richard K. Lane (*Priscilla Colson*, '36)

Mar. 17, 1945—a son, Guy Tustin, to Mr. and Mrs. Norman Bull (*Adelaide Seeley*, '36)

Mar. 20, 1945—a son, Bruce Elliot, to Mr. and Mrs. William Tapper (*Leona D. Siff*, '32-'36)

Mar. 8, 1945—a daughter, Mary Helen, to Sgt. and Mrs. William G. Sheldon, Jr. (*Helen DeLaney*, '38)

Mar. 8, 1945—a son, Karl William, to Mr. and Mrs. Andrew J. Johnson (*Betty Schneider*, '38)

Feb. 26, 1945—a daughter, Dorothy Joan, to 1st Lt. and Mrs. Eric H. Foster (*Dorothy W. Schwarz*, '38)

Apr. 18, 1945—a son, Dennis Gray, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Dennis G. Maxwell (*Marjorie Lind*, '39)

Dec. 12, 1944—a son, James Whittemore, to Lt. Col. and Mrs. Horace Z. Eandon (*Leona St. Germain*, '39)

Feb. 21, 1945—a son, Kenneth Charles, to Dr. and Mrs. Bruno Riemer (*Katharine Koehler*, '38-'39)

Mar. 15, 1945—a daughter, Elizabeth Ann, to Mr. and Mrs. James L. Schaye (*Adele Friedstein*, '40)

Feb. 27, 1945—a son, David Cole, III, to Mr. and Mrs. David C. Dilts, II (*Mary Mathews*, '40)

Mar. 13, 1944—a daughter, Marsha Lee, to Mr. and Mrs. David R. Thissen, Jr. (*Marian Ramhofer*, '41)

Nov. 25, 1944—a son, Anthony J., Jr., to Lt. (jg) and Mrs. Anthony J. White (*Amelia Yankus*, '41)

Feb. 26, 1944—a son, George Warren, 3rd, to Lt. and Mrs. George W. Senge, Jr. (*Maxine Gaddis*, '42)

July 2, 1944—a daughter, Rebecca Mae, to Lt. and Mrs. A. E. Williams, Jr. (*Sally Nolan*, '42)

Apr. 24, 1945—a daughter, Linda, to Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Sullivan (*Gwendolyn Prouty*, '42)

June 5, 1944—a daughter, Mary Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Nolan (*Mary Elizabeth Sheehan*, '42)

Lasell extends sympathy to the family of *Annie Bartlett Shepard*, '78-'80, prominent resident of Derry, New Hampshire, who passed away last December. Mrs. Shepard was state regent of the D.A.R. from 1907-09; president of the New Hampshire Federation of Woman's Clubs, 1916-18; member of the State Board of Charities and Corrections, 1919-34; first president of the Women's Republican Club of New Hampshire, and a charter member of the Derry Woman's Club, organized in 1895.

We were saddened to learn of the death, March 10, 1945, of *Susan Griggs Wilson*, '81-'82, '84-'85, charter member of the *Lasell Club of New York*, and a member of the *Lasell Alumnae, Inc.* Mrs. Wilson's hobby during her later years was painting, and one of her canvasses brought first prize at an Atlantic City contest of amateur painters.

We are indebted to *Edith Howe Kip*, '97, for news of her classmate, *Gertrude Taggart*, of Indianapolis, Indiana. Gertrude, long a leader in welfare work in Indianapolis, has been awarded the Community Fund's honored member award, given annually for outstanding community service. She has been a member of the-board of the Community Fund for twelve years, of the board of the Indianapolis Orphans' Asylum for 30 years (treasurer for 19 years), of the Indiana board of charities for two years, and a member of a number of advisory committees. One Indianapolis newspaper writer said of her:

"Miss Taggart has given without stint of her time and her energy wherever she was needed. She richly deserves the honor which has been accorded her, and the community hopes that it will have the privilege of many more years of such unselfish and devoted service to the public interest."

In a note accompanying the newspaper clippings about Gertrude, Edith wrote:

"My memories of the three years I spent at Lasell are still very vivid, and I shall always be grateful for the splendid instruction I received and for the lasting friendships formed. I do hope that some of us from '97 may be able to return for our fiftieth reunion in 1947."

Elizabeth Ewing's ('93) present address is 1628 State Street, Santa Barbara, California. She writes, "Am sorry that I have no news to give; am too busy to get about much. Greetings to dear old Lasell."

The Lasell family joins in expressing deepest sympathy to *Frances Allen Swinton*, '99, on the death of her son, Capt. Allen L. Swinton, who gave his life in the service of his country. Allen enlisted in the Army Air Corps in March 1942, and after receiving training in Texas left for overseas duty with the Air Transport Command in December 1942. He saw service in Africa, India, and in the Mediterranean region, and was a pilot on the plane of Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker while the latter was on an inspection tour of the battle area during the Tunisian Campaign.

Allen received his commission as captain in January of 1944 while still in Africa, and a month later returned to the United States where he was attached to the 7th Ferrying Group. It was on Saturday, November 25, 1944, while he was on a flight from Chicago to Minneapolis under adverse weather conditions, that the fatal crash occurred near Blue Mounds, Wisconsin. Allen was the only one of the four on the plane to survive the crash. He was found, critically injured, on Monday morning, and brought to the Army Air Corps Hospital at Truax Field, Madison, Wisconsin, where he passed away on Wednesday, November 29.

General H. H. Arnold paid the following tribute to Capt. Swinton in a message to his mother:

"There is little that can be said to bring you comfort, but I want you to know that

we appreciate the conscientious attention to duty that characterized Capt. Swinton during his military career. I am informed that after completing the course in the Advanced Flying School at Lubbock, Texas, he accepted responsibilities eagerly, and associates found him to have good judgment and force of character in all instances. He was an excellent officer and leader whose work conformed with the high standards maintained in this command."

The Rev. Lyle C. Burns, who preached the funeral sermon, said:

"Allen Swinton did not love war. His greatest joy was in working around his yard, and in beautifying the house he called home. And yet he went to war to help preserve the simple things of life which are in the end the things really worth while.

"As we think of his sacrifice and of the sacrifice of others who have laid down their lives for their friends, we are impelled to resolve once more that we shall do everything in our power that this terrible global catastrophe that is taking the lives of our youth shall not be again repeated. To labor and pray for a just and lasting peace is our task as a tribute to those who have made the great sacrifice."

We were happy to welcome *Mildred Faxon House*, '95-'97, and *Jennie Myrick Gibbs*, '98, to Lasell on a bright spring afternoon in April. Mildred's address is: Mrs. Francis E. House, Duxbury, Massachusetts, and Jennie may be reached by addressing her, Mrs. George S. Gibbs, Quarters 1003-A, Letterman General Hospital, San Francisco, California.

Recently a very appreciative notice appeared in a Maine paper in reference to the retirement of Rev. *Mabelle Whitney*, '03, from her duties as a regular pastor. Because of war conditions she has most generously offered her services to continue her ministry during this season of strain and stress. She is now pastor of the Methodist Church in Monticello, Maine.

In the closing lines of a recent message to the *Personals Editor* she wrote that she was wonderfully well and thoroughly enjoying the new experience of crossing the great open spaces in order to serve members of the congregation.

Snow fields and winter blasts fail to rob her of her enthusiasm. Lasell's blessing and Godspeed to this fearless and consecrated itinerant.

The *Personals Editor* was especially happy to have as guests at the college recently, her two nieces, *Mary Potter McConn*, '05, and *Julia Potter Schmidt*, '06. To them Bragdon Hall seemed to be a second home, as they spent happy years here as students.

Lasell alumnae are holding in sympathetic remembrance, *Clara Felt Nims*, '07, whose mother, Mrs. W. A. Nims, passed away recently. Mrs. Nims was identified with civil and religious interests of her community, Watertown, New York.

Sarah A. Moore, '07-'08, who so ably planned the annual luncheon of the *Lasell Club of New York*, has had a very busy new year as war fund director of the Perth Amboy-Carteret (New Jersey) Chapter of the American Red Cross.

Lasell extends deepest sympathy to *Sally Guething Herrick*, '07-'09, whose son, S/Sgt. Roger W. Herrick, of the ski troops, was killed in the service of his country in Italy, February 24.

Edna Kauffman Binder, '11, wrote to Dr. Winslow in February:

"I have suffered a great loss during the past year. My husband [Paul B. Binder], serving in the Navy as a chief pharmacist's mate, was attached to the Third Marines. When they landed on Guam July 20, he was wounded, and died July 23. I have many letters telling of the fine work he did for the wounded and of the good influence he exerted on the young corpsmen who worked under him.

"Through my sorrow I have been comforted and blessed with our two fine children. Our daughter, Mary Ellen, is at home with

me, and holds a position as secretary to one of the executives at the Bethlehem Steel Company. Jim, our son, is not in the service because of a perforated ear drum, and is doing graduate work in English at Johns Hopkins University. During my husband's absence I have been managing one phase of his business, a public golf course, and hope to continue with that work."

Classmates and Lasell friends join in extending sympathy to Edna in her great loss.

What a newsy letter from *Gladys Dudley Lindner*, '06-'11, who wrote recently from her home in San Francisco, California:

"Last year *Nina Dietz Harwood*, '11, visited me, and she, her daughter, Joan, and I had luncheon at the home of *Marian Halstead Fenton*, '09-'10. We all had the feeling that we were back in New England, for Marian has furnished her home very charmingly with Colonial antiques. When luncheon was over we went into her garden which is for all the world like an Hawaiian patio. Gardens are Marian's hobby, and the results are astonishing, even for California!

"Nina's son, Ben, Jr., just 18 years old when he left here nearly two years ago, is a gunner on an LCI. His outfit has been in half a dozen invasion task forces. Joan is living at home and is of untold comfort to her mother. You may recall that she was born in Paris the day that Jeanne d'Arc was made a patron saint of France. She is an unusual and stunning girl!

"My son, Dudley Lindner, is a captain in the Army. My five-year-old granddaughter, Charlotte Lindner, resembles her grandmother, but it is generally conceded that there are many improvements in the new model.

"I have been in charge of entertainment in the San Francisco Stage Door Canteen, and we are well ahead of every other such canteen in monthly averages. We have 325 acts each month as compared to New York's 270. Now we are hosts to 100 invalid veterans each night, as well as to a monthly average of 44,000 men of all branches of the service.

"Two years ago I sent Dr. Winslow a copy of my book on Marcel Proust, published by the Stanford University Press, and he wrote a charming letter of congratulation to me. But I did not see any mention of it in the LEAVES. I was disappointed because I was sure none of my classmates or teachers ever believed for a moment that I would achieve any intellectual heights. Now the Ballet Theatre is to produce four ballets I have interpreted from Proust's novel, *Remembrance of Things Past*. If it is possible to obtain the dramatic rights from Paris, Anthony Tudor will do the choreography. The premiere will be at the Metropolitan in New York this fall, we hope.

"Winifred Taylor Henderson's ('07-'09) daughter, Naida, has been in San Francisco this year, as her husband comes into this port occasionally. Naida resembles her grandmother Taylor but has Winnie's wonderful red hair!

"I think of Lasell very affectionately and frequently, and read the LEAVES with great interest. Isn't it too bad that we realize our advantages so late? I reproach myself when I think of the opportunities I passed up when I was so fortunate as to have *Miss Witherbee* as an instructress. My husband frequently complains that I am a perfectionist, so perhaps I did absorb more than I think!"

Gladys' husband, Mr. Clarence R. Lindner, is publisher of the San Francisco *Examiner*, and associate professor of journalism at Stanford University.

[Lasell was shocked to learn of the sudden passing, April 25, of *Gladys Dudley Lindner*, '06-'11, vice chairman of the San Francisco Stage Door Canteen.

Brock Pemberton, director of the American Theater Wing which sponsors the canteens paid the following tribute:

"The hearts of all of us canteen workers are saddened tonight by the death of our co-worker, Gladys Lindner. She has done a spectacular job. In a city in which it was predicted there could be no Stage Door Canteen because there wasn't enough entertainment,

through her enthusiasm, imagination and inexhaustible energy and love of you boys, she created programs which have made this the peer of all Stage Door Canteens.

"We who knew and loved her will miss her sorely. You who knew her only through her works will feel the loss."

Tributes to her untiring interest and efforts for the canteen came from scores of her associates and those with whom she had been in close contact through her work.

Governor Warren wired:

"Mrs. Warren and I send our deepest sympathy in your great loss. It was a shock to hear of her untimely passing. I enjoyed knowing her and realize how greatly her loss will be felt."

Antoinette Perry, chairman of the Theater Wing War Services Board in New York, sent the following message:

"We have been so proud of Mrs. Lindner and so deeply appreciative of the tremendous effort she has made for our San Francisco Canteen. There has never been anyone who has done more for the men than she has, and our gratitude is beyond words."

To Mr. Lindner and Gladys' son, Captain Dudley L. Lindner, USA, Lasell extends deepest sympathy.]

Kathleen Moore Knight, '11, has added another to her list of successful stories published for the Crime Club. Her latest book, *Stream Sinister*, appeared early this year.

The November 1944 issue of *Independent Woman* carries a portrait of *Dorothy Stickney*, '13-'14, as Vinnie in *Life With Father*.

Lasell extends sympathy to *Virginia Moore Starkey*, '17, and *Carolyn Moore*, '14, on the death of their father, Mr. Isaac S. Moore, of Duluth, Minnesota. Mr. Moore was president of the First and American National Bank until his retirement in 1938, and was active in church and community affairs.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Sterley (*Helen Stephan*, '17) were recent callers at Lasell. Their home is at 189 North Manor Avenue, Kingston, New York.

June will be a very busy month for *Edith*

Powell Van der Wolk, '18, for her son, William, is to be married after his graduation from the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis. and another son, Donald, will be graduated from Mount Hermon School. Edith's husband, Lt. Col. William W. Van der Wolk, is stationed in Washington, D. C., with headquarters in the Pentagon Building.

Helen G. Jacobs, '19-'21, is dietitian at the A. Barton Hepburn Hospital in Ogdensburg, New York.

Phyllis Rafferty Shoemaker, '22, left Boston in April to visit her family in Watsonville, California. Her father, Mr. James J. Rafferty, was among those liberated in the Philippines in February, and recently returned to his home in the States.

Mary Saunders Houston, '22-'23, writes from her present address, 1706 Gaillard Place, Richland, Washington:

"Have been out here over a year on one of the duPont Company's war projects. Mother [*Mrs. Caroline S. Saunders*, Lasell faculty '17-'30] has visited us twice during our stay here. Our daughter, Caroline, now almost 13, is having a gay time riding western horses through the sagebrush, and doing some fine oil painting."

Martha Fish Holmes, life secretary of the Class of 1925, is holding open house for her classmates on Alumnae Day, Saturday, June 2, from two until five o'clock at her home, 15 Graydale Circle, Auburndale.

Marion Crawford McCole, '22, is at 123 Fairfield Avenue, Rockford, Illinois, while her husband, Eugene McCole, is overseas.

Among the most welcome visitors at Lasell during the spring vacation were *Gwendolyn McDonald Black*, '18-'28 (daughter of *Mrs. Statira P. McDonald*) and her two winsome children, Laurence and Janet, veritable sunbeams who easily won their way into the hearts of the Lasell family. Seldom have we seen such well trained children. It was a joy to count these among our newly made little friends.

2nd Lt. *Adeline Trafton*, '25-'27, of the Army Nurse Corps is at a station hospital overseas.

On page 14 of the March 3, 1945 issue of *Colliers Magazine* is a new story, "Like a Petal," by *Sallie Belle Cox*, '25-'26.

Julia Klingensmith Frey, '26-'28, is living at 251 Gallivan Boulevard, Dorchester, Massachusetts, having recently moved there from Manchester, Connecticut.

Jeannette Eustis Smith's ('27-'28) address is 12 Grayhurst Park, Portland, Maine. She has one son, 12 years old.

Katherine Braithwaite, '29, storekeeper first class in the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts, has an apartment with three other Waves at 800 North Carolina Avenue, S.E., Washington 3, D. C.

Barbara Goodell Trott, '29, is completing requirements for her M.A. degree at Boston University, where she is assistant to Dr. Lowell Trowbridge, clinical psychologist. Her work is primarily concerned with discharged veterans of World War II.

After about two months of searching, Karin (*Karin Eliasson*, '31) and Hank (Comdr. Henry S.) Monroe have found a small house in Arlington, Virginia. Their address for the next few months will be 1705 North 17th Street.

Mildred Fischer Langworthy, '31, recently sent the following change of address, effective April 1: 6115 Interceptor Street, Los Angeles, 45, California.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon S. Curtis (*Marjorie Magune*, '31) have bought a home at 19 Quinapoxet Lane, Worcester 6, Massachusetts, with plenty of land for their three growing children. Frank, 10; Gordon, Jr., 4, and Caro, 13 months.

Blair Whittier, '31, writes from her present address, Main Street, Sherborn, Massachusetts:

"Two and one-half years ago I left my position as secretary to a member of a large Boston law firm to go into war work. Since then I have devoted myself entirely to Red Cross volunteer nurses' aide work at the local civilian hospital, and since its opening, at Cushing Hospital."

Harriette L. Bunker, WP '30-'31, is a 2nd lieutenant in the Army Nurse Corps, sta-

tioned at Will Rogers Field Station Hospital, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. Her sister, *Elizabeth*, WP '30-'31, is now Mrs. Alonzo W. Clark, III, 2801 Adams Mill Road, Washington 9, D. C.

Members of the Lasell faculty and staff, undergraduates, and alumnae extend their sympathy to *Miss Muriel R. McClelland*, faculty '29-, whose father, Mr. Oscar D. McClelland, passed away April 13, 1945 after a long illness.

Congratulations to *Nat Park*, '32, who has been promoted to lieutenant (junior grade) in the WAVES.

Pvt. Neil U. Flemming, husband of *Libby Page Flemming*, '32, left for overseas late in February, as a replacement in Patton's Third Army. We have just received word that he was killed in action in Germany on April 5. Our deepest sympathy to Libby in her great loss.

Gertrude Hannigan, '31-'32, is yeoman second class in the WAVES, stationed in Oakland, California.

Capt. *Elizabeth Schuller* (Lasell, '33), of the American Red Cross, first woman to be awarded the Bronze Star, and the recipient of numerous unit citations since her arrival overseas at the end of 1942, has been awarded the Avon Medallion of Honor for Women of Achievement by a committee comprising Fannie Hurst, the novelist; Gladys Swarthout of the Metropolitan Opera Company; and Miss C. Mildred Thompson, dean of Vassar College. Congratulations, Elizabeth, on this latest recognition of the work you are doing in the service of humanity.

Roberta Morrill, '35, has kindly shared with us portions of a letter from *Kay Peck Dietler*, who wrote recently from her home in Connecticut:

"We are the proud but exhausted parents of a very active little girl who will be two in May. She talks all the time, though we sometimes have difficulty in understanding what words of wisdom are coming forth.

"'Puffy' (*Mary Jane Selby Guerry*, '35) lives near me, and we talk by telephone almost

every day, that is, when we can get a word in edgewise; our daughters like to talk to each other, too! Puff's little girl is six months older than my Katharine Anne. She is a lovely child and beautifully trained.

"I hear occasionally from *Phyll Stuart Rosebery*, '35. She, Hugh, and young Chris are in Texas now, but Hugh may go overseas soon.

"Also hear from *Anne O'Brien Ryan*, '35; she has two little boys.

"Neal, Katharine Anne, and I have just gotten resettled in our own home, after spending four months in West Haven with Mother and Dad when they were ill. Both are fine now."

Under the very able direction of *Roberta Morrill*, '35, instructor in dramatics, the Lasell Workshop Players and the Harvard University Players presented *Kind Lady*, by Edward Chodorov, for two performances March 16 and 17. All who attended agreed that the play was handled in a most professional fashion. Congratulations to Roberta on the excellent work she is doing in dramatics at Lasell.

Barbara Heath Ramsay, '35, and her daughter, Susan, are with Capt. Ramsay in New Orleans, while he is attending a transportation patrol school.

Maida Cardwell Atwood's ('35) husband, Howard N. Atwood, Jr., has returned to active sea duty after a brief leave spent in Auburndale. Howie is a seaman first class, quartermaster striker, aboard a United States battleship in the Pacific theatre.

In response to an inquiry from the Alumnae Secretary, *Leona Siff Tapper*, '32-'36 wrote:

"You asked if my husband is related to my sister, Jeanne's [*Jeanne Siff Tapper*, '36] husband. They are brothers. Bill and I met when Jeanne and Irv became engaged, and we were best man and maid of honor at their wedding. They and their two children are in Hollywood, Florida, where Irv is a lieutenant in the Navy.

"I have achieved some recognition in my chosen field, painting. My first acceptance was

at the 1940 New Year Show at the Butler Art Museum, Youngstown, Ohio. I studied with John Thompson here in Denver for two years, and had my first one-man show of fifteen watercolors last winter at Chappell House Museum. Have just received word of the acceptance of an oil and a watercolor for the Seventh Annual Regional Show of residents and former residents of West Virginia, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, and the District of Columbia."

Marjorie Bassett MacMillan, '36, and her daughter, Betsy Ann, have joined Lt. (jg) A. Gordon MacMillan, in Washington, D. C. Bassie's Lasell roommate, *Margaret Pearl Ide*, '36, and her two sons have returned to their home in Danville, Vermont after spending the winter in Auburndale.

Lieut. *Dorothy Ell*, '36, is stationed in Boston at the Office of Naval Reservations, 150 Causeway Street.

In New York City *Peg Page*, '36, is working for the Kellex Corporation and may be addressed at 343 West 23rd Street, Apt. 1-A.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Hartley (*Ethel Stroud*, '36) recently returned to Boston from Evanston, Illinois, as Mr. Hartley has been transferred to the home office of the Liberty Mutual Insurance Company.

Marjorie Stuart Olds, '36, and her son, Robbie, had a few hours' stopover in Boston recently on their way from Lyndonville, Vermont to Arlington, Virginia to visit Sgt. Olds' family. They were met at South Station by former Lasell classmates and associates, *Sarah Hathaway*, *Helen Beede*, '21, *Priscilla Winslow*, '35, *Marjorie Bassett MacMillan*, and *Esther Sosman*, '36. Robbie, who will be two years old in July, fairly "ran his 'aunts' ragged" as he explored every corner of the station, and greeted most of the persons waiting there.

Helen Saul Foxwell, '36, has moved to 43 Highland Road, Rye, New York, and is working in New York City for the Citizen's Committee for Military Training of Young Men, Inc. Don (Lt. E. Donald Foxwell, USA) is somewhere in northern France.

Jerre Fothergill, '37, has requested that she be sent to China or Burma when the war with Germany is over. She is an American Red Cross hospital staff aide, and was in Luxembourg when she wrote in January.

Jane Eldridge Meaney, '37, was recently guest at the home of *Tillie Parmenter Madden*, '37, in Wellesley, Massachusetts. We are glad that they found time during Jane's short stay to visit Lasell, and to show Marcia, Tillie's three-year-old daughter, where her mother attended college.

A few days later, two other Lasell daughters called with their mothers, *Tap Tardivel Higgins*, '37, and *Irene Gahan Burbank*, '38, while they made reservations for the annual Lasell Night at Pops. Tap's husband, Lt. (jg) Charles A. Higgins, Jr., USNR, is stationed in Hawaii, and writes that he has been guest at the home of *Babe Beamer Dahlberg*, '37, on several occasions.

From Tap we learned that *Midge Gilbert Wiggin*, '37, is living in La Jolla, California, while her husband, Lt. Comdr. Frederick A. Wiggin, is on active duty aboard a carrier.

Dr. and Mrs. Louis A. Pipes (*Florence Stetson*, '37) are living in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where Dr. Pipes is assistant professor of electrical engineering at Harvard College.

Ensign *Edwina Kelley*, '36-'37, nurse in the United States Navy, wrote to *Antoinette Meritt Smith*, '23, alumnae treasurer, in February:

"After serving overseas for a year, I returned to the States where I was one of a group of 30 selected to take an intensive course in dietetics at George Washington University, Washington, D. C. When our course ends in June we will be sent to various large Naval hospitals in the States as head dietitians. After six months there we will be eligible for duty overseas or aboard hospital ships with the fleet.

"I receive my copies of the LEAVES regularly and enjoy them thoroughly. Am very proud of Lasell, and sing its praises on every possible occasion."

Arlene S. MacFarlane, '36-'37, has arrived in Hawaii for further assignment in the Pacific Ocean area as an American Red Cross hospital social worker. Until her Red Cross appointment Arlene was a case-worker for the Family Society of Boston. She is a graduate of Simmons College and Smith College School of Social Work.

Life as an Army nurse is not easy as one can see from the schedule of 2nd Lt. *Virginia Amesbury*, '38, who is at present on night duty at Cushing General Hospital in Framingham, Massachusetts. Her hours are from seven to seven, seven nights a week for 31 nights. Virginia enlisted in the Army Nurse Corps and was sent on January 24, 1945 to Fort Devens for a month of basic training. Upon completion of this course, she was assigned to Cushing, where she has remained except for one week, when she had charge of four cars (161 casualties) on a hospital train to Colorado Springs. Virginia is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. *Walter R. Amesbury* (*Jane Ford*, '01-'03).

Betty Morley, '38, wrote from Washington, D. C. early in April:

"Have been in the American Foreign Service Auxiliary of the State Department since January 1. Am assigned to the American Consulate at Basra, Iraq, and expect to proceed there in the near future. My duties will be clerical and secretarial. At present I am secretary to one of the officers of Foreign Service in the State Department, Division of Near Eastern Affairs. It is all very interesting and exciting."

In response to a request from the Alumnae Secretary, *Lee Shepard*, '38, replied with the following account of her activities since she left Lasell:

"Received my A.B. degree from Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, in June 1940, and was affiliated with the Upsilon chapter of Phi Sigma (national scientific research fraternity) there. It is the national honor society in biological sciences. After graduation I worked as assistant to the social worker at the Girls' Industrial School, Delaware, Ohio, and at-

tended the Graduate School of Social Administration, Ohio State University. From 1941 to 1943 I was director of public relations of the Welfare Department, Fairfield Air Service Command, Patterson Field, Dayton, Ohio. At present am studying for my master's degree in the field of vocational guidance and occupational adjustment, at Columbia University."

Lauretta A. McCluskey, '36-'38, is a civilian nurse in Honolulu, Hawaii.

1st Lt. Eric H. Foster, husband of *Dorothy Schwarz Foster*, '38, is in England with the Army Signal Corps.

Sgt. and Mrs. Donald J. Winslow (*Lou Nelson*, faculty '37-'43) expect to arrive in Auburndale the latter part of April on a brief furlough before Don reports to Miami, Florida for overseas assignment. Until recently he was stationed at the Army Air Base, Mountain Home, Idaho. He is the son of *Dr. and Mrs. Guy M. Winslow*.

Ellen O'Connell Smith, '39, recently returned from Texas and California, is living at home in West Newton for the duration. Lt. Smith has been assigned navigator on a B-29 bomber for combat duty.

Dr. and Mrs. Bruno Riemer (*Katharine Koehler*, '38-'39) are residing in Romulus, New York where Dr. Riemer is practicing medicine. He is also contract surgeon at the Seneca Ordnance Depot, Romulus.

Mary Shanley Johnson, '38-'39, is employed in the accounting department of the Bethlehem Steel Company in Quincy, Massachusetts.

Lt. Col. Horace Z. Landon, husband of *Leona St. Germain Landon*, '39, has returned from service in order to give full time to his business, which is 100 per cent war work.

Priscilla Sleeper Sterling, '40, sent the following notes of interest to *Personals* readers, early in April:

"*Ginny Black*, '41, was working in New York for about a month so I saw her often while she was here. *Nancy Bailey Black*, '40, spent the weekend with me over a month ago, and we had luncheon with *Betty Bell*

Barry, '40, and Camie Porter Morison, '40.

"The New York Lasell Club luncheon was a real success, and although there were only five present from our class (*Dorothy Paddock*, *Sue Ridley*, *Camie Porter Morison*, *Betty Bell Barry*, and I) it was fun to see the girls from other classes. We sat with *Norma Jacobus Riddle*, '39, *Madeline Edie*, '39, and *Shirley Wood*, '39, and all of us were greatly impressed by the new dean, Miss *Phyllis Hoyt*.

"*Camie* is working for the Shaw Publishing Company, and is secretary to the publisher of the magazine, *My Baby*. She told me that *Edith Forman*, '40, has been ill, but is now fully recovered and has returned to work. *Betty Bell Barry* is active in the Red Cross. I have talked by phone to *Ginny Loveday*, '41, several times. She is an American Airlines hostess."

We were pleased to receive a call from *Pussy Aiken*, '40, in March. She was on a short vacation from her work at the Horace Mann School and her studies at Columbia University in New York City.

Ann Hathaway, '40, is a senior at the University of California in Berkeley, and will receive her A.B. degree in October. She is completing a course entitled "Regional Major on Hispanic America."

Major and Mrs. William A. Hall (*Barbara L. Woodward*, '40) are at LeMoore Field, LeMoore, California.

Phyllis Jugo Humphrey, '38-'40, is living with her family while Lieut. Humphrey, submarine engineering officer, is on active duty.

Mary R. Weedon, '38-'40, who was graduated from Radcliffe College in February, 1944, has been working in the Information Service of the New York Times since last June.

Lt. (jg) *Cyrilla R. Green*, '39-'40, is stationed in communications in Washington. Her marriage to Mr. Roger L. Macdonald of Somerville, Massachusetts, is planned for the middle of May.

After one year at Smith College, *Elisabeth Leewitz*, '39-'40, daughter of *Alice Bevin*

Leewitz, '13-'14, transferred to Barnard College, where she is a member of the junior class.

From New Guinea, Cpl. *Evangeline Lobdell*, WAC, '39-'40, wrote to Dr. Winslow in February:

"I have spent the greater part of my 30 months in service attending Army schools: Motor Transport, Medical Technician, and Signal Corps. They were all fine courses, and I benefited a great deal from each of them. I was stationed at Fort Sam Houston, Texas for 16 months, with the exception of two months' detached service at the Army and Navy General Hospital in Arkansas. Left Texas in April 1944 to attend Signal Corps school and start overseas training at Camp Crowder, Missouri. From there I went to Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, and thence to the west coast and New Guinea.

"Have been here for six months, and have enjoyed every minute of it. My work is very interesting (I wish I could tell you what I am doing), and there is usually something of importance or enjoyment to take up any spare time.

"Now I am ready for another change, one which will be for the better, I believe. You have doubtless heard of the Army's physical therapy course leading to a commission in the Medical Corps. I thought seriously of applying for it when I was in the States, but the overseas assignment sounded more adventurous, so that was my choice.

"Greetings to you and Mrs. Winslow and any of my teachers and friends who are still at dear Lasell."

Susan Paisley Hansbury, '41, Sp (R) 2/c, USNR (W), is stationed at the Naval Air Station, Seattle, Washington. PhM 3/c *Despina Spring*, '41, is at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Bainbridge, Maryland.

Mr. and Mrs. Grayson W. Wilcox (*Phyllis Rees*, '41) are at home at 484 Linwood Avenue, Buffalo, New York. Mr. Wilcox was deputy chief of the plastics branch, Chemical Bureau of the War Production Board in Washington. He has returned to private in-

dustry as assistant sales manager of Durez Plastics and Chemicals, Tonawanda, New York.

Marjorie Gould, faculty '41-'44, is a Red Cross staff assistant stationed at a replacement depot in Italy. The Red Cross club is fairly new and it has been an interesting task to help furnish and decorate the various prefabricated huts as well as to assist in the entertainment of the thousands of men who stop at the camp on their way to the front. She has met Sgt. *Margaret Gamble* of the WAC, who is also in Italy.

Jean H. Hardy, '42, Y 2/c in the WAVES, is stationed at the U. S. Naval Radio Station, Chatham, Massachusetts.

Congratulations to *Nina Hobson*, '42, recently promoted to the rank of ensign in the WAVES. She is attending Supply School at Radcliffe College for three months.

Late in February *Trity Johnson*, '42, paid a brief visit to Lasell. She is a stewardess for United Airlines, and lives in Chicago at Apt. 809, 5346 South Cornell Terrace.

Jean Macdonald, '42, S 1/c Sp (Y), is a control tower operator at Lakehurst, New Jersey.

Jayne O'Rourke Gaffney's ('42) husband, Capt. Gerard A. Gaffney, USA, is serving overseas.

After leaving Lasell, *Virginia Gibson*, '41-'42, worked for a decorating firm in Boston. Later she decided to do something for the war effort, and took a course in drafting at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where she is now employed in the Radiation Laboratory. After the war she hopes to return to the decorating field.

Virginia Collins, '41-'42, was sworn into the Marines in March.

Barbara Berkman, '42, is working in the buyer's office, men's store, Filene's, Boston.

Y 3/c *Marie Ellis*, '43, is stationed at the Navy Relief Office, Charlestown, Massachusetts.

Pfc. *Marie L. Good*, USMC (WR), '43, called at Lasell in February while on furlough from Camp Pendleton, Oceanside, California. She looked very trim in her Marine

uniform, and spoke with enthusiasm of the work in her branch of the service.

Betty Gorton, '43, will receive her B.A. degree from Smith College in May.

Ginny Jewell, '43, left her position at Lasell in March to enter boot training in the WAVES at Hunter College, New York.

Amarillo Army Air Field, Amarillo, Texas is the address of Pvt. *Mary K. Ledbetter*, '43, of the WAC.

Louise Royhl, '44, was accepted at the University of Wisconsin last fall, but was unable to go because of the extreme room shortage. She is taking a course at Huron College, and has applied for admission to Barnard College for the coming year.

S 2/c *Nancy Savage*, '44, working in the Bureau of the Chief of Naval Operations in Washington, D. C., lives at WAVE Quarters D, Massachusetts and Nebraska Avenues.

Also in the WAVES from '44 is *Eleanor Laing*, S 1/c Ma M. She entered the service last July, and is stationed at the Fleet Post Office, New York City.

Lasell Alumnae, Inc

Antoinette Meritt Smith, '23, treasurer, of 393 Broadway, Cambridge 39, Massachusetts, reports five new life members of the *Lasell Alumnae, Inc.*: *Lucy MacLeod Smith*, '27; *Mary E. Upham*, '35; *Celina Belle Isle Forman*, '21; *Esther H. Story*, '21, and *Elizabeth D. Knox*, '42-'44. Besides these, about 15 girls are taking out life memberships in five installments of \$5 each paid at successive intervals of six months.

New Haven Lasell Club

The *New Haven Lasell Club* held a bridge for the benefit of the scholarship fund on March 14 at the New Haven Woman's Club. There were 35 tables, a prize for each table, refreshments, and about 25 door prizes. We also raffled off an old-fashioned bouquet with \$5 attached to it.

The committee in charge of the bridge consisted of: *Frances Stephan*, '38; *Virginia Wil-*

helm Peters, '38; *Mary King*, '38; *Charlotte Ockert*, '33; *Emma Ockert*, '26; *Barbara Schilf*, '40; *Helen Woodward*, '40; *Mildred Munson*, '32; *Etta Eldredge Long*, '40; *Marjorie Walker*, '33; *Eleanor Pfaff*, '41; *Madeline Vivian*, '41, and *Jean Adams*, '40.

The annual spring luncheon of the club will be held at one o'clock, May 19, at the Weather Vane. "*Miss Mac*" *McClelland*, faculty '29-, will be guest speaker from the college.

Jean Adams, '40, Secretary

New York Lasell Club

The *New York Lasell Club* had a banner meeting on February 3, at Midston House, New York City, with 110 present for luncheon. Our special guest, *Miss Phyllis Hoyt*, brought us much of interest in the current news of Lasell, and greetings from our friends at the college. Our impressions of the new dean are: "so young, so efficient, and so charming."

The special greeting sent to her "little white doves" from *Miss Potter* was next best to having her with us in person.

We were particularly delighted to have at the speakers' table, *Mabel Taylor Gannett*, '95, *Sara Hayden Carlton*, '95, and *Martha Solari Grote*, '93-'94. The version they gave of Lasell in their day made us all realize how changed in many ways Lasell is, and yet how unchanging the principles and quality of the guidance we all have received, no matter what our year of graduation.

Margaret Schneider, '39, was re-elected president, and *Sarah A. Moore*, '07-'08, secretary-treasurer. Because of her possible absence from New York, *Louise Paisley*, '09, declined her renomination, and *Lucy Robertson Taylor*, '32, was elected vice president for the coming year.

After the secretary-treasurer's report was given, it was voted to again send a war bond to the *Lasell Alumnae, Inc.*

The large attendance, in spite of the necessary change of date because of difficulties in obtaining hotel accommodations, was very

gratifying, and many happy reunions of classmates took place around the luncheon table.

Sarah A. Moore, '07-'08, Secretary-Treasurer

Address Unknown

During the first four months of 1945 there have been over 700 changes of address of alumnae. Please notify the Alumnae Secretary at Lasell if you move, marry, or know of the marriages and changes of address of Lasell friends. Below are listed the names of girls whose present addresses are unknown. Will you please check this list and send the Alumnae Secretary any information which may be of help to her in locating them.

Roberta Brown Hoffman, '79-'80
Minnie A. Bullard, '79-'82
Mary Marshall Call, '81-'85
Sarah Mills Dodge, '84-'85
Clara L. White, '83-'86
Mary Byram, '85-'86
Maggie M. Waterhouse, '87-'88
Adelaide Saunders Balch, '86-'89
Grace Ackerly Kerr, '89-'90
Nellie Johnson, '91
Jessie Baxter Black, '90-'91
Carrie Van Sickle Mann, '90-'93
Mary L. Chapin, '92-'93
Blanche Fowler Weed, '92-'94
Edith Starkey Wheeler, '93-'94
Hattie L. Freebey, '95
Helen Turner Werner, '92-'97
Louise Holden Hunter, '99-'00
Ethel Gallagher Rouse, '01
Cornelia DeGroat Talbot, '00-'01
Mary Gaar Study, '00-'01
Mary C. Franck, '01-'02
Susie I. Gallup, '03-'04
Bertha Sleicher Davis, '03-'04
Bernadine Johnson Monaghan, '04-'05
Lucy Reilly Robertson, '05-'07
Helen Day Muir, '06-'07
Florence Rogers Hilton, '05-'08
Mildred Nelson, '07-'08
Myra Schofield Magnuson, '08-'09

Lucy Russell Webb, '08-'10
 Elizabeth Burke, '09-'10
 Hilda Betts, '10-'11
 Nellie Fuller Dale, '11-'12
 Hulda Nauman Sidney, '11-'12
 Frances K. P. Newell, '11-'12
 Gladys Van Fossen, '11-'12
 Bertine Libby Heher, '13
 Marian Keefer Kreutzer, '10-'13
 Rachel Field Kuhulee, '12-'13
 Harriet B. Van Emden, '12-'13
 Constance Davis Dexler, '12-'14
 Marie Kolb Hegedorn, '14-'15
 Aristine Knapp Lawton, '15-'16
 Marion Stanley Crabbe, '15-'16
 Ruth Lippitt Halliwell, '17-'18
 May P. Fogg, '18-'19
 Gladys Harding Thompson, '18-'19
 Florence M. Lessler, '18-'19
 Miriam H. White, '18-'19
 Helen L. Butler, '19-'20
 Mildred K. Carpenter, '19-'20
 Stella Daniel, '19-'20
 Mabel Elliot Ward, '19-'20
 Helen Johnson Sumner, '19-'20
 Laura E. Miller, '19-'20
 Kathryn V. R. Wilder, '19-'20
 Rena V. Wilson, '19-'20
 Florence Schneider Johnson, '22
 Helen Stern, '22
 M. Eleanor Chalmers, '20-'22
 Jean E. Cottrell, '21-'22
 Elise Parkinson Miles, '21-'22
 Emma Smith Orr, '22-'23
 Hazel Stryker, '22-'23
 Margaret Bunnell Young, '24
 Pauline Gagne Warren, '24
 Margaret Niday Wrightson, '24
 Harriet Edwards Moore, '23-'24
 Annette Durkee Harvey, '25
 Helen E. Beach, '23-'25
 Eleanor Craig, '24-'25
 Caroline H. Cushman, '24-'25
 Zora Farnsworth Bilbo, '24-'25
 Phyllis Bridger Leathers, '26
 Dorothy Follett Miller, '25-'26
 Ethelwyn Vandever Hood, '25-'26
 Rosanna McConnell Wallis, '27
 Dorothy Quimby Faure, '27

Lucille W. Paul, '26-'27
 Elizabeth R. Whitney, '26-'27
 Miriam Lingley Wilcox, '28
 Gertrude Mondelli, '28
 Helen Tracy Shaw, '28
 Lorraine E. Whitley, '25-'28
 Elizabeth Knowles Warren, '27-'28
 Elizabeth Noble, '27-'28
 Claire E. Rourke, '27-'28
 Lois E. Van Riper, '27-'28
 Marjorie Bloom Schwartz, '27-'29
 Geraldine Andrews Knowlton, '28-'29
 Marjorie Bolton, '28-'29
 Muriel B. Cox, '28-'29
 Eleanor Heineman Goldsmith, '28-'29
 Dorothy Herron Mahafeey, '28-'29
 Helen Jordan Cutler, '30
 Mary B. Belcher, '29-'30
 Marion L. Craig, '29-'30
 Honoria R. Drew, '29-'30
 M. Arlene Melvin, '29-'30
 Ethel Baker Burnett, '31
 Barbara C. Strong, '31
 Ruth Tarlow Maren, '29-'31
 Helen F. Beckford, '30-'31
 Jessie J. Cross, '30-'31
 Roberta Crouse Crotty, '32
 Eleanor H. Johnson, '32
 Louise M. Russell, '30-'32
 Ruth A. Walsh, '31-'32
 Dorothy Fuller Marshall, '33-'34
 Lillian M. Wise, '33-'34
 Lois B. Nickerson, '33-'35
 Catherine Birmingham, '35-'36
 Barbara Elliot, '35-'36
 Hope E. Reeves, '35-'36
 Helen M. Daniels, '36-'37
 Dorothy A. Graham, '36-'37
 Phyllis Holbrook, '36-'37
 Sally D. Greene, '39
 Georgia E. Pierce, '39
 Carol E. Black, '38-'39
 Jane Emma Blackburn, '38-'39
 Peggy L. Greene, '38-'39
 Faith C. Mowry, '38-'39
 H. Virginia Swan, '38-'39
 Sally L. Blessed, '39-'40
 Jane Miller Montgomery, '40-'41

B. B. McKeever, *Pres.* T. M. Leahy, *Vice Pres.*
PAUL McKEEVER, *Treas.*

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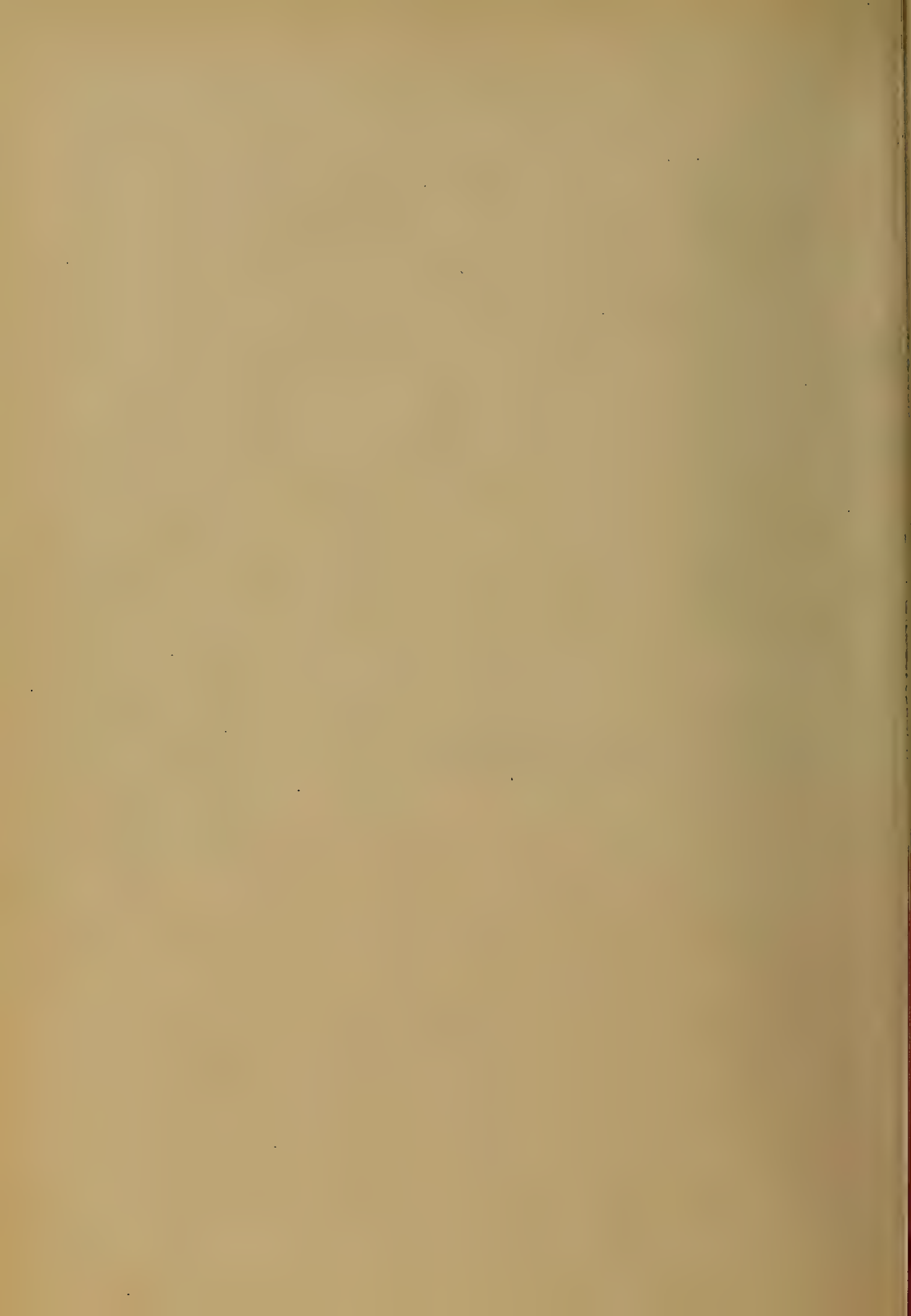
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LASELL LEAVES



SUMMER 1945

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URSULA FEENEY
EMMA GILBERT



May Queen and Court. Left to right: Adelaide Pyle; Marjorie Norris, maid of honor; Emma Gilbert, queen; Barbara Preuss; Dorrit Gegan; Deborah Newton.

LILLIE R. POTTER

AT LASELL, as at most long-standing educational institutions, there has been a tradition of long service by members of the faculty and those serving in other capacities. Dr. Bragdon, 34 years, Prof. Hills, 49 years, and Mlle. Le Royer, 50 years, are three among a much larger list which might be named.

However, among all its long-time servants, perhaps no other person has had such close and helpful contact with the students of Lasell as Miss Potter. She came to Lasell as a student in October, 1876, was graduated in 1880, and returned as "Preceptress" in 1902. She continued in this position with a change of title to Dean in 1925. In 1936 she was made Dean Emeritus. To the end of the year 1943-44, Miss Potter continued to have charge of the Sunday evening vesper services, and until June 1945, she has continued as editor of the *Personals* for the LEAVES.

On February 24th last, Miss Potter reached her eighty-sixth birthday. Needing care which could not be provided at Lasell, she, in consultation with her two nieces, Julia Potter Schmidt and Mary Potter McConn, after considering a number of possibilities, decided that the Morrison Nursing Home at the corner of Washington Street and Commonwealth Avenue, a little way across the street from Woodland Park Hall, was the place best adapted to her needs. There she will be near enough to attend functions at Lasell or services at the Auburndale Methodist Church as she wishes and is able. She can continue under the care of Dr. Keever and be frequently visited by her friends from Lasell and by returning former students. Under all the circumstances, this arrangement seems as satisfactory as any which could be found.

No words can adequately express the great



Lillie R. Potter, '80

contribution which Miss Potter has made to the long list of Lasell students who have come under her influence. While she will be greatly missed from her usual place in our midst, we are very grateful that she is near enough and well enough to still remain a member of the Lasell family, and we hope for her a long time of physical and mental vigor.

[Miss Potter would enjoy hearing from her Lasell friends at her new address: 1660 Washington Street, West Newton 65, Massachusetts.]

COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS



Plummer

Dr. Winslow, Miss Potter, Dr. Eells, and Miss Blatchford, after commencement exercises at Winslow Hall.

THE commencement exercises of Lasell Junior College were held on the morning of June 4, with Dr. Walter Crosby Eells, former Executive Secretary of the American Association of Junior Colleges, delivering the graduation address. Dr. Winslow introduced the speaker by recalling the last twenty-five years which have seen the major development of the junior college. Yet he showed how remote the roots of this institution really are, for in 1851, when Lasell experienced its birth as Lasell Female Seminary, it had all the attributes of a junior college although it did not bear the name.

Dr. Eells, who was participating for the second time in a Lasell commencement, is one of the most effective workers in the junior college movement and has perhaps contributed more than any other one person toward its growth. Several years ago he resided at

Lasell while teaching at Boston University Summer School.

Education, said Dr. Eells in introducing his subject, is like a series of fractions, all of which must be reduced to lowest terms in order to create one common denominator, although the numerators may still maintain all of their variations. The common denominator is necessary in education, particularly the lower levels, for the production of unified work and the regulation of citizens in an organized society. Specialized study, representing the numerator aspect, is the function of the university.

Ninety per cent of the American population does not go to college; these people satisfy their demands by a common-denominator education. In the 1890's their level of study terminated with the elementary school, high school presenting too remote an ambition for any but the courageous. In the present century secondary education has become so necessary and so commonplace that three out of every four adolescents enroll in high schools. At the close of the war it is expected that one hundred per cent of the young people of high school age will receive this common-denominator education. And perhaps the junior college will be added to include the majority.

Dr. Eells said that there are three reasons for the continual rise of common-denominator education from the elementary to the high school level and beyond.

The gradually increasing age of permanent employment is of primary concern. In the nineteenth century jobs could be obtained after completion of the eighth grade. Now industry, because of the complexity of life and inventions, usually refuses to absorb new workers until their twentieth year. Five years ago Dr. Eells approached two thousand educators and laymen of various classifications with the following question: "Do you think that young people under twenty-one years of

age will be unable to procure jobs in the future?" Three-fourths replied in the affirmative, believing that the tendency was toward employment of more mature applicants.

The advancing complexity of living constitutes the second motive for prolonged education. The world is now on a three- instead of a two-dimensional plane, a change introduced only in our own lifetimes through the inventions of the submarine and the airplane. Electricity is an everyday matter, and distance is eliminated by air travel and radio. In addition to these fairly new contributions to civilization, we have plastics, Radar, and television, the names and meanings of which signified nothing to our fathers.

Social relations, too, tend to become more intricate. With the factors of better communication, relation of capital and labor, and density of world populations, we cannot afford to be ignorant of foreign peoples and cultures. The comprehension of national and international issues can be acquired only through prolonging the years of formal education.

Lastly, preparation for earning a living is not the simple matter that it once was. In our society we have three occupational levels: professions, such as medicine and law, which demand a college education; vocations which require a high school education; and a new semiprofessional level which has junior college experience as a prerequisite. The proportion of young people needed in semiprofessional as contrasted to professional work is now seven to one. With this point to consider, it is obvious that a common-denominator education will be prolonged two more years. Since the life span of a high school student has increased eight years over that of his parents, two years of it will not be altogether wasted in additional study.

It has become the educator's problem to take care of high school graduates until they reach an employment age. The reform schools have had to do this in too many cases, and compulsory military training cannot be

the answer since it would include but half the population. Neither can the university solve the situation, for it is not equipped for common-denominator education. The solution, then, is definitely the junior college. Twenty-five years ago scarcely one hundred of these institutions struggled for existence, but now they have multiplied to six hundred, and it is assumed that after the war they will sponsor the education of two million students.

Dr. Eells turned particularly to Lasell in his closing words. He said that as a junior college it has many individual traits and factors which endear it to the memory of the students. The first of these is the factor "L," for Lasell, a composite contribution made of various experiences which provide its special atmosphere. The factor "W," standing for the name Winslow, has put its indispensable stamp on the school for half a century, and another factor, "P," for Potter, has left its mark for over a generation. One must also consider the factor "D," for dormitory, and "B," for the Barn, each contributing its individuality.

Although Lasell is primarily a school for common-denominator education, the numerator quality makes itself known through the individual differences of the girls in attendance. Some girls will go on to senior colleges, some will soon marry, and others will enter occupational life. In their own personal lives the numerator aspect of the graduates will reveal increasing variety, but even so, this factor is based on the common-denominator foundation of Lasell Junior College.

Marion James



BACCALAUREATE SERMON

DR. Robert Clyde Yarbrough, minister of the Second Church in Newton, West Newton, Massachusetts, delivered the baccalaureate sermon in Winslow Hall on the afternoon of June 3. He opened his address by recalling the words of a great but unnamed man who had once remarked that the most magnificent gift that anyone could give to life was a triumphant and radiant personality. Dr. Yarbrough, himself, considered this statement a keynote for today's living; in that the world needs personalities to hold it together, strong people who can replace the all-too-common cynicism with hope and who can keep man on a level with spiritual ideals. Dr. Yarbrough then stated that no greater goal could the members of the graduating class have than this, the triumphant personality, achieved only through the consideration and inclusion of three major ingredients.

First, the young person who faces the future must have an unshakable faith in life. Dr. Yarbrough admitted that some listeners would accuse him of intangible abstractions; however, he said that faith is the most concrete thing in the world today. Professor Slosson, of Columbia University, in his laboratory used to say to his students, "You must have faith in the atomic theory." And in his work faith was a necessity. Faith is a practical matter without which man cannot survive a single day; it is an indispensable reality by which all personality is motivated.

If we intend to marry, we cannot do so without faith. Particularly at the present time the young couple, faced by separation almost immediately after the marriage service, needs this comfort. In professional life we need it likewise, for we undertake a form of employment without any definite knowledge of its suitability. In these cases, and in others, we must leap over the boundaries of sight and decide by a still greater power, insight.

To illustrate the point further the speaker mentioned the Irish peasants in one of George Moore's novels, who were compelled to build a road which lead nowhere but into a desolate swamp. It was merely an expedient for keeping them busy. Roads which lead nowhere are difficult and discouraging to construct, even for starving men. An end in view, an inspiration, is necessary for a triumphant and satisfactory life. A worthwhile existence cannot terminate in meaningless desolation.

The second great ingredient for a triumphant personality is a single-minded purpose in life. Most people live by things which dissipate unity of action; in fact they resemble the proverbial general who rode off on his horse in all directions simultaneously. We shall never be integrated individuals until we organize ourselves around some single purpose. Let us note the comparison between the tree and the brush pile. Chemically and in composition the two are much the same, yet in another sense there is a vast and overwhelming difference, the difference between life and death, the difference between organization and disunity. We should be like the tree, living and productive and unified.

An illustration of single-minded purpose is the example of Jack Kelley, the little English refugee of eight years who was sailing to America to escape his war-torn homeland. In the course of the voyage the ship was sunk, and Jack saved himself by clinging to a piece of wreckage until picked up by a raft. The first words he spoke were, "Which way is America?" The world needs more Jack Kelleys, who after each disaster and misfortune can turn again and ask, "Which way is America?"

The last specification of the three necessary for the radiant personality is that of an unselfish dedication to life; the strong individual must find something outside himself, something greater and more enduring. The

first two ingredients unaccompanied by the third are rather like a light bulb, which is a fine thing in itself, but which must be screwed into the current before perfection is reached. William James, the philosopher, said that one should invest life in something that will outlast it. We must find our great purpose and surrender our devotion to it.

The author of the book, *Beginning from Within*, recounts a personal experience of crossing the Atlantic by air. The plane carried extra gasoline in order to return, should the weather so decree. There was, however, a point beyond which there was no turning back, and the plane, once it had crossed that line, regardless of air conditions would have to make for its destination. Human experience is much like that flight. Unless our

dedication to life is unselfish enough to carry us past the point of no return, we shall never achieve a triumphant personality.

Last of all we must remember that life is exceedingly precious, that we must never sell it cheaply for undisciplined living or unenduring things. In fact, we should never sell it at all, but rather invest it, as recommended by William James, in something outlasting it. Above what we live for we should consider for what great cause we shall die. In closing, Dr. Yarbrough challenged his listeners to build life for themselves and the world with a single-minded purpose and unshakable will, to fight for the pure, the honest, the things of good report; to these, men must consecrate their lives.

Marion James

"PRIDE GOETH BEFORE A FALL"

PRIDE is one of the attributes least becoming to human life—an empty mantle of self-satisfaction that ill fits the honest man. What is there in life that we, mortal and doomed to perish, may point to and say, "Behold this, the work of my hands. It will endure to eternity"? Riches are soon accumulated and sooner scattered; a single heave of the earth's surface, and a mighty building topples, with the slowly settling dust the only indication of what was once great. Even the arts, sculpture, painting, and music, can perish, and in a few hundred years our written words will become extinct.

We have no cause for pride. We possess but one thing of value—our souls; and they have never been ours to keep.

Therefore, it is only fitting that when we presume to flaunt our pride at the petty

accomplishments we attain, we should be humbled by fate.

And is it not inevitably so? Is it not when we feel the most self-satisfied that our pride causes us to overreach ourselves and fall? In direct proportion to the inflation of his ego, man is reduced to his own level.

The humble, who live to do their best and never know that they are worthy, do not feel pride. But few of us are truly humble. Mortal flesh does not readily encompass that ideal; we are far more prone to see ourselves in the rosy glow of self-praise. Conceit fills us for every acquisition; our accomplishments are more considerable in our own eyes as we review them fondly. Then is the time that sudden disaster overtakes us and points out with devastating clarity that those same deeds, those very gains, have been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

Nona Culver



May Queen and Court on their way from exercises at the Crow's Nest to the style show at Winslow Hall.

MAY FETE

THE traditional June Fete became a May Fete this year on Thursday, May 31. By 3:30 guests, parents, and faculty were gathered on Bragdon lawn awaiting the procession. The weather, catching up the spirit of the afternoon, was bright and breezy.

Up the little hill to the arch by the driveway, the underclassmen lined either side of the walk. Gowned attractively in pastels, they held green boughs, making a leafy canopy under which the seniors marched to form a double row from the arch to the Crow's Nest.

"Oh's" and "Ah's" greeted the appearance of Emma Gilbert, queen, and her court: Marjorie Norris, maid of honor, Dorrit Gegan, Barbara Preuss, Adelaide Pyle, and Deborah Newton, attendants. They wore the traditional gowns of white, orchid, yellow, blue, and green, and carried sprays of iris and syringa, Betsy Burbank, three-year-old daughter of Ensign and Mrs. Daniel E. Burbank, Jr., of Belmont, carried the queen's crown of flowers. Her mother, the former Irene Gahan, was June queen in 1938.

Susan Slocum, president of the senior class, placed the crown on Emma Gilbert's

blond hair, and while the queen smiled down at the guests, the students sang the May Fete song to her.

Then the procession moved to Winslow Hall to attend the style show presented by Lasell's clothing students. Sally Breckenridge welcomed the large audience and explained that the aims of the clothing courses were mainly two: to train the girls to buy and construct clothing intelligently, and to prepare them for a career in designing or in other related fields.

The first-year students modeled play outfits, cottons, and "furlough" clothes. Accompanying some of them were little boys and girls, also wearing Lasell-made clothes. The

second-year students modeled suits, coats, and dresses, many of which they had designed as well as made.

Following the fashion review, guests proceeded to the athletic field for the dance pageant. The theme, worked out by the Studio Dance Group under the direction of Miss Adelaide Case, '33, and Miss Eileen Sutherland, was announced in a prologue by Gloria Dupuis:

"Perhaps there is not one of us who has not at one time cherished a toy and loved it with a child-like passion. Let us take you back to your childhood and let you see for yourself the magic of toys."

Ruth Eastman acted the part of a little



Pat Reynolds, Lee Parker, and Jean Thiel as Raggedy Anns and Andy in the dance pageant, May 31.

girl who dreamed that her toys came to life and danced for her. First she saw a march of tin soldiers, complete with mechanical salutes, drum beating, and military formation. Next, a clever dance by two Raggedy Anns and an Andy, who flopped their arms and heads as rag dolls do. Then Tyrolean dolls did a gay folk dance. Rubbing her eyes, the little girl blinked to see a somersaulting monkey and an organ grinder.

There followed a fascinating group of Latin American dolls, in flounced dresses and bright sashes. In marked contrast to La Conga, were the "Whoopee's", the lassoing, and the plaid shirts of the cowboy dance. The final group to appear consisted of dancing dolls, graceful in long white robes. The entire cast joined in a finale, and all too soon the May Fete passed into the realm of colorful and pleasant memories.

Dorothy Domina

ACCENT ON MERCHANDISING

JUST the word "merchandising" suggests so many different aspects of work for a girl that it takes not only forethought, but also experience in many different lines to discover the part that she is best fitted to play. Fashion illustrating, designing, advertising, buying, creating, modeling, and reporting are just a few of the many careers for which merchandising paves the way.

This type of work for most girls spells glamour. However, glamour is just your bonus for the work and interest that you have put into your career, for it is true that a top position in the world of merchandising requires personality and pleasing appearance, coupled with ambition, keen interest, and a genuine love for your work.

The merchandising course at Lasell has definitely practical value. The first year students take such subjects as English, speech, typewriting, psychology, economics, physiology, and mathematics along with their merchandising courses. Second year subjects include textiles, sewing, and appreciation of color, line, and design. Retailing is the major subject for seniors, for the goal of every merchandiser is to be a buyer. Their choice of an elective such as art or advertising, often gives them an opportunity to enter a different field. Not all of the girls are interested in fashion; some prefer home furnishings or chinaware.

You often see the girls thumbing through *Harper's Bazaar*, *Mademoiselle*, and *Vogue*

magazines to make monthly reports on the fashion trends. They are often in the library reading *Women's Wear Daily*, working out a mathematical problem in mark-downs, or, they are dressing up to go into town to a fashion show or to make a survey of Boston's top stores from bargain basement to deluxe shop. They cover the advertisements in the Sunday editions of the *Boston Herald*, the *New York Times*, the *Los Angeles News*, and the *Chicago Tribune*. They never go by a store window on Tremont Street without looking over the display. The merchandisers become fashion conscious in every sense of the word.

The senior students spend their Christmas vacation working in stores all over the country. They help the stores through the rush period, and they also help themselves by gaining experience and efficiency; they learn to sell everything from women's dresses to chinaware.

Now with the arrival of commencement, many representatives from stores in New York and Boston have been visiting Lasell. The majority of the girls plan to take the executive training courses offered by these different stores; the time has come to apply their knowledge to their future life work.

Merchandising is not something new, nor is it something temporary. It is here to stay, and the post-war retailing world predicts an even newer and brighter future.

Ursula Feeney

SUNDAYS AT GRANDMA'S HOUSE

THERE are just four of us—my mother, my dad, my sister and I—in our immediate family, but we have a multitude of aunts and uncles and cousins. Granddad was a Welshman and his children inherited his characteristics; we are a clan rather than a family group joined by blood and little else.

I remember that when I was a little girl we went to my grandparents' home every Sunday, and there we met all our aunts, uncles and cousins. The grownups sat and talked about the happenings of the week, while we played in the yard. In the winter we gathered in the dining room and played hide 'n' seek. We were a large group—four boys and four girls. There was a big clothes closet in the dining room, and that was our favorite place to hide. It was so roomy and comfortable, just perfect to conceal a small girl of six or seven. It was a nice closet, friendly and intimate, and guarded its secret visitors well.

As I think back, I remember that house very clearly—the wide stairway with its spacious landing; the warm, cosy, sweet-smelling kitchen; and the secret stairs leading from it to the second floor. The kitchen was the fascinating place where we watched our dads help Grandma make ice cream and where we sat while Irene brought from the china closet the little blue cups which meant supper and our special Sunday-night treat of French tea, cinnamon toast, cold chicken, Grandma's raisin bread and jam, and molasses cake. All the girl cousins would help the women set the table and bring in the platters of food. My granddad sat at the head of the table and said grace—slowly and devoutly thanking God for our gifts and blessings.

After supper, when we all began to feel tired, Irene gathered the children around the piano and had us sing. "Yes, We Have No Bananas" and "I Fall Down and Go Boom" were our favorites.

The last thing we did before leaving was to go to Grandma's pantry and her yellow cookie jar. As I recall, it was never empty, never without cookies for her grandchildren, as, years before, it had never been empty for her own boys and girls.

When Grandma died, something wonderfully sweet and loving went, never to be felt again. Granddad was suddenly an old and lonely man, reliving memories of bygone days. He, too, is gone, and the home is in new hands. It, like my grandparents, belongs to my childhood days. These things are gone, yet are with me always, for they bred in me a love and loyalty to my family which is strong and wonderful, and which I hope in turn to pass on to my children.

Dorothy Radcliffe

SOLILOQUY

I find it quite remarkable
 On pausing to reflect
 On all the occupations
 From which I may select.
 Oh, wonderful our culture,
 These positions to create.
 How can I choose from all of them
 The one which is my fate?

Shall I the happy mother be,
 And beam above my apron broad?
 Or a teacher in the junior high
 On how to fix your food?
 Perhaps in sparkling uniform
 Worlds I will survey,
 Or slap the hands of little ones
 While on the keys they play.

I wish I had a crystal globe
 To guide me in my choice.
 Oh, should I study saxophone,
 Or do I have a voice?
 The brisk and bright white-collar girl
 I know I could not be.
 The only thing that I can do
 Is wait awhile and see!

Joal Rice

THE LASELL CAMPUS AND COMMUNITY ASSOCIATION

[The following article is taken from the report of the secretary of the Lasell Campus and Community Association. This new organization has filled a definite need in the school and has proved itself most successful in its various undertakings. In the beginning a group of students suggested the possibility of such an association to Miss Margaret Rand, who helped initiate the plans for it. She then turned it over to the direction of Mrs. Karin Eliasson Monroe, '31, and upon the latter's resignation Miss Delia Davis, the present faculty advisor, took charge of the organization.—Ed.]

THE Lasell Campus and Community Association was started by Norma Badger and Gloria Boyd in 1943. It is now in its second year and has developed tremendously. This organization, as the name implies, takes part not only in campus activities but also in those that concern the community.

This year the officers of the association were: Susan Slocum, president; Betty Bagnall, vice-president; and Marjorie Olson, secretary-treasurer; with Miss Delia Davis as faculty advisor. The following were committee chairmen: Nancy Pratt, salvage, and mail carriers; Elsie Simonds, hospital work; Ann Broadhead, clerical work; Susanne Ross, entertainment; Phyllis Cawthray, Girl Scouts; Dorothy Domina; international relations; Helen Barker, inter-faith; Jane Burnham, charity; Martha Christie, blood donors; Rosamond McCorkindale, war bonds and stamps; Louise Long and Lois Johnson, publicity.

Cabinet meetings were held every third Wednesday, and special meetings called when needed. At the close of the year's activities gratifying results were reported by the committee chairmen.

Phyllis Cawthray, chairman for Girl Scout work, found that the services of only two girls were needed. She and Peggy Needham worked with girls in their first year of scout-

ing at the Cabot Trade School and the Horace Mann School in Newtonville.

The clerical work group, under the chairmanship of Ann Broadhead, did volunteer work at Newton City Hall.

Susanne Ross reported the following activities for the entertainment committee. Early in the fall the Lasell Campus and Community Association was asked to provide girls to act as hostesses at the Y.W.C.A. Chatterbox at the Pioneer Hotel, Boston. About twenty girls signed up for this volunteer work. A number of girls were hostesses at the Buddies' Club (for servicemen) in Boston during the year. Two dances were held to entertain boys from Harvard and M.I.T. About 65 boys signed up for each of the dances, and an equal number of Lasell girls was chosen from the entertainment list.

In November Nancy Pratt's salvage committee held its first meeting. From the group of about 30 girls, one or two were chosen to represent each floor of Bragdon and Woodland, and two for each of the other houses. They collected newspapers and other waste-paper once a week, and this was turned over to a Newton salvage committee.

At the beginning of the second semester this group took on the task of preparing tin cans



for collection. Every Wednesday they worked in the kitchen removing labels, washing and flattening the cans, and packing them in boxes.

Several girls signed up for Nancy's committee to carry mail to students in the infirmary.

Dorothy Domina and Helen Barker organized the international relations and inter-faith groups. The international relations group held its first meeting of the year on October 23, when three students gave informal talks on their native islands: Molly Ing on Hawaii; Nancy Hayes on Aruba, Netherlands West Indies; and Joyce Adams on Puerto Rico. On November 6, four members of Mrs. Fuller's advanced speech class, under the chairmanship of June Ahner, presented a panel discussion on the topic, "What Can We Do with Post-war Germany?" The speakers were Betty Bagnall, Betty McEwen, Marjorie Olson, and Janet Eaton. Mrs. Guy M. Winslow entertained the group at its next meeting, November 20, when Mrs. Harold Lane (the former Pauline Rowland, Lasell, '11-'12) recounted her experiences as a prisoner of the Japanese. Dr. Ruth Emery (Lasell, '19-'20) discussed the internal problems which face India, in her talk December 4, and later, at the first joint meeting of the international relations and inter-faith

groups, she spoke on the subject, "Where Do You Get Your Opinions?" Miss Jeanette Van Allan told of the work of the American Friends' Service Committee on April 11, and Mr. Harry Johnson, associate professor of sociology at Simmons College, lectured on "Family Relations." The final gathering of the year was held in May at which time Mrs. Irina Aleksander spoke in behalf of Russian War Relief. The chairmen of these two groups represented Lasell at the monthly meetings of the Boston Student Council.

Elsie Simonds headed the committee for hospital work, and members of her committee gave 296½ hours of volunteer service as ward helpers and clerical workers.

Girls in the Blood Donor Group, under the chairmanship of Martha Christie, went to the Boston Center several times during the year. Transportation was furnished by the Newton Red Cross.

The committee on charity, under the chairmanship of Jane Burnham, was able to make several worthwhile contributions. At Thanksgiving each girl in the college was responsible for bringing food to be turned over to the Newton Family Bureau for distribution among the city's needy families. At Christmas time, a check for \$25 was sent to the Morgan Memorial, and one for \$50 to the World Student Service Fund. The Red Cross drive began on March 4 and ended with a special vesper program, March 18. A total of \$718.38 was collected. Under the direction of Helen Barker, several Russian relief kits were filled.

The organization's publicity was ably handled by Louise Long, editor-in-chief of the *News*, and Lois Johnson, who faithfully recorded the group meetings for the paper.

The Lasell Campus and Community Association has had a successful year, made possible through the cooperation and enthusiasm of the student body.

Marjorie Olson



ALL OF A SUDDEN

"THAT was a whopper of a story I told him, but it worked," Top thought happily as she watched six-year-old Bobbie pull his red wagon (with the pre-war rubber tires of which he was so proud) around the side of the house. She had accomplished Number 1 on her "Things to do Before Jack Arrives" list: Get rid of Bobbie. Next she had to get the blue silk out and press it, then the white shoes with the blue gabardine bows had to be cleaned, and then she'd take a shower and get dressed, and then—and then Jack would come!

It had been just another lazy Sunday morning in July, with the temperature already in the high 80's, until Mrs. Woodward had called Top to tell her that a telegram had just come from Jack saying he'd be home! Top had asked Mrs. Woodward to repeat the telegram so many times that it had stuck in her mind like a good tune—"I am arriving home Sunday afternoon and I have a wonderful surprise." It was just like Jack to splurge on two extra words when he could have said everything—and more—in ten, Top thought indignantly. He could have said something like this, for instance, "Coming home Sunday afternoon with surprise. I love you and Top. Jack." Well, that would have been only *one* extra word, not two. But he must have been in a hurry, because he was always busy. It was a hard fight for those precious wings and lieutenant's bars, Top knew. That's why she'd forgiven Jack over and over again these past seven weeks when every day failed to bring even a post card. Well, he'd warned her he'd be busy, and, after all, she could read Mrs. Woodward's letters, couldn't she? At least she'd know how he was. What more could she ask for? Still . . . enough daydreaming! Top reprimanded herself. He was coming home at last!

She bounded suddenly up the back stairs, pausing a moment at the top to glimpse herself in the hall mirror. Tall, a colt's pleasing

slenderness, that carrot-top hair which had earned her the nickname "Top," and a sprinkling of golden freckles on her small, straight nose. "Geeeee, I look a mess!"

"Nothing a cool shower won't fix!" Mrs. Maynard appeared suddenly behind Top in the mirror.

"Oh, Mother, do you really think Jack will still love me? Will he still like the way I look? I haven't changed for the worse, have I? Course I'm twenty, not nineteen any more, but one year hasn't made *too* much diff, do you think? Mom, should I put my hair on top of my head, or leave it hanging like this? It's sorta messy, isn't it? What'll I . . ."

Mrs. Maynard took advantage of Top's pause for breath and scolded cheerfully, "Top, stop wondering how you look! Jack would probably like you with no hair at all. C'mon now—get into the shower, or you won't be half ready when he arrives. I've cleaned your shoes, and your blue silk is on your bed, and the . . ."

"Mom, you're positively wonderful! Remind me to ask you to be my bridesmaid sometime soon!" She gave her mother a playful spank and disappeared into her room.

Mrs. Maynard shrugged her shoulders happily. "Children and love," she mused aloud. It was good to see Top like this, though. There were far too few youngsters having a happy time these days. Elise Thompson with a four-months-old baby, and her husband "killed in action"; and Babe Ryan, engaged to Peter Bailey, "missing over Germany"; and the girl next door whose twin brother . . . oh! . . . if only everything turns out right for Top and Jack!

Arrayed in that blue silk that the saleslady at Dobb's had said "did things for her" (and indeed it had—as she recalled Jack's obvious admiration when she wore it at his farewell party more than a year ago), Top descended the stairs in a peculiarly ladylike manner. It was two o'clock already. Mrs.

Woodward had said that Jack's train would get in by 2:30 at the latest. Of course, Top magnanimously decided, he'd stay with his mother at least ten minutes. But he'd definitely be able to get away by three, and it wasn't more than a five-minute drive so . . . 3:05 it would be! She arranged herself comfortably in a green lawn chair on the side porch, and planned dreamily what she would say when she first saw him.

* * *

It was five o'clock and the blue dress was getting rumpled. The afternoon's heat was unbearable. Top got stiffly out of the porch chair and pushed a damp lock from her equally damp forehead. She started toward the door and turned away again quickly as she had done a hundred times or more during the past hour. She would *not* telephone again! She had phoned Jack in a fit of impatience at 3:30, and was informed by Jebby, the maid, that Master Jack had arrived, indeed. "Yes, honey, the General's here in person. I'll inform him that youse waitin'. But he's very, very busy with his surprise. Yas ma'am!" Top had hung up indignantly. She never did like Jebby—Jebby had a knack for making a person feel as if she were a mere brat, spoiled and conceited.

Top could hear her Mother in the back yard calling Bobbie. She might as well go tell her that she'd sent him over to Billy's and told him not to come back till six. As she moved listlessly towards the door, she heard the screech of tires, and a car pulled into the drive. Jack!

She tore through the porch door, down the steps, into the garden, leaped out onto the drive, and . . . yes, there was Jack . . . Jack, with his arms around a small girl, a blonde . . . a very pretty blonde. And there was someone behind them, a tall man in a Navy uniform—an ensign or something. Maybe this was the ensign's wife . . . of course, and Jack was . . . well, maybe . . . it could be . . . or maybe . . . and perhaps . . . no. No, this was Jack's surprise. This was Jack's wife. This

was what she'd been waiting a whole year for. This was . . .

"Lou Mary," Jack was saying hurriedly, "this is Carolie Maynard." Carolie? Carolie? Why no one had called her that since she was six weeks old and Doctor Foster had definitely pronounced her hair "red as a carrot-top." It had been Top to everyone—only the birth certificate and the high school diploma called her Carolie—Carolie Maynard. And now she was just a Carolie to Jack, a Carolie Maynard, not "my Top."

"Oh, Top," Jack was going on, "this is my wife. It's the big surprise I telegraphed about. It just happened two days ago. I guess it's really more of a surprise than . . . It'd be wonderful, Top, if you and Lou . . ."

Top broke in. "Did you say *Lou Mary*?" The hurt throbbed in her tense and confused body, but her voice sounded clear and bright. "Isn't it usually *Mary Lou*?" She felt better. Much better. The momentary pain had subsided. The confusion was going. She was Top again—"our vivacious Wit," that's what the yearbook had said about her. Everything was O.K.

Jack laughed in relief. "Well, we have to be different to get anywhere these days!"

"And she got somewhere with you," Top thought bitterly, but she said in a manner almost as sunny as the day, "Congratulations. The best to both of you; I don't have to tell you to be happy. Where did it happen? Wasn't your mother terribly surprised, Jack? Did you have a big wedding? Why didn't you . . ."

"There goes Top on that question spasm again," said Mrs. Maynard. "It always happens when she gets herself overexcited about things. And I suppose your getting married, Jack, certainly did overexcite her when all along she . . . well, you know . . . it was rather . . ." she broke off in embarrassment.

"Thanks, Mom. Thanks for getting me all bawled up again," Top thought, as the color rose in her face. "Say something. Say anything. Do something, Smarty." She began to

gesture wildly. She tried to force words from her mouth, but nothing came.

"Don't I rate any place in this happy confusion?" a pleasant voice asked with pretended boredom. And there was the ensign grinning from ear to ear. This was the first time Top had gotten a clear look at him. Blonde hair, bleached by months in the sun, brown eyes that laughed at you and with you, a deeply tanned skin, and so tall!

"I gather that you are Top." Top's heart pounded annoyingly. She tried to spring a snappy comeback, but she could only nod her head in affirmation. "Officially, I am Ensign William Purdue, an officer and gentleman in the U. S. Navy. When we get to know each other better in a couple of seconds, you can call me Bill. The age is twenty-four. Annap-

olis '43. Reason for being here: Lou thought I should see what she bagged. So I hopped the first train down from New London. Oh, I'm not an ex-husband—just a brother. And I'm not really her brother—just by marriage. I'll explain it to you tonight."

"Tonight?" Silly the way your heart insists on jumping around for no reason at all. Must be the heat.

"Sure. Tonight. After we finish dancing at the Country Club."

A feeble "Oh" was all that would come out. Everything was going to be all right, all right. A sudden refreshing breeze rippled the mussed blue dress, but in her mind Top already had on her glamorous white evening dress—and her hair swept high on the crown of her head.

Emma Gilbert



Prize Winners. Left to right: Carol Anderson, Helen Barker, Eunice Powers Buxton, Bernice Coyne, Barbara Preuss, June Ahner, Susan Slocum, Joann Ross, Susanne Ross, Emma Gilbert, Dorothy Domina.

JUNE PRIZES AND SPECIAL RECOMMENDATIONS

Prizes

Crew

The Senior YELLOW Crew won on River Day; members receive an "L."

Jane Baringer, *Captain*
Nancy Pratt
Florence Loizeaux
Margaret Morris
Jeanne Towne
Betty Curtin
Marjorie Dennett
Rosamond McCorkindale
Joyce Adams

Athletic Shield

Won by the BLUE team, lead by Barbara Preuss. Scores: Blues—170; Whites—119.

The Large "L"

is awarded to the following girls for outstanding performance in:

Hockey

Doris Andrews
Marguerite Clark
Carolyn Lindsay
Priscilla Otis
Constance Pettigrew
Barbara Preuss

Soccer

Jane Baringer
Jean Bohlen
Margaret Brady
Anne Carlin
Jean Henry
Marjorie Norris
Barbara Preuss
Elsie Simonds
Doris Wittman

Basketball

Doris Andrews
Margaret Brady
Jean Henry
Barbara Preuss

Roselyn Schambach
Elsie Simonds
Susan Slocum

Volleyball

Joyce Adams
Margaret Brady
Marjorie Lou Fuller
Deborah Newton

Baseball

Shirley Frank
Jean Henry
Priscilla Otis
Elsie Simonds

Special Awards for Outstanding Athletes

A large Lasell banner is awarded to:

Barbara Preuss
Elsie Simonds
Margaret Brady
Jean Henry
Jane Baringer

Journalism

The Press Club gives an award to the senior who has made the most outstanding contribution to Lasell publications during her two years. It is based on these considerations: quality of writing, amount of writing, time spent, and leadership on the various publications. This year the award goes to Emma M. Gilbert, a secretarial major and honor roll student, editor-in-chief of the 1945 *Lamp*, and staff member of the *Lasell News*, and of the quarterly magazine, the LASELL LEAVES.

Interior Decoration

This prize is awarded to the student who throughout two years has shown cooperation, has had uniformly high grades, and above all has an appreciation of the beauty in furniture and fabrics used in decorating a home. The 1945 winner is Eunice Powers Buxton.

Dr. Rogers' English Prize

This prize, given by Dr. Ralph H. Rogers, minister of the Auburndale Congregational Church, is awarded to Linda Mangelsdorf, the student in English II writing the best original poem about Lasell.

Clothing

- 1st—Eunice Powers Buxton
- 2nd—Bernice Coyne

Foods

- 1st—Carol Anderson
- 2nd—Susanne Ross

Lasell Coats

A Lasell jacket is awarded to three students who, in the opinion of a committee of which two-thirds are students and one-third members of the faculty, are representative Lasell girls possessing in high degree the qualities of integrity, loyalty, consideration for others, good sportsmanship, scholarship and leadership:

- June Ahner
- Barbara Preuss
- Susan Slocum

Honorable mention goes to Rosamond McCorkindale and Doris Winkemeier.

Scholarship

- 1st, tied—Helen Adams Barker
- Joann Weymouth Ross
- 2nd—Dorothy Anne Domina

Honorable mention:

- 1st—Eunice Powers Buxton
- 2nd—Jeannette E. Stonehouse
- 3rd—Jean Frances Henry
- 4th—Joan Richel Gurvitz

Special Recommendations

Secretarial Course

Shorthand

- Lorraine Anderson
- Theresa Bergeron
- Jane Bergwall
- Ann Broadhead
- Jane Burnham

- Dorothy Caggiula
- Jane Calderwood
- Hope Daigneault
- Dorothy Dale
- Stella Depoian
- Priscilla Dow
- Betty Jane Dunkel
- Marilyn Ford
- Jane Fullerton
- Emma Gilbert
- Shirley Gleason
- Rosamond Gow
- Carol Hauber
- Jean Henry
- Evelyn Hillis
- Florence Horne
- Clarissa Johnson
- Marjorie Jones
- Barbara Keene
- Carolyn Kesseli
- Elizabeth MacDonald
- Eleanor Murphy
- Albina Noga
- Ruth Nordstrand
- Constance Pettigrew
- Barbara Phelan
- Virginia Phillips
- Barbara Preuss
- Drucilla Roberts
- Doris Jean Schultz
- Louise Smiley
- Marjorie Snow
- Jeannette Stonehouse
- Jeanne Towne
- Barbara Wentworth
- Mary Zanleoni

Typewriting

- Jane Bergwall
- Dorothy Caggiula
- Norma Crosby
- Hope Daigneault
- Rosamond Gow
- Jean Henry
- Evelyn Hillis
- Albina Noga
- Ruth Nordstrand

Elaine O'Shea
Priscilla Otis
Constance Pettigrew
Virginia Phillips
Isabel Pollard
Barbara Preuss
Drucilla Roberts
Doris Jean Schultz
Ruth Secord
Margery Snow
Jeannette Stonehouse
Jeanne Towne
Constance Weldon
Barbara Wentworth
Doris Wittman
Mary Zanleoni

Accounting

Hope Daigneault
Betty Jane Dunkel
Rosamond Gow
Jean Henry
Priscilla Otis
Barbara Preuss
Jeannette Stonehouse

Secretarial

Hope Daigneault
Emma Gilbert
Rosamond Gow
Jean Henry
Barbara Preuss
Jeannette Stonehouse

Medical Secretarial

Dorothy Caggiula
Albina Noga

Home Economics Course

Foods Major

Carol Anderson

Merchandising Course

June Ahner
Marilyn Babbitt
Marjorie Beebe
Phyllis Cawthray
Ruth Davis
Ruth Eastman

Academic Music Course

Marguerite Clark
Annette Saacke

High School Diplomas

Barbara Alice Adler
Anne Barrows
Norma Jean Bolles
Nancy Wood Duclos
Nancy Irene Edwards
Gretchen Haroth
Phyllis Haviland
Bertha Charlotte McNerny
Suzanne Wooding Pearce
Betty Washington Peirce
Barbara Marie Rudell
Alice Lucille Sullivan

CLASS NIGHT, JUNE 2, 1945

Welcome

TONIGHT, we, the Class of 1945, welcome you, Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. Wass, Miss Potter, Dean Hoyt, faculty, parents, and friends, to this our class night. Our two years at Lasell have meant much to us, both individually and collectively. It is hard to realize that for most of us tonight means an end of college work and fun, and symbolizes the beginning of our

future. We know that although we are leaving Lasell we shall never forget the friends we have made, the fun we have had in our houses, and your friendship and guidance. And so it is with a mingled feeling of pleasure and regret that we bring you our class night exercises. On behalf of the senior class I invite you to share with us the significance of this evening.

June Ahner

Farewell

Now the time has come when we must say good-bye to Lasell and all that it stands for. Although we are leaving, it is really not good-bye, because we shall return, if only in memories.

The lasting friendships we have made, the faculty who have given us so much—we shall never forget them.

We shall cherish always the memories of Friday night parties, the ski trip, crew, Pops, the May Cotillion—and finally, most of all will be remembered these last few days at Lasell, filled with the excitement and sadness of graduation.

And so this is not good-bye, but just an opportunity to thank you for your help and understanding throughout our two years at Lasell. We will be back!

Susan Slocum

Farewell to Gardner

Our last year at Lasell, and my, how the time has flown! Our home this year has been the castle on the hill, Gardner, and every minute memories have been formed that will never be forgotten. Little things, like trunks piled high in the living room, rooms in a heap, house meetings, telephones ringing incessantly (especially on the second floor), fire drills—outside ones, the big snow storm and the building of our snow man and his girl, the changing of the cellar into our smoker, the decorating of shelves, our wonderful spaghetti party, will always come to mind when we think of Gardner. A year of fun, studies, a few worries, and everlasting friendships. A year never to be forgotten in our house on the hill. O Gardner, we will always remember. Always!

Marilyn Babbitt

Farewell to Carpenter

We shall never forget Carpenter. All 24 of us will always remember the rush to the smoker, the coke parties, the busy days of finishing reports and budgets, and the shared

joy of getting *the* letter. We shall not forget our telephone calls, Friday night dinners, and long talks. We shall remember the times when we all sang around the piano, and the glow we felt when we played the songs of the service. Our year has passed too quickly, but we shall look back with pleasure on the days we spent together. We sincerely hope that next year's girls will be as united and as happy as we were in Carpenter.

Jeanne Gilbert

Farewell to Clark

Tonight we, the girls of Clark, say good-bye. It has been a wonderful year of thrills, excitement, and, yes, a few tears.

Clark means many things to us: the new smoker painted to suit our own taste and done under our supervision, the kitchen where many weird and strange mixtures were concocted, our own rooms with those unforgettable pictures and unmatched bed spreads, the laughter during study hour and everyone's "shushing" when the teacher's familiar step was heard in the hall.

Perhaps most important are the friendships; they will outlast everything. We shall not say good-bye but just "so-long". And to all the future Clark-ites, good luck, and have as much fun and happiness as we did.

Marcia Clements

Farewell to the Junior Houses

We are standing before Bragdon tonight to say farewell not only to her but to all the houses in which we lived as juniors. We all have our own special memories that we carry along with thoughts of these halls, but I am sure we think of them in connection with a very happy, meaningful, and spirited year.

We, like all other girls of Lasell, shall not say good-bye, for we shall return to you, Bragdon, Woodland, Hawthorne, Pickard, and Conn, remembering forever that you signify to us our first and unforgettable year at Lasell.

Rosamond McCorkindale

Flame Speeches

For the benefit of those unfamiliar with the custom, may we explain that traditional flame speeches are delivered before a fire on Bragdon lawn directly after the class night exercises and torchlight procession. A representative from each house casts into the flames some object, or symbol of an object, which has been a humorous annoyance during the year, and expresses in verse her reasons for destroying it.

Introductory Flame Speech

WE ARE gathered around this blaze to-night to cast away those articles characteristic of senior houses which have proved most annoying to us in the course of our senior year. Consume these objects, O Fire, and rise, Leaping Flame, to become the symbol of their culmination, that they may no longer live to plague the occupants of our beloved senior houses.

Susanne Ross

Cushing

You came to Cushing from the fire;
You haunted night and day;
You landed on our best attire;
You had a sure-fire way.
You came in garments black as night;
You came in misty gray;
You blotted out the sun so bright;
You speckled out the day.
You caused us all to cough and sneeze;
You caused us all to moan;
You seemed to like to make us wheeze;
You never seemed to roam.
You *soot*—we sometimes even ate;
You *smoke*—we could not faze;
You are the soot and smoke we hate;
You must go in the blaze.

Edith Copp

Briggs

We'll always think our house is tops,
We really don't complain,
But still the doors we think about
They've caused a lot of strain.

If you should ask a "Briggadier"
What annoyed her most of all,
The answer is of course the doors
That lead from every hall.

And now for every crack and squeak,
We toss them in the fire,
And watch them burn with great delight,
As flames rise high and higher.

Marjorie Jones

Gardner

The porch lights of Gardner burn eternally bright,
To hurry us in on Saturday night.
Though we dream and we hope for romantic good-
byes
That glow quickly melts all the stars in our eyes.

We have till 12:30—it's ten minutes past,
His ship leaves tomorrow—tonight is his last.
We wish for a slingshot to answer our prayer,
And deprive Gardner's porch of its thousand-watt
glare.

We have no objection to lights in their place;
When it comes to affection, we can't make first base.
So into the fire we heave with great glow
Gardner's blazing porch light bulb—let darkness reign
here!

Joann Ross

Carpenter

We sat and wondered what we should throw
Into the fire with tale of woe.
All of a sudden became very clear
The thing most annoying and very queer.

Early each morning it rings without fail;
We awake with a start looking sleepy and pale.
With a groan of disgust back to bed we must dive,
For it's only the bell ringing 6:45.

We've had quite enough of this troublesome thing,
So we've come to get rid of the noisy thing.
We'll throw it with vigor on top of the heap,
So that Carpenter girls can continue to sleep!

June Ahner

Chandler

O God of Fire, consume this wire,
This itty-bitty strand of copper.
Full many a girl, in bitter ire,
Has damned it. Try to stop her!

It knows too much of such and such,
It's heard a heap of dating,
It ought to burn without your touch—
On that there's no debating.

Each Chandler gal knows her morale
Would often be much better
If she could whisper to a pal
With fewer ears to fret her.

No lover's line sounds quite as fine
 When others hear the talking.
 To flames we gladly this consign,
 To silence all the squawking.

Marjorie Olson

Draper

Across the floor there creeps a mouse;
 He's made his final race.
 We're tired of jumping into chairs
 Whenever he shows his face.

To the flames we give this pest;
 He'll never plague us again.
 And while he burns, we gladly shout,
 "To heck with mice. Amen."

Martha Christie

Clark

The oldest house in Auburndale
 Results in this most interesting tale;
 Fifteen girls in their senior year
 Lived in this house in constant fear.

In every corner there lurked a mouse;
 He found his haven in our house.
 We stood all this, did not complain,
 And then one night there came the rain.

Now we were sleeping in our beds,
 When water dripped down on our heads.
 We ran to the cellar to get warm,
 And a gopher promptly showed his form.

The windows rattle, the stairs creak,
 And all the radiators leak.
 This isn't all that's wrong with Clark,
 But we must admit we hate to depart.

Margaret Brady

Hawthorne

The stairs, the stairs,
 They torment us;
 They are to us a blight.
 They always seem to squeak the most
 When we sneak down at night.

When we tramp down,
 The phone bell rings;
 We think we have a call.
 We feel murderous when we find
 There is no call at all!
 So to the flame
 We gladly give
 Our ancient flight of stairs.
 They've bothered Hawthorne long enough,
 So let them burn—who cares?

Jane Fullerton

Casino

Far on one end of the campus,
 Way back and out of sight,
 Stands our home, Casino;
 We love her with all our might.
 It's the patter of feet that annoys us,
 In the walls. Our heads are a daze.
 So we take each squirrel by the end of its tail,
 And throw it into the blaze.

Ann Parker

Conn

It's always there;
 It will not go.
 It's not a picture;
 It's not a show.

We wash and scour;
 We polish and scrub;
 But still there's a ring
 Around the tub.

So tonight we end
 All strife and pain,
 For into the fire
 Conn throws the stain.

Ruth Davis

Pickard

If I had Aladdin's lamp for a minute,
 I'd dispose of the basement with everything in it.
 Instead of bare tables with chairs mediocre,
 I'd wish for the comforts befitting a smoker.
 Instead of a furnace that pumped with a clatter,
 I'd have some sweet music as background for chatter,
 And soft lights to make the surroundings appealing.
 Instead of the dark light that hangs from the ceiling,
 Because it resembles his dread habitation,
 To Lucifer give it for rapid cremation!

Joan Gurvitz

Day Students

We day students can think of more excuses
 For missing classes than poor Confucius.
 I missed my train;
 The bus was late;
 The car broke down;
 Now aren't they great?
 Miss Beede sighs and wonders why
 The day students even bother to try,
 So into this fiery and burning mass
 We throw our tickets and coupons for gas.

Barbara Phelan



Crew Captains. Kneeling, left to right: Dorothy Morris, Marilyn Blodgett, Virginia Terhune, Phyllis Haviland. Standing: Barbara Rudell, Jane Schalscha, Elsie Simonds, Jane Baringer, Evelyn Hillis, June Ahner.

RIVER DAY

THE twenty-seventh annual River Day came this year on Thursday, May 24. Clear warm weather favored the enthusiastic spectators as well as the participants, who, after many weeks of practice (usually in the rain), had at last perfected their strokes and were ready for the final races.

Of the ten crews racing, four were seniors; five, juniors; and one, mixed. Their loyal supporters, including administration, faculty, fellow students, and guests, lined one bank of the Charles River, while the judges of the day, Dean Phyllis Hoyt and Mrs. Elvia Davis, stood at their posts on the opposite shore.

The Senior Yellow crew, upholding the dignity of the class, came in first in the climactic seventh race. The champions, under the leadership of Captain Jane Baringer, included Nancy Pratt, Florence Loizeaux, Margaret Morris, Jeanne Towne, Betty Curtin, Marjorie Dennett, Rosamond McCorkindale, and Joyce Adams.

The winners were closely pressed by a rival junior crew, the Junior Gold, captained by Evelyn Hillis. Her colleagues were Joan Babcock, Mary Jane Magnusson, Claire Stolzenberg, Elizabeth Ward, Deborah Newton, Jeanne Cosgrove, Polly Puffer, and Barbara Harris.

The crew coming in third consisted of Captain Elsie Simonds, Constance Pettigrew, Jean Henry, Marilouise Crosby, Sarah Atwater, Terry Tounge, Barbara Preuss, Doris Winkemeier, and Marilyn Babbitt of the Senior Blues.

The fourth race of the day proved to be one of the most interesting, for it was the annual contest between the faculty and the alumnae. The faculty showed its worth by winning in spite of the close competition of the opponents. Captain Mary Blatchford and the Misses Mira Sawyer, Virginia Tribou, Betty Winslow, Hope Kibbe, Virginia Carter, Barbara Hildreth, Alice May, and Adelaide

Case, '33, were the winners. The loyal graduates who returned for River Day and took part in this race included Captain Jean Campbell, '44, Nancy Bailey Black, '40, Virginia Black, '41, Florence Ross Summerhays, '40, Jean Dewar Warren, '43, Jean Brigham Martin, '43, Lorraine Hron, '44, Barbara Schaufele, '43, and Audrey Saunders, '44.

After the races crew members and guests adjourned to the Lasell campus where they enjoyed a picnic supper on the athletic field. The events of the day were concluded by the traditional stunt night at which both students and faculty exhibited their skill on the stage.

Dorothy Domina

GRADUATES, CLASS OF 1945

Today Decides Tomorrow

ASSOCIATE IN ARTS LIBERAL ARTS COURSE

Adams, Joyce Charlotte, Ensenada, Puerto Rico
Bacon, Nancy Ann, Wellesley Hills, Mass.
Barker, Helen Adams, Littleton, Mass.
Barton, Shirley Marion, Milton, Mass.
Bound, Patricia Anne, Garden City, N. Y.
Brady, Margaret Alice, Maplewood, N. J.
Brown, Constance Arley, Rye, N. Y.
Cooney, Eugenia Ainsworth, Shaker Heights, Ohio
Dittrich, Jane Anne, Pelham Manor, N. Y.
Domina, Dorothy Anne, Orleans, Vermont
Feneley, Lillian Louise, Waltham, Mass.
Gates, Susan Holt, Wellesley Hills, Mass.
Gegan, Dorrit Lillian, Boston, Mass.
Greene, Nancy Louise, Augusta, Maine
Gregg, Nancy Hill, Rochester, N. Y.
Gurvitz, Joan Richel, Brookline, Mass.
Hayes, Nancy Jane, Aruba, N. W. I.
Kelleher, Mary Elizabeth, South Deerfield, Mass.
Koch, Lois Mary, Penns Grove, N. J.
LaForme, Pauline Mariette, Nashua, N. H.
Lederman, Naomi Carroll, Newton, Mass.
Lichtner, Marilyn, Waban, Mass.
Long, Louise Milot, Providence, R. I.
McNie, Marilyn Walker, West Newton, Mass.
MacDonald, Eleanor, Brighton, Mass.
Mulcahy, Barbara Anne, Winthrop, Mass.
Muzzey, Nancy Louise, Orange, Mass.
Parker, N. Ann, Weymouth, Mass.
Parshley, Joanne, Fitchburg, Mass.
Ross, Joann Weymouth, Ipswich, Mass.

Smyth, Virginia Gould, Manhasset, N. Y.
Voutiritsa, Sophia, Newton Centre, Mass.
Whitman, Frances Anne, Brookline, Mass.
Williams, Ethel Jane, Harrisburg, Penn.

ACADEMIC MUSIC COURSE

Clark, Marguerite, Westbrook, Maine
Saacke, Annette Adams, Scarsdale, N. Y.

ART COURSE

Blades, Constance, Brockton, Mass.
McEwen, Isabella Holmes, Bay Shore, N. Y.
Schwebemeyer, May Carolyn, South Orange, N. J.

DRAMATICS COURSE

Peters, Priscilla, Pelham, N. Y.

GENERAL COURSE

Birnbaum, Barbara Jean, Shaker Heights, Ohio
Brown, Barbara Tate, Wellesley Hills, Mass.
Buxton, Eunice Powers, Berlin, Conn.
Clements, Marcia Winters, Coeymans, N. Y.
Crosby, Norma Edith, Merrimac, Mass.
Klebenov, Harriet Elaine, Cohasset, Mass.
Olson, Marjorie Helen, Worcester, Mass.
Ross, Monica Beatrice, Rockville Center, N. Y.
Single, Joan Isabelle, Garden City, N. Y.

ASSOCIATE IN SCIENCE SECRETARIAL COURSE

Allen, Minerva Frances, Schenectady, N. Y.
Anderson, Lorraine Irving, Waltham, Mass.
Andrews, Doris, Albany, N. Y.
Burnham, Jane Worcester, Wilmington, Delaware
Calderwood, Jane, Portland, Maine
Chappell, Catherine Marie, Wellesley Hills, Mass.
Connor, Ruth Patricia, Springfield, Mass.

Copp, Edith Pindell, Westfield, N. J.
 Crosby, Marilouise, Needham, Mass.
 Curtin, Betty Ann, Plymouth, Mass.
 Daigneault, Hope Teresa, Vergennes, Vermont
 Dale, Dorothy Elizabeth, Rockville Centre, N. Y.
 Deal, Geraldine Estelle, Newton, Mass.
 Depoian, Stella, Bradford, Mass.
 Dunkel, Betty Jane, Gloversville, N. Y.
 Eaton, Janet Cary, Winchester, Mass.
 Evangelisti, Irene Marie, Bantam, Conn.
 Ford, Marilyn Drew, Kingston, Mass.
 Frangoulis, Sophie, Natick, Mass.
 Fullerton, Jane, Whitinsville, Mass.
 Gilbert, Emma Marthe, Maplewood, N. J.
 Gleason, Shirley Ann, Wellesley, Mass.
 Gow, Rosamond Lees, Worcester, Mass.
 Greenwood, Violet, Framingham Center, Mass.
 Hauber, Ellen Carolyn, Bloomfield, N. J.
 Henry, Jean Frances, Schenectady, N. Y.
 Horne, Florence Woodlridge, Millbury, Mass.
 Hunting, Marguerite Beresford, Albany, N. Y.
 Johnson, Clarissa Gorrell, Newton, Mass.
 Jones, Marjorie Florence, Philadelphia, Penn.
 Kenney, Phyllis Elizabeth, Cranston, R. I.
 Kesseli, Carolyn Ann, Sutton, Mass.
 McCabe, Marjorie Evelyn, Hawthorne, N. Y.
 Murphy, Eleanor Rita, Cambridge, Mass.
 Otis, Priscilla, Hyannis, Mass.
 Phillips, Virginia, Worcester, Mass.
 Preuss, Barbara Jane, Bronxville, N. Y.
 Quance, Carolyn Anne, Burlington, Vermont
 Roberts, Drucilla Jane, Rochester, N. H.
 Rolfe, Virginia Mae, Schenectady, N. Y.
 Scanlon, Mary Kathleen, Webster, Mass.
 Schambach, Roselyn Marie, South Orange, N. J.
 Secord, Ruth Elizabeth, Newton, Mass.
 Sharpe, Henrietta Ruth, Woodstock, Vermont
 Simonds, Elsie Margaret, Burlington, Vermont
 Smiley, Esther Louise, Littleton, Mass.
 Smith, Patricia, Pittsfield, Mass.
 Stonebraker, Martha, Rochester, N. Y.
 Stonehouse, Jeannette Elizabeth, Auburndale, Mass.
 Towne, Jeanne Beatrice, Summit, N. J.
 Wittman, Doris Anne, Oradell, N. J.

MEDICAL SECRETARIAL COURSE

Bennett, Rita Mary, Union City, N. J.
 Borne, Marilyn Jane, Scarsdale, N. Y.
 Bradley, Eleanor Barbara, Springfield, Mass.
 Broadhead, Ann Elizabeth, Skaneateles, N. Y.
 Burns, Ursula Hamill, Clinton, N. Y.
 Caggiula, Dorothy Virginia, Mattapan, Mass.
 Carlin, Anne Patricia, Winchester, Mass.
 Dow, Priscilla, Rochester, N. H.
 Frank, Shirley Ann, Ridgewood, N. J.
 Groth, Elizabeth E., Belmont, Mass.
 Keene, Barbara E., Ogunquit, Maine
 McCleary, Jane Richards, Watertown, Conn.

McCorkindale, Rosamond, Holyoke, Mass.
 Macdonald, Elaine, Orange, Mass.
 Mitchell, Jean Adra, West Medford, Mass.
 Moore, Marilyn Dorothy, Waban, Mass.
 Munro, Marion Isabel, Providence, R. I.
 Neas, Edith Melita, Dedham, Mass.
 Noga, Albina Ann, Turners Falls, Mass.
 Pettigrew, Constance, Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y.
 Phelan, Barbara Anne, Arlington, Mass.
 Pollard, Isabel Geraldine, West Newton, Mass.
 Pratt, Nancy, Reading, Mass.
 Smith, Louise Clark, Watertown, N. Y.
 Snow, Margery Ruth, Waban, Mass.
 Temple, Laurelle Evelyn, Wellesley Hills, Mass.
 Weldon, Constance Faye, Millinocket, Maine
 Winkemeier, Doris Elaine, Ridgewood, N. J.

MERCHANDISING COURSE

Ahner, June, Scarsdale, N. Y.
 Babbitt, Marilyn Gardiner, Atlanta, Georgia
 Bagnall, Mary Elizabeth, Auburndale, Mass.
 Baringer, Jane Ann, Ho-Ho-Kus, N. J.
 Beebe, Marjorie E., New Haven, Conn.
 Bissell, Phyllis Howe, Maplewood, N. J.
 Cawthray, Phyllis Marjorie, Meriden, Conn.
 Chandler, Kathleen, Nashua, N. H.
 Christie, Martha Ellen, Elyria, Ohio
 Condon, Gloria Marie, Great Barrington, Mass.
 Cook, Ann Elizabeth, Massena, N. Y.
 Coyne, Bernice Dorothy, Caldwell, N. J.
 Davis, Ruth Mitchell, Lincoln, Mass.
 Eastman, Ruth King, Murray Hill, N. J.
 Foehr, Katherine Marie, Cape Elizabeth, Maine
 Fuller, Gretchen Elaine, Bronxville, N. Y.
 Jenness, Ruth Virginia, Norwood, Mass.
 Logue, Jean Ellen, Woburn, Mass.
 Loizeaux, Florence Ruth, Plainfield, N. J.
 Metzger, Eleanor Holbrook, Riverton, N. J.
 Norton, Gwen, Hampton, N. H.
 Novado, Helen Elizabeth, Cortland, N. Y.
 Pease, Saunda Joan, Rochester, N. H.
 Pyle, Adelaide, South Orange, N. J.
 Riley, Elizabeth Joanne, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
 Robbins, Priscilla Anne, Ridgewood, N. J.
 Starr, Frances Carolyn, Orange, N. J.
 Tounge, Terry, Saco, Maine
 Turnbull, Priscilla Joyce, Greenfield, Mass.
 Von Lynn, Virginia Anne, Cranford, N. J.

HOME ECONOMICS COURSE

Anderson, Carol Ellwood, Higganum, Conn.
 Chesson, Janet, West Brookfield, Mass.
 Dean, Elinor Ruth, Fitchburg, Mass.
 Lucey, Marilyn Harriett, Framingham, Mass.
 Morris, Margaret Coe, Meriden, Conn.
 Owens, Mary Adele, Portland, Maine
 Ross, Marjorie Susanne, Longmeadow, Mass.
 Taylor, Althea Frances, Hyannis, Mass.
 Tracy, Claire, Newton Centre, Mass.

PRE-NURSING COURSE

Atwood, Marjorie Lee, Fall River, Mass.
 Buchanan, Elizabeth, Swarthmore, Penn.
 Dennett, Marjorie, Saco, Maine
 Overton, Nancy Gray, Patchogue, N. Y.

GENERAL

Atwater, Sarah Ann, West Newton, Mass.
 Bergeron, Theresa Lucille, Bristol, Conn.
 Conant, Mary Wilson, Littleton, Mass.
 Dill, Geneva M., Farmington, Maine
 Flanigan, Ann Celine, Milford, Mass.
 Franklin, Shirley Louise, Quincy, Mass.
 Gilbert, Jeanne Margaret, Westfield, N. J.
 McQuillan, Elaine Esther, Waterville, Maine
 Mobbs, Alice Dorothy, Woburn, Mass.
 Piper, Dorothy Gordon, Concord, N. H.
 Schalscha, Jane Bertha, Far Hills, N. J.
 Shelley, Mildred Dale, New York, N. Y.
 Slocum, Susan Warner, Farmington, Michigan
 Wentworth, Barbara Elizabeth, Melrose, Mass.



Farewell to the Crow's Nest

Now the time has come when we must say our final good-bye to Lasell. It is fitting that we say it in the Crow's Nest.

In saying good-bye, we replace our banner with yours of the class of 1946. The Crow's Nest is yours now, and you as seniors will feel pride and joy in its ownership. Perhaps its full significance is not yet clear to you, but as next year progresses you will feel as we do now.

We say good-bye with sadness and regret, for we are leaving a symbol of our happy years at Lasell. We hope you will love it as we have.

Farewell, dear Crow's Nest!

June Ahner



PEACE

Waters lapping on the shore
 Beat an easy rhythm;
 And there beyond,
 Cutting the blue sky,
 A boat—
 With wings outspread
 Like a lovely captive bird.
 The dipping grace
 Of a sailboat
 Mingled with the throb
 Of water gently
 Lapping—
 From the pattern
 Of peace—so often forgotten.

Carolyn Crowell

LONGING

The loneliness of longing
 Breaks—
 A swift and crested wave
 Engulfing me.
 The impact of its pressure pulls me down,
 A tangled vine of hurt.

Beyond I see what is;
 Yet behind I see what might have been,
 And I am still held fast.

Pat Luther

TRIOLET ON BRAGDON

That house upon the hill is home;
 Its warmth and love shall never fade.
 No matter where we have to roam,
 That house upon the hill is home.
 'Neath all the blue sky's spacious dome,
 We'll ne'er forget where once we stayed.
 That house upon the hill is home;
 Its warmth and love shall never fade.

Mary Jane Magnusson

PERSONALS

Items for the Personals should be sent to your class life-secretary or to Esther Sosman, '36, alumnae secretary, Lasell. Deadline for material for the fall issue is October 1.

Weddings

Jane P. McConn (daughter of Mary Potter McConn, '05) and Mr. Dwane H. Mathers, USA, Feb. 7, 1945 at Naples, Italy.

Lilian M. Douglass, '07, and Mr. Roland Heeb, June 28, 1945 at Riverside, Calif.

Katherine I. Braithwaite, '29, SK 1/c USNR (W), and Mr. Wallace Sprague Woodworth, Jr., USNR (Pasadena Junior College), June 30, 1945 at Auburndale, Mass. Mr. Woodworth, recently returned from two years' duty in the Far East, will report to the West Coast for reassignment. Katherine will return to Washington, D. C., where she is stationed.

Marion A. Roberts, '29, Lt. (jg), USNR (W), and Mr. Caleb Ford Dyer (Bowdoin, '30), June 16, 1945 at Dover-Foxcroft, Maine. Mr. Dyer is principal of the Howland (Maine) High School.

Isabelle Cragin McGarey, WP '29-'30, and Lt. Comdr. James Williamson Brown, Jr., USNR (New York University; New York University School of Law), May 5, 1945 at Charlestown, Mass.

Dorothy I. Wickham, '31, and Tech. Sgt. Kenneth Langton Marquis (Eastman School of Music, University of Rochester), June 23, 1945 at Middletown, N. Y. Constance Witham Brewster, '31, was matron of honor. Before enlisting, Sgt. Marquis was supervisor of music for the Middletown schools.

Frances M. Day, '34, and Lt. John Walsh Meyers, USA (Canisius College), June 16, 1945 at Brookline, Mass. Isabel Wyatt Asselta, '37, was a bridesmaid. Lt. Meyers recently returned from 30 months' service in England, Africa, and Italy.

Caro E. Stevenson, '36, and Lt. Glenn Arthur Seick, USA, June 30, 1945 at Newtonville, Mass. Lt. Seick has just returned from over two years of service in the European theater of war, where he was a German pris-

oner for four months. He has been awarded the Purple Heart and Bronze Star.

Janice A. Rogers, '39, SK 1/c, USNR (W), and Mr. Richard Walker Wilson (Tufts, '39), Apr. 7, 1945 at Boston, Mass. Elinor Campbell, '39, was a bridesmaid. Mr. Wilson, brother of Peggy Wilson Logan, '39-'40 (x-'41), is a chemical engineer in vital war work.

L. Jane Bartlett, '40, and Mr. Robert Lee Wallace, Jr. (University of Texas, '36), June 9, 1945 at Watertown, Mass. Jean B. Adams, '40, was a bridesmaid.

D. Lois Linehan, '40, and Lt. Stanford D. Blitzer, USNR (Ohio State, '41), June 3, 1945 at San Francisco, Calif. Lt. Blitzer is on active sea duty in the Pacific.

Louise C. Pottorf, '38-'39 (x-'40), and Ensign Robert Stone Porter, Jr., USNR (Texas A. & M.), April 7, 1945 at New London, Conn. Louise is the daughter of the late Grace Vicary Pottorf, '07. Ensign Porter served aboard a submarine in the Pacific and is now stationed at the Submarine Base, New London, where he and Louise are making their home.

Janet L. Jansing, '41, and Maj. John Wesley Sheffer, Jr., AUS (Cornell University), June 16, 1945 at Albany, N. Y. Grace Sheffer, '41, SK 3/c, USNR (W), sister of the bridegroom, was maid of honor. Before joining the Army, Maj. Sheffer was a hotel manager with Grenoble Hotels, Inc. He returned early in June after serving four years in Africa, two with Pan American Airways and two with the Air Transport Command.

Virginia M. Loveday, '41, and Lt. R. David Larson, USNAC (Eveleth Junior College; University of Minnesota, '40), May 23, 1945 at Norfolk, Va.

T. Arax Zulalian, '41, and Mr. Carrell Johnian (Bentley School of Accounting), Apr. 15, 1945 at Boston, Mass.

Verne E. Brown, '39-'40 (x-'41), Y 3/c, USCG (WR), and Ensign Joseph Francis Staebell, USNR, Apr. 13, 1945 at Philadelphia, Pa.

Cyrrilla R. Green, '39-'40 (x-'41), Lt. (jg), USNR (W), and Mr. Roger L. Macdonald (Boston University), May 14, 1945 at Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Mary Ann Fisher, '42, and Mr. John Samuel Espy (University of Georgia, x-'38), Apr. 28, 1945 at Sistersville, W. Va. *Mary V. Hurley*, '42, and *Barbara Edwards*, '42, were bridesmaids. Mr. Espy, recently discharged from the Army, is now in the sales department of the Coca-Cola Bottling Company in Columbus, Ohio.

Mildred S. Fraser, '42, and 1st Lt. Harvey Chadwick Pauley, Jr., Medical Corps, USA (Brown, '41; Tufts Medical School, '44), May 5, 1945 at Belmont, Mass.

Patricia J. Gunning, '42, and Ensign Paul John Muller, USNR (Dartmouth, '44; Harvard Business School, x-'46), June 4, 1945 at Arlington, Mass. *Joan Gunning*, '42-'43 (x-'44), was maid of honor for her sister.

Jean H. Hardy, '42, Y 2/c, USNR (W), and Lt. Lewis Homer Canedy, USNR (Middlebury, '39), May 5, 1945 at North Adams, Mass. *Barbara Edwards*, '42, was a bridesmaid. Lt. Canedy returned recently from 20 months in the Pacific.

Elizabeth Hutchison Miller, '42, and Mr. Herbert Ingersoll Buttrick, Jr. (Brown, '41), June 15, 1945 at Groton, Mass. They will be at home after September 15 at Groton School, where Mr. Buttrick is a master.

Elizabeth McGar, '42, Y 1/c, USNR (W), and Lt. Howard Stoughton, Jr., USNR (Dartmouth, '39), May 21, 1945 at Seattle, Wash.

Edythe M. McKenzie, '42, and Lt. William Boyd Smith, AUS, May 14, 1945 at Marblehead, Mass.

Suzanne Naeher, '42, and Ensign Rodney Augstell Morgan, USNR (Dartmouth, '44), Aug. 27, 1944 at East Aurora, N. Y. *Virginia M. Robinson*, '42, was a bridesmaid.

Jean Jewell, '39-'42 (x-'42), and James Upshur Edwards, Jr., Sp (Y) 3/c, USNR (Randolph-Macon, '43), June 11, 1945 at Manchester, N. H.

Jessica S. Kennedy, '40-'42 (High School), and Sgt. Clovis Rafael Jugo, USA (Vermont

Academy), Apr. 7, 1945 at New Britain, Conn. The bridegroom's sisters, *Phyllis Jugo Humphrey*, '38-'40 (Special), and *Henrietta Jugo*, '40, were attendants. Sgt. Jugo recently returned to this country after serving 22 months in the European theater. He has the Purple Heart and four battle stars.

Elizabeth H. Gorton, '43, and Lt. (jg) Paul Stanley Collier, Jr., USNR (Wesleyan, '41; Harvard Business School, '43), June 23, 1945 at South Glastonbury, Conn. Betty's sister, *Nancy*, '42, was maid of honor, and *Jane Abbott*, '41, a bridesmaid. The bride is the daughter of *Laura Hale Gorton*, '16.

Patricia S. Whiteoak, '43, and Mr. Richard Mark Stuart (Worcester Polytechnic Institute, '38), June 3, 1945 at Southbridge, Mass.

June Homan, '41-'42 (x-'43), Pfc., WAC, and Pfc. Paul D. Bricker, USAAF (Diesel Engineering School, Richmond, Va.), June 9, 1945 at Newton, Mass. The bride's sister, *Ruth*, '46, was an attendant.

Patricia E. Rogers, '41-'42 (x-'43), and George Norton Brookhouser, S 1/c, USNR, Apr. 6, 1945 at Elyria, Ohio. *Norma Jean Rogers*, '42, sister of the bride, and *Martha Christie*, '45, were attendants.

Alma H. Copp, '44, and Lt. George Lyle Fearnley, Jr., USAAF (Wooster College; Cornell University); May 25, 1945 at Springfield, Mass. *Dorothy Nickerson*, '44, was maid of honor.

Helen A. Gilbert, '44, and Lt. Norman G. Martel, USMCR (Tufts, x-'45; Dartmouth) Jan. 27, 1945 at Los Angeles, Calif. He is on duty in the Pacific.

Marion L. Gooding, '44, and 1st Lt. John H. Christensen, USAAF, May 13, 1945 at Portland, Maine.

Joan F. Mills, '44, and 1st Lt. James J. Barry, USAAF, May 2, 1945 at Columbus, Ohio. Lt. Barry returned last November from Europe, where he flew 50 missions as a B-17 fortress pilot. He holds the Air Medal with three oak leaf clusters, the D.F.C., and the Presidential Unit Citation.

Gloria M. Fischer, '42-'43 (Special), and Lt. Theodore H. Collora, USMC (U. S. Na-

val Academy, '45), June 8, 1945 at Plainfield, N. J.

Nancy Ann Bacon, '45, and Sgt. Donald Melville Johnson, USAAF (New England Aircraft School, '42), June 9, 1945 at Wellesley, Mass. *Marilyn McNie*, '45, was a bridesmaid.

Lee Gamble, '43-'44 (x-'45), and Sgt. Gordon H. Stanley, USAAF (Worcester Academy, x-'41), June 22, 1945 at Brookline, Mass. *Caroline Gamble McDonough*, '42, was matron of honor for her sister. Sgt. Stanley was overseas, in the North Pacific, for two years. After a month in the States he will report for duty in Alaska.

Engagements

Janice L. Wisly, faculty '43-'44, and Mr. Conrad T. Kuhn; *Marion E. Cleveland*, '35, and Mr. Francis Allison Head, USNR; *Nancy Allen*, '39, and Sgt. Paul W. Schmetzer; *Natalie Zimmermann*, '41, and Lt. Homer H. Haggerty, USNR; *Beatrice Grant*, '39-'40, x-'41, and Lt. Charles Franklin Costanzo, USAAF; *Anne M. Cass*, '42, and Lt. Alfred S. Jurusz, USA; *Dorothy A. Mosher*, '42, SpQ 2/c, USNR (W), and 1st Lt. Walter E. Stone, USA; *Virginia E. Weeks*, '42, and Mr. Frederick Tasker Hatch; *Rosemary Countie*, '43, and Lt. Philip H. R. Cahill, USAAF; *Ruby M. Nichols*, '43, and T/Sgt. William F. Sears, USMC; *Ann Preuss*, '43, and Miles Olson, AOM 3/c; *Shirley V. Weldon*, '43, and Sgt. George V. Brim, USA; *R. Virginia Carter*, '41-'42, x-'43, and Mr. David M. Ryder, *M. Jane Cook*, '41-'42, x-'43, and Ensign Anthony Cardoza, USMS; *Betsy Maynard*, '44, and Mr. William R. Staples, USNR; *Elizabeth Rhind*, '44, and Mr. Kenneth Walker Lee; *Carol E. Anderson*, '45, and Ensign Robert Merriam Heath, USNR; *Lorraine I. Anderson*, '45, and Paul Blaisdell Crabtree, S 1/c, USNR; *Doris Andrews*, '45, and F/O Robert Elliot Rumsey, USAAC; *Marilyn G. Babbitt*, '45, and Sgt. Richard Lee Cooper, USA; *Jane A. Baringer*, '45, and Maurice S. Price, Petty Officer 2/c, USNR; *Ann Broadhead*, '45, and Sgt. Frank O. Johnson, Jr., USAAF; *Elizabeth Buchanan*, '45, and Lt. Daniel Emory Williams, Jr., USAAC;

Martha E. Christie, '45, and Sgt. Alvin John Meyer; *Elinor R. Dean*, '45, and Richard George Fairchild, Petty Officer 3/c, USN; *Ruth K. Eastman*, '45, and Midshipman Robert Raymond Schlichting, USN; *Nancy L. Greene*, '45, and Lt. Charles Lawrence Mason, USAAC; *Violet Greenwood*, '45, and Pfc. Anthony A. Queijo, USA; *Carol Hauber*, '45, and Walter S. Bleecker, RdM 2/c, USNR; *Marjorie F. Jones*, '45, and Cpl. John Griffin Steineback, USA; *Isabella H. McEwen*, '45, and Lt. (jg) Buell Kirk Price, USMS; *Nancy Muzzey*, '45, and Sgt. Ralph Taylor Woodrow; *Gwen Norton*, '45, and Thomas L. Mercer, Radioman 3/c, USN, *Marjorie Olson*, '45, and Ensign John Arthur Bjork, USNR; *Saunda J. Pease*, '45, and Midshipman James Kingman Horne, USMS; *Virginia Phillips*, '45, and Richard K. Messier, TM 2/c, USN; *Susanne Ross*, '45, and Mr. Gerald Mann Westberg, USAAC; *Roselyn Schambach*, '45, and Henry Francis Hekker, ARM 1/c, USNR; *Patricia Smith*, '45, and Cpl. George B. Whittlesey, USA; *Althea Taylor*, '45, and 1st Lt. John William Niemi, USA; *Priscilla Turnbull*, '45, and Herbert Hugh McGreevy, S 1/c, USCG; *L. Dale Brand*, '43-'44, x-'45, and Edmond J. Schorno, Petty Officer 3/c, USNR.

Births

June 9, 1945—a son, Paul Nelson, to Sgt. and Mrs. Donald J. Winslow (*Lois Nelson*, faculty '37-'43). Paul is the grandson of Dr. and Mrs. Guy M. Winslow.

Dec. 28, 1944—a daughter, Linda Neal, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur N. Parmenter (*Ruth G. Shepard*, '25).

Dec. 1, 1944—a son, Richard Kramer, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. O'Donnell (*Hazel Kramer*, '26).

May 16, 1945—a son, Arthur V., 3rd, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur V. Rogers, Jr. (*Barbara Erickson*, '33).

June 17, 1945—twin daughters, Sara Thaxter and Susan Thayer, to Mr. and Mrs. Melvin V. Chevers (*Dorothy Plattner*, '31-'32, x-'33).

Apr. 24, 1945—a son, Eric Winton, Jr., to

- Mr. and Mrs. Eric W. Smith (*Muriel Bowlen*, '31-'33, Special).
- Sept. 22, 1944—a daughter, Louise Ann, to Lt. and Mrs. Rollo A. Richardson (*Thelma Larkin*, '35).
- June 19, 1945—a son, Kevin William, to Mr. and Mrs. Francis D. Ryan (*Anne O'Brien*, '35).
- Dec. 31, 1944—a daughter, Susan Elvia, to Mr. and Mrs. Carl F. Dahlberg (*Sally Swanson*, '35).
- May 2, 1945—a daughter, Patricia Jeanne, to Mr. and Mrs. Raymond C. Grady (*Hildreth Weigold*, '35).
- Mar. 25, 1945—a son, John Philip, to Mr. and Mrs. Potter Brimlow (*Irene Dreissigacker*, '37).
- June 10, 1945—a son, Richard Walter, to Cpl. and Mrs. G. Walter Coleman (*Camilla Mafera*, '35-'36, x-'37).
- Feb. 24, 1945—a daughter, Mary Frances, to Mr. and Mrs. Philip E. Sheridan (*Natalie Caldwell*, '30-'36, W. P. and High School).
- May 20, 1945—a son, Peter James, to Mr. and Mrs. Maurice A. Reidy, Jr. (*Katharine Dempsey*, '38).
- May 19, 1945—a son, Alfred William, III, to Mr. and Mrs. A. William Dickinson (*Audrey Slawson*, '38).
- June 29, 1945—a son, Charles Stanley, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Read (*Virginia E. Squiers*, '38).
- May 12, 1945—a daughter, Carolyn Trow, to Dr. and Mrs. R. Emerson Sylvester (*Arlene Wishart*, '38).
- Feb. 8, 1945—a son, Richard Pennington, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Richard P. Stout (*Sara-jenny Annis*, '39, faculty '39-'42).
- Mar. 8, 1945—a daughter, Virginia Karla, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Edward Johnson (*Romena Bowden*, '39).
- Apr. 21, 1945—a daughter, Lianelle, to Mr. and Mrs. George H. Powers (*Helen Forsberg*, '39).
- June 20, 1945—a son, Paul Dana, to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred E. Linford (*Frances E. Gay*, '39).
- May 31, 1945—a son, Peter Michael, to Lt. and Mrs. Robert J. Swaner (*Norris Beakes*, '40).
- July 10, 1945—twin daughters, Priscilla Ann and Margaret Chapple, to Lt. and Mrs. Nelson O. Lindley (*Priscilla Chapple*, '40).
- Apr. 28, 1945—a son, Richard Davis, to Capt. and Mrs. Robert S. Williams (*Dorothy Davis*, '40).
- Dec. 1, 1944—a daughter, Judith Eline, to Lt. and Mrs. Jackson W. Morton (*Thelma Doyle*, '40).
- Apr. 28, 1945—a daughter, Carolyn Jean, to Chief Petty Officer and Mrs. Alexander C. Angus (*Mildred Ellis*, '40).
- June 19, 1945—a son, John Max, III, to Mr. and Mrs. John M. Wulfin, II (*Jane Hutchison*, '40).
- Jan. 25, 1945—a daughter, Sandra Sheridan, to Mr. and Mrs. William H. Jahns, III (*Jean Church*, '36-'37, '38-'39, x-'40). Sandra is the granddaughter of *Isabelle Bowers Church*, '00-'01).
- Feb. 8, 1945—a son, Jon Leland, to Capt. and Mrs. Kenneth W. Howat (*Janet Brown*, '41).
- Apr. 21, 1945—a son, James Foresman, to Cpl. and Mrs. Brua C. Keefer, III (*Lura Anderson*, '42).
- Apr. 8, 1945—a daughter, Linda Lee, to Lt. (jg) and Mrs. Earl L. Pangborn, Jr. (*Louise Cook*, '42).
- May 28, 1945—a son, Robert Earl, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Callard (*Ruth Deremer*, '42).
- Apr. 6, 1945—a son, Peter Dwight, to Mr. and Mrs. W. Dwight Ellis (*Marguerite Gately*, '43).
- Oct. 27, 1944—a daughter, Judith, to Mrs. John L. Dietsch (*Janet Ryder*, '43) and the late Mr. Dietsch, USA.
- May 2, 1945—a daughter, Wendy Wadhams, to Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth A. Wolcott, Jr. (*Carol Wadhams*, '43). Wendy is the granddaughter of *Marion Griffin Wolcott*, '16.
- June 21, 1945—a son, Chester Fred, to Lt. and Mrs. Ernest F. Perkins, Jr. (*Virginia Wolfe*, '44). *Priscilla Alden Wolfe*, '19, is the baby's grandmother.

Necrology

Ettiema Pierson Robertson, '93-'95, died May 26, 1945. She is survived by her husband, Mr. John R. Robertson, and three sons.

Bessie Roper Conant, '92-'95, of Woburn, died April 14, 1945.

Emma Christensen Williamson, '07-'08, died in California, April, 1945.

Faculty and Administration

The June 1945 issue of the *National Geographic Magazine* carries an article, "Tai Shan, Sacred Mountain of the East," written by our former art instructor, *Mary Augusta Mullikin*. Miss Mullikin went to China in 1920, and remained there to paint the people and scenery she loved. For more than a year she has been interned by the Japanese at her home in Tientsin. In the March 1938 issue of the *Geographic* is another article by her, "China's Great Wall of Sculpture," illustrated with some of her own paintings.

1st Lt. *Elizabeth W. Kingsbury*, WAC, faculty '36-'42, expects to leave for duty in Bermuda early in July. Until recently she was stationed with the Air Transport Command in Manchester, New Hampshire, and has made one trip to Labrador.

Dr. Elsa T. Liefeld, faculty '40-'43, has received an appointment to the faculty of Wellesley College for the coming year.

In the June 1945 issue of the *Wellesley Magazine* we found news of *Mrs. Alice Paine Paul*, faculty '37-'42. A member of the Field Staff Girl Scouts in central and southern Texas, she is active in promoting, organizing and training leaders, since there is a national call for more youth training.

Mrs. Andrew A. Kasper (the former *Blanche Curtis*, faculty '41-'42) is living in Washington, D. C., while her husband, after two years of sea duty, does research work in physical chemistry at the Naval Research Laboratory. They have a daughter, *Carol Olga*, born June 28, 1944.

Class Notes

In June, *Mary Sutton Whyte*, '90, wrote in reply to a note from the Alumnae Secretary:

"My husband and I are still 'going strong' in Rome, New York. Mr. Whyte, who is with the Revere Copper and Brass Company, goes to the office every day and seldom misses any time from his work. Until recently I was active in various community matters; for twenty years was a member of our school board, and was the first woman ever to be elected to that position. Until last year I was also a member of our hospital board, with which I was connected for over thirty-five years.

"I have one child, a daughter. Her husband, now dead, was a consul at Singapore at the time of the Japanese attack. They were evacuated to Australia where Anne did some work for Gen. Brett and later returned home. She is an assistant field director with the American Red Cross, now in England after eighteen months in Africa and Italy.

"I noticed in a copy of the LEAVES some reference to military drill, and I should like to tell you that it was initiated during my time, in the fall of '89. As a senior I had the dubious honor to serve as captain of Company B. I never felt sure, when drawing my sword from its scabbard (which had to be done without looking at it), that I wouldn't do mortal injury either to myself or someone else. In fact, military drill for me was distinctly an ordeal. We were drilled by a retired captain of the Massachusetts Militia, who walked beside me and gave me orders for my company. When they were not promptly executed, he would swear under his breath, audible only to me, and I must say he expressed my feelings exactly. However, we were finally able to give a very creditable exhibition on the lawn in front of the gymnasium. Many years later, when I took part in a suffrage parade in Utica, I acted as marshal for a group of women, and found my early training helpful."

1895

Class President—Mabel Taylor Gannett (Mrs. Herbert I.), 356 Warwick Avenue, Douglaston, L. I., N. Y.

The Class of '95's fiftieth reunion was happy and satisfactory in every way because of the kind interest and cordiality shown by everyone at Lasell. I wish more of us could have returned to see how lovely, fresh, and comfortable our dearly beloved Bragdon looked, with beautiful flowers everywhere.

There were four of us present: *Mabel M. Lutes*, *Mabel Sawyer Rogers*, *Annie May Dickson Adsit*, and I. The interesting letter from *Grace Loud* (who lives in Everett, Massachusetts, with her sister, *Ethel*, '96) made her seem to be with us also. To add to our pleasure, several of the girls of other classes, who were at Lasell during our time, came to the alumnae meeting Saturday afternoon. They were *Beulah Shannon*, '91-'94, *Josephine Chandler Pierce*, '96, *Ethel Loud*, '96, and *Nellie Briggs Chandler*, '93-'95.

1905

Life Secretary—Miriam Nelson Flanders (Mrs. Sydney R.), Derby Line, Vt.

Helen Darling Tillinghast and husband, Frederick W. Tillinghast, still live in Providence, Rhode Island. Their daughter, Eleanor Howard, with two children, is living with them while her husband is in Germany. Their elder son, Pardon, is in this country at present, after spending more than two years as a yeoman in the Naval Reserve. Their other son, John, is with the Signal Corps in Germany.

Edith Harber Wright lives in Oakland, California, where she keeps busy in her victory garden. She and her husband, Alfred M. Wright, are planning to build in the mountains of Tulare County, and will move there when materials for building are available.

Margaret Henderson Soulé writes from the University of Arizona at Tucson, where she is working for an administration certificate, which she must have in order to continue in

her present line of work. This past year she was principal of an elementary school with sixteen teachers and other personnel. Four of her children are in the service. Claude is a lieutenant in the Navy, on a short cruise off the west coast. Later he will be director of aviation ordnance on an aircraft carrier. Nancy is an ensign in the SPARS, stationed at Long Beach, California, near her Navy husband. Van was a Mustang pilot with the Eighth Air Force in England, where he received the D.F.C. He is now a captain and instructor at Luke Field near Phoenix. Richard was a pre-aviation student until the War Department stopped that program; he is now at the Kingman Air Base awaiting orders. Jack is doing essential war work as an engineer with the U. S. Bureau of Mines in New Mexico, where he is locating and developing strategic mineral properties. Margaret is married and has two children.

Eila Patterson Rogers' daughter, Dorothy, is married; Bob is also married and has three children; Jack, Eila's youngest son, is a master sergeant in the Army and has charge of the records in the chief surgeon's office in an Army hospital in Puerto Rico. Eila and her husband, Guy A. Rogers, are living in Portland, Oregon.

Edna Rogers Carlisle, of Locust Valley, New York, writes that her elder son, John, is on a PT boat in the Philippines. He is married and has a little daughter. Adele and her three boys are living in Glen Cove, Long Island; her husband is a captain with the First Army. Floyd, Jr., and his wife have a baby boy, and live in Locust Valley, as he has been rejected for war service. Catherine and baby are with her husband in Montgomery, Alabama, where he is teaching the Free French to fly.

Grace Rowe Vail and her husband, Charles H. Vail, live in Ocean City, New Jersey. Their son, Charles, teaches electrical engineering to Army and Navy students at his alma mater, Duke University. He is married and has one child. Their daughter, Marjorie, was married last year, and teaches physical education in a Friends School near Philadel-

phia while her husband is on active duty with the Merchant Marine.

Laura Weaver Buxton was in Honolulu until a few months before Pearl Harbor. She and Mr. Buxton now live in Johnstown, Ohio.

Mary Willett Blackinton writes from Flint, Michigan, that her daughter, Esther, has two little boys, and her son, Jim, one. The other daughter, Mary Ann, teaches in a private school.

Mary Potter McConn has a war job and has been working for the county rationing board in Houston, Texas, for more than two years. Her daughter, Jane, who served with the Red Cross in Italy and Africa, was married recently in Naples, Italy, and has now returned to this country with her husband. *Mary McConn Maguire*, '29, and family have moved to Kansas City. A third daughter, Louise, and family live in Minneapolis. Mary has three grandchildren, the oldest just finishing junior high school.

Agnes Wylie West and her youngest son, John, live in Tuckahoe, New York. Another son, Joe, his wife, and their two children live near her; he has a war job with Western Electric. Gregory is a lieutenant with the Naval Air Transport, and has been in the Pacific area for fourteen months. He has a wife and small daughter.

Hazel Cary Adam, of Joliet, Illinois, lost her only son, Folger Adam, Jr., over a year ago, when he died in action over the Marshalls. Besides his parents he is survived by two sisters. The class joins in extending deepest sympathy to Hazel and her family.

I, *Miriam Nelson Flanders*, spend my winters in Boston and summers in Vermont. My son, Charles, is married and in the Provost Marshall's office. He has been in the Army nearly five years, stationed around Boston all that time. My daughter, Florence, who was married last August, is living with me, as her husband is with the Army Air Forces overseas.

Mabel Smith Hoblitzell, '10-'11, wrote to Mrs. Guy M. Winslow in April:

"You asked me to tell you something about myself when writing. Mr. Hoblitzell and I celebrated our 25th wedding anniversary last December. We have a son, William, 24, and a daughter, Julianna, 21. Bill was commissioned in the Merchant Marine until recently, when he was forced to retire because of a knee injury. Julie is doing government work at the Port of Embarkation, and is also a hostess for the U.S.O. and the Stage Door Canteen. She made her debut in Boston in 1942-43."

Through the courtesy of Miss *Grace F. Austin*, formerly of the faculty, we have received the correct address of *Constance Davis Ditzler*, '12-'14 (Mrs. Frank), 5925 Keith Avenue, Oakland 12, California.

Maude Freeman Lombard, '15, writes from her home at 256 Elm Street, Everett 49, Massachusetts, that she is carrying on her father's drugstore which was left to her about eight years ago. Her daughter, Noël, is in the pre-medical course at Tufts College; son Willard is a Navy lieutenant in the Pacific area.

Elsie Crowell Bennett, '19-'20, and family moved to Mexico about two years ago and expect to be there indefinitely. She would enjoy seeing any Lasell-ites who come her way, so anyone planning a trip to Mexico take note of her address: Monte Libano 820, Lomas de Chapultepec, Mexico, D. F.

We were certainly pleased to receive this very interesting report from *Phyllis Rafferty Shoemaker*, '22, who recently returned from a trip to the west coast where she had a reunion with her father, Mr. James J. Rafferty, for three and one-half years an internee in the Philippines. She writes:

"Last week *Margo Lovering Harris*, '22, cut short one of her rare shopping days to have a bit of lunch with me and to 'hear all about it'! I thought it might be of interest to you '22-ers who can't drop in so easily, as well as to some other LEAVES readers, to 'pull up a chair' and listen, too, especially to my report on the Lasell girls I contacted while in California during April and May.

"Through the Red Cross and the War Department we had learned the thrilling news that my father was due in San Francisco early in April after three and one-half years as an internee in the Philippines. My husband felt that Father should have all his family on hand to greet him, for, since he is nearly 81, there was no telling how he had withstood the experiences he had been through at the hands of the Japanese. I needed no further urging to start making immediate plans to join my family in California. I didn't arrive in time to greet Father upon his arrival, but had a grand month at home, visiting both Mother and Father. The way in which he had withstood, both physically and mentally, those experiences, was nothing short of miraculous. His physical condition was not bad for a man of his age (of course, two months, which included a long ocean voyage, had elapsed since his release from internment). But it was his 'mental slant' that to us was most remarkable and admirable. He, of course, has no use for our Nipponese foe. It is his opinion that it was the plan of the Japanese, deliberate and diabolical, to slowly starve the internees, and it was only the really 'tough' ones who disappointed them. He also feels they have none of the virtues of Christianity, and respect no law other than Japanese law. So, he thinks all of them should be put on troop ships and returned to their fanatically beloved isles. But, aside from that, he is not full of hate or bitterness, just terribly grateful to be alive and as well as he is, and home with his family. Already he and Mother are planning improvements and changes to be made in the ranch after the war. We are all very proud of Father, and so happy to have him safe at home again.

"*Esther Sosman*, '36, ever-willing and on-the-trigger alumnae secretary, was good enough to again send me a list of Lasell-ites within a radius of 50 miles of the ranch in Watsonville, and of Los Angeles, where I was planning a stopover of two days en route home. My plans to do this on my previous trip had to be canceled because of Mother's illness.

"While visiting a brother in Santa Cruz, we called on the only Lasell-ite there, *Marie Cogswell Gelinsky*, '06, in her ultra-modern, picture-windowed apartment that looked down over the town. She had only recently come there from Portland, Oregon, because of her health, and to await the return of her Naval-officer son. A slim, attractive member of that peppy Class of '06, she had by no means been idling away her time, as we saw from the exquisite needlepoint work which she showed us.

"Lovely Carmel was the next Lasell meeting place, on a really typical California day. Loyal and interested *Grace Ordway Miller*, '00-'02, had taken charge, so to her goes all the credit for selecting quaint Normandy Inn and contacting the girls. She is a real Californian now, having lived in nearby 'old Monterey' since shortly after she left Lasell. She remembered with pleasure her Lasell days and hopes to return before many more years elapse.

"*Jeanne Bixby McOwen*, '40-'41 (x-'42), is one of the pretties of Lasell's 'youngsters,' and like so many, the wife of a serviceman, living far from home.

"*Barbara Hoover Middleton*, '41, was the only one who could not be contacted. I understand that she, like Jean, is a serviceman's wife, so perhaps they had been transferred.

"*Ruth Buffington*, '25, had as her guest a Vassar graduate with whom she had been in business doing art metal work (when metal was available) but with whom she is now collaborating on a mystery story. Here's hoping there's no lack of *that* 'commodity' for them!

"Meeting these Lasell-ites was fun, for our alma mater served to make us instant friends. I was disappointed to learn that, at the last minute, Miss *Ruby J. Smith*, who had planned to be there as a surprise, could not come. Many of you will remember her as a member of the Lasell faculty from 1920-22. She is teaching eighth grade at Bay View School, Monterey.

"The good ol' Class of '22 came to the

fore on my Los Angeles stop, as *Mildred Melgaard Rees* has her home there. Thanks to her enthusiastic efforts I had a wonderful afternoon with eight other Lasell-ites, five of whom I had never met. Mildred not only invited us all to luncheon at her lovely home (which reflected the fact that she had married an interior decorator, and that she had considerable artistic talent herself), but also was 'chief cook.' The table service and food were as though they had 'come to life' out of the tempting pages of *Good Housekeeping* or *Home Beautiful*. I was proud for '22 and for Lasell. After we finally tore ourselves away from the table, Mildred led us across their gay little yard to the guest house, an exact replica of a Swedish cottage (double-decker bunks, elevated fireplace in the corner, and all). There we signed her guest book, and I learned a little about those whom I had just met. But I'll begin with our hostess and the other two whom I *did* know, *Florence Gifford Fleming*, '23, and *Geraldyn Banks Boeck*, '20-'21. Mildred is still a tall 'strawberry blonde,' but minus about 20 pounds, I should say. She is a natural and very delightful hostess (doing all the work with apparently no effort, and letting her guests concentrate on enjoying themselves). She has a son, 20, who at that time was in Germany with Patton's Army. Though so young, he has certainly picked out, and seems to be well on the way to, a very serious life's work, political science, with a definite view to working for world peace. And it is young men like him, with such aims, who will eventually achieve it, I feel. Her other son, 13, was at school.

"Florence, too, looks much the same as she did at Lasell, though thinner (It really isn't fair!), and it was hard to believe such a little thing could be the mother of a son, 17, and a daughter, 10. Her husband is Pacific Coast representative for the firm headed by *Helene Grashorn Dickson's* ('22) husband [Lawrence E. Dickson] back in Illinois—Standard Safety Equipment. (Could that be considered a 'plug,' Helene?)

"Though I hadn't seen Gerry since our

fun-full days at Woodland in '20-'21, I would have recognized those alive, black eyes of hers anywhere. Her two sons are in the service, and her graphic descriptions of their exploits had us in mild hysterics much of the time. Never a dull moment when Gerry was around in the old days, so she hadn't changed much!

"It was good to see these three after so many years, but I also enjoy meeting 'new' Lasell-ites, so now shall tell you a bit about the others.

"The name, *Eva-May Mortimer Riffe*, '25, is, I believe, well known to many, not only from her own day, but also to those who are familiar with up-and-coming alumnae. So I was very glad to meet her at last. To say she is up and coming is to put it mildly; she manages her family (which includes three boys) and a real estate business and still has time to give to Lasell alumnae and other volunteer work.

"*Harriet Holt Lee*, '29, mother of two, is another hustler. She has a studio where, with two assistants, she teaches piano and voice. In fact, she had to hustle off for an appointment before the afternoon had half begun.

"Under *Mary Elizabeth Hubbard Wood's* ('20) quiet exterior there must be a hidden source of energy, for she has been a Red Cross Gray Lady for the past four years, serving *every* day, at Sawtelle (veterans) Hospital. (The others had to give me that information.) She makes her home in that valley so familiar to those of us who listen to popular songs, the San Fernando. I learned a very Hollywoodish bit about her father's walnut ranch—it was recently bought by Bob Hope!

"Another such 'bit' came to light in my conversation with *Anna Hendee Sheehan*, '24 (whose 'ultra' hair-do was the subject of much envious discussion). It seems her husband, John V. Sheehan, works for Walt Disney—in the educational department. But I fear that was not her chief claim to attention that afternoon; it was the fact that she 'knew' a butcher (we thought it best not to inquire just how well), and so had bacon,

etc., and had even brought a package of it to her hostess!

"The 'baby' of the crowd, *Betty Schneider Johnson*, '38, should receive a medal as a press agent! She did a fine job of it—making our mouths water telling us interesting back-of-the-counter bits about her husband's [Andrew J. Johnson] business. He runs the 'Grand Central,' one of the huge open-air markets so popular out there. I'm sure all the guests who could, were on their way to 'Grand Central' that very afternoon!

"As always, whether in Nebraska, California, or Texas, I found the girls interested in and eager for news of Lasell. So you can see why I hated to have the afternoon come to an end—as it did all too soon.

"My return home was planned to coincide with commencement weekend for a very special reason—the graduation of *Lynn Metzger*, '45, daughter of *Jo Holbrook Metzger*, '22. Jo arrived the same day I did, and was our guest until she and Lynn left for home. Together we dutifully 'sloshed' through all the festivities. (California take notice, it also RAINS here!)

"We were surprised and delighted to see yet another '22-er at commencement—*Sarah Crane*. She too was with a friend, Mrs. C. D. Simonds, whose daughter, *Elsie*, '45, was in the graduating class. Sarah had recently heard from *Carolyn Badger Seybolt*, '22, who reported 'all well,' which was good news, for the last we'd heard, our class secretary was not so well.

"*Nomie Davis Jones*, '22, of Corning, New York, invited me to return via her home town, but unfortunately that was not possible this time. Aside from her home duties (which at that time included a gala birthday party for one of her two little girls), she is busy with her music, both on the radio and in church.

"Before Margo left she did get a chance to tell me a bit about her family. Her son is taller than she, and her daughter apparently is another peppy edition of the mother.

"That about winds up the Lasell news I have for now. Before I sign off, let me remind you '22-ers that 1947 is 'just around the corner.' It's not too early to be 'a-thinking'! In the meantime a cordial welcome awaits you at our home any time you're 'going our way.'

Phyllis Rafferty Shoemaker, '22"

(112 Revere Street, Boston 14, Mass.)

Dorothy Barnard, '24, speaks with enthusiasm of her new position as manager of the Industrial Cafeteria, Container Corporation of America, Medford, Massachusetts. She and her mother, Mrs. Maurice Barnard, are also enjoying their new apartment in Cambridge, at 3 Arlington Street.

In reply to a card sent out by the alumnae secretary *Eleanor Parsons Macurda*, '24, wrote this cordial letter:

"I am enclosing the return postcard in regard to my 'doings' of recent years. I have enjoyed married life for twelve years, and have three children. My oldest son, D. Bradford Macurda, Jr., is eight years old; Hayden is five, and Nancy Carlisle will be two, July 23. Six years ago we moved to Scarsdale, and try to take part in various worthwhile projects of this active community. I have held offices in the P.T.A. for three years, and was asked to take the presidency this year, but refused."

Lasell Junior College extends sympathy to *Esther Palmer Dwinell*, '24 and *Marianne Palmer Bliss*, '34-'36 (High School), whose father, Dr. Briggs S. Palmer, passed away in May.

Our thanks to *A. Louise Orr Daniels*, '18-'23, for sending us information about *Emma Smith*, '22-'23, who was on the Address-Unknown list published in the spring issue of the LEAVES. Emma is now Mrs. Brenne-man F. Quereau of 1915 Dallas Street, Denver 8, Colorado, and has two daughters, Nancy, 4, and Sally, 2½. She is a registered nurse, graduate of the White Plains Hospital School of Nursing in 1929.

1925

Life Secretary—*Martha Fish Holmes* (Mrs. Edgar M.), 15 Graydale Circle, Auburn-dale 66, Mass.; assistant: *Helen Black Sprague* (Mrs. George E.), 31 Van Brunt Avenue, Dedham, Mass.

The Class of 1925 had a "reunion tea" at the home of *Martha Fish Holmes* in Auburn-dale on Alumnae Day, June 2. Eight of us (We wish more could have been there) gathered around the fire in Martha's attractive living room on that cold, rainy Saturday afternoon to enjoy the huge Lasell-decorated cake which Martha served. It was eight inches high, frosted in white, with orange banners bearing "LASELL" in blue letters, and an orange lamp in the center under which "'25-'45" was done in blue. Around the edge of the whole cake were tiny orange and blue flowers.

Those present were: *Helen McNab Wiland*, of Belmont, who has a six-year-old son, Allan Howard; *Virginia Dreher Davis*, whose home is in nearby West Newton; *Martha Wilcox Hills*, also of West Newton, and mother of two sons, Duncan, 6, and the baby, Peter, born last November; *Dorothy Keeler*, one of our successful career girls doing important war work; she has a host of interesting talents and capabilities; *Barbara Cushing Jenkins*, of Concord, New Hampshire, mother of three boys: Ward, 16; Donald, 13; and Richard, 7; they keep her busy, but she has found time for her music and Girl Scout work; *Christine Chamberlin*, after spending considerable time in California, is now working in Boston; *Martha Fish Holmes*, who has three lovely children, two boys, 11 and 8, and a cute little daughter, 5; and *Helen Black Sprague*, of Dedham, Massachusetts, mother of a daughter, Sally, 13, and a son, Rockwell, 7.

There were letters from several of the girls with sundry interesting bits of news. From Beverly Hills, California, *Eva-Mary Mortimer Riffe* reported a very busy life filled with war-work activities and home duties, caring for her three boys, age 14, 11, and 6.

Kay Kelley wrote from Saginaw, Michigan, that she is assistant principal of a large elementary school. Her letter was exceptionally interesting, and we feel very proud of one of our most successful "career" members.

Ruth Mayes Longmire and *Patty Berkson Grossman* sent their regrets. Ruth is living in Charlotte, North Carolina, and has a five-year-old son. Patty's home is in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; she has a daughter, age 6.

Ruth Shepard Parmenter, of Shrewsbury, Massachusetts, has three daughters, ages 8 and 4 years, and 5 months, so her time is well accounted for.

Blanche Avery, a lieutenant in the W.A.C., is postal officer at O'Reilly General Hospital, Springfield, Missouri. She has a leave of absence from the faculty of Poughkeepsie (New York) High School.

Lois Bryant Warner, of East Orange, New Jersey, has a five-year-old son. She is kept busy canning the produce of her victory garden.

Several of us had news of other classmates from recent letters:

Edna Hart Hoyt lives in Stowe, Vermont, where she and her husband, Mr. W. Kenneth Hoyt, conduct a ski lodge. It is a very popular and pleasant place in which to spend a weekend, summer or winter, we have heard. Edna has a daughter, Nancy, 14.

Dorothy Hagadorn Taylor, *Louise Hege-man Whitman*, and *Helen Albert* all sent regrets. Dot's home is in Bridgeport, Connecticut. Louise lives in West Hartford and has a daughter, Jean, 16. Helen, assistant state supervisor of distributive education, has her headquarters in Des Moines, Iowa.

Still another of our successful girls is *Eleanor Steele*, secretary to the dean of freshmen at Wheaton College, where she also assists on the board of admission.

We sincerely hope our 25th reunion can and will be much larger than this, our 20th. If conditions permit a real "bang-up" celebration, let's all plan to attend. It is difficult to believe that 20 years have slipped by since we were Lasell undergraduates. To return and be together, even for a few hours, is like

drinking from the Fountain of Youth. Surely in five more years we shall *all* need that!

Helen Black Sprague,
Assistant Life Secretary

Lt. Robert Alan Chesebro, USNR, husband of *Shirley Gould Chesebro*, '33, is assistant commissary officer at the Navy Submarine Base, New London, Connecticut.

Marjorie Walker, '33, has been working for the Government since 1942, first in Washington, D. C., and since March of this year, in New Haven, Connecticut, where she lives at 18 Howe Street.

Barbara Bowlen, '31-'33 (Special), is a captain in the Red Cross overseas.

1935

Life Secretary—*Barbara King Haskins* (Mrs. E. D.), 111 Wilcox Avenue, Meriden, Conn.

I was indeed sorry we couldn't have a real 10th reunion at Lasell, with all the "fixings," as many of the girls had looked forward to this get-together for so long, but our 15th will probably bring out "toddling and tottering" '35-ers in full fashion! For those able to leave babies' bottles, typewriters, and dusting, a luncheon was held at Seiler's in Wellesley, and how pleased we all were to see 26 girls there! Everyone had 'cublets' to show off and tales to tell. We chattered continually.

Our *Miss Eliasson* was with us in thoughts all afternoon, and flowers were sent to her in Washington. I do wish there were space for all of her letter. To you all she wrote: "I just broke down when I opened my box of perfectly beautiful red and white carnations from *my Class* of '35. You really can't imagine how thrilled I was, how touched, how reminiscent and grateful, and how much I wished that I could be right with you. When the box arrived I said to Hank, 'I bet you've sent me a bouquet,' and tried to think of the occasion; had I forgotten an anniversary or something? It was a thrill. Thank you for your wonderful remembrance; such thoughtfulness is blessed indeed."

From the girls I saw and those who replied to my cards, came the following bits of news:

Diana Gardner Wetherell: "We are settled in Long Island, remodeling our 150-year-old home. Little Gardner is one of those rugged fellows whose legs are in perpetual motion, always heading in the wrong direction." (We can picture Hawkshaw tearing after her 40 pounds of dynamite!)

Mary DiRico Flavia: "Have been married four years and have a little son, 2½. Please change my address to 6 Morley Road, Quincy 69, Massachusetts."

Doris Jones Hayes: "I am organist, and my husband [Hubert L. Hayes] is director of music and tenor soloist, at the First Presbyterian Church. We also do some work at the television studio."

Hilly Weigold Brady: "Our family is growing fast, and the new baby is adorable." (Hilly has just had her third child.)

Marjorie Bouvier Reed: "My husband [Raymond C. V. Reed] held an engineering commission and was called into the service in 1941, but because of the nature of his work he was placed in a national pool of officers, to be used only in extreme emergency. However, since my father [Emerson R. Bouvier] is in his second war, our family does have one representative. We have three children: Barby, 9; Dick, 4½; and Susie-Belle, 2." (Marjorie has been ill since January with a heart condition caused by undulant fever. We wish her a speedy recovery.)

Pauline Kelly: "Have been in the Navy for 19 months and have been lucky to be stationed so near home (Maine). All responsibility in the office rests with me, the highest rated Wave here, and I handle all confidential reports. Am preparing to advance to yeoman first class, which I should get this summer."

Thelma Larkin Richardson: "Our baby daughter, Louise Ann, has been very ill with an anemia, not yet positively diagnosed, so I can't possibly get to the luncheon. My husband, Lt. Rollo A. Richardson, is in the field artillery, and has been with Patton's Army since D-Day. The Red Cross is trying to call

him home because of the baby's serious illness. Robert is now eight years old and a fine little man."

Jane Brackley Starbird: "After my husband [Edward G. Starbird] left for the Pacific, I returned to Strong, Maine, where I am now working."

Barbara Heath Ramsay: "My daughter, Susan, and I have just returned from a few months' stay in New Orleans where my husband [Capt. John W. Ramsay, Jr.] attended transportation school. He has been transferred to Brooklyn, and we will be with him there until September."

Eleanor Ramsdell Stauffer: "Am still living in Worcester, getting more gray hairs and fatter daily! Have a daughter, Anne Elizabeth, three months old, and a son, Charles Ramsdell, four years."

Bernice Silva Darrah: "My husband [William E. Darrah] is in the Southwest Pacific, and I'm working in a war plant in Gloucester."

Billee Walsh Rudd: "My two children [Robin and Charles Robert, Jr.] and I are living in Lexington while my husband [C. Robert Rudd] is in the Navy."

Evelyn Gagen: "Am working for an internal revenue agent. Formerly I was with the supply department at the Boston Navy Yard, but had to give up that work because of transportation difficulties."

That is the extent of the letters received to date. Hope you others will drop me a note so that we may have more '35 news for the next LEAVES. I do know of: *Norma Noonan*, working at the Automobile Association office, Boston; *Barbara McKelleget*, working at a finance corporation office, Boston; *Roberta Morrill*, teaching dramatics at Lasell; *Puffy Selby Guerry* and *Kay Peck Dietler*, living near each other in Connecticut; each has one child to keep her busy; *Josie Moore Gulnac*, in Texas with her husband, Capt. John R. Gulnac, who recently returned from flying missions overseas; and *Sally Swanson Dahlberg*, personnel director at Steiger's, Hartford, and caring for her daughter, Susan.

Margaret MacNaughton Dockstader and her two children, Robert and Donald, arrived in Boston from her home in Virginia for a month's visit with her family, so she was able to attend the luncheon.

Bobbie Ordway Brewer and *Teddie Richardson Walker* live in Shrewsbury. Bobbie's little daughter, Bonnie, almost seven, rarely lets a day elapse without a horseback ride with her father. She will be towering above her mother soon, for Bobbie hasn't grown an inch during these last ten years!

Betty Allenbaugh Weller recently moved from Akron to West Hartford. She has two sons, Harry and Charles.

Denny Gile Arnold came down from New Hampshire for the luncheon and a visit with the Wellers. *Denny* and *Allie* had their heads together all afternoon, comparing children (as roommates will do).

Harriet Petz Thompson traveled from Washington, D. C., and it seemed good to be "heckled" by my old married roommate! *Hattie* is living in Washington, as her husband [Charles W. Thompson], an officer in the Navy, is with the Bureau of Ordnance, Navy Department, there.

Among others at the luncheon were: *Bette Clark*, *Gertrude Heath Kehoe*, *Barbara Briggs Stanton*, *Dot Charlton Greely*, *Maida Cardwell Atwood* (whose husband, Howard N. Atwood, Jr., is on a battleship in the Pacific), *Nina Williams Newton*, *Pat Meyer Gere*, and *Villa Magune McSheehy*.

As for myself, I'm living in Meriden and waiting, as are so many of you, for the day when again we can live a normal, happy life with our loved ones at home. May you all keep your spirits high during these trying days, and for our 15th reunion we'll all be one big grin, I'm sure. Sincere good wishes to all '35.

Cindy King Haskins,
Life Secretary

[Cindy's husband, Comdr. E. D. Haskins, USN, is on submarine duty in the Pacific and has been awarded his third Navy Cross.—*Ed.*]

1936

Life Secretary—Carolyn Young Cate (Mrs. Henry F., Jr.), 130 Temple Street, West Newton 65, Mass.

Marjorie Stuart Olds and her son, Robbie, were guests at Lasell on May 8 and 9. They were on their way home to Vermont after visiting Sgt. Olds' parents in Arlington, Virginia. While in Arlington Stuie saw *Karin Eliasson Monroe*, '31 (faculty '33-'42), and daughter, Ann, who will be a year old July 29.

Bunny Loud, daughter of *Virginia Johnston Loud*, was recently the dinner guest at Lasell of her aunt, *Miss Emeline Loud* (librarian '43-). Bunny, who will be eight in August, is a very grown-up young lady with a great deal of poise, and seemed quite at home with the Lasell family.

Ruth Upham Petremont called at Lasell one afternoon this Spring with her very sweet little daughter, Nancy, seven months old.

1937

Life Secretary — Louise Tardivel Higgins (Mrs. Charles A.), 59 Maple Street, Auburndale 66, Mass.

Frances Austin Ferris has returned to the States and received an honorable discharge from the Army Nurse Corps. She was attached to the 56th General Hospital as a dietitian for almost two years, most of the time overseas.

Jerre Fothergill, A.R.C., wrote early in May from Austria. She had visited the Wagner Festival Theatre at Bayreuth, now a G.I. movie theatre, and hoped to visit Switzerland.

Miriam Goff is working for Dr. Walter F. Crowley of Franklin, Massachusetts.

Laurina M. Wilson has arrived in India to serve the armed forces as an American Red Cross staff assistant. Until her Red Cross appointment she was employed by the National Shawmut Bank of Boston.

Classmates and friends of *Natalie Caldwell Sheridan*, '30-'36 (High School), extend their sympathy on the death of her mother, Mrs. Maude A. Caldwell, June 1945.

1938

Life Secretary—Virginia Wilhelm Peters (Mrs. Robert R.), 2316 Dixwell Avenue, Hamden 14, Conn.

We had hoped to have a photograph of Betsy Ann Burbank (daughter of *Irene Gahan Burbank*) as crown bearer at the annual Lasell May Fete, for the frontispiece of the summer issue of the LEAVES, but unfortunately the pictures taken at that time were not satisfactory. Betsy, who some day may herself be a Lasell May Queen (as her mother was in 1938) was a lovely little crown bearer who stole the hearts of the spectators as she led the Queen and her court to the Crow's Nest at the traditional exercises on Bragdon lawn.

Alice Lockwood Leach, who has kept the Alumnae Office jumping with her frequent changes of address, writes that she and her husband, Mr. John A. Leach, Jr., have bought a home in Greenwood, Rhode Island, and plan to "stay put" for a while. They have a two-year-old daughter, Penny.

Ruth Meighan has arrived in India to serve the armed forces as an American Red Cross staff assistant. Until her Red Cross appointment, Ruth was manager of the frost-ed foods department of Food Fair Stores, Inc., Montclair, New Jersey.

Mr. and Mrs. A. William Dickinson (*Audrey Slawson*) have been living in Stewart Manor, L. I., for the past three years, as Mr. Dickinson is in the Naval Reserve, working for Pan American Airways at LaGuardia Field. Audrey writes: "We're very convenient to New York City, so that I see Lasell-ites from different parts of the country when they pass through. *Evie Bang* visited me here in the hospital recently.

"The latest arrival in the Dickinson family is a son, Alfred William, III, born May 19. We also have a little daughter, Ellen Whitney, born January 30, 1943."

1939

Life Secretary—Meredith Prue Hardy (Mrs. E. D.), 48 Mendon Street, Hopedale, Mass. *Romena G. Bowden* was married to Mr.

J. Edward Johnson, September 12, 1943, at Gloucester, Massachusetts. They are living at 27 Orchard Stret, Mattapan 26, Massachusetts, and have a daughter, Virginia Karla, born March 8, 1945.

1940

Life Secretary—Priscilla Sleeper Sterling (Mrs. Robert D.), 40 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mildred Baldwin, PhM 1/c, USNR (W), has gone overseas, and has a San Francisco Fleet Post Office address.

Jeannetta Annis Richardson has been working as a dental assistant while awaiting her husband's return from Naval duty.

Lt. and Mrs. Robert J. Swaner (Norris Beakes) and their two sons, William and Peter, are living in Portland, Oregon, where Lt. Swaner is stationed with the Navy.

Betty Bell Barry wrote in June: "Berta Taylor Robinson was in New York City for a week in May. We came down from Boston together with her very cute son, Jay, who will be a year old in July. Her husband, Capt. James G. Robinson, is with the paratroopers, in Germany at that time.

"Dottie Davis Williams and her Army husband (Capt. Robert S. Williams) live at 915 McCleary Avenue, Dayton, Ohio. They have one son, Richard, born in April.

"Margie Borden Hayward and her son, Michael, are dividing their time between the two families in Ipswich and Auburndale while Amos is in the South Pacific.

"We'll be here at 908 West State Street, Trenton, until the first of August. Then, one big question mark—I hope New York City."

Esther Bennett is working in the third-floor children's department at Hovey's, Boston.

From her mother, Mrs. Fred W. Burns, we learned that Phyllis Burns is a 2nd lieutenant in the Army Nurse Corps, and has been overseas for nine months, the first seven in England, after which she volunteered for work in France.

Frances Britton Holden was married in

May, and now resides at 48 20th Street S.W., Barberton, Ohio.

Before her marriage in 1942, Elizabeth Carlisle Muller was a dietitian at the United Hospital, Port Chester, New York. She has a full-time job now, caring for her two-year-old son, Lawrence.

After traveling with her husband, Lt. Allan M. Rowell, USNR, Miriam Cross Rowell is living at home and working in the district office of the General Electric Company, Worcester.

After her graduation from Lasell, Dorothy Dayton attended the University of Connecticut. She is now in training at the Massachusetts General Hospital School of Nursing, and will probably join the Army Nurse Corps after graduation.

Janice Donovan Neal is living an active Navy life in East Greenwich, Rhode Island. She and Frank have one son, Frank Getchell Neal, 3d, born in March, 1944.

Barbara Donohue is in the WAVES, stationed at the Naval Training Centre, Sampson, New York. She has been on active duty for seven months.

Thelma E. Doyle was married November 2, 1942, to Jackson W. Morton (Dartmouth and Lowell Textile Institute), a lieutenant in the Naval Air Corps. Adelaide Cotter, '38-'39 (x-'41), was a bridesmaid. Lt. and Mrs. Morton have one daughter, Judith, born last December.

Etta Eldredge Long and her husband, Mr. Albert N. Long, are living in a large trailer in Milford, Connecticut, where Mr. Long has a war job. Etta's two sons occupy much of her time.

Ruth Fulton is with the dietary department of the United Hospital, Port Chester, New York.

Jean Hale is an assistant to Elinor Williams, fashion and beauty editor of the Boston Herald-Traveler. In addition to her regular job, she has done Red Cross ambulance work, canteen work at the Buddies Club, donated blood, and is now touring Army and Navy Hospitals with the Waban Young Peoples Group.

Lucy Harrison is in training at the Hartford Hospital School of Nursing.

For three years *Jeanne M. Hubbard* was secretary to the City Prosecutor, two attorneys, and a deputy sheriff in Middletown, Connecticut. At present she, with one assistant, is running a nursery school for 15 children, ages three and four.

Mildred Ellis was married in July, 1944, to Alexander C. Angus (M.I.T.), chief petty officer, USNR. They have one daughter, Carolyn Jean, born April 28, 1945.

Florence Evans McLaughlin's husband, S/Sgt. Melvin W. McLaughlin, is in the Marine Corps, stationed in Washington, D. C. Their daughter, Nancy, will be a year old in July.

Dorothy Farnum Moore has been seeing the country with her husband, Raymond W. Moore, who is in the service.

Charlotte Fowler has been secretary-clerk at the Adams Radio and Electric Shop in Guilford, Connecticut, since 1942. She keeps all the books, purchases all sheet music, records, and record accessories, and recently has been helping out in the radio repairing department, testing tubes.

Capt. James H. Bricker, husband of *Ruth Anne Frost Bricker*, arrived home June 6, after being a prisoner of the Germans from December 21, 1944, until his liberation this spring. A member of the 106th Infantry Division, he was captured at the Battle of the Bulge. Ruth has been working in a Westfield, New Jersey, bank.

Isabelle Hughes attended Bridgewater State Teachers College, graduating with a B.S. in Education. She is now teaching English in Medway Junior High School.

Jane Hutchison Wulfin has been traveling about the country with her husband, John M. Wulfin, II, who is with the Army Air Forces. At present they are in Norfolk, Virginia.

Jane Jones Vogeley is personnel director and employment manager of a large department store in Newport News, Virginia.

Pat Kieser, aerographers mate third class

in the WAVES, is stationed at Bunker Hill Naval Air Station, Peru, Indiana.

After being one of the many camp followers, *Lucille LaRiviere Disbrow* has returned to Worcester, where she is an assistant to the Head of Training at the Raytheon Manufacturing Company. She keeps records of the training of all personnel and helps solve employee problems. Active in the *Worcester County Lasell Club* since her graduation in 1940, Lucille is now vice-president of that group.

Ruth MacDowell Stonemetz has joined her husband, Charles L. Stonemetz, USN, back in the States after many months overseas. While living in Norfolk, Virginia, she saw *Shirley Van Wart Dane*.

Mary Mauroyen owns a specialty store in Claremont, New Hampshire, and writes, "Due to the fine training in merchandising which I received at Lasell, it has been a very successful venture, in spite of the many difficulties arising in business today."

After her graduation from Lasell, *Marjorie Millard Crooker* worked at the Lahey Clinic, Boston, until her marriage in 1942. When her husband, William Crooker, USAAC, went overseas, she obtained a position with Dr. E. E. Kattwinkel of West Newton. Marjorie has heard from *Doris Somerville*, Wave, who was last reported on her way to Hawaii.

A member of the class with an unusual job is *Priscilla Miller*, Sp (T) 2/c, USNR (W), stationed at Alameda, California, where she has been operating and instructing in Celestial Link Trainers.

Working for Central Hanover Bank and Trust Company, *Dorothy Paddock* has supervision of trust fund investments.

Lois Linehan Blitz is a production planner at the U. S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C.

Virgilia Palumbo was married in 1941 to Mr. A. Russell Leone (St. Johns Law School, '36) and had among her attendants, *Shirley Mowry* and *Virginia Swan*, '38-'39 (x-'40). She has a daughter, Carole Ann, aged 2½, and lives in Niagara Falls, New York, where Mr. Leone has a law practice.

Betty Phillips, American Red Cross secretarial staff assistant, is about to leave for overseas service as this issue of the LEAVES goes to press. Before joining the Red Cross she did store work.

On April 11, 1944, *Lillian Richards* became Mrs. Donald W. Sleeper. Mr. Sleeper is a sergeant in the Army Medical Corps, serving in the Pacific war theatre. Lillian is assistant buyer in the sports-wear department of the Remick Company, Quincy, Massachusetts.

Madelyne Rose Browne and her husband, W. Chester Browne (graduate of the Yale University Graduate School of Architecture) have bought an old house which they are remodeling. *Katherine Ricker* has spent several weekends with them; she works for a brain specialist at the Children's Hospital, Boston. Madelyne has heard from *Lillian Grace*, "who is doing a wonderful job in the home service department of the Red Cross in London," and from *Edythe MacDonald Dowd*, living in Brooklyn, New York.

Marjorie Sherman works for her father, Mr. P. W. Sherman, in the office furniture business, running the office, doing secretarial work and bookkeeping. She is active in the *Worcester County Lasell Club*.

Dorothy Sherwood writes that she is a secretary-receptionist for a broker in Hartford. She has done "Bluebird" volunteer work at Hartford Hospital, and joined the Nurses' Aide corps.

Betty Sue Smith Miller and her three-year-old son, Walter, Jr., spent the winter with Lt. Comdr. Miller, USN, while he studied aeronautical engineering in Pasadena, California. His next assignment is in Washington, D. C.

The class "reunion by mail" notice, which was sent to *Ruth Watson* at her home address, was forwarded by mistake to her brother, T/4 Dwight L. Watson, with an Army general hospital overseas. He replied: "Today a card from you, intended for my sister, came through in my mail, and I'll pass it along to her in the near future. However, since it may reach her too late for her to get any

information to you, you may be interested to know that she is with the Red Cross, at present in Marlborough, England, with a mobile unit. I last saw her about two weeks ago, and she was feeling fine."

Marge Williams Eddy has been in Colorado Springs since last November, with her husband, M/Sgt. Daniel B. Eddy, USAAC. She is working in the baby department of Hibbard and Company. Her Lasell roommate, *Do Farnum Moore*, and her husband, Raymond W. Moore, also in the service, have been stationed in Denver, so Marge and Do have seen each other frequently.

Priscilla Sleeper Sterling, life secretary of the Class of 1940, gathered all the preceding news (and more—see *Weddings* and *Births*) for this "reunion through the LEAVES." Our congratulations to her for this excellent report.

Sleep's husband, Pvt. Robert D. Sterling, left recently for overseas service, so she came to Boston to visit her sister, *Marian Sleeper Hall*, '37, of Auburndale, and also to spend some time with *Louisa Clark Harrington*, '39, of Waltham. Her eight-months-old daughter, Sally Ann, made a hit with the Lasell family, when she paid her first visit to her mother's alma mater.

Sleep rode up to Boston with *Bobby Schilf*, who is very busy with work at home and volunteer work for the Red Cross Motor Corps.

1941

Life Secretary—Janet Jansing Sheffer (Mrs. John W., Jr.), 104 Manning Boulevard, Albany 3, N. Y., c/o L. W. Jansing; *assistant* (for fall issue of the LEAVES): Gertrude E. Fischer, Garfield Street, Haworth, N. J.

Several weddings of members of the Class of 1941 have only recently come to our attention: *Janet Brown* was married to Capt. Kenneth W. Howat, USAAC, July 17, 1943, at Carlsbad, New Mexico. Capt. Howat was a member of the Class of 1940 at Bloomfield Seminary and College. On December 30, 1942, at Bradford, Pennsylvania, *Genevieve Davis* became the bride of Mr. Thomas A. Grow, now a Pfc. in the Combat Engineers.

He attended Allegheny College, Meadville, Pennsylvania, where he was a member of the Class of 1943. They have one daughter, Donna Lynn, born November 16, 1943. *Elizabeth Pfeiffer* became Mrs. Richard William Higgins on January 13, 1944. Her sister, *Virgie Pfeiffer Irvine*, '39, was matron of honor, and *Marian Fitts*, a bridesmaid, at the wedding which took place in Framingham, Massachusetts. Lt. Higgins, a member of the Class of 1944 at Norwich University, is with the USAAF.

Arax Zulalian Johnian, who was married in April, went to Montreal for her honeymoon, and saw her former Lasell roommate, *Mary Lou Allyn Ross*, there.

Lt. and Mrs. Alan Harwood (*Dorothy Mellen*) are living in Red Bank, New Jersey, while Lt. Harwood studies Radar at Fort Monmouth. They see Lt. and Mrs. Benjamin F. Allen (*Lucile Willmarth*, staff '40-'44) frequently.

1942

Life Secretary—*Mary V. Hurley*, 41 Linden Street, Schenectady, N. Y.; assistant: *Anne Lynch*, 1784 Washington Street, Auburndale 66, Mass.

Peggy Bull and *Anne MacNeil* were graduated in June from the nursing school of the Newton Wellesley Hospital, Newton Lower Falls, Massachusetts. *Helen Cizek* was graduated the same month from the Presbyterian Hospital, New York City.

Barbara M. Hayton, PhM 3/c, WAVES, is with a U. S. Naval Hospital overseas, care of Fleet Post Office, San Francisco.

Overnight service to the Pacific from Boston was inaugurated May 1 by United Air Lines. Pictured at the christening ceremony with Mrs. George S. Patton, Jr. (wife of the general), Mayor Kerrigan of Boston, and William A. Patterson, president of the air line, was Stewardess *Patricia (Trity) Johnson*, Lasell, '42.

Dorothy (Dodie) Mosher, SpQ 2/c, USNR (W), writes from Washington, D. C., that she sees Lt. (j.g) *Jean Bohacket*, '41, and Lt.

Rosalie Martin, faculty '31-'43, often. Last fall she met *Marjorie Gould*, faculty '41-'44, in one of the Washington stores just before the latter left for overseas service with the Red Cross.

The class extends sympathy to *Ruth Mosher Keathley*, whose husband, Lt. Charles Jay Keathley, U.S.A., was killed in a plane crash this spring. They were married June 8, 1944, two days after Lt. Keathley's graduation from the Military Academy at West Point.

Jean Zimmermann will have a reunion with her family in Puerto Rico this summer, after spending four years in the States. A member of the Cadet Nurse Corps, she has been studying at Methodist Hospital, Brooklyn, New York.

Jean Jewell Edwards, '39-'42, x-'42, is a private secretary in a special agent's office of the Fireman's Fund Insurance Company, Manchester, New Hampshire.

Capt. Dexter Lishon, USAAF, husband of *Winifred Guarente Lishon*, '40-'41 (Special), returned to the States in May after 19 months as a prisoner of war in Germany. Known to readers of Bill Cunningham's column in the *Boston Herald* as "the kid next door," Capt. Lishon, who flew with the Eighth Air Force, was shot down over Bremen in October, 1943. He was taken to a prison camp at Sagan in Upper Silesia, which was a "model" camp, but where 12 officers lived, cooked, and slept in a 10 by 12 room. In January, when the Russians advanced, they were moved to Moosburg, near Munich, where they were liberated April 29 by the 47th tank battalion, 14th armored division, of the Third Army.

1943

Life Secretary—*Nathalie A. Monge*, 80 Greenwood Street, Greenwood, Mass.; assistant: *Elizabeth A. McAvoy*, 93 Hillcrest Road, Windsor, Conn.

Four members of the Class of 1943 were graduated from senior colleges this spring: *Betty Gorton* received her A.B. degree from Smith College on May 13; and *Priscilla Houghton*, her B.S. in Education from

Wheelock College, May 21. *Jeanne Revene* and *Barbara Ann Smith* received their degrees from Skidmore and Wellesley, respectively, on May 20.

The class joins in extending sympathy to *Janet Ryder Dietsch*, whose husband, John L. Dietsch, Infantry, U. S. Army, was killed in action in France last August. Janet was married July 3, 1943, in Sewanee, Tennessee. Her little daughter, Judith, will be a year old October 27.

M. Jane Cook, '41-'42 (x-'43) is employed by Western Union, New York, as food supervisor. She completed a two-year course in dietetics at Pratt Institute after leaving Lasell.

Congratulations to *Patricia Rogers Brookhouser*, '41-'42 (x-'43), who received her B.A. degree from Ohio Wesleyan University in June 1944.

We have just learned of the marriage, in May 1944, of *Elizabeth Weston*, '41-'42 (x-'43), and Ensign Warren Adams Wood, USMS (Northeastern University). *Betty Bag-nall*, '45, was a bridesmaid.

1944

Life Secretary—Norma Badger, 35 Dixon Street, Tarrytown, N. Y.; assistant: Barbara Coudray, 76 Halsted Street, East Orange, N. J.

Claire Ashton is a dental secretary in Portland, Maine. In the merchandising field are *Barbara Coudray*, at Best's in East Orange, New Jersey; *Ellen Wester*, assistant buyer of jewelry, Hahne's, Maplewood, New Jersey; and *Natalie Vogel*, who was graduated from the Tobé-Coburn School of Fashion Careers in New York City, May 23, and who will be a member of the executive training squad at G. Fox and Company, Hartford, starting September 4. *Priscilla Perley* is the administrative secretary at St. John's Preparatory School, Danvers, Massachusetts, and *Polly Hanley* has a secretarial position with an advertising firm in New York City.

Jean Swart, '42-'43 (x-'44), has been a student nurse at the Massachusetts General

Hospital since July, 1943, and a member of the Cadet Nurse Corps most of that time.

1945

Life Secretary—Emma Gilbert, 589 Prospect Street, Maplewood, N. J.; assistant: Louise Long, 60 Lorraine Avenue, Providence 6, R. I.

It is too soon after commencement for your life secretaries to have much news of you for the *Personals*, but some of you indicated your plans for the coming year on the senior questionnaires distributed by the Alumnae Office in May.

Among those planning to attend colleges and vocational schools are: *Helen Barker*, Simmons; *Connie Blades* and *Pat Bound*, Adelphi; *Dorothy Domina*, Middlebury; *Susan Gates*, Wellesley; *Nancy Greene*, Syracuse; *Nancy Muzzey*, Forsyth Dental Infirmary, Boston; *Joanne Parshley*, Boston University College of Liberal Arts; *Priscilla Peters*, Emerson College, Boston; *Sue Slocum*, University of Michigan; *Frances Whitman*, University of Washington; *Nancy Hayes* and *Virginia Smyth*, Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School.

Betty Buchanan plans to join the Cadet Nurse Corps, taking her course at the Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania. *Sis Morris* will enter the New Haven Hospital as a student dietitian.

Many of the merchandising students have been accepted in the executive training courses of large department stores throughout the country: *June Ahner*, *Barry Baringer*, and *Marjorie Beebe*, Altman's, New York; *Phyllis Cawthray*, G. Fox and Company, Hartford; *Saunda Pease*, Jordan Marsh Company, Boston; *Gwen Norton* and *Helen Novado*, Filene's, Boston. *Martha Christie* has a position at Halle Brothers, Cleveland; *Ruth Jenness* will work in the Jordan Marsh Display Department; and *Prie Robbins* will start her merchandising career at Lord and Taylor's New York.

Other '45-ers have a variety of plans for the future: *Carol Anderson*, assistant to chem-

ist at F. E. Anderson Oil Company, Portland, Connecticut; *Doris Andrews*, work for telephone company, Albany, New York; *Priscilla Dow* is working at Deaconess Hospital, Boston, and living at 115 Longwood Avenue, Brookline 46; *Jeanne Gilbert*, junior member of the Manhattan Theatre Colony, Ogunquit, Maine, this summer, was recently double cast in "Personal Appearance"; *Marjorie Jones*, personnel work, U. S. Army Engineers; *Marilyn McNie*, International Business Machines Corp.; *Barbara Mulcahy*, personnel work for the Red Cross; *Ann Parker*, claim adjuster, Liberty Mutual Insurance Company, Boston; *Virginia Phillips*, Worcester (Massachusetts) *Telegram*; *Virginia Rolfe*, stenographer, General Electric Company, Schenectady; *Henrietta Sharpe*, library, Smith College; *Dale Shelley*, stewardess, United Air Lines.

The class joined the *Lasell Alumnae, Inc.*, as a body, and we are happy to welcome these loyal graduates to our rapidly increasing membership.

Beginning with the fall issue of the *LEAVES*, *Emma Gilbert* and *Louise Long*, class life secretary and assistant life secretary, respectively, will be responsible for 1945's notes in the *Personals*. Send your news to them or to the Alumnae Secretary, Lasell. Information wanted includes: news of advanced education, honors, degrees, occupations, publications, engagements, marriages, births, deaths, and all ways addresses.

Sally Hollister, '43-'44 (x-'45), is a sophomore at Syracuse University.

Ibby Knox, '42-'44 (x-'45), attended the University of Maryland last year, and will start her course at the Philadelphia School of Occupational Therapy this fall.

Recently *Diana Teele*, '43-'44 (x-'45), wrote this appreciative letter from her native England:

"I have been in England nearly ten months after a very happy sojourn in your country for almost four years. The last year, which I spent as a student at Lasell, was a particularly happy one, and I feel that I am more

fortunate than many girls in having had such an experience. My school days will always be memorable and never lacking in rich experience.

"I am now training to be a nurse at the Royal Devon and Exeter Hospital, and find my work very interesting."

Southern California Club

The 35th annual meeting of the *Southern California Lasell Club* was held at the Hollywood Athletic Club, Hollywood, May 7, 1945. We met in the library at noon for a social hour before luncheon was served. Each of the 27 girls present received a Lasell blue pennant, or name card, with her class and a number for the door prize (an automatic, magnifying pencil). *Mabel Hewson Parker*, '99, held the lucky number.

The luncheon table was decorated with quantities of blue, agathea daisies and a pair of white pottery doves. Before being seated the group sang the *Star Spangled Banner* in honor of the eve of V-E Day, and during the luncheon members enjoyed solos by *Betty Schneider Johnson*, '38, and *Rosetta Case Bent*, '38. Our two service girls spoke briefly on their work in the Women's Reserve of the Marine Corps; *Cpl. Ruth A. (Kupe) Shepard*, '39, is a cook, and *Pfc. Marie Good*, '43, is with the quartermaster corps. These two girls contributed a great deal to our program, and we were delighted to have them with us.

Myrtle Hewson Parker, '99, and *Marie Good*, '43, received gardenias as representatives of the oldest and youngest classes present. Fifteen classes were represented.

Mildred Melgaard Rees, '22, chairman of the nominating committee, presented the following slate of officers for 1946: *Mildred Fischer Langworthy*, '31, president; *Myrtle Hewson Parker*, '99, vice president; and *Ina Scott Bryant*, '01, secretary-treasurer.

Letters from *Dr. Winslow* and from *Cleora Brooks Clokey*, '01, our 1944 president who could not be with us because of her husband's illness, were read.

Our charming guest speaker, Mrs. O. C. Welbourn, vice chairman of volunteer services for the Los Angeles chapter of the American Red Cross, told of her work and showed us her collection of dolls.

The meeting was closed with the singing of *L-A-S-E Double L, Lasell*.

Those present were: *Laura Chase*, '02, *Ellen Chase Wood*, '02, *Isabella Bowers Church*, '00-'01, *Cpl. Ruth Shepard*, '39, *Kate Wheldon Plumb*, '02, *Myrtle Hewson Parker*, '99, *Florence Gifford Fleming*, '23, *Ina Scott Bryant*, '01, *Pfc. Marie Good*, '43, *Elizabeth M. Lum*, '01, *Louise Wadleigh Bedall*, '02-'03, *Marguerite Miller Eggers*, '11-'12, *Helen Ebersole Swartzel*, '01-'02, *Rosetta Case Bent*, '38, *Amy D. Phillips*, '18, *Betty Schneider Johnson*, '38, *Marriott Deggan MacDonald*, '06-'08, *Mary Elizabeth Hubbard Wood*, '20, *Martha Dale Loomis*, '06-'07, *Argenta MacDonald Carothers*, '01-'02, *Mildred Melgaard Rees*, '22, *Jean Humbird Dickason*, '10-'11, *Harriet Hanson Nelson*, '41, *Ethel McKeig Lindblom*, '11-'12, *Mildred Fischer Langworthy*, '31, *Mary Morgan Yarnell*, '31.

Mary Elizabeth Hubbard Wood, '20
Betty Schneider Johnson, '38

Betty Schneider Johnson sent the following news items, gathered at the Southern California Club meeting:

Rosetta Case Bent, '38, entertains service men at the Hollywood Canteen and the Veterans Hospital theatre and neuro-psychiatric wards.

Marguerite Miller Eggers, '07-'08, has managed the Joaquin Miller School cafeteria in Burbank for the past two years. Her daughter, Marjorie, now in college, is a Red Cross Nurses' Aide.

Mary Morgan Yarnell, '31, lives at Balboa Island while her husband, Mr. Hubert P. Yarnell, is overseas.

Helen Ebersole Swartzel, '01-'02, wrote,

"This is one of the most enjoyable meetings of Lasell alumnae I have attended. My mother, Mrs. William V. Ebersole, passed away last year, and I have taken my 98-year-old father to live with me."

Jean Church Jahns, '36-'37, '37-'38, has a baby daughter, born in January. Her husband, Mr. William H. Jahns, III, is in the ship's repair service of the Navy at San Diego.

Connecticut Valley Club

At 8:10 P. M., May 18, 1945, at the City Club of Hartford, the spring meeting of the *Connecticut Valley Lasell Club* was called to order by the president, *Helen Burwell*, '33, who immediately turned the chair over to a special program committee. *Dorothy Donaldson Morris*, '41, spoke for herself and her co-chairman, *Shirley House Campbell*, '41, and called on each Lasell girl present to introduce herself, state her class, and tell a bit about what she was doing. There were 41 alumnae present, representing various classes from 1916 to 1944. Many of the girls had interesting news of relatives in the armed services, announcements of additions to their families, and new jobs to tell us about.

Mr. Harry Blanchard showed several films of Lasell which Dr. Winslow had kindly loaned to the club for this meeting. The 1940 White Mountain trip, the 1941 Plymouth trip, and June Fete and Commencement pictures provided fine entertainment and material for pleasant reminiscing. Additional sports and humor films filled out the program. Light refreshments were served, and the meeting was adjourned at 10:15 p. m.

Elizabeth H. Gorton, '43
Secretary pro tem

[The reports of the meetings of the *Lasell Alumnae, Inc.* and of the *New Haven* and *Worcester County Lasell Clubs*, will appear in the fall issue of the *LEAVES*.—Ed.]

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1945
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LASELL LEAVES

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IN REFERENCE TO THE EDITOR

“**B**EING a critic seems to be the only solution. I have no musical or dramatic talent of any kind, but music and drama are the only things I really appreciate. I’ve got years and years, they tell me, to become one, and that is just what I intend to do.” These future plans are the property of Grace Rayfuse, present editor of the LEAVES.

But please don’t call her Grace as Scotty is the name she likes best. You will agree the nickname does fit much better. It seems to go with this small person, who unlike “Topsy”, just didn’t “grew” over five feet. She wears her Chipmunk brown hair in a sort of page-boy, and states, “It took me years to re-educate it from an upsweep, and what happens . . . GRECIAN hairdos come into vogue.”

A horse lover from way back, Scotty admits horses are the only constant hobby she has ever had. Among the many that have popped in and out of her life are: stamps, model airplanes, and card armies. The latter version is singular and unique, and having battles and making reinforcements filled many of her childhood “rainy days”. 208 playing cards were used, one king, four generals, and the rest officers and men. Card-board stands were pasted on the backs of each, and crepe paper capes fitted according to rank. As she grew older Scotty never lost the imagination that created those card armies; she uses it now to convert words and phrases into full-length stories and ideas.

Scotty is no stranger in the work of pen, ink and typewriter ribbon. Besides being editor of the LEAVES she is the author of a one-act play revealing her interpretation of the fate of Julius Caesar (that he was not



killed, but escaped). This farce was produced at the Boston Y.W.C.A. Another play, called “Prologue,” is on its way.

Miss Rayfuse also worked at WBZ in Boston. Her job was with a new organization, the Youth Broadcasting Company, which was started by a group of boys and girls interested in radio. The company succeeded and was running quite smoothly with a program every Saturday, when suddenly most of the boys were drafted. “After that,” Scotty declared, “there was absolutely no cooperation. No matter when we started work on scripts we were always rushed for time. The whole company began to fall apart, so I quit.”

Versatile and interesting, Scotty can talk on a variety of subjects intelligently. She is a person you will want for a friend, from the very first time you hear her ever-ready, “How ya doin’?”

Lucy Clark

LEAVES STAFF FOR 1945-46

Editor-in-Chief—GRACE RAYFUSE
Associate Editor—LUCY CLARK
Art Editor—ANNE NELSON
Advisor—MISS MARION JAMES

Business Manager—KATHLEEN WILSON
Staff Members—NORINNE WHITE
ELAINE REED
JACQUELINE DARCY

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

FIFTY years ago a woman who wore lipstick was considered "naughty." Today she is decidedly obvious if she doesn't. In the same manner, styles, manners, customs and even organizations have changed at Lasell in the past ninety-four years.

Take, for instance, the organization of student government. Today the name is one familiar to everybody because of the power invested in this body. However if you were to talk to a graduate of some thirty years ago, she would look startled if you even mentioned the two words. Although no one person is credited with starting this organization, it was probably an idea of the dean at that time. It was in 1913 that skirts were to be worn so many inches above the ground and sleeves half way down the arm. It was also in 1913 that the first mention of student government was made in the yearbook. The function then was to promote better understanding between the faculty and the students. To carry out that purpose a girl was chosen from each class to meet with the teachers periodically.

If you have thoroughly read your Blue Book, you will observe the purpose, representation, and other divisions of the entire constitution written in detail. In contrast to this, no reference to student government was made before 1930 except that the president of the senior class and the president of student government should not be the same girl. It was that year, however, that an entire paragraph was donated to the recognition of its existence. It explained that a council was made up of representatives of the various dormitories elected early in the fall. Three faculty members were chosen by the president who attended meetings as advisors. It was about this time that smoking was allowed at Lasell as well as entertaining men on campus and going on dates unchaperoned.

Today, the setup is an entirely different, brand-new, one. Six senior resident students and two senior day students are the upper

class representatives to Executive Council. The junior class is represented by four resident students elected at large, plus two junior day students. These girls make up a part of Executive Council.

In order that each house may discuss its troubles and recommend improvements for student government, a new council was formed by an act of last year's Executive Council. It goes under the title of House Council and is composed of the president of each junior and senior house. One of the house presidents is elected as a representative to Executive Council so that this group of students has an active voice in affairs of government. It was this House Council that drew up the plan for student government which is currently in effect. It was this same body that recommended an officer of the week be appointed who would take almost complete charge of each senior house—from locking the door each night to checking permission slips on weekends. The officer of the week is the girl who has a key to the house which is used on Saturday night if everyone has a 12:30 permission. The object of this system is to promote cooperation and leadership and to divide responsibility. So far, the plan has been successful.

Executive Council is the main governing body whose purpose is to legislate in all non-academic matters. It has been pointed out that it is composed of eight senior representatives, six junior representatives and a member of the House Council. Also in attendance at the weekly meetings are the four officers and three Faculty members, one of which is the Dean. Here, problems of self-government are discussed and remedied if possible. The attitude of the students is pertinent at all times.

Thus we see the evolution of student government at Lasell. It has had a long, hard climb, but now the fruits of that struggle are in the hands of the students, who are already revealing that they can handle their problems successfully.

Louise Pool

BOSTON BAKED BEANS ARE ALL RIGHT, BUT --

SOLID New Englanders may dote on their beans and chowder, using pork liberally in each, but I am sure that there are many Bostonians like myself, who crave variety. Although we faithfully, according to established custom, uncover the beanpot Saturday night, we dream of juicy Italian dishes and flaky French pastries. Not together, you understand, but surrounded by their companion morsels.

But where in Boston can we find the foods of our desires? Tell us and we will go at once. We'll have a week of good eating, of food and fun in strange unusual kitchens!

It is Monday night and we're off to Ruby Foo's den, where, surrounded by dragons and inclosed in red and black booths, we are served the best Chinese food in town. Hungrily we wade through all that is put before us, starting with bird's nest soup, next, egg foo yong, a variety of chow meins and chop sueys, and finishing with a satisfied sigh plus some tea and Chinese poppy seed cakes. The waiters chuckle as we try our skill with the chop sticks. We smile, for have they ever been clam digging?

The next night, to satisfy a yearning for rich Italian food, we dine at the Amalfi, a wonderful place near Symphony Hall. The Neapolitan dishes are excellent as shown by the fact that many people of Italian descent frequent the restaurant and they recommend it highly.

We indulge in everything from ravioli to Biscuit Tortoni with piles of spaghetti al'Italienne, spaghetti with meat sauce, and spaghetti Milanaise as an afterthought! With our last sip of coffee we find ourselves very full and contented, and we leave, deciding to return again soon.

Salads are our next objective. We come to the conclusion that the best salads are created by the Scandinavians, so we mark the Smorgasbord as the next stop in our travels. We go although it is a trifle hard to find, sandwiched in on one of the little streets between

the Parker House and Filene's. After arriving, we order coffee and then busy ourselves traveling back and forth from the Smorgasbord, which is a large table filled with a variety of appetizers. We stuff ourselves until we can eat no more, and thus we have found another place "to hang our hats" whenever in search of a good meal.

Thursday and the Parker House, with the Epicureans among us ordering the Parker House Special, fried tripe and eggplant. Timidly the rest of us order tripe too, not knowing quite what to expect. It comes and we are more than happily surprised. Tripe fried to a crisp and coffee, Mmmmm, food for kings! This is a new and marvelous experience to be repeated.



Fish tonight, and of course at Boston's best, the Olde Oyster House, with its oyster bar. We're off! And upstairs in soft light and dark oak paneling we are served baked oysters on the half shell. Of course we all look for pearls, but soon find the oysters are enough for our appetites. After we devour lobster cooked to perfection, our evening comes to a delightful close. New England fish chowder is superb, but this is heaven.

Saturday, beans naturally. We just can't seem to get out of the habit, but come Sunday and away to Jacob Wirth's, the last and most interesting place on our list. Better known as Jakie's, the restaurant is old with a bar on one side, sawdust on the floor, and waiters who look as if they might burst out

into song at any moment. The food is German, and we order pretzels, potato salad, cold meat and apple strudel. Oh, that apple strudel! There is a very interesting story behind the waiters, who buy your food and resell it to you. In that way the service is faster, because the more customers the larger the income. Unique idea. We ponder over this as we have a parting cigarette, again making a

mental note to return. But first we must see all the other strange and fascinating places Boston hides in its winding streets. There will be future weeks and coming meals. Maybe the one lesson taught by our experiences will be that clams, beans and chowder are the only food for Massachusetts' stomachs, but what a wonderful way to learn!

Lucy Clark



UPON HEARING

A FEW years ago, I began to notice that where others looked, I listened. While my brother hunted for his dog, I listened for the soft padding of his paws on the rug or the click, click of his claws on the bare floors in the halls. Invariably, I found Fuzzy first.

Later I discovered that when I rode, I listened to the horse's hoofs. When the road was sandy or snowy and I couldn't hear Lady clopping along, I found it difficult to post. Before that I had always believed I felt the horse's gait. But I didn't, I listened for it.

Mother usually sits in the window looking for Dad about the time he is expected home each night. I can't spend my time looking, so I listen as I read the paper or shampoo my hair. As there is a bend in the road below our house, it is impossible to see the car till it pulls into the driveway. I always hear the car as it crosses the railroad tracks about two blocks away. My auditory nerves are not especially sensitive; it's just that I lost the irreplaceable muffler. Nevertheless, I am always the one to sing out, "Here come the boys, Honey. We can eat now."

About two years ago, as the result of an accident, my sight was temporarily lost. Now, I don't want to say that I was plunged into a world of darkness with no trouble at all. It

wasn't as easy as that, but I do want to say that I didn't miss my sight as much as would be expected because I was still listening; there was no mistaking it. Shapes and forms are deceiving, but sounds are reliable.

Once my father and I decided to see what I would do without my hearing. We plugged up my ears, much to Mother's disgust, and awaited the result. I was absolutely lost. Although I still had my eyes, I was completely befuddled. I found it difficult to cross streets. If I couldn't hear a car, I never worried about one. More than once that day, I was almost a highway casualty. Of course I couldn't drive, riding was out of the question, skiing was difficult, and even the radio was of no use to me. All I could do for pleasure was read. That was one day I got all of my homework done. Finally, I could stand it no longer, so we removed the plugs. What a relief that was.

Perhaps many people would not agree with me where sound is concerned. I am certain: I rely most on my hearing and as a result I value it very highly. Mother always used to say "Turn on the light, dear. You have only one pair of eyes." She was right, of course, but I'd like to say this. I also have but one pair of ears, my most precious possession!

Mary-Ida Hanson

COOPERATIVE MERCHANDISING AT LASELL

GUY M. WINSLOW

The LEAVES takes pleasure in reprinting this article, which first appeared in the September, 1945, issue of the Junior College Journal.

WHILE "cooperative merchandising" usually involves a larger participation by students in the work of the store than is given by those taking the Lasell Junior College curriculum in merchandising, the writer will attempt to report briefly upon a program carried on for the past nine years with much satisfaction to all parties concerned.

The educational traditions at Lasell and its location in one of the larger population centers of the country were favorable to this undertaking. Edward Lasell, founder of the institution, was formerly a professor of chemistry at Williams College and a lecturer at "Mount Holyoke Female Seminary." The sciences with laboratory work were from its earliest days an important part of the curricula offered. During the past 50 years, reflecting the increasing tendency for young women to enter more and more actively into the economic life of the community. Lasell along with many other institutions participating in the higher education of young women has steadily expanded its offering of vocational curricula.

In 1935, it came to the attention of the officers of the college that nine of its former students were employed in one Boston store—Filene's. No one of these students had any specific college training for the work which she was doing. Quite obviously the question arose as to whether the college might not better serve those students who in the future would take up store work by offering a curriculum with special reference to their needs. Therefore, the catalog of 1936-37 contained a suggested outline of a "Merchandising Course" which has, after nine years of experience, evolved to the following:

First Year

Credit Hours

English 2	3
Speech	2
Clothing Construction and Textiles	3
Appreciation of Color, Line, and Design	3
History of Civilization, Sociology, Art or other elective	3
Typewriting*	2 or 3

Second Year

Credit Hours

Retail Training	4
Economics	3
Psychology	3
Electives	6

*Unless sufficient skill has already been acquired.

Merchandising students must pass an accuracy test in Arithmetic. Those who fail will be required to take special training without credit.

In view of the many and diverse kinds of positions open to women in the broad field of merchandising, the college program of study must be general in character, dealing with fundamentals which have value in all positions. For similar reasons the curriculum is "suggestive" and may be changed within reasonable limits to meet the needs of the individual student who plans to follow some particular line of store work.

Before a merchandising curriculum was instituted there were well established and fully staffed departments in Liberal Arts, Home Economics, Commercial and Medical Secretarial work, Music, Art and Dramatics. Drawing freely upon the offerings in these departments, adding courses in retail training, and creating special divisions in economics, physiology, and psychology, provided a basic curriculum which has proved generally satisfactory, considering the fact that but two years are available for the work.

Students who are to succeed in merchandising must meet the requirements of the stores in order to secure and hold positions. They must have the physical and character qualifications which employment directors

consider essential for selling. They must be strong and able to stand on their feet all day, and for most positions they must not be too short. A genuine interest in people, much tact and patience, a calm and gracious manner, and a real desire to serve are qualities highly desirable, if not absolutely necessary. Students should be accurate at figures, alert to inform themselves thoroughly about their merchandise, and ready to work wherever they are placed by their employment director, whether in the basement, the marking rooms, or the much desired ready-to-wear and home furnishings departments. Students obviously lacking in these qualities should if possible be dissuaded from entering upon this work.

The instructors in charge of this work have been women with thorough educational background, special training in economics, retail training, and personal experience in store work. Through the cordial relations already existing between the college and many neighboring store executives, but quite specially with the help of Edward J. Frost, a neighbor and long-time trustee of the college, and an official and later president of Filene's in Boston, cooperative arrangements were made enabling the students of this department to serve the stores during the Christmas season and on Saturdays, when their help to the stores was most valuable. The personal contacts of the merchandising instructors with the store executives have resulted in lectures and demonstrations by store representatives before college classes, visits by students to the personnel managers of the stores, as well as ample opportunities for real jobs in the stores for such time as their college work has permitted.

The usual requirement expected of each student is a minimum of 24 days of store work during the senior year. When working, the students are paid the regular rate for the work which they do. In Boston the usual pay has been about \$18 per week, in New York about \$22. Naturally, these periods of store work by students who are in some

classes with other students in continuous attendance at the college are a cause of some inconvenience to both students and instructors. Insofar as separate classes and divisions can be arranged for students in merchandising, all goes smoothly. In other cases, make-up work, "burning the midnight oil," and a few minor wars between department heads, usually not with fatal results, produce a fair makeshift adjustment. Once the department becomes sufficiently large the relative proportion of maladjustments can be reduced, though they can never be wholly eliminated so long as freedom in the choice of electives is given.

The response to this offering was prompt and rather surprisingly large. For the nine years which it has been offered the enrollment in the merchandising curriculum has been as follows:

1936-37	27	1941-42	95
1937-38	48	1942-43	62
1938-39	76	1943-44	71
1939-40	97	1944-45	74
1940-41	98		

The drop in numbers in the fall of 1942 was in large part due to the reduced enrollment in the college following our entry into the war. In 1940-41, there were 183 non-resident students, most of whom came to college by automobile. The rationing of gasoline and tires followed and the non-resident group fell to 95 in 1942-43, and has remained below 100 ever since. There has been a slight gain in resident students.

For their work on Saturdays, students have gone almost wholly to the stores of Boston and vicinity, but for the Christmas holiday season a considerable number have secured positions in stores near their homes. There has never been any great difficulty in placing students in stores, and in recent years the lack of sufficient students to meet the urgent demand has been a source of much regret.

At the end of the day's work in the store each student is required to write out a report of her experience for the day. Among the

items to be noted are the department or departments in which she worked, the organization of the department with respect to the store, characteristics of the officials, and personal experiences with the goods and customers. The student is also asked to make comparisons of one store executive, or department, with others, when she has had sufficient experience to enable her to do so.

At the end of the holiday season, or other prolonged period of work, the instructor in retail training sends a rating card to the store executive under whom any student has worked. This card is filled out and returned to the college instructor. It serves as a guide to future placement of the student and a help in giving to the student constructive criticism, encouraging her to develop her strong points and to improve upon her shortcomings.

The student reports and the student rating cards provide most valuable topics for class discussion during the weeks following the work periods. The association of actual experience with the textbook work brings home to the student very vividly the important points which she needs to learn in preparation for her future job. These reports are also of great assistance to the instructor in emphasizing in an objective and impersonal way points which otherwise might be very difficult to impress upon the student.

After graduation, students frequently return to permanent jobs in the stores where they have served during their college training. They are now, or have recently been placed in stores from Maine to California, more especially in the large department stores, such as Jordan Marsh Company, William Filene's Sons Company, in Boston; Lord & Taylor, R. H. Macy & Company, John Wanamaker, in New York; L. Bamberger & Company, Hahne & Company, in Newark; The May Company, Bullock's Inc., in Los Angeles, and many others. Frequently, they start in one department and move along to others of more responsibility and better sal-

aries. A number of graduates have established stores of their own.

In general, their experience is a strong demonstration of the great need which there is for a much wider participation in the education of young women for store jobs. The retail field needs young people who are equipped by background and experience to offer intelligent services to customers. An increasing number of customers request practical information concerning the appropriateness and serviceability of their merchandise. Progressive store executives, long alert to the importance of well trained personnel, have broadened their educational requirements and improved the employment conditions within their organizations in order to attract and hold skilled workers on their staffs.

The attitude of the students with respect to their store experience is shown by the following quotations from letters addressed to the instructor in charge of the department, or in answer to questionnaires sent out from the college office.

I trained in _____ in the spring of 1938, and did not even have to hunt for work in the fall, as they were so interested in college girls who had had retail training that they called me.

I have been in the comparison office for about a month, shopping ready-to-wear. It is really fascinating, and I enjoy it immensely. The office itself is much like the chapter in the "Buyer's Manual" on Comparison Office, with approximately the same procedure. We check ads, displays inside and out, and watch competition in every department. All of these things help you to know your own merchandise as well as merchandise in other stores, and of course anything new is reported and examined.

I shop for the following divisions: Notions, drugs, infants' and children's wear, corsets, toiletries, stationery, books and art embroidery, men's clothing, hats, shoes and furnishings. I have to shop for all ads a day before they are to run, and do all the copy for the ads in these departments. It keeps me very busy, but I like it. It is necessary to have arguments with the buyers all the time, and I can't seem to get used to the idea of being superior to a buyer. My greatest regret is that I was unable to take the course in Textiles at school. If you can think of any books that I could read to help me with judging fabrics, I would appreciate it if you'll let me know.

I would suggest that bookkeeping or accounting be included in the course—figuring plays a big part in my life. Also, because I had had typing in college, I was able to land a job as secretary to a division manager while his regular secretary was on a month's leave of absence. What a break—and what an opportunity to meet people and learn things.

Please tell this year's merchandisers that their course in typing is a very important one, since it is the entrance to almost every desirable position in retailing. It will help you become a buyer's clerical or perhaps lead to a position in advertising or personnel work. Our training director stresses this point. Fortunately, as Miss _____'s former assistant, I received excellent training in both typing and shorthand.

The views of the store executives are shown by the following excerpts from letters received by the head of the department at the college. Naturally, the enthusiasm and appreciation of the store executives is temporarily much increased by their great need for such assistance as the students are able to give.

I wish to take this opportunity to express the appreciation of the _____ Company for the cooperation which the Lasell Junior College gave our company during the recent Christmas season. The young women sent to us came when we were desperate for help with which to take care of our Christmas business. I know that the general public will never realize how much these school girls meant to retailing, but we at _____ wish to thank you for the cooperation which your school gave us.

We found your people to be exceptional in many of our departments. In fact, in many instances their performance was better than the performance of some of our regular people. We believe that your school system has shown good judgment in permitting these pupils to work during the year and feel that not only has this resulted in helping retailing through a very critical situation, but we feel sure that pupils have benefitted in their appreciation of just what is to be expected of them after they are graduated from your school.

When these students have finished their school period, we know that as a result of their training,

they will be very valuable to whoever gets their services. I hope that we will be able to take many of them.

We are very appreciative to you and the college for referring the girls to us, and they did do an outstanding piece of work. I will be in the market for other girls who might be interested in _____ when they graduate. If you think it advisable, I might be able to visit the college, as I plan to go to Boston sometime this spring.

I feel that we owe you a great deal for having sent _____ to us. She is very able, very industrious, and of an attractive personality. She is doing unusually well at her work, and I think there are good opportunities here, if she continues. Whether it be here or elsewhere, I am confident that she is a girl who will be successful.

The great field of merchandising offers many excellent opportunities for trained workers. There is real need and a growing demand for such help. An endless variety of positions is open and available for both men and women. The training is sound, fundamental education, valuable in any walk of life. It is ardently to be hoped that in the years ahead our store executives may be able to demand of their beginning workers at least as much special preparation as can be obtained in the two years at the junior college level. With the war over, we expect all the growth in this department that we can accommodate with fairness to other departments of the college, and continued satisfaction in the achievements of this group of graduates.



MY THOUGHTS OF YOU

As I look out into the night,
My thoughts are all of you, my son,
The moon, the stars the only light
As I look out into the night.
I think about the times you'd fight
And tell me it was all in fun.
As I look out into the night,
My thoughts are all of you, my son.

Mary Zanleoni

THE BOASTER

My heart's not made of brittle glass,
Nor yet of painted crockery.
I'm not a pale and wan young lass;
My heart's not made of brittle glass!
I love you, dear, but let it pass . . .
So if you send back mockery . . .
My heart's not made of brittle glass
Nor yet of painted crockery.

Lucy Tupper



A NEW HAMPSHIRE FARMER

WHENEVER anyone around the lake needs a ladder he "borrows" one from Waldo. Whenever a harassed housewife needs a few vegetables she goes to Waldo. Whenever the children need an oarlock they go to Waldo. Whenever ice melts away in the refrigerator Waldo supplies another cake. Everyone's friend, supplier of life's little necessities, everyone's handyman—that's Waldo.

He is a regular old New Hampshire farmer—a little more picturesque than typical. He's "honest as the day is long" and twice as easy going.

Many a young man would envy Waldo's brawny shoulders and coat of tan—even though he'll never see fifty again. His sandy blond hair is thinning in spots under his battered cap, but his eyes are just as blue as ever. He walks with a farmer's gait—long swinging strides—but, above all, he *never hurries!* He's slow of speech and slower of action. Every word is carefully tasted before coming out of Waldo's mouth, just as every sentence is prefixed with a "we—ll, I d-o-n't know now." But he always does know in the end and has a solution for every problem.

His home is a typical New England farm homestead. It is located at the end of a deep blue lake, red brick buildings snuggled into a green hillside. There is a characteristic red barn. Waldo never married—which seems a shame—but still lives at his birthplace with his aged stepmother and an occasional housekeeper.

When it comes to religion, Waldo is a firm believer. By faith he is a Seventh Day Adventist and no power on earth can move him to work on Saturday; that is his Sabbath. He puts on his best suit and comes down the lake to visit—stopping at cottages where there are children. Needless to say he is always welcome.

About twilight every night Waldo delivers milk to the cottagers and goes into the village. He has two cars, so-called, and they

are always filled to overflowing with children. They ride on the bumpers, on the fenders, on the roof,—just everywhere—and Waldo loves it.

His cars are the source of much comment. One is a battered blue sedan which can barely boast any brakes, and the other is a small, antiquated green truck that can hardly boast anything at all. There are no doors, the runningboards were lost somewhere along the way in the past and the lights never work. The sides fall off at regular intervals, and when the motor stops running, Waldo slowly climbs out, jacks up the left rear wheel, spins it awhile, starts the motor and off it goes. Wonders never cease! His ingenuity where those cars are concerned is priceless. I remember one time when the old Plymouth sedan balked slightly and seemingly died on the spot. Waldo unhurriedly looked under the hood, mused quietly "We—ll, I d-o-n't know now," and scratched his chin. He finally located a broken wire. This he replaced with, of all things, a violin string! Chuckling to himself he climbed back in, stepped on the starter expectantly, and sure enough the motor became alive again. As far as I know that violin string is still doing its duty in that capacity.

Waldo is "true blue" honest and considers everyone else in the same light. Every spring he plants a huge garden. After a few preliminary hoeings he leaves the rest to nature. The garden flourishes. This garden, as soon as it begins to produce, becomes a real community affair. Everyone around the lake helps himself to carrots, lettuce, peas, beans, and delicious white sweet corn. No visible accounts are kept but before they leave, the campers invariably see Waldo and "settle up" as well as possible with rough estimates. His charges are fantastically small—only a few pennies for a whole armful of vegetables—but nevertheless no one would be caught dead trying to cheat Waldo.

Waldo loves beauty and his pet source

grows in two sunken rowboats. They are filled with the largest, most beautiful water lilies I have ever seen. He replenishes the supply every spring with "mail order seeds". Every sunny day in summer people gather round to admire Waldo's lilies. Some of them are pure white, others are yellow, and there are some gorgeous deep red ones. It is unwritten law never to pick these flowers. But whenever Waldo hears of a birthday he is certain to appear with a lovely full-bloomed lily for the lucky lady.

Waldo has musical talent—of a most unusual nature. He plays the musical saw. On quiet moonlit nights we often hear a weird sort of tuning coming down the lake. As it approaches we recognize Waldo in a rowboat, playing the "Old Rugged Cross" on his saw. As he comes nearer the lovely hymns are amplified across the still water.

For all his easy-going nature Waldo is well off financially. He hardly ever spends a penny and money means nothing to him. I know of a maple syrup dealer who sent Waldo a sizable check once in payment for syrup he had sold. The dealer's checking account was still tangled up six months later because Waldo "had never gotten around" to cashing the check. Upon investigation a year later the dealer found that Waldo had "lost" it. The kindly dealer made a duplicate and the cancelled duplicate check was out for over ten months until Waldo finally found it "down cellar" and cashed it "so as

not to inconvenience the dealer." But he is shrewd. Not long ago he sold a small strip of lake shore land to the town. When they began using it for purposes opposed to his ideas Waldo threatened to fence off the road leading to this land. The selectmen interposed, "But you sold that land to us." Waldo quietly replied, "We—ll, I d-o-n't know now but what you had better read your deed again." The selectman did that and Waldo was correct. In a wee clause in very small print the necessary rights were granted to Waldo.

Waldo can talk on any current affair very intelligently. This is probably because he listens to the radio a great deal on long winter nights. Probably for the same reason, the long winter, he is well-read.

But his favorite hobbies are cats and children. He seems to be especially fond of his cats. He even cut a small opening in the side of his house so the cats could go in and out at will.

Waldo is always doing something for children. He positively adores them. They cluster about him like so many grapes on a vine. The last time I saw him was late last summer at a "sugaring off" party. He was boiling maple syrup down to the luscious caramel stage and pouring it over shaved ice in a pine box. He was literally mobbed by children armed with spoons.

Barbara Woods





Foods Laboratory at Lasell

WERE YOU THERE

— at Senior Stunt night when cutups ran rampant in the gym? It was the initial greet-of the Juniors by the upper classmen. The traditional Lasell songs and “opening night” stunts, including the take-offs on the new entrants, kindled the amusement which ran high when the Juniors’ beloved pictures were shown. It was a perfect introduction to Lasell.

— when the Seniors took their Junior Sisters to meet the faculty and administration at an informal reception in Winslow Hall? At the end of the reception line was the traditional punch and cookies for refreshments. After that introductory acquaintance the Juniors were expected to know everyone but somehow or other they seemed to have missed a few people.

— as a Junior or a Senior during Junior Week? If you were a Senior, you were lucky. If you were a Junior, I needn’t go into the suffering of upside down skirts, and white unmade up faces. Initiation is a wonderful thing!!

— for hot dogs and hoodsies on the athletic field? Everyone alternately ate, sang, and froze. What better way to end Junior Week?

— to see Junior Stunt Night? What a talented Junior class Lasell is blessed with this



year! There is a mint of vocal and instrumental talent, not to mention dramatic ability. Naturally, as good as they were, they didn’t outdo the Seniors.

— to take the ghost walk and meet the ghost? Yes, that was Halloween with cats, bats and witches. Milk and doughnuts served very well for refreshments, without which we couldn’t get along. A traditional bonfire to the tune of Lasell Songs finished up the entertainment. It was a Saturday worth staying on campus for.

— for square dancing in the gym to the calls of a professional who really knew his squares even if we didn’t. Some Tech men came over for the occasion. Yes, we had punch and cookies, too.

— on the bus going to Plymouth? That famous rock didn’t look as though it could hold many Pilgrims. A lot of girls were disappointed to find it safely enclosed within a pit surrounded by iron bars. That’s what you call taking no chances.

— to see the House of Seven Gables and Marblehead? The “House” was especially interesting to the girls who had read Hawthorne’s book of the same name. Marblehead is reminiscent from the past with its narrow, crooked streets and very old houses.

— to see the Lasell hockey team tie New





Hampshire 0-0, but lose to Colby Junior 4-0? Play harder and cheer louder next time girls.

— to win a prize for your expert bridge playing at the L.C.C.A. bridge party? The girls didn't all play bridge but they did all have a good time.

— to see the first play of the season, "Claudia". Naturally it was a success. Our budding dramatic stars get better every production. We're looking forward to the next one.

— to catch the train home for the Thanksgiving week end when you were going to do so much? Passed pretty quickly, didn't it? Never mind, Christmas will soon be here.

LET'S KEEP THEM FILLED

Above all else, I dislike empty things: empty salt cellars, empty closets, and empty heads. To me, emptiness is a kind of failure and a proof that something did not fulfill its purpose. It does seem that anything could be at least half-full.

If I ever go completely insane, it will be because of empty salt cellars. I despise them. I love to eat hot, baked potatoes with loads of butter and salt. An empty salt cellar more than once has been the cause of my eating a cold, sodden potato. The wonderful buttery creaminess is gone once it cools, and the cold potato tastes like yesterday's oatmeal.

I don't really hate empty closets, but they are discouraging. My own provokes me with its scanty look. It makes me feel inadequate. I never have an outfit to leap into at a moment's notice. I am always humiliated when I have more than four dates with one man, because I have to wear a dress he has seen before. This, however, does not happen very often. I don't mean that I sally forth in a petticoat, but it's just that I don't know any men in Boston. College life has helped. My roommate's clothes fill the closet and she also knows some Harvard men.

I don't know just why I dislike empty heads. Perhaps I dislike the blank looks on the people that possess them. They look as if they should be pulling a garbage wagon and be driven around the streets all their lives, because they have no thoughts of their own and can't decide just what to do.

The empty things have all failed. Even an empty wastebasket hasn't served its purpose. Any empty object hasn't lived up to expectations. Something should be done. The empty salt cellars can be filled and so can the empty closets, but the problem is now: what can be done about the empty heads?

Ellen McFarland





GRACE W. IRWIN

Late in July, word came to us that Miss Grace Irwin had passed on after a number of months of illness.

She began teaching at Lasell in September, 1909. Between then and June, 1942, when she retired, she gave to Lasell twenty-one years of most faithful and competent service.

Miss Irwin was one of those teachers of a former generation who, with no college degrees, attained thorough scholarship in a surprising number of subjects by long years of study and reading interspersed with brief periods of attendance upon college lectures and classes.

Her first assignment at Lasell was the teaching of Latin and Greek. In her later work as Registrar, she often substituted successfully in a wide range of subjects when an emergency arose from the unexpected absence of a regular teacher. While Latin was her favorite subject, she was much at home with German, English, mathematics, the social science subjects, elementary physical sciences, and even history of art.

Calm and deliberate in temper and wise and fair in her judgments, she was most helpful in smoothing out problems between teacher and student, or teacher or student and administration. Always generous and loyal, she earned and held the admiration and respect of the college community and the profound

gratitude of the officers of the college. We are deeply grateful for the splendid service Grace Irwin gave to Lasell for so many years. We count it a great piece of good fortune that she was with us so long.

Guy M. Winslow



Two Gifts

Lasell has recently received two gifts that are to go in the new Nellie Plummer Library. The late George B. Knapp, father of Winifred Knapp Allen '12-'13 and grandfather of Virginia Allen Hartwell '36-'38, was the donor. Mrs. Knapp, in her husband's name, presented Lasell with an oil painting by an English artist, Sir Arthur Croft and a statue of "The Lady with the Apple." These had once been in the possession of the late Gardner Brewer of Boston.

The painting, titled "The Valley of the Luhr," shows a valley in the Scottish Highlands. It was a gift to Mr. Brewer from the artist at the time of his marriage to Mr. Brewer's daughter, Alissa, who was also an artist. These two had met when they were both members of a sketching party traveling in the Scottish Highlands.

"The Lady with the Apple" is a duplicate of the original which is in the galleries at Florence, Italy. While on a pleasure trip in Europe, Mr. Brewer saw the original and was much impressed with it. He met the sculptor and made arrangements to purchase a duplicate, and having done so, he transported it to his Boston home on Beacon Hill.

Elaine Reed



CATS

POSSIBLY the clearest keystone to my early life is my incurable, insatiable fondness for all members of the feline family. It does not matter whether the animal is a haughty Angora, a delicate, sensuous Persian, an aristocrat Siamese with mystic amber eyes, bob-tailed Manx or short-legged black-footed coon cat. Even the smallest, raggedest ball of grimy fur cowering in the door of a market holds a strange fascination for me. I see a secret pride in the oblique eyes of cats, a pride that is able to withstand any indignity that a human world can devise.

Perhaps they remember their days of veneration in ancient Egypt, when cats were sacred to the moon-goddess, Pasht, and honoured and respected by all people. Perhaps they can remember the smooth, hot sands of their long-ago home, the swaying trees, high altars, flickering torches, and the slow chants of the dark priestesses. I like to think that they do, and remembering, keep their silent dignity inviolate.

I measure time by cats. In my family, it is not, "What year was it?" but, "What cat did we have then?" I can remember them all, a long procession of sizes, shapes and colors, and individual personalities entrenching themselves permanently in my heart, and in my memory.

The first was Lord Timothy Jewett of Salisbury, a pedigreed, autocratic tiger cat, spoiled, intelligent, and cunning. "Timmy" will never be forgotten, for still occupying a place of honour in the linen closet is a pale-blue blanket, veteran of many scrubbings with flea-soap, bearing a silhouette of Tim, in pale pink. His Lordship ate from a small blue bowl, with the inscription, "Baby" in white letters. He is still a household word, though it is twelve years since he died.

There followed, in succession, Fluffy, Penny, Spouse, and The Rat, all good cats, simple, direct, and friendly. Then, seven years ago came Nicky, best beloved of all, stocky, flat-eared, pure black Nicky.

A cat of exceptional brilliance, with a loud-

rasping purr and a pair of enormous yellow eyes, Nicky has been twice the pet that any dog could be to me, and practically rules the family. He has always shown exemplary conduct, and unerring good taste since his introduction to me as a kitten of four weeks. I was eleven, and he was the first cat to be wholly my own. I chose him carefully from a group of seven brothers and sisters, mainly because his mouth, curving up in a semi-wrimsical grin, gave him the look of a furry clown.

During the seven years he has been with me, he has shared all his small feats with me, bringing home evidences of his extensive game-hunting, mostly small snakes and squirrels, and choosing the foot of my bed for his favorite resting-place.

As I write this, he sits there, his eyes narrowed to gleaming slits in his sooty face, ebony whiskers a-quiver with a heavy purring, little realizing that I am writing of him. He only knows I am his friend, not his owner, for he is his own master, a free and independent animal, loyal, brave, and intelligent.

To be fond of cats is supposed to be indicative of a sly, sinister character, but cats are the most maligned animals in the world, for their connection with evil omens, and ill luck, and their supposedly fickle and capricious natures tend to give them a bad reputation. Nevertheless, through all my childhood I have known, and loved, and learned from cats. They are symbols to me of a strange, intangible past, and a vague, roving future. Their eyes are twin riddles of time, and steel is beneath their silky fur. No matter what their station in life, they walk, and live, and gaze upon human beings with all the easy dignity of an ancient potentate, clothed in jewels and gold, with riches, and slaves, and lands at his command.

Even from my earliest days, I have never been able to fathom the mystery of their eyes, nor the reason for the deep affection I have felt for them since the first time I

passed my hand along the satin length of Timmy's back.

Perhaps if I should ever read the secrets of their dark minds, I should lose interest, but until then I shall, as I have in the past, keep a special corner of my heart reserved for my cats, and their shadowy ancestors.

Lucy Tupper



SHAKESPEARE COMES TO MY AID

THE day I discovered that reading "Shakespeare" could be profitable as well as a means of protection was, I believe, one of the most important to me.

It all began, rather strangely, simply as a protection from what we call "wolves." During my daily trips to and from the factory where I was employed as a messenger, I was occasionally bothered by bug-eyed young men, who, firmly convinced that they were doing me the greatest of favors, would say with a croaking tone, "Whatchadoin' to-night, babe?" When I found that a saintly look or a frigid stare would not always convince them that I was not the type they sought, I knew I needed a more concrete form of protection.

The year before, I had purchased, under pressure, a paper bound copy of "Shakespeare" for my senior English course in high school. This book was, I concluded, an excellent shield for my homely face, and its title, "Five Great Tragedies by William Shakespeare," was enough to convince anyone that my mind was on a higher plane and I was not to be interfered with.

After several days of peace, and after staring at the pages with glazed eyes, I decided that I might as well improve my feeble mind a bit. I began with "King Lear," for the most part because I had absentmindedly turned the pages to that point in the book.

NO MAIL TODAY

I wait so long for mail each day,
But still I find Jim brings me none.
"Perhaps tomorrow," he will say.
I wait so long for mail each day,
The letters never come this way.
For this bad luck, what have I done?
I wait so long for mail each day,
But still I find Jim brings me none.

Mary Auten

On the way home that night I read most of the first act, not because I was a rapid reader, but due chiefly to the fact that my journey home was a long one. I became so absorbed in what I was reading, that I almost rode beyond my stop. Later in the evening I read until my eyes would no longer stay open.

The next morning on my ride to work I read on, despite the curious glances of my fellow passengers, who probably doubted my sanity. I even received a disparaging look from the old woman sitting beside me, but to be frank I think this was due to the fact that I stepped on both her feet while attempting to reach the aisle with my eyes still glued to the book.

When I reached the sentence in the second scene of Act IV in which Albany said, "Wisdom and virtue to the vile seem vile," I was suddenly struck by the fact that Shakespeare had had something very important to say, and that these things stood out vividly for me. It was my job to interpret their worth to me. This sentence especially helped me to be more tolerant of the people I was working with—just this one short phrase that I had missed entirely when I had read Shakespeare for homework. It was the one which helped me shape my opinions and gain a better philosophy of life.

Ellen McFarland

SOMEWHERE BEFORE

I'M NOT superstitious, except perhaps for knocking on wood, and I have no belief in the supernatural. Only once did I become involved in a situation which made me feel that Macbeth was right when he said that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophies.

It happened two summers ago when I was working in a little curio shop. I spent my afternoons and evenings selling porcelain buddhas and Italian jewel cases to the summer trade. I had Mondays off and an hour in the early evening to eat.

Usually I had date bread and some of Miss Ida's homemade cake at that lady's tea shop, just two doors up on the narrow old street. The shop was small, and there was a side porch where I usually had a table.

It was there that I met Frieda Lange. It was on a Friday night that I went in and noticed her sitting across the room. I looked at her, trying to place her. She caught my glance and I looked away. A little later, I looked over and found her staring at me. It was she who turned away now. All through the meal, we caught each other's eyes. I felt I should speak to her but I couldn't remember who she was. I left, deciding that if she were there again, I would talk to her anyway.

The next night was Saturday, and I was late in leaving the shop. When I got to Miss Ida's, the place was crowded. My usual waitress told me that she would have to seat me at someone's table. It was Frieda Lange's table.

As I sat down, she spoke. "I was going to speak the other night, but I couldn't place you."

"I recognized you too," I nodded. Her voice startled me. It was higher than I had imagined, and she had a decidedly German accent.

"Are you a New Yorker?" she asked.

"No," I said, "though I've visited the city

a lot. However, it must have been more than a year since I was last there."

"Then I couldn't have seen you there," she smiled. "We only came to this country a few months ago."

I asked where else she had been. Before the Village, she had always lived in Germany. I had never traveled in Germany. Yet she was as sure that she knew me as I was that I knew her.

Somehow, we started talking about Goethe and Whitman, Miss Ida's food, religion, politics, and moving pictures. We knew each other's views before we spoke. I'd begin a sentence and she would finish as I would have. I think it frightened us both a little.

Before we left, we made plans to meet after work the next day to see a late show in town.

Sunday dragged as a rule, but it passed in no time that day. But when I got to Miss Ida's, Frieda was not there. I waited for her over an hour but she did not come.

From the newspaper on Monday noon I learned what had happened. Died in Winter Harbor, the paper read, Georg Lange, writer. It gave a New York address, which I still remember. I intended to write to Frieda but I never did. Two days later my mother died.

It was a long time before I thought of Frieda Lange again. Not until after I had come to college. Sometimes when we got into a hot political argument, I'd think, "Frieda would be in her element here!" And once at a concert in Boston, I thought, "Frieda would like this." Then I remembered that one of the few things we hadn't talked about was music.

Then last summer I went to New York to visit my cousin. One night, some friends of my cousin came in. One of the girls was going to the same college to which Frieda had had her scholarship. I asked the girl if she knew Frieda. She did, and described her, even to those dark eyes with an almost radical fire. Frieda ranked first in her class and



was writing editorials for the college newspaper.

Talking about her brought back that meeting so clearly. It must have been about a year ago, I thought.

"What's the date?" I forced myself to ask.

They told me, and the girl talked on about Frieda. I didn't hear any more. It was a

year ago tonight that I had last seen Frieda.

The next morning I awoke before the family. I went into the living room and looked up Frieda's number. Georg Lange, it still read. I lifted the phone and then stopped. A year ago today. No, I wouldn't, I couldn't force us into another—what shall I say?—coincidence?

Darcy

THINGS THAT CREEP IN THE NIGHT

I HAVE always hated things that creep in the night and which do their business under cover of the darkness. To my mind the dusk and the darkness were made by the Almighty for another purpose than that of camouflage for creepy, crawly things that strike and then vanish. As testament of this fact, one can always cite one's camping experience.

It was my third night in camp. Taps had just blown and the camp rustles were dying down in preparation for slumber. I remember it all quite vividly, it being the day I had topped off with Edgar Allen Poe's "Cask of Amontillado." Poe is always conducive to sleep, don't you think so? I pulled the covers up to my chin, thumped my pillow and drowsily allowed myself to contemplate Poe and his wonderful works. I remembered also the box of Fanny Farmer's under my bed, the Fanny Farmer's which had to last me two whole weeks. I could see each individual piece in my mind's eye: the fat black one and the sweet brown one with the walnut on its top. Um-m-m.

Just before dropping off to sleep I opened one eye and noticed what a soft quiet night it was with all the stars shining crisply—just dark enough for me to see the fireflies wink on one by one. I slept deeply, as one is apt to do in camp, until about two o'clock when I awoke with my hair like Little Orphan Annie's, standing on end. Foolishly I dived under the bed covers and lay there with a trembling heart, listening for the sound that had first awakened me. There it came again: snuffle, snuffle, snuffle, a wood creature imi-

tating Lionel Barrymore and blowing through his nose, or so I thought. By this time it was very close by and my frenzied ears could hear its claws tapping on the hard wood floor of the tent which was open both day and night to the outside world.¹²

"It has terribly long claws," I thought in panic, "maybe it's . . . maybe it's" and here my terrified brain refused to function like a civilized human being's; I wanted company but fast! In an ecstasy of numbed, unreasonable terror, I threw off the stifling covers, made a flying leap (surely the largest in the world under the circumstances) and landed on my opposite tent mate's bed. Then I dived under these covers and pulled them over my head.

"Gussie, Gussie," I whispered in a hoarse voice, "wake up. There's something under my bed," and as I heard the squeak of claws on an iron bedstead, "Oh Godfrey, he's climbing onto this one."

"Oh gowan, gowan," mumbled Gussie and promptly fell asleep again, so that I had to live through this horrible experience by myself, my heart seemingly bursting in my throat. Trembling, I felt the horrible snuffle, snuffling creature climb over our prostrate bodies, over my head, slip on the pillow and down the other side of the bed, and in a few minutes I heard the crackling sound of candy papers. Here my childish terror left me completely and was replaced by a red hot rage. My one and only box of candy (two weeks' ration) devoured in two minutes flat by a woodsy Barrymore who had no taste whatever. Who did he think he was coming

around at night? My agony seethed to the boiling point and with a gasp of unendurable rage I rose to a sitting position, snapped on my flash, and there in the spot of light, staring with beady eyes, was the creature himself. Oh, horror of horrors, a skunk! And in our room, too. Oh, unspeakable agony! For a second he stared, then disappeared in the same manner in which he had come. In the silence that followed I could hear the

loons way on the other side of the lake. I retired to my own bed to spend the rest of a sleepless night cogitating on the unmistakable odor of "wood pussy" and on the wonderful box of vanished Fanny Farmer's.

As I said before, I don't like things that creep in the night. There ought to be a law for dishonest animals that prey on and scare honest folks out of their beds.

Ruth Maxted

FORMER FACULTY

Miss Emilie L. Berkley, instructor in secretarial science from 1935 to 1943, was recently promoted to the rank of captain in the W.A.C. She is stationed in Washington, D. C.

Miss Constance Blackstock, '09, faculty '24-'36, returned to the United States aboard the *Gripsholm* this summer. She is on leave from her teaching duties in Lahore, Punjab, India, and is living at 35 Temple Street, Boston, while studying at Boston University.

Miss Adelaide Case, '33, faculty '43-'45, is head of the physical education department at Wheelock College, Boston.

Shortly after her discharge from the W.A.C., *Miss Margaret Gamble*, faculty '39-'43, called at Lasell for a brief visit. She spent almost two years overseas in North Africa and Italy, and returned to the States by plane from Casablanca late in September. During a brief stopover in Bermuda she saw *Lt. Elizabeth W. Kingsbury*, faculty '36-'42, who is with an Army Air Forces Base Unit there. *Miss Gamble* has a teaching position at Katharine Gibbs Secretarial School in Providence, Rhode Island.

Mrs. Winifred M. Hudson, instructor in art from 1931 to 1945, is teaching at the Chamberlain School, Boston.

Lt. Rosalie R. Martin, U.S.N.R. (W), faculty '31-'43, was recently transferred to Chicago where her new work is in demobilization.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Alexander (formerly *Miss Eleanor Paddock*, instructor in chemistry '39-'41) have moved to Cleveland,

Ohio, where Mr. Alexander is teaching and doing research work at Western Reserve University.

Mr. Harold Schwab, instructor in music '24-'42, was discharged from the Marine Corps last spring, and this fall was appointed to the faculty of the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston.

On the faculty of the Garland School, Boston, are *Mrs. Kay Peterson Parker*, Lasell faculty '27-'38, '39-'41, and *Mrs. Mildred Sylvester*, instructor at Lasell from April 1940 until last June.

Lasell Junior College extends sympathy to Miss Louise L. Waitt and Mrs. Florence A. Nerney, sisters of *Dr. Russell E. Waitt*, who died suddenly September 12, 1945. Dr. Waitt, an ordained Methodist minister, served in Methodist churches in Quincy and Providence. He was a graduate of Cornell College, Iowa, and earned advance degrees from Boston University and from the University of Wisconsin. From 1938 to 1941 he was a member of the Lasell faculty, and more recently served as vocational advisor of the Veterans Administration in Boston.

Mrs. Carl F. Burling (formerly *Miss Ruth Wilmot*, faculty '37-'41) recently moved from Oradell, New Jersey, to Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts, where she is living at 11 Co-meau Street.

Miss Dorothy E. Wolstenholme, instructor in secretarial subjects at Lasell for the past two years, is teaching at the Fay School, Boston.

LASELL RELATIVES

1945-46

This year there are a great many girls carrying on the Lasell traditions of their families. The names of their mothers, aunts, sisters or cousins have appeared on the Lasell roster in the past.

Abrams, Carolie

niece of Carolie Abrams Painter, '17-'19
niece of Thirza Abrams Arrowsmith, '21
daughter of Esther Alden Ayres, '13-'14
daughter of Leonora Conklin Babcock, '21

Ayres, Jane

Babcock, Joan

Blake, Anne L.

Brady, Elizabeth J.

cousin of Joann Ross, '45
sister of Margaret A. Brady, '45
cousin of Elizabeth Clark Fryling, '32
daughter of Thelma Bills Brown, '22-'24
niece of Eleanor Bills Rickard, '25-'26
cousin of Margaret Buck Wood, '34-'35
cousin of Charlotte Buck Macdonough, '29-'30

Brown, Brenda Bills

Buck, Carolyn O.

Burns, Ada Buffum

Caulfield, Rosemarie T.

Chesebrough, Nancy I.

daughter of Roxana Stark Burns, '18
sister of Marguerite V. Caulfield, '41-'42
niece of Vera Bradley Findlay, '11
cousin of Frances Findlay Douglass, '35
cousin of Mary Starr Utter Maxson, '12

Clay, Helen }

Clay, Phyllis }

Collett, Nancy

Collignon, Jean

Collins, Josephine A.

sisters at Lasell

daughter of Ethelle Cleale Collett, '22
cousin of Florence Mallgraf, undergraduate
daughter of Nell Woodward Collins, '15
niece of Josephine Woodward Rand, '10
niece of Jean Woodward Nelson, '22
cousin of Blair Whittier, '31

Conover, Barbara W.

Cross, Olive Louise

Crowell, Carolyn

Davis, Mary

Day, Mildred

Diamond, Olga J.

Dillon, Jeanne L.

FitzGerald, Jean M. }

FitzGerald, Joan M. }

Flynn, Patricia A.

Gallup, Elizabeth

Gavitt, Betsey S.

cousin of Jean Whittier Mahler, '32-'33
cousin of Jeannie Drake Morgan, '36-'37
sister of Miriam Cross Rowell, '40
cousin of Helen Moss Post, '19
sister of Dorothy Davis Williams, '40
niece of Dorothy Day Funk, '33
cousin of Sophia Regas, '37
sister of Marjory A. Dillon, '43-'44

sisters at Lasell

sister of Joyce M. Flynn, '44
sister of Jane Gallup, '41
cousin of Barbara R. Fales, '40
cousin of Jane Fales Miner, '39

Hampl, Beatrice B. }

Hampl, Karan M. }

Hinchliffe, Dorothy M.

Hurley, Genevieve A.

Johnson, Elizabeth L.

Karnheim, Marilyn

sisters at Lasell

sister of Ritamae Hinchliffe, '38
sister of Mary V. Hurley, '42
sister of Grace Johnson Johnson, '42
niece of Dorothea (Karnheim) Ulrich, '40
niece of Marjorie (Karnheim) Ulrich, '41
sister of Carolyn A. Kesseli, '45
niece of Elizabeth Polhemus Rockwood, '01-'03
sister of Betty Polhemus Parker, '42
sister of Margaret Kuhns, '40

Kesseli, Marcia I.

Koempel, Linda R.

Kuhns, Janith

LASELL LEAVES

- Lambert, Joan
- Lane, Janet }
Lane, Marjorie }
- Leonard, Carolyn V.
Lewis, Florence A.
Luce, Barbara M.
McCormick, Julia A.
Mallgraf, Florence E.
Martin, Patricia
Morris, Dorothy R.
Morss, Virginia B.
Nelson, Anna C.
O'Connor, Jane T.
- Oden, Frances C.
- O'Neil, Patricia A.
Orff, Helen A. }
Orff, Mary L. }
- Orsini, Marie A.
O'Shea, Norma J.
Quilty, Rosemary A.
Redden, Ruth Elizabeth
Reed, Elaine
Ross, Muriel A.
Schmidt, Jane V.
Secatore, Gloria A.
Sherwood, Jane W.
Somerville, Barbara A.
Stamatos, Doris
Stolzenberg, Claire S.
Stone, Priscilla T.
- Stuart, Carolyn A.
Stupak, Nancy Marion
Tegelaar, Eleanor
- Thorndike, Doris Elizabeth
Trott, E. Jane
Welch, Prudence
Whipple, Sally Ann
- niece of Ruth Beckley Brown, '27-'28
sisters at Lasell
daughters of Pauline Rowland Lane, '11-'12
sisters of Wilmine Lane Humphreys, '33-'38
niece of Caroline Leonard Thoms, '17-'18
sister of Beatrice Lewis Potter, '042
sister of Carolyn Luce Cox, faculty '40-'44
sister of Barbara McCormick Jacobs, '41
cousin of Jean Collignon, undergraduate
niece of Loretta Krause Eyer, '27
sister of Margaret C. Morris, '45
sister of Marjorie Morss Smith, '41
cousin of Priscilla Colson Lane, '36
sister of Mary C. O'Connor, '39
sister of E. Muriel O'Connor, '43
niece of Carita Palmer Moffett, '14-'15
cousin of Eloise J. Moffett, '43
sister of Dorothy O'Neil Brown, '39-'40
- sisters at Lasell
cousin of Gloria Secatore, undergraduate
cousin of Elaine M. O'Shea, '44-'45
sister of Dorothy M. Quilty, '42
niece of Virginia Dove Redden, '30-'31
cousin of Betty Reynolds, '42-'43
sister of Florence Ross Summerhays, '40
cousin of Betty Schmidt, '43
cousin of Marie A. Orsini, undergraduate
daughter of Anna Crane Sherwood, '20
cousin of Doris Somerville, '40
sister of Georgia Stamatos, '40-'43
cousin of Carol Burns, '43
sister of Dorothy Stone Faino, '41
sister-in-law of Phyllis Atkinson Stone, '34
sister of Phyllis Stuart Rosebery, '35
sister of Virginia V. Stupak, '43
niece of Hazel MacGregor Johnson, '11-'12
niece of Ruth MacGregor McLean, '15
daughter of Gladys Thorpe Thorndike, '14-'15
sister of Marjorie Trott, '35-'36
niece of Genevieve Bettcher Jones, '14
grandniece of Esther Parker Billington, '05-'06



PERSONALS

Items for the Personals should be sent to your class life secretary or to Esther Sosman, alumnae secretary, Lasell. Deadline for material for the winter issue is January 15.

Weddings

Carolyn A. Luce, faculty '40-'44, and Mr. Leslie Cornelius Cox, Sept. 1, 1945 at Dalton, Mass.

Barbara L. Campbell (daughter of *Mildred Goodall Campbell*, '10, and niece of *Lela Goodall Thornburg*, '08) and Mr. Henry James Griswold, 2d, Sept. 15, 1945 at Kennebunkport, Maine.

Myrtle Brix Buehner, '15, and Mr. Harrison Earl Spangler, June 12, 1945 at New York City. Mr. Spangler was formerly chairman of the Republican National Committee.

Nancy Grimm (daughter of *Marjorie Gifford Grimm*, '22) and Ens. John Derkacz, USNR, July 23, 1945 at East Orange, N. J.

Virginia S. Cowles, WP '19-'22, newspaper correspondent and special assistant to United States Ambassador John G. Winant, and Flight Lieut. Aidan Crawley, RAF, whose election as a labor member of Parliament was announced last summer, July 29, 1945 in London, England. The bride was given in marriage by Mr. Winant. She is the author of *Looking for Trouble* and *How America Is Governed*, written for use in English schools as part of her State Department work. Flight Lieut. Crawley, 'a member' of the famous 601st Squadron, was shot down over Libya and spent four years in a German prison camp. He attended Harrow and was graduated from Oxford in 1930. Before the war he was a newspaper man and film producer.

Mary C. Nassikas, 34, and Capt. George Chris Tsantes, USAAF, Sept. 30, 1945 at Manchester, N. H.

Marion E. Cleveland, '35, and Mr. Francis Allison Head, GM 2/c, USNR (Univ. of New Hampshire), July 15, 1945 at Auburn-dale, Mass.

Elizabeth Kenney, '36, and Mr. Melville A.

Farrington, Feb. 22, 1945 at Plainfield, N. J. Until his discharge Mr. Farrington was a paratrooper, member of the 82nd Airborne Division.

Virginia Gately, '37, and Capt. Edward J. Hennessey (Boston College), July 4, 1945 at Needham, Mass. *Marguerite Gately Ellis*, '43, was matron of honor for her sister. Capt. Hennessey, holder of the Bronze Star, has returned to Germany.

June Rogers, '37, and Mr. Albert William Currier, Aug. 18, 1945 at Newton Centre, Mass.

Elizabeth B. Black, '38, and Mr. Mallery Miller Boynton (Kenyon '38), Aug. 4, 1945 at Summit, N. J. Mr. Boynton was recently discharged from the Army Air Forces under the point system after serving 30 months in the European and China-Burma-India theaters.

Beatrice V. Kidd, '38, and Mr. Richard Lutz Phelps (Harvard '29), Oct. 3, 1945 at Arlington, Mass. Mr. Phelps was organist and choir-master at St. Andrew's Church, Wellesley, before entering the Army three years ago, and was assistant to the chaplain in the Chaplain's Section when he received his discharge as a technical sergeant. He will continue in a civilian capacity as assistant to the head chaplain at Fort Belvoir, Virginia.

Frances K. Monks, '38, and S/Sgt. John F. Myers, USAAF (Boston College '38), April 9, 1945 at Waban, Mass. *Marjorie Furbush Gledhill*, '38, was a bridesmaid. Sgt. Myers returned from 30 months' service in the Aleutians last March, and expects his discharge this fall.

Katharine Farnell, '39, and Mr. Karl Bjarne Gjersvik, Chief Mate, Merchant Marine (Pratt Institute; Kings Point Merchant Marine School), Oct. 26, 1945 at New York City. Kay returned from Africa, where she was a recreational staff assistant for the Red Cross, last July.

Justine E. Reilly, '39, and Mr. C. Philip Shannon (Univ. of New Hampshire, '36), Sept. 1945 at Cambridge, Mass.

Barbara M. Clarke, '40, and Mr. Richard Lawrence Keenan, AUS (Norwich Univ. x-'45; Colorado State; Univ. of Utah; Texas Univ. Medical School), June 11, 1945 at San Antonio, Texas.

Cynthia Davis, '40, and Lt. Harry Albert Carson, USNR (Univ. of Michigan '41), July 28, 1945 at Boston, Mass.

Elizabeth M. Davis, '40, and Lt. Howard R. Cole, USAAF (Boston Univ. x-'43), March 24, 1945 at Coral Gables, Fla.

B. Elizabeth Ellis, '40, and 2d Lt. Arthur Russell Purdy, Jr., USAAF (Wharton School of Finance, Univ. of Pennsylvania '38), at East Orange, N. J. *Grace Roberts Gummer-sall*, '40, was a bridesmaid. Lt. Purdy did graduate work in metallurgy at New York University. Before enlisting he was vice president and purchasing agent of the A. R. Purdy Co.

2d Lt. *Emma E. Sterrett*, ANC, '38-'39, x-'40, and Mr. William James Buckley Johnson (Columbia Univ. x-'38), Oct. 1945 at Maplewood, N. J. Emma is stationed at Thayer General Hospital, Nashville, Tenn.

Katharine E. Annino, '41 and Mr. Francis A. D'Andraia (recently discharged from the Army), Sept. 2, 1945 at Medford, Mass. *Dorothy Annino*, '44, was her sister's maid of honor.

Mary L. Doig, '41, and Ens. John Baker Nicholson (Wentworth Institute '40; Dartmouth), March 30, 1945 at South Dartmouth, Mass. *Jessie Doig*, '44, was maid of honor for her sister, and *Virginia DeNyse*, '41, and *Ellen Visscher Taft*, '41, were bridesmaids.

Marjorie Mead, '41, and Sgt. N. Albert Carlson, Jr., USA (Ohio Univ. '42), Feb. 26, 1945 at Erie, Pa.

Helen G. Nickerson, '41, and Mr. Albert Oakland Weasner, Petty Officer 2/c, radar technician, USNR (Lehigh Univ.), March 9, 1945 at Chicago, Ill.

Helen L. Savery, '41, and Cpl. Alan Yonker Daugherty, USA (Goldey Business College), Aug. 7, 1945 at Wilmington, Del.

Ellen Visscher, '41, and Maj. William N.

Taft, USMC (Yale '39), April 29, 1945 at New York City. Maj. Taft is serving overseas.

Dorothy E. Walker, '41, PhM 1/c, USNR (W), and Capt. John W. Hughes, USAAF, Technical Air Command pilot (School of Business Administration, Yale), Sept. 1, 1945 at Coronado, Calif.

Natalie R. Zimmermann, '41, and Lt. Homer H. Haggerty, USNR, Sept. 15, 1945 at Santurce, Puerto Rico. Lt. Haggerty was recently promoted to Lt. Comdr. They are living in Puerto Rico.

Beatrice Grant, '39-'40, x-'41, and Lt. Charles Franklin Costanzo, USAAF (Univ. of New Hampshire x-'42), July 21, 1945 at Tuftonboro, N. H. Lt. Costanzo was captured by the Germans and spent two years in war prison camps in Italy and Germany. Beatrice received her B.A. degree from the University of New Hampshire where she was a member of the honorary education and home economics societies.

Barbara E. Clark, '39-'40 High School, and Capt. Randolph Kendrick Owen, USAAF (The Citadel '41), May 5, 1945 at Charlotte, N. C.

Marie T. Huhn, '42, and 1st Lt. Laurence A. Burkhart, AUS, July 31, 1945 at Westover Field, Mass. *Joan Frank*, '42, was maid of honor.

Jean E. Macdonald, '42, Sp(Y) 3/c, USNR (W), and Lt. Lee H. Lewis, USNR (Univ. of Washington x-'40), Sept. 22, 1945 at Summit, N. J. *Yvonne Gardner*, '42, was a bridesmaid.

Elaine R. Robins, '42 and Ensign Bernard N. Abelson, USNR (Harvard '46), Dec. 17, 1944 at Boston, Mass. The bride's sister, *Shirley Robins*, '39, was maid of honor. Mr. Abelson, recently discharged from the Navy, has returned to Harvard to complete his studies.

Norma Jeanne Rogers, '42, and Lt. William M. Powell, USAAF (Ohio Northern Univ. x-'42), July 20, 1945 at Elyria, Ohio. *Patricia Rogers Brookhouser*, '41-'42, x-'43, was an attendant for her sister.

H. Virginia Nestler, '40-'41, x-'42, and Ens. Paul Brice FitzGerald, Jr., USNR (Notre Dame Univ.; Georgetown Univ.), July 25, 1945 at San Francisco, Calif. The bride's only attendant was her mother, Mrs. John N. Nestler, as proxy for her twin sister, *Jeanne*, '40-'41, x-'42.

Rosemary Countie, '43, and Lt. Philip H. R. Cahill, USAAF (Holy Cross x-'44), July 30, 1945 at Newton Centre, Mass. *Natalie Franks*, '43, was a bridesmaid.

Marilyn L. Isenberg, '43, and Lt. (jg) William Oliver Barnes, Jr., USNR (Hamilton '44), July 13, 1945 at South Orange, N. J. *Lynne Nurkiewicz*, '43, was a bridesmaid. Lt. Barnes returned recently from the European theater where he served for 16 months with the amphibious forces.

Ruth Meyrowitz, '43, and Lt. Edwin D. Shaw, Jr., USMC (Wesleyan '44), March 26, 1945 at New Rochelle, N. Y.

Eleanor G. Schalscha, '43, and S/Sgt. David Burleigh Tyler, AUS (Colgate '43), Aug. 18, 1945 at Far Hills, N. J. The bride's sister, *Jane B. Schalscha*, '45, was maid of honor, and *Harriet Smillie*, '43, was a bridesmaid. Sgt. Tyler was with the 86th Mountain Infantry, 10th Division, which returned to this country on August 9.

Rosemary Staples, '43, and Lt. John Hand Conard, AUS (Yale '42), Oct. 13, 1945 at Bristol, Conn.

Shirley M. Weldon, '43, and Sgt. George V. Brim, Signal Corps, USA, June 13, 1945 at Boston, Mass.

Shirley Wolcott Hale, '43, and Mr. Arthur James Wells, Oct. 12, 1945 at Hartford, Conn. Mr. Wells is a mechanical engineer. Shirley is the daughter of *Marion Griffin Wolcott*, '16, and niece of *Carol Griffin Teich*, '30-'31, and *Freda Griffin Leining*, '20.

M. Barbara Thornburg, '40-'42, x-'43, and Mr. Alfred J. Donnelly (Harvard), Aug. 5, 1945 at Culver, Ind. Barbara is the niece of *Lela Goodall Thornburg*, '08.

Jean Barnes, '40-'42 High School, and Mr. Douglas Smith Dunn, SM 1/c, U. S. Submarine Service, Oct. 25, 1945 at Milton, Mass.

Hazel Strachan Martin, '42, was a bridesmaid. Mr. Dunn has just returned from two years' duty in the Pacific.

Elizabeth M. Bradway, USNR (W), '44, and Mr. William Dale Standerfer, USNR, at San Francisco, Calif. Mr. Standerfer has been in the service for three and a half years; Betty has been in the WAVES since February.

Barbara M. Bresette, '44, and Pfc. William Elgin Greene, USA, Sept. 8, 1945 at Attleboro, Mass.

Mary Martin, '44, and Mr. Todd Andrew Ross, T/5, Enlisted Reserve Corps (Michigan State College, '43), Sept. 8, 1945 at Augusta, Maine. *Betty A. Foss*, '44, was maid of honor, and *Bette O'Connor*, '42-'43, x-'44, a bridesmaid. Mary is a secretary at M.I.T.

Marguerite Portmore, '44, and Mr. John Joseph Scheuerman, Radio Technician 2/c, USNR, Sept. 8, 1945 at Wellesley, Mass. *Faith Taylor*, '44, was maid of honor. Mr. Scheuerman served 38 months in the North and Eastern Atlantic and Mediterranean areas, and took part in both invasions of France.

Elizabeth A. Shellenback, '44, and Dr. Thomas Francis Riedy, Lt., Medical Corps, AUS (Holy Cross '42; Albany Medical College '45), Sept. 1, 1945 at Newton Centre, Mass.

Roberta J. Wintersteen, '42-'43, x-'44, and Mr. Royal Webster Knight (Univ. of Virginia), Nov. 3, 1945 at Uxbridge, Mass. *Alma Copp Fearnley*, '44, was a bridesmaid.

Carol E. Anderson, '45, and Lt. (jg) Robert Merriam Heath, USNR (Wesleyan '44), July 28, 1945 at Higganum, Conn.

Isabella McEwen, '45, and Lt. Buell Kirk Price, USMS (U. S. Merchant Marine Academy, Kings Point, N. Y., '44), Sept. 8, 1945 at Bay Shore, N. Y. *Pat Smith Whittlesey*, '45, was matron of honor, and *Nancy Overton*, '45, a bridesmaid.

M. Susanne Ross, '45, and F/O Gerald Mann Westberg, USAAC, June 30, 1945 at Longmeadow, Mass. *Susan Slocum*, '45, was a bridesmaid.

Henrietta R. Sharpe, '45, and S/Sgt. Robert Wallace Smith, Mountain Infantry (Ham-

ilton x-'46), Aug. 25, 1945 at Woodstock, Vt. Joan I. Single, '45, and Lt. Samuel Irwin Wright, AUS (Univ. of Michigan), Aug. 27, 1945 at New York City. Lt. Wright was commissioned at M.I.T. in meteorology.

Patricia Smith, '45, and Cpl. George Block Whittlesey, USA (Williams x-'44), Aug. 18, 1945 at Pittsfield, Mass. Isabella McEwen Price, '45, was a bridesmaid.

Priscilla Turnbull, '45 (daughter of Dale Whipple Turnbull, '16) and Mr. Herbert Hugh McGreevy, S 1/c, USCG (Princeton '42), June 24, 1945 at Greenfield, Mass. Nancy Muzzey, '45, was maid of honor, and Jane Fullerton, '45 and Hope Daigneault, '45, bridesmaids.

Frances M. Soule, '43-'44, x-'45, and Lt. John Parker Hansel, USMCR (Princeton x-'46), July 20, 1945 at Waban, Mass.

Chi-Hsuen Shou, Dec. '44-Feb. '45, and Mr. Bernard Tsao (Harvard), July 1, 1945 at Buffalo, New York. Chi-Hsuen is studying at Radcliffe College, and also has a fellowship in nutrition at M.I.T.

Engagements

Elizabeth A. Kobrock, '36, to Capt. Merri-
rick Parker Rawstron, USAAF; Elise L. Rou-
geot, '37, to Mr. Richard Lincoln Church;
Rae B. Salisbury, '37, to Lt. James Frederick
Richards, USNR; Shirley Robins, '39, to 1st
Lt. Allan E. Lipkin, USA; Pat Kieser, '40, to
Mr. Charles Edward Smith, Jr., AerM 2/c,
USNR; Kathryn P. Davis, '41, to Lt. Amis St.
Almeida, Jr., USA; Rosemary Ermilio, '41, to
Mr. Amenjo Zamano; Arline M. Kreider, '42,
to Mr. Bob W. Roberts, USNR; Anne Mellin,
'40-'41, x-'42, to Lt. Julian Hawes, USNR;
Laura M. Bannon, '43, to Dr. John Robert
Wilde, Lt. (jg), USNR; Jean Burroughs, '43,
to Cpl. Donald E. Rawson, USA; Nancy W.
Leavis, '43, to Lt. Austin James Bailey, Jr.,
USMCR; Ann Philbrook, '41-'42, x-'43, to
Sgt. Robert L. Nugent, USAAF; Claire Ash-
ton, '44, and Lt. (jg) John R. Bowles, USMS;
Elaine Curtiss, '44, SK 3/c, USNR, to Mr.
Arthur V. Dillon, BM 2/c; Jane Mehaffey,
'44, to Mr. Leonard Perry Wolfe, Jr., MM

2/c (son of Priscilla Alden Wolfe, '19, and
brother of Virginia Wolfe Perkins, '44); Ruth
H. Perkins, '44, to Mr. Roscoe Goodwin, USN;
Lucille Duffy, '42-'43, x-'44, to Mr. Douglas
W. Bainbridge; Kathleen Chandler, '45, to
Mr. Donald S. LaTourette, USA; Jean Henry,
'45, to Mr. Richard J. Groggins; Marilyn H.
Lucey, '45, to S/Sgt. William P. Nelson,
USMC; Marilyn D. Moore, '45, to Mr. Wil-
liam Gregory Doherty, Jr.; Margery R. Snow,
'45, to Lt. Richard Grant Buswell, USAAF;
Claire Tracy, '45, to Lt. (jg) Douglas T. King,
USNR; Ethel Jane Williams, '45, to Ens.
Samuel Angus Burns, II, USNAC; Gloria M.
Dupuis, '43-'45, x-'45, to Lt. Donald Conchar,
USNAC; Grace Holly Ellery, '43-'44, x-'45, to
S/Sgt. John A. Robinson, USAAF; Phyllis
Hefler, '43-'44, x-'45, to Mr. Robert C. Fischer,
USNR; Patricia A. Seaver, '43-'45, x-'45, to
Lt. (jg) Joseph E. Johnson, USCGR.

Births

Oct. 16, 1945—a daughter, Robin Janette, to
the Rev. and Mrs. Carl S. Leinbach (Made-
leine Robinhold, '27).

July 2, 1945—a son, Roland Carleton, to
Mr. and Mrs. Theodore T. Trott (Barbara
Goodell, '29).

July 16, 1945—a daughter, Alice Sherring, to
Mr. and Mrs. William W. Brown (Alice
Pratt, '29).

Sept. 11, 1945—a daughter, Nancy Louise, to
S/Sgt. and Mrs. Edgar R. Tucker, (Doris
Coan, WP '28-'29).

Aug. 16, 1945—a son, William Frederick, to
Capt. and Mrs. William Bailer (Elizabeth
Seybolt, '31-'32, x-'33).

Aug. 31, 1945—a daughter, Carol Frances,
to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Anderson, Jr.
(Caroline Frey, '32-'33, x-'34).

June 21, 1945—a daughter, Joan Sims, to
Capt. and Mrs. John Davidson, 3d (Char-
lotte Barnes, '35).

Sept. 4, 1945—a daughter, Martha, to Mr.
and Mrs. Frank Manning (Marion Cruick-
shank, '35).

Sept. 12, 1945—a daughter, Laurie Beth, to
Mr. and Mrs. Edwin F. Putnam (Barbara
Hamilton, '35).

- Apr. 16, 1945—a son, Charles Edmund, to Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm E. Gross (*Esther Joslyn*, '35).
- Aug. 9, 1945—a daughter, Jean Elizabeth, to Lt. and Mrs. A. Gordon MacMillan (*Margorie Bassett*, '36).
- Oct. 12, 1945—a son, Philip Capelle, to Mr. and Mrs. Philip C. Sherburne (*Europa Harris*, '34-'35 Special).
- Dec. 19, 1944—a daughter, Polly Otis, to Mr. and Mrs. Joel H. Bennett (*Jean Morrison*, '32-'35 High School).
- Oct. 5, 1945—a daughter, Genevieve, to Lt. and Mrs. James V. Bonner (*Genevieve Hackett*, '37).
- Sept. 13, 1945—a daughter, Bonnie Jean, to Mr. and Mrs. Gerald M. Cooper (*Betty Olson*, '37).
- May 7, 1945—a daughter, Marilyn Lee, to Mr. and Mrs. Leo J. Madden (*Priscilla Parmenter*, '37).
- Aug. 27, 1945—a son, Wilfred Dresser, Jr., to Lt. and Mrs. Wilfred D. Hoyt (*Billy Williams*, '37).
- Sept. 12, 1945—a son, Mark Hayes, to Mr. and Mrs. Riley H. Pittman (*Janet Hayes*, '35-'36, x-'37).
- Sept. 3, 1945—a son, Christopher Allen, to Dr. and Mrs. Kenneth T. Bird (*Jean S. Allen*, '38). The baby's grandmother is *Dorothy Stewart Allen*, '17.
- Oct. 9, 1945—a daughter, Deborah Diane, to Lt. and Mrs. Clarence Gay (*Virginia Bartlett*, '38).
- Sept. 8, 1945—a daughter, Susan Elizabeth, to Capt. and Mrs. Kenneth A. Brighton (*Elizabeth Clark*, '38).
- June 8, 1945—a son, William Edward, to Lt. and Mrs. Wilfred E. Krell (*Dorothy Stuart*, '38).
- July 1, 1945—a son, Craig Westney, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Craig W. Barry (*Betty Bell*, '40).
- July 11, 1945—a son, Robert Peyton, to Capt. and Mrs. John H. Linnenberg (*Mary McGrath*, '40).
- June 23, 1945—a daughter, April Ann, to Mr. and Mrs. William S. Waters (*Jeanne Caldwell*, '35-'39 High School).
- Apr. 23, 1945—a daughter, Leslie Enwright, to Lt. and Mrs. Daniel J. Fennelly, Jr. (*Margot Cartier*, '41).
- July 26, 1945—a daughter, Carolyn Clark, to Lt. and Mrs. Robert E. Kelley (*Marcia Clark*, '41).
- Aug. 1, 1945—a daughter, Carol Flanders, to Mr. and Mrs. Paul R. Donnelly (*Eleanor Flemming*, '41).
- June 19, 1945—a son, Peter Blynn, to Capt. and Mrs. Frederick F. Hoffman (*Peggy Goodrich*, '41).
- Sept. 3, 1945—a daughter, Harriet Hale, to Mr. and Mrs. George R. Hamburg (*Mary Hale*, '41).
- May 8, 1945—a son, Lawrence Allan, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur L. MacGregor (*Helen G. Parlee*, '41).
- Mar. 15, 1945—a daughter, Joan Wood, to Lt. Comdr. and Mrs. Robert F. Barber (*Florence Reynolds*, '41).
- July 16, 1945—a daughter, Carol Elizabeth, to Lt. and Mrs. Willard F. Salmon (*Jessie Dobson*, '42).
- Apr. 29, 1945—a daughter, Betsy Jane, to Mr. and Mrs. G. Clark Vogt, Jr. (*Eleanor Easterly*, '42).
- Sept. 8, 1945—a son, Christopher Charles, to Lt. and Mrs. Charles A. Morell, (*Barbara Kelly*, '42).
- July 14, 1945—a daughter, Cheryl Dexter, to Mr. and Mrs. Eugene A. Morrill (*Priscilla Richardson*, '40-'41, x-'42).
- Feb. 25, 1945—a daughter, Mary, to Mr. and Mrs. John E. Martin (*Jean Brigham*, '43).
- Aug. 9, 1945—a son, Donald Boyd, Jr., to Ens. and Mrs. Donald B. Carpenter (*Phyllis Whidden*, '43).
- Mar. 16, 1945—a daughter, Francina Marie, to Ens. and Mrs. Robert P. Seaton (*Marie Hammarstrom*, '41-'42, x-'43).
- Sept. 1, 1945—a daughter, Rebecca Diane, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Johnson, III (*Juanita Perott*, '39-'42 Special).
- July 24, 1945—a son, Lawrence J., Jr., to Dr.

and Mrs. Lawrence J. Stetson (*Ellen B. Hayes*, '43-'44, x-'45).

Sept. 29, 1945—a son, Geoffrey Louis, to Lt. and Mrs. Ludwig P. Vollers, Jr. (*Nancy Wilbur*, '43-Nov. '44, x-'45). The baby's grandmother is *Helen Selkirk Wilbur*, '18.

Necrology

Grace A. Smith, '83-'84, of West Somerville, Mass., passed away late last summer at the age of 79. She was formerly for 52 years employed in the Middlesex County Registry of Deeds at the East Cambridge Court House.

Marie Houghton Gilman, '16, of Springfield, Vt., died in April 1943.

Mr. and Mrs. John G. Barter (*Christine Strachan*, '29-'30 Special) were drowned when the 12-foot skiff in which they were sailing, overturned off Chatham, Mass., Oct. 13, 1945.

Antoinette LaCroix, '31-'32, '34-'35 Special, of Newton, Mass., died Aug. 15, 1945.

Class Notes

In September *Edith Ebersole Doud*, '03, wrote to Dr. Winslow from Cincinnati where she had gone to be with her sister, *Frances Ebersole Hall*, '09:

"I am spending some time with Frances, whose husband [Mr. Rufus B. Hall, Jr.] died Sept. 4 after a long illness. Her children are a great comfort to her: Margaret is at home and has a fine position as a private secretary; the two boys, Joe and Bill, are in the Army in this country. Joe had two years at Princeton, and Bill had just finished prep school when they entered the service.

"I have seen Florence [*Florence Ebersole Bartlett*, '02] and our aunt, *Mary Ebersole Crawford*, '84-'85, several times during my stay here. They are both well. Helen [*Helen Ebersole Swartzel*, '01-'02] came east to visit her three children, Florence, and us last summer.

"I see *Edna Cones Prior*, '05-'06, and *Jonie Deering Kirk*, '02, frequently.

"Recently I ran across 1903's gavel which was rescued from the bonfire on class night. Am mailing it to you with other memorabilia.

"Please give my love to *Miss Potter*. May she have many peaceful years in her retirement from active duty, though she never will retire her interest in all of us, we know."

Lila Woodbury Stearns, '00-'02, and her daughter, Mary, have returned to their home in Cambridge from Havana, Cuba, where Mary attended the summer session at the University of Havana.

The Boston *Herald* recently carried the announcement of the marriage of Miss Ellen Chafee of Cambridge, Mass., to Mr. Pardon Tillinghast, USNR, of Providence, R. I., son of *Helen Darling Tillinghast*, '05. Mr. Tillinghast attended Williams College and was graduated from Brown University in 1942. He is stationed at Norman, Okla.

In August *Fanny Thatcher Sibley*, '06, called on Dr. Winslow. She is director of Alden Speare House, 308 Bay State Road, Boston, one of the Boston University dormitories. Her son, Lt. Col. Tarrant Sibley, received the Bronze Star for meritorious service with the Headquarters XV Corps in France, and the *Croix de Guerre avec Palme* from the French Government. Her sister, *Louise Thatcher Ayres*, '97-'99, lives at 208 School Street, Bennington, Vt.

Through the courtesy of *Sally Ann Whipple*, undergraduate, we have located *Esther Parker Billington*, '05-'06, of 60 Manursing Avenue, Rye, N. Y., where she has lived since her marriage in 1915. Her sister, *Anna Parker*, '05-'06, is now Mrs. Haines H. Johnson of Newburg, Vt. In the October 1945 issue of *The Country Gentleman* is an article about her farm with photographs of it and of Mrs. Johnson.

We were happy to welcome Mrs. G. Edward Elwell, Jr. (*Sara B. Milleisen*, '08) of Bloomsburg, Pa., in September, when she called to see her alma mater and to visit *Nancy Pursel*, one of the undergraduates.

On a week end early in the fall, *Elizabeth Robinson Breed*, '06-'07, paid Lasell a welcome visit. Her son, Allen, is with the Navy V-12 unit at Worcester Tech, studying aeronautical engineering, and was recently elect-

ed to "Skull," honorary fraternity at the institute. Mrs. Breed has returned to Delray Beach, Fla., where she has been active in the U.S.O.

Constance Blackstock, '09, arrived in the States from India aboard the *Gripsholm* late last summer, and was a guest at Lasell for several days in August. As she is now living in Boston while studying at Boston University, we trust that she will be a frequent caller at Lasell.

Annie Crowe Collum, '09, has moved to 43 Middle Gate, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.

1910

Life Secretary—Olive Bates Dumas (Mrs. George C.), Box 216, Hanover, Mass.

Because of food and transportation restrictions our 35th reunion in June was held by letter. I was the only member of the class at the Alumnae Meeting in Carter Hall on Alumnae Day. As the guest of *Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Wass* (Mr. Wass is Dr. Winslow's assistant) I attended dinner at Lasell and Class Night exercises, the latter held in Winslow Hall because of the rain.

Josephine Woodward Rand, her husband, Leon, and their three sons live at 23 Regent Circle, Brookline 46, Mass. Their eldest son is in aviation communications in Tunis, North Africa. Jo has been busy with Red Cross work (motor corps, first aid, blood donor) and at the Boston Antiaircraft Regional Information Center.

Julia Crafts Sheridan has managed Squaw Mountain Inn, Greenville Junction, Maine, for her third year alone, as Phil has been chief of commissary for Pan American flying in the Latin American Sector, covering all of South America.

Mildred Goodall Campbell divides her time between Kennebunkport, Maine and Miami Beach, Fla. Her daughter, Constance, is married and has a son, two and one-half years old, and a new baby born this summer. Constance's husband, a 1st lieutenant in the Army Air Corps, is in the Philippines. Bill,

Jr. is seaman first class, aerographer's mate, stationed at the Miami Naval Air Station. During the winter Barbara works in the reservations department of National Air Lines, Miami.

Marion Hale Bottomley and her husband, Ed, live in Burlington, Vt. at 95 Adams Street. Their daughter, Anne, is the wife of Lt. Lee B. Whitcomb, USN. Their other daughter, *Mary*, Lasell '42, was graduated from Pratt Institute last June. Marion has been active in Red Cross work as Burlington co-chairman of the Women's Division of the War Finance Committee on Red Cross Work, in the U.S.O., and as director of the Girls Service Organization. For two years she was secretary-treasurer of the Vermont Lasell Club.

Julia terKuile Brown lives at Tanglewood Lane, Sea Cliff, L. I., N. Y., where she is active in civilian defense and Red Cross work. She has two sons, Barton, 20, and Dwight, 18, both in the Army Air Corps. Barton is at Mitchel Field, L. I., and Dwight at Keesler Field, Miss. She felt quite concerned for her father's family in liberated Holland, knowing that the Germans had taken over the family cotton mills.

Reva Berman Batt, her husband, and family are at home at 6828 Pershing Avenue, St. Louis, Mo. Their oldest daughter, Charlotte, is married to Capt. Herbert Gordon; Margery is 21; Berman, 18, and in the Navy V-12; and Barbara, 17. Reva has been busy with Red Cross work (surgical dressings and hospital aide) and craft work in the rehabilitation program at Scott Field.

Ruth M. Kelsey, of 2905 Benton Street, Denver, Colo., has been busy teaching school and doing war work.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius C. Peters (*Julia Hamilton*), 1301 First Avenue, Great Falls, Mont., have four children. Their son, Lesli, is a staff sergeant in the 16th A.L.B., last in Germany. Their eldest daughter is married and has three children.

Mary Lumbard Courtney writes from 3 Pierce Court, Appleton, Wis., that her son,

Jack, a 1st lieutenant, has been navigator on a B-24 in the South Pacific area. Veteran of 10 combat missions, he has the Air Medal with cluster. Sansee is married and has two sons. Mary's husband, Dan, taught primary flying for the Navy in Milwaukee for 16 months, and was also in the W.T.S. as a civilian instructor. Mary has been busy with Red Cross work.

Mr. Fred C. Brown, husband of *Sue Stryker*, passed away several years ago. Sue is living at 2702 Woodland Avenue, Duluth, Minn., where she is active in the Red Cross.

Margherita Dike Hallberg and Bernard live at 501 Elmore Street, Park Ridge, Ill. Their son is a chief petty officer in Navy radar on a repair ship in the Pacific; their daughter entered college this fall. Margherita has done volunteer work at Vaughn Hospital for Veterans.

Julia DeWitt Read and Jimmie, of 129 Summit Avenue, Upper Montclair, N. J., have two sons. John is a 1st lieutenant, Air Corps, stationed at Wright Field, Dayton. Thomas was a 1st lieutenant in the Finance Corps, but has returned to civilian life. He is married and has two children. Julia has been busy with Red Cross and American Bundles work.

Helen B. Hood and her sister have a thriving real estate business in Palm Beach, Fla., where she lives at 173 Sunset Avenue. Helen has done canteen work and was about to give service as a gray lady when she suffered a stroke of paralysis which has limited her activities for the past three years.

Irma Levi Levy's elder son was recently at Boca Raton, Fla., completing a radar course, while his younger brother, a captain in the Army Medical Corps, was with a portable surgical hospital in the Philippines. Irma, who lives at 3428 South 8th Avenue, Birmingham, Ala., has been busy making surgical dressings and working on war bond drives. Her sister, *Alice Levi Levy*, '08-'10, has one daughter, and a son in the Army.

Mr. Walter K. Grant, husband of *Mildred Snyder Grant*, passed away last January. Mil-

dred continues to live at 1527 Audubon Street, New Orleans 18, La., with her two daughters and one son. The older daughter, *Betty Grant Smith*, Lasell '39-'40, is at home while her husband, Lt. Stanley T. Smith, Dental Corps, USN, is on sea duty aboard the *U.S.S. Canberra*.

Tot McLean Hunt and Sherman have two sons in the service. Lt. Sherman Hunt, a combat engineer, was in Africa, Italy, France, Holland, Belgium, and finally in Germany. Lt. John Stuart is a Marine pilot on a carrier in the Pacific. Tot's father, Mr. Kenneth McLean, passed away last December.

Lucy Aldrich Berston's mail address is 100 Sherman Building, Flint 3, Mich. She and Neil have three children. Lt. Neil, Jr. is a navigator in the 13th Air Force Troop Carrier Command in the Southwest Pacific. Their daughter, Elizabeth, is married and has one son. Their younger son left Georgia Tech in 1944 and has been working in experimental engineering for Buick. In the early days of the war Lucy taught knitting to a large class of negro women.

Mary A. Gallaher was married several years ago in Tokyo, Japan, to Mr. Harry Catlin, and lived in the Far East as her husband's business was there. She has traveled in Siam, the Malay States, Dutch East Indies, Indo China, the Philippines, Japan, and China. Since 1940 they have lived in Mexico, and will make it their permanent home as Mr. Catlin has retired from business. Mary has two stepchildren and six stepgrandchildren. She and her husband are at home at Apartado 88, Cuernavaca, Mexico.

George and I (*Olive Bates Dumas*) still live in the same little white house in Haver, Mass., that we came to at the time of our marriage 30 years ago. George has a successful real estate and insurance business and is also town accountant. For the past six years we have gone to Florida for our winter vacation. We have two nephews in the Marines and one in the Navy, also a niece in the WAVES. I have been busy with Red Cross surgical dressings, and am chairman of

Red Cross knitting for Hanover. Have also done some knitting for British Relief. How thankful we are that peace is here at last. My sincere wish to each of you is that the new year to come may see the safe return of all your loved ones.

Mr. Herbert L. Swett, proprietor of the Lakewood summer theatre and one of the nation's pioneer summer stock company operators, died suddenly in Skowhegan, Maine in October. Lasell extends sympathy to Mrs. Swett, the former *Fancher Sawyer*, '08-'09, and to her daughters, *Elizabeth Swett Mills*, '35 and *Eleanor Swett*, '38.

Classmates and friends of *Helen Stockwell Pattison*, '12-'13, will be saddened to learn of the death of her son, Ensign Stewart Brown Pattison, 23, Navy fighter pilot, killed in a plane crash in the Pacific last July.

1915

Life Secretary—*Nell Woodward Collins* (Mrs. Harry B.), 54 Lincoln Street, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass.

Gladys Wilkes McCutchen and family have moved to 919 South Fifth Street, Lawton, Okla., where the Rev. Mr. McCutchen is pastor of the Presbyterian Church. Their son-in-law is still in service at nearby Fort Sill.

Myrtle Brix Buehner became the bride of Mr. Harrison Earl Spangler of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, on June 12. Mr. Spangler was formerly chairman of the Republican National Committee. They are living in New York City at 142 East 71st Street. Our best wishes to "Billie."

Ada Patterson has an interesting state welfare position in the department of Aid for the Aged in Ashland, Ohio.

Bess Emerine has a full schedule with war work for the Army and superintending the running of her farm in Fostoria, Ohio.

Maude Freeman Lombard's news was in the summer issue of the LEAVES. Congratulations to the girl who is so successfully carrying on her father's real estate and druggist business.

Bernice Marx Ruben wrote to give her new address as 1625 West 25th Street, Minneapolis. She says that *Helen Benson Stevens* is still at 4501 Arden Avenue South.

After two years of residence in San Francisco, *Katherine Hoag Norgren*, '15, has returned to Chicago, where she is living at 5714 South Kenwood Avenue, Postal Zone 37.

Vilette Peck Crawshaw, *Katharine Thorp*, *Ida Beane Rice*, *Evelina Perkins*, and *Sue Tiffany* send greetings. Evelina and Sue attended the meeting of the Lasell Junior College Corporation in October at the college. Congratulations to Evelina on her very successful catering business.

All the above mentioned girls are anxiously awaiting the 1915 Class Letter. At present its whereabouts seems to be a deep, dark secret, but we are in hopes that this will serve as a reminder to the one who has it that others are waiting impatiently for it.

Nell Woodward Collins of Manchester, Mass., is very happy that her daughter, *Joine*, is an undergraduate at Lasell this year, to carry on where the three Woodward sisters left off. How lucky to have daughters!

Lasell friends of *Dorothy Adams Crisler*, '17-'18, will be interested in an article about her husband, Mr. Herbert Orin Crisler, in the October 27 issue of the *Saturday Evening Post*, entitled "Football's Supersalesman." Mr. Crisler is a full professor, football coach, and head of the physical education department at the University of Michigan, where he has been since 1938. Before that he produced winning football teams at Minnesota and Princeton.

Helen Eager, '16-'17, is drama editor of the *Boston Traveler*.

Dr. Oramel E. Haney, physician, died suddenly September 4, 1945 at his home in Portland, Maine. Lasell extends sympathy to his wife, *Caroline Lindsay Haney*, '20, their two sons, Richard G., third year man at Annapolis, and Robert B., and their daughter, Barbara.

Margaret Perley Downey, '20, has moved to 5 Ellyn Court, Glen Ellyn, Ill.

Mary Elizabeth Greenwood, '19-'20, was married in 1943 to Mr. W. S. Dennett, a crane operator at the Vermont Foundries, Springfield. Mr. and Mrs. Dennett are living in Chester, Vt.

Grace Reichel Cottingham, '19-'20, of 65 North 6th Avenue, Highland Park, N. J., called at Lasell in September. Her daughter, Kay, is attending Simmons College, Boston.

Jean Merrick Moss, '23, has changed her address to 724 Salem Avenue, Elizabeth 3, N. J.

Isabelle Whitcomb Jackson, '23, of Essex Junction, Vt., called at Lasell on Saturday, August 4, 1945, with her son, John, a sophomore at Burlington High School. John had just received an award for good citizenship from the Daughters of the American Revolution, and has hopes of entering the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis. They ran across *Marjorie Blair Perkins*, '28, on Boylston Street during their few days in Boston.

Sgt. Lydia Parry, '24, has been discharged from the WAC at the Fort Dix Separation Center. She was in service three years, one of them overseas with the personnel division of the Eighth Air Force in England.

Ellice Black telephoned recently to report that she is now Mrs. Frederick J. Muth of Overlook, Lancaster, Pa. She was married in October 1931, and has a daughter, Sally, 11 years old.

Minerva Damon Ludewig, '27, and her husband, Capt. J. W. Ludewig, USN, called at Lasell in October.

This fall *Louise Hawkins Glenn*, '27, wrote to Lasell:

"After my son, Sturgen, and my daughter, Tennant, reached the ages of nine and ten, I decided to 'put them on their own' so to speak, and turned to my art work once again. I am having a fascinating time, painting for the Roycroft Gift Shoppe. Last summer I introduced to Buffalo stores and to Roycroft, 'shellcraft,' a craft which is quite popular in the south but which was not known in Buffa-

lo. After creating designs out of Florida sea shells for pins, earrings, bracelets, combs and the like, I oil paint them, taking patterns and coloring from plants and flowers. If you will look on page 70 of the October issue of *House Beautiful* you will see an ad of one of my designs, distributed through a Buffalo store. As the Roycroft has several thousand accounts, you may see my shells almost any place.

"Last July I drove to Pittsburgh and while there called on *Helen Cole Chalfant*, '28. We spent an hour talking about Lasell days and friends. She was moving to Washington that week. I met one of her three children, David, a darling blond boy who is the image of his mother.

"Had hoped to get to Washington to see my roommate, *Elizabeth Owings Little*, '27, but didn't have enough gasoline for the trip."

Sister Miriam Ruth (*Ruth Hutton*, '27) is at St. Mary's Episcopal School in Sewanee, Tenn.

Bernice Cunningham Smith, '24-'25, x-'26, wrote recently from 50 Elmwood Avenue, Longmeadow 6, Mass.

"Here is some news which I don't believe any of my classmates know except those with whom I correspond. I have a daughter, Sandra, born July 15, 1935, and a son, Kendall Wesley, born Feb. 1, 1944. Sandra hopes to attend Lasell in a few years. I am giving her music lessons, and she also sings in the Longmeadow Church junior choir.

"I hear occasionally from *Dorothea Brown Christian*, '25, and from *Reba Foster Fifield*, '26. Brownie has a son, Stewart, 10 years old, and Reba has a 13-year-old son."

Janet Scott Morse, '28, and her daughter, Suzanne, called at Lasell in October and saw *Lillian Bethel*, '28. They were on their way from their home in North Attleboro, Mass., to visit historic Concord and Lexington. Suzanne celebrated her tenth birthday last March.

Mary Barton Libby, '29, has moved from Washington, D. C. to 241 Rowayton Avenue, Rowayton, Conn.

Kay Braithwaite Woodworth, '29, and *Marion Roberts Dyer*, '29, have been discharged from the WAVES. Marion is living in Howland, Maine, where her husband, Mr. C. Ford Dyer, is principal of the high school.

Prudence Christy Johnson wrote to the Alumnae Secretary in October: "I was married seven years ago to Mr. Alfred E. Johnson, and now live at 302 East Avenue, Lockport, N. Y. We have two little daughters, one six years old and the other three and one-half."

Congratulations to *Barbara Goodell Trott*, '29, who received her M.A. degree from Boston University Graduate School in August.

We are happy to welcome *Margaret Wethern*, '29, to the faculty of Lasell Junior College, where she is teaching shorthand, economics, and typewriting. She is a graduate of Whitewater (Wisconsin) State Teachers' College and has done graduate work at Columbia University.

Eleanor Saxie, Woodland Park School '27-'28, is now Mrs. John J. Twombly of 48 Woodland Street, Claremont, N. H. Mr. Twombly is in the Army. They have one son, ten years old.

Mr. and Mrs. Irwin C. Bradley, Jr. (*F. Helen Graham*, '28-'29) are living at 78 Western Avenue, Brattleboro, Vt., where Mr. Bradley is president of the C. E. Bradley Corp. They have two daughters, Jill Patricia, born May 7, 1935, and Geraldine Elizabeth, born May 7, 1931, and now attending MacDuffie School for Girls, Springfield, Mass.

Betty Condit Kessel, '31, has returned to Illinois where she is living at 584 Sheridan Square, Evanston.

The August 27, 1945 issue of the Boston *Herald* carried an interesting account of the heroic role of three Massachusetts men, among them Comdr. Henry S. Monroe, USN (husband of *Karin Eliasson Monroe*, '31) in bringing their submarine, the *Ronquil*, safely back to port after making emergency repairs to its damaged hull (which prevented it from submerging off the Japanese mainland)

despite rough seas and gunfire from a Japanese patrol boat. The story was released by the Navy in August.

"The *Ronquil* had been cruising off the Japanese mainland when she spotted two enemy patrol boats. She surfaced at dusk, with a severe gale rising, to attack. She scored two direct hits on the nearer ship with her deck gun, causing heavy explosions. The attack on the second ship had to be broken off because heavy seas and the darkness of the night prevented the gun crews from lining up on their target.

"Renewing the attack at dawn, the *Ronquil* was hit several times on her pressure hull making it impossible to submerge. Lt. Comdr. Lincoln Marcy with other crew members undertook to repair the damage while the battle was still in progress.

"One of the men was washed overboard but was rescued eight minutes later. Then, despite their handicap, the *Ronquil's* crew knocked the second enemy vessel out of action.

"Just as the damage was repaired with the aid of a novel plug devised by Chief Motor Machinist Mate Theodore T. Fish, a Jap bomber, responding to a radio alarm from the patrol ships, appeared. There was no time to worry about whether the repairs would work. The *Ronquil* submerged. As she went down the enemy plane dropped her bombs and the *Ronquil* shuddered.

"The crew breathed easier, however, when the report came: 'We're not taking water.'

"Comdr. Monroe, commanding officer of the sub, was cited for directing his crew despite injuries which temporarily incapacitated him, so that a serious electrical fire, lasting many hours and endangering the ship, was brought under control. He has been awarded the Silver Star and a Gold Star in lieu of a second Silver Star and the Navy and Marine Corps medal."

Libby Bear DeStaebler, '31, called at Lasell in October and saw Mrs. Statira P. McDonald and Miss Constance Blackstock (who was visiting Mrs. McDonald) at Woodland.

Libby has three children, the youngest six months old.

1933

Life Secretary—Ruth Stafford Clark (Mrs. Emerson M.), 48 Pershing Terrace, Springfield, Mass.

Adelaide Case is the new head of the physical education department at Wheelock College, 100 The Riverway, Boston.

Marguerite Kennedy, '31-'32, x-'33, spent the summer in Rochester, Mich. She was planning to leave there September 28, spending the weekend in Buffalo, N. Y., with *Betty McKee Driscoll*, '31-'32, x-'33, at the latter's summer home at Grand Island. Before returning to her home in North Attleboro, Mass., Marguerite hoped to visit *Louise Cenedella Kidd*, '33, in Worcester.

Lt. Elizabeth A. Seybolt, '31-'32, x-'33, of the Army Nurse Corps, was married on January 22, 1944 to Capt. William Bailer, U.S.A. They have recently announced the birth of a son, William Frederick, on Aug. 16, 1945.

1934

Life Secretary—Roberta Davis Massey (Mrs. R. A.), 1371 Hampton Road, Grosse Pointe Woods 30, Mich.

Nina Keppler Dusenbury, '32-'33, x-'34, is living with her parents in Newtonville while her husband, *Lt. James S. Dusenbury, Jr.*, is on Navy duty at Pearl Harbor. Before entering the service *Lt. Dusenbury* was an assistant buyer for the Westinghouse Company in Bridgeport, Conn., where he and *Nina* had their home. They have one son, *James*, born last December.

Elaine Hunt Chapin, '32-'33 Special, is now Mrs. Winthrop J. Ballard, P. O. Box 2351, Knoxville 12, Tenn.

1935

Life Secretary—Barbara King Haskins (Mrs. E. D.), 111 Wilcox Avenue, Meriden, Conn.

The class extends sympathy to *Barbara Iris Johnson*, whose father, Mr. Benjamin W. Iris, passed away in August.

Marjorie Long Maish called at Lasell early in October with her daughter, *Elizabeth*. They are living in Framingham with *Marjorie's* parents while her husband, Navy Lt. *Ralph A. Maish, Jr.*, is stationed at Pearl Harbor.

Pauline Mitton was married April 1, 1939 to Mr. Allan Leroy Barker, a graduate of Tufts College, Class of 1936. They are living at 3179 Pawtucket Avenue, Riverside 15, R. I., and have two children, *Bonnie Lee*, three, and *Richard Allan*, two.

Joyce H. Stearns, '33-'34, x-'35, received her Ph.B. degree from the University of Vermont in 1938, and later attended Fairfield Secretary School, Boston, for one year. In July 1942 she was married to Mr. Charles P. Conger, and now lives in Johnson, Vt., where she is a state social worker.

1936

Life Secretary—Carolyn Young Cate (Mrs. H. F., Jr.), 130 Temple Street, West Newton 65, Mass.

Marjorie Bassett MacMillan and her two daughters, *Betsy Ann* and *Jeân Elizabeth*, have joined Gordon in Washington, D. C., where he is stationed with the Navy.

Elizabeth Kenney Farrington and her sister, *Eleanor Kenney Barthold*, '37, with *Eleanor's* small son, *Ricky*, were callers at Lasell this fall. *Elizabeth* and her husband have just bought a home in Plainfield, N. J., at 822 Hillside Avenue. *Eleanor* reports that her husband, *William H. Barthold, Jr.*, has been in the Navy since last spring, and is a seaman second class, stationed at Great Lakes. She sees *Madeleine Roth White*, '26 and *Henrietta McCulloch*, '15-'16, in Peoria.

1937

Life Secretary—*Louise Tardivel Higgins* (Mrs. Charles A., Jr.), 59 Maple Street, Auburndale 66, Mass.

Doris Carey Patterson has moved to 10 Beverly Road, Newton Highlands 61, Mass.

The class extends sympathy to *Louise Hedlund Mercer* and *Charles* on the accidental

death of their younger son, Richard Hedlund Mercer, in Spokane last summer.

Jerre Fothergill recently returned from 19 months overseas as a Red Cross hospital worker, and is awaiting reassignment in the Red Cross. One of her most unforgettable experiences was a visit to the Mauthausen concentration camp two days after its liberation. She has her own snapshots, similar to those which have been published, of the trenches full of emaciated bodies, and of the groups of "living dead," many without clothing and all like skeletons. Many of the American prisoners found at Mauthausen came through the 16th Field Hospital, to which Jerre was attached. "The only way our boys and the British and the Canadians survived," she said, "was by means of the food and medicine received through the Red Cross."

Jerre joined the Red Cross in 1944 and went first to England where she was with a clubmobile unit for three and one half months. That June she went to France with the field hospital, which was attached to the Third Army when it arrived in July.

The hospital unit traveled with front line troops between an armored division and the infantry. Technically Jerre is entitled to five campaign stars, for Normandy, Middle France, Ardennes, the Rhine, and Eastern Germany. In addition to her work as hospital aide (writing letters for disabled men and providing recreation for a group of about 60), she assisted in the shock tent in times of emergency. There she was impressed by the number of lives which were saved through the use of blood plasma. Congratulations to Jerre on the fine service she gave to our boys overseas.

Betty Harrington writes from the Yale School of Nursing, 310 Cedar Street, New Haven, Conn., where she is teaching chemistry, nutrition and diet therapy:

"*Puffy Selby Guerry*, '35, and *Kay Peck Dietler*, '35, called at the apartment one evening, and we had a grand reunion after not seeing each other for ten years. While studying at Columbia University this summer I

lived with their classmate, *Janice Piper Baird*, '35. She has a cunning and very lively son.

"Today I bumped into *Billy Williams Hoyt*. Her husband, Wilfred D. Hoyt, is an officer on a submarine in the Pacific, but hopes to get home by Armistice Day. Have also seen *Cindy King Haskins*, '35, at her summer place which is not far from Mother's.

Midge Reed Colley, '36, and Bunt have bought a new home, on Silver Lake in Kingston. She didn't say when they plan to move.

"*Phyl Gunn Rodgers*, '36, expected her husband, Art, to be home and out of the Navy in October. She and her little daughter, Beverly, are living in Turners Falls."

Our sympathy goes to *Meredith Johnson French*, whose father, Mr. M. Rayner Johnson, died this fall.

1938

Life Secretary—*Virginia Wilhelm Peters* (Mrs. Robert R.), 2316 Dixwell Avenue, Hamden 14, Conn.

Gigi Amesbury, '38, now a lieutenant in the Army Nurse Corps overseas, wrote recently to Mr. George Dunham of the Lasell Music Department:

"When I went to the symphony last night in Manila, of course my thoughts turned towards home and my friends who are interested in music. You may remember that the symphony was re-established very soon after Manila was liberated, and at that time it played in a roofless bombed church. Now it plays in the Rex Theatre in Chinatown, which has a solid roof, though the sides are open in many places. We sit on hard wooden seats; about 1,000 people crowd in and I assure you that air conditioning is definitely lacking.

"The players for the most part are young boys and girls (though it's hard to judge the ages of these Filipinos), and they certainly put their hearts and souls into their music.

"Manila is a mess of gutted roads and mud or else heavy dust, shelled buildings and bridges plus an overabundance of both hu-

man and mechanical traffic. Jeeps and trucks are not the only available vehicles, but are the only ones which can stand the gaff."

Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop A. Wells (*Betsy Bassett*) have bought a home at 90 Valentine Road, Arlington Heights 74, Mass.

Nancy Carruthers Bicknell's husband, Mr. Coleman F. Bicknell, is teaching journalism at Westbrook Junior College, Portland, Maine.

Louise Hamilton Gwynn is order editing in the sales department office of General Electric Company, Ashland, Mass., where she has been working for the past two years.

We are happy to welcome back to Lasell, *Peggy Jones*, assistant dietitian.

Dorothy Stuart was married July 8, 1944 to 1st Lt. Wilfred E. Krell, USAAF. *Frances Monks Myers* was a bridesmaid at the wedding which took place in Scarsdale, N. Y. Lt. Krell attended Oberlin College.

Kay Bartlett Mosher is a ticket agent for Northeast Airlines at Logan International Airport, East Boston.

1939

Life Secretary—*Meredith Prue Hardy* (Mrs. E. D.), 48 Mendon Street, Hopedale, Mass.

We have just received word of the birth of a daughter, Michele, on Aug. 14, 1944, to Dr. and Mrs. Michael R. DelColliano (*Doris Benecchi*).

Mary Bryan Rooney writes from 314 Walnut Street, Wellesley Hills 82, Mass.

"May be in Wellesley indefinitely, as my husband expects to be released from the Navy shortly. While he was flying between Oakland and Honolulu for the Naval Transport Service, we lived in Berkeley, Calif. How good New England looks after months in the West!"

Margaret Fish McElrath is doing part time work in a gift shop.

Jean Michael Petersen called at Lasell Oct. 25, 1945. Her husband, Capt. Clinton A. Petersen, on terminal leave from the Army, is attending Babson Institute, and will receive his Army discharge in November. He,

Jean and their small son, Wayne, are living at 14 Sunset Road, Wellesley.

Winifred Trudeau is with the Office of Publication, Harvard College.

Lt. and Mrs. Marvin B. Clain (*Joyce Wilson*, '36-'38, x-'39) are parents of a daughter, Susan, born May 3, 1943.

Helen P. O'Connor, '35-'38 High School, has arrived in Europe as a Red Cross staff assistant.

1940

Life Secretary—*Priscilla Sleeper Sterling* (Mrs. R. D.), Country Club of Detroit, Grosse Pointe Farms 30, Mich.

Jeannetta Annis Richardson's husband, Lt. Kenneth W. Richardson, Jr., U.S.N.R., has returned from overseas, and she is with him at Camp Peary, Va.

Betty Bell Barry wrote recently from her new address, 37 Gorham Street, Westport, Conn.:

"Our son, Craig, Jr. (known to all as 'Corky') was born on July 1 in Trenton. My husband has left American Airlines and is now market analyst for General Electric."

Carol Birdseye MacDonald's husband, the Rev. Douglas R. MacDonald, was graduated from New Brunswick Theological Seminary of Rutgers University in May. They spent their vacation bicycling on Cape Cod and Nantucket, and are now settled in Glendale, N. Y., at 80-24 62nd Street.

Mary Bradshaw McDonald is an assistant buyer at Lord and Taylor's, New York City.

Barbara E. Donohue, Ph.M. 3/c in the WAVES, is a dental hygienist at the U.S.N.-T.C., Sampson, N. Y.

Janet Hayton is employed as secretary to the superintendent of the Royal Tool and Gauge Corp., West Springfield, Mass.

Lt. David Arnold Bruck, husband of *Jean MacNeish Bruck*, was killed late in June when the B-26 Marauder Bomber in which he was flying, crashed. Members of the class extend their deepest sympathy to Jean in her great loss.

Dorothea (Karnheim) Ulrich is working in

the maintenance department of Remington Rand, Boston.

Margaret Kuhns, Sp (S) 1/c in the WAVES, is living at 4827 Alton Place, N.W., Washington 16, D. C.

Betty Phillips wrote in September from Antwerp, Belgium, where she is managing the Red Cross coffee and doughnut canteen at Camp Top Hat, a major staging area for troops homeward bound:

"Until June 1 I was with Wieboldt Stores, Inc., Evanston, Ill., as a copywriter, with the title, Self-Selection Manager. Have been overseas with the Red Cross as a staff assistant since August 1."

Julia Rankin, Sp (S) 1/c, became a Petty Officer first class on August 1. Her barracks at Treasure Island is one of the two discharge centers for the Twelfth Naval District. "Don't let anyone tell you we aren't discharging many WAVES! This barracks handles all those from overseas, as well as those within an approximate radius of 100 miles. From all reports I'll be out by February, and I hope to take advantage of the G. I. Bill of Rights and complete my college education."

While her husband, Lt. (jg) J. Kenneth Dane, is on duty with a destroyer squadron, *Shirley Van Wart Dane* works at Hardwick's, Inc., a Malden specialty shop. They have a three-and-one-half year-old son.

Aline Warfel, '38-'39, x-'40, Y 2/c, with the Navy Department Bureau of Ships, Washington, plans to resume her education at the University of Chicago upon formal discharge from Naval service.

Avis Higgiston, '37-'39 Special, was married to Aviation Cadet Daniel Charles Collins, Jr., May 30, 1942 at Montgomery, Ala. Mr. Collins has received his discharge from the Army, and he, Avis and their daughter Donna, born July 17, 1944, spent the summer in Wolfeboro, N. H.

1941

Life Secretary—Janet Jansing Sheffer (Mrs. John W., Jr.), 104 Manning Boulevard, Albany 3, N. Y.; assistant (for this issue of

the LEAVES): Gertrude E. Fischer, Box 133, Haworth, N. J.

"Hello" to all Lasell '41ers!

As you know from the card sent to each of you some time ago, this is *Gert Fischer* giving you a roundup of news as it was in September. Of the 189 in our class, 89 contributed to this column, and they have our thanks. How about the remaining 100 letting us hear from them? Other statistics which I do not believe have been stated previously: 94 are married and 10 are in the service.

Jane Abbott has her own dress shop, "The Mannequin," on Lexington Avenue in New York City, which was opened last Valentine's Day. She is living at the Barbizon Hotel.

Terry Akeson Graham has a son, born in July.

Kaye Annino D'Andraia is working for her degree in education and home economics at Boston University.

Jane Ansley Sundborg was more than happy to write that her husband, Lt. John G. Sundborg, was home after being released from a German PW camp.

Peg Baldwin's fiancé lost his life some time ago in a plane crash over China. Our sympathy to her.

Thelma Batchelder sent a fine résumé of her activities since leaving Lasell. In September 1941 she entered Nasson College, Springvale, Maine, and subsequently received her B.S. in home economics. Later she accepted the position of field representative for the college, and now is assistant to the president.

Ruth Bayles Markham's husband, Harvey A. Markham, is an instructor at the Merchant Marine Academy, Kings Point, N. Y., and they are living in Port Washington.

Mary Benner majored in business administration at Ohio University, Athens, Ohio, then worked for the Electrometallurgical Co. with company insurance. Since last May she has been a secretary at the B. F. Goodrich Chemical Co. in Niagara Falls.

Bea Bennett was graduated from nursing school in October 1944; is now a second lieutenant in the Army Air Forces, Yuma, Ariz.

Buck Bishop Richards flew to New York City last Easter for a week with one of her Maine friends. Her Lasell roommate, *Becky Allen Ryan*, came to town from Pennsylvania, where her Army husband, Bob, then was stationed, for a luncheon party reunion with Buck and *Gert Fischer*. Later they bumped into *Marian Timpson* on Fifth Avenue and said hello to *Jeanne Partisch* who is a section manager on Lord and Taylor's main floor. Buck's husband, Maj. Paul, returned from Italy in June, and they are now living in an apartment in Washington, D. C., overlooking Bolling Field where Paul works. On their way to Washington they lunched with Gert in New York City, vacationed at an Army hotel in Atlantic City, and then spent a day in Wilmington with Becky and her husband who was one of the seven dentists in the clinic at the New Castle Army Air Base. He now is in Natal, Brazil.

Gerry Bixby Averill devotes her time to the care of her daughter, Ann. First Lt. Averill, of the Combat Engineers, has returned from duty in France.

Lt. (jg) *Jean Bohacket* is stationed in Washington, D. C., where she is awaiting the return of her fiancé from Hawaii. On her June leave Bo and *Betty Sayles* traveled to an island in Canada for a vacation. Betty is a secretary in the laboratory of the Ellis Hospital, Schenectady, and has met a Lasellite, *Dorothea Godfrey*, '42, who works in the operating room. Betty, like Bo, is looking forward to the day when her fiancé, Walt Davis, will return from overseas. He is now in Turkey.

Ethel Boudreau Brown is living temporarily in New York City as long as her Navy-lieutenant husband's duties occupy him there. Last July, while in Norfolk, she became acquainted with *Barbara McDowell Widmark*, '42, whose husband, Lt. Norman Widmark, was at that post.

Ruth Brady works as a reservationist for

Eastern Airlines at the Hotel Statler, Boston. Her husband, Lt. Walter of the U. S. Naval Air Corps, arrived home in July after one and one-half years in North Africa.

Dot Brewer Carlson, *Joyce Brewer Toft*, '40-'41, x-'42, and their husbands traveled to Minneapolis in June when the girls had their first visit with their in-laws. The return trip to Hartford included stopovers in Chicago and New York, the latter for dinner with *Gert Fischer*. Larry and Bob are test engineers at Pratt and Whitney Aircraft Corp.

Capt. and Mrs. Kenneth W. Howat (*Janet Brown*) are living in Midland, Texas, with their baby son, Jon Leland. Brownie was in New Jersey in February and at that time saw *Louie Lorion DeVries* and *Dot Heagy*. She also talked to her first-year Lasell roommate, *Lora Green Buckingham*, '39-'40, x-'41, who has three children.

Sorry to learn that *Sue Cairol* has been ill with an ear infection, although she is well now. She has sold her gift shop.

In August *Mary Cameron Blaisdell* returned from Florida where she had been with her husband until he was assigned to the Pacific.

Imogene Caney continues her good work as secretary in the Program Department of the Y.M.C.A. Her vacation was spent at home in Maine.

Dotty Macomber and Gene have an apartment with two others in Cambridge where they all have an excellent reputation as hostesses. Dotty writes that *Mary Martin*, '44, of Augusta, was married on Sept. 8 to Todd Ross; Dot went home for the event. She reports another wedding, that of *Dot Walker* to Capt. John Hughes on Sept. 1. Johnny served 20 months with the 9th Air Force and received the DFC, Purple Heart, Air Medal with 11 clusters, and Presidential Unit Citation with cluster.

Lola Carota was graduated from Boston University in January 1943 and then taught in Westminster. She now heads the romance language department at Howard Seminary,

West Bridgewater, where she also is dramatics coach.

Margot Cartier Fennelly's husband is a senior lieutenant in the Submarine Service, now in the Pacific area.

Marcia Clark Kelley has been living in the south for two and one-half years. Bob is working in the Separation Center at Fort Bragg.

Buff Clawson Zimmer recently drove from Oklahoma City to Pratt, Kans., where she and daughter, Susan, are with her husband, Sgt. Albert F. Zimmer, who expects to go overseas in the Army of occupation. Buff's Lasell roommate, *Jay Ransom Goebel*, has two children, and is living at 27 Hartsdale Road, Elmsford, N. Y.

Elaine Cook has been promoted to a staff sergeant in charge of the mustering-out payment unit at Headquarters of the Marine Corps.

In July *Jean Cooney* visited *Jeannette Jahn Warren* in Seattle. Jay's husband is a Navy lieutenant stationed at Whiteby Island. *Judith Birch* joined the girls at the Empress Hotel in Victoria, Canada, for a few days.

Betty Danker spent her summer in Cape Cod. Until August she was head of advertising for the newspaper, Brookline, Allston and Brighton Citizen.

Betty Davenport Bailey, whose husband, Bob, is employed by Pan American Grace Airways in Buenos Aires, flew home with her one and one-half-year-old baby, Margaret, in early 1945 for a three months' vacation after three years in South America. In Buenos Aires, Betty has a bungalow-style home and a native girl as a general house servant. She expects to fly up for another visit, with her daughter, this fall.

Kay Davis is working for Arthur D. Little, Inc. in Cambridge. Her fiancé, Lt. Amis St. Almeida, Jr., returned from Germany in August on a 30-day leave. He was graduated from M.I.T. in 1944 and has been a platoon leader in the Army Ground Forces.

Ginny DeNyse holds her same tax job in a Wall Street law firm. She and *Petie Visscher*

Taft were together a week at Sayville, L. I., and paid *Peg Card Suydam* and her son, Nardi, a visit. Peg lives in a 150-year-old remodeled farm house which she has furnished with lovely antiques. Petie, as may be known, was married on April 29 and had a short time with her husband, Maj. Bill Taft, USMC, before he went overseas. She saw *Mary Doig Nicholson* in Richmond and then motored to California with Bill to bid him "so long" for Pacific duty. Petie has returned to New York City where she is working for Franklin Simon in the Junior Miss Dept.; Mary remains in Yorktown, Va. Her husband, Ens. John Nicholson, is an executive officer on a training ship at the Mine Warfare School. Both Ginny and Petie were bridesmaids at the Nicholson wedding in South Dartmouth, Mass., on March 30. Mary says her sister, *Jessie*, '44, serves in the Hospital Corps of the WAVES.

Dotty Donaldson Morris is at home in Hartford caring for her daughter, Nancy Jean, while her husband, a captain in the Occupation Air Force, is in Germany. He has received the Bronze Star and Presidential Unit Citation.

Fern Drumheller became Mrs. Edwin P. Nye on Aug. 12, 1944, in Hampton, Va., and "honeymooned" in historic old Williamsburg. She obtained her B.S. in biology from the University of New Hampshire in 1942 and her M.S. in botany two years later after accepting a graduate teaching assistantship in the botany department of that university. Her husband was in the engineering department; now is in the Army Air Corps stationed at Langley Field with the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics; Fern worked for the committee as a computer.

In April *Betty Dungan Norden* returned to Boston from Paris, Texas, after six months there with her husband. Since May she has been working as chief clerk in charge of the Newton War Price and Rationing Board.

Readers of *Vogue* or *Harpers Bazaar* probably have noted pictures of Conover model *Evelyn Endresen Allen* in past numbers.

Rosemary Ermilio is a secretary at the Worcester State Hospital where she deals with psychiatric war casualties.

Gert Fischer has been "secretary-ing" in a New York doctor's office since April. Her July vacation gave her the opportunity to see several Lasellites. *Mary Bottomley*, '42, and she spent a few days in Montreal, then at Mary's home in Burlington where they saw *Elsinor Prouty*, '43. In Boston she visited *Mary Sawyer Philpott* and motored to Lake Winnepesaukee for a week end there with her. Mary's husband, Lloyd, an army lieutenant, has returned from Marseilles. She will continue her work at M.I.T.

Gert had a day at Lasell and there saw *Ilene Derick* who is secretary to *Dean Phyllis Hoyt*. *Dot Macomber*, *Mary Philpott* and Gert met *Betty Davis* on Tremont Street and learned that she was acting assistant treasurer of a savings bank in Newton Centre. One evening while Gert was at Dot's apartment, *Elna Pollard Hanson* dropped in. She is a medical secretary at the Simplex Wire and Cable Co., and expected her husband home in late September from Oslo, Norway. Gert's last stop was in Hartford where she stayed with *Dot Brewer Carlson*.

Marian Fitts works at Cushing General Hospital, Framingham.

Connie Fulton Griffin has a daughter, Marion, a year and one-half old. Her husband, Richard J. Griffin, Jr., is overseas.

Jane Gallup is secretary to the trust officer of an Albany bank, and her "on the side" activities of the past war year included Junior League work, Red Cross surgical dressings, D.A.R. canteen, war bond drives and Officers' Club. Jane meets *Alice Jean Townsend Kerslake* quite often; Alice Jean is with a government agency in Albany.

Ditsy Gillis Montgomery is home with her two and one-half-year-old daughter, Susan. They vacationed in the mountains.

Dotty Green has been in the WAVES for 21 months, 17 of them in Clearfield, Utah. She is assigned to the storehouse where materials for advance Pacific bases are received,

tagged, boxed and shipped. Looking ahead to her civilian days, Dotty plans to live in Salt Lake City.

Marion Greene says she keeps in touch with *Tex Weatherby*, *Alice Jean Townsend Kerslake*, *Pat Herke Ferguson*, *Harriet Hanson* and *Jane Gray Fisher*. Marion must carry over to her own hours the correspondence phase of her secretarial position at Massachusetts State College. Pat's husband arrived in Virginia unexpectedly in September and pronto Pat resigned her stenographic position so that she might join him at Camp Lee October 1. Tex has finished her laboratory instruction in the WAVES and is stationed at the Farragut, Idaho, Naval Hospital.

Marguerite Haldeman Sawyer and her husband, J. David Sawyer, are living in Middletown, Ohio.

Barbara Hale writes from Washington, D. C. where she is a Wave doing personnel work with 900 others—quite a change from her job as hospital dietitian for two and one-half years previous to her enlistment in the Navy.

Mary Hale Hamburg and her husband, George, have had the good fortune to be together in Boulder, Colo., ever since their marriage. They have a four-room house at 931 Marine Street.

Mary Haller continues her work at the Jacob Haller Co. She spent her vacation with *Mary Makes* in Maine.

Harriet Hanson Nelson is working and living in Los Angeles while her husband, Dr. W. Wood Nelson, completes his internship at the Los Angeles County Hospital.

Mae Hartsfield Feldt is assistant buyer of infants' wear at A.M.C. Her husband, Alfred E. Feldt, Jr., is a field engineer for Magnaflux Corp.

Barbara Hover Middleton's husband, Lt. Col. John S. Middleton, was home in August on a 30-day leave after 14 months in Europe with headquarters of the 9th Army; he received the Bronze Star for outstanding work. Daughters, Barbara Anne and Susan,

are three years and 21 months old. The Middletons are awaiting the day when they can return to California permanently. Bobby met *Yvonne Gardner*, '42, at a wedding she attended.

Carol Hutton is living at the Hotel Whitby, 325 West 45th Street, New York City, while working for Prentice Hall, Inc., 70 Fifth Avenue.

Meredith Ingalls likes her work as secretary to an obstetrician with whom she has been for three and one-half years.

Jan Jansing Sheffer and her husband, Major John W. Sheffer, Jr., were in Mt. Holly, N. J. until the end of August when they moved to Cincinnati. Jack had an assignment in Denver, and while he was there Jan visited relatives in Kentucky. Now they are at 38 Linden Avenue, Fort Thomas, Ky.

Shirley R. Johnson is entering her senior year at Simmons College School of English where she is majoring in publishing.

Marj (Karnheim) Ulrich and her sister, *Dorothea*, '40, spent their vacation at Fal-mouth with two other Lasell girls, *Bobby Schilf*, '40, and *Ruth Sullivan*, '40.

Nancy Keach vacationed at her family's summer home in Harwichport, Mass.

Louise Kelly, Marine Corps, is stationed at Columbia, S. C., as public relations sergeant for the state; previously she had the same post in Raleigh, N. C., and Atlanta, Ga.

Ruth Kilbourn Wallace is living with her parents in Bristol, Vt., while her husband, Albert D. Wallace, is a warrant officer in the Navy. Ruth's Lasell roommate, *Betty Poore Willey*, has been in Florida for more than a year with her husband, Robert O. Willey of the Air Corps, stationed at Boca Raton Field. Betty's son, Robert, Jr., born November 10, 1943, is related to Ruth's boy as the fathers are cousins.

Since receiving her degree in Spanish from the University of Maine in 1943, *Connie King Barnes* has "spoken" hardly a word of that romantic language." Instead she has a three-room apartment in Brookline and works a few hours each day as a laboratory technician

in a pediatrician's office on Longwood Avenue. Her husband, Dana H. Barnes, Jr., is with the Stone and Webster Engineering Corp.

In May *Mary Kulos* opened her own ice cream parlor, a venture which she considers much less monotonous than her former office work. She and *Laura Pechilis* had a week together at Nantucket in August.

Charlotte Lakeman is head of stock and assistant to the buyers of daytime dresses at Sibbey, Lindsay and Curr Co. in Rochester. She goes to New York with her buyer and usually sees some Lasell girls. In May she visited *Joyce Master*, '39-'40, x-'41, who is a secretary at the American Broadcasting Co.

Jackie Lander Schofield's husband, Dick, is stationed at Deming Army Air Field, New Mexico. Their daughter, Jill, is three years old. Last year in Goldsboro, N. C., Jackie met *Betsy Pfeiffer Higgins*. Betsy traveled with her husband, Lt. Richard W. Higgins, until he went overseas in October 1944 to pilot a P-47. At home in Massachusetts she volunteers as a nurse's aide.

Mil Lane's husband, Major Shapira, Medical Corps, was home in August after two years overseas with the 45th Division. He is at Fort Devens, wears the Bronze and Silver Stars, Presidential Unit Citation, Combat Medical Badge, and *Croix de Guerre avec Palme*.

Louie Lorion DeVries and her son, Peter, enjoyed six weeks last summer at Groton-Long-Point, Conn. There she met *Jessie Dobson Salmon*, '42, whose baby girl was born in July. Louie says "Hank is back in Hawaii after the invasion of Iwo Jima. He was quite sick then and was evacuated to Guam where he met my sister, a Navy nurse. It was so good to hear through her that he was all right."

Until June, *Ginny Loveday Larson* was an American Airlines stewardess in New York. She saw *Priscilla Sleeper Sterling* '40 and *Dorothy Welch Taylor*, whose husband, Clifford, is Station Master of Pennsylvania Central Airlines. Welly's daughter was four

months old. Ginny hopes to join her husband in Panama as soon as the Navy gives its O.K.

In reply to a questionnaire from *Miss Velma Colson*, teacher of merchandising at Lasell, Ginny wrote:

"The merchandising course qualified me for a stewardess position as it requires selling airline travel to the public. Thanks to *Señora Orozco's* teaching of Spanish, I was fitted to fly to Mexico City."

Shirley Lyons Bundy and her 16-months-old daughter, *Nancy Lynn*, were at Lake Seugog, Ontario, for the summer. Flight Lt. Bundy, RCAF, has been instructing at Trenton, Ontario. He expects his discharge in October. Shirley's sister, *Nancy*, '43, is an air hostess with T.W.A. flying between Kansas City and California. Since graduation, Chandler's eight girls have written a chain letter which comes around every month or two with news and pictures of its '41 residents. Chandler has six "grandchildren."

Nancy Maguire spent the summer at Fal-mouth Heights, Mass.

Dorothy Martin has been working for the past two and one-half years at the WRGB Television Studio in Schenectady, where she is an assistant technician. She operates any of the five technical positions in the control room: audio desk, video switching desk, shading desk, projection room, and transmitter. She writes:

"I received all my training here and also by operating audio at the General Electric radio and FM stations, WGY and WGFM. It was really my lucky day when I went to General Electric to apply for a job in personnel and found myself being offered a job in radio.

"I'll be happy to give you or any Lasell girl who comes to Schenectady, a tour of the studio."

Ruth Mattson Swanberg and her husband, Lt. Edmund R. Swanberg, have been in Texarkana, Texas, since February with their little daughter, *Linda*, whose first birthday was September 27.

Babs Mauroyenis completed a year's gradu-

ate work at the Eastman School of Music and was awarded a Performer's Certificate in voice. September 1 she began an eight weeks' Red Cross training course for a position as a musician specialist in an Army or Navy hospital.

Marjorie Mead was married February 26 to Sgt. N. Albert Carlson, Jr., Army Finance Division. He is in Saipan, and this fall Mary plans to resume work as Transportation Manager in the Personnel Dept. of her former concern, Lord Manufacturing Co., Erie.

S/Sgt. *Barbara Mitchell* of the Marines went to Cape Cod on her August furlough, saw *Nancy Keach* there, and visited in Boston. She may be a civilian soon.

Ruth Montgomery Tryon lives in South Glastonbury, Conn., visits *Nancy Gorton*, '42, and *Betty Gorton Collier*, '43, frequently, and has seen *Carol Wadhams Wolcott*, '44, with her baby daughter. Ruth and her husband have put up many vegetables in a freeze box for good winter eating.

Bubbles Morss Smith took time from her secretarial duties at Chandlers in Boston for a seven-day cruise on the St. Lawrence and Saguenay Rivers with *Marian Timpson*. Bubbles' husband, Herbert R. Smith (Army Engineer Corps) was in France in August awaiting redeployment. Her sister, *Virginia*, entered Lasell this year.

Fran McBride Perkins is "the happy mother of a future Lasellite, *Barbara*, 15 months old." Her husband, Mark, came home from overseas duty in January with a broken leg suffered on D-Day with the paratroopers.

Barbara McCormick Jacobs and her two-year-old daughter, *Lee Blake*, have made their home with Barbara's parents in Wellesley Hills since her husband, Lt. William R. Jacobs, USNAC, left Pensacola in September. Her sister, *Julia*, is a junior at Lasell.

Betty McGrath works with the airlines, further details unknown.

March 9, 1945 was the wedding date of *Helen Nickerson* and Albert O. Weasner, USNR, and the place was Chicago where they lived four and one-half months. In August

Helen stayed with her in-laws in Pennington, N. J., while Al awaited further orders from Brooklyn.

Phyllis Nicolson Keller has been working at Babson's Reports, Inc. in Wellesley Hills since her husband, Capt. Howard Keller of the Army Signal Corps, went overseas in June 1943.

Sue Paisley Hansbury, USNR, is a stewardess aboard a Naval Air Transport and has been flying the Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego route for eight months. Her husband, also in service, and she managed to get their leaves at the same time in May and said "hello" to Boston.

Helen Parlee MacGregor has a V-E Day boy, Lawrence Allan, born May 8. Her husband, Arthur, is stationed in Nebraska.

Eleanor Rawson Preston does secretarial work at the Fram Corp. in East Providence. When her Army husband, Herbert J. Preston, Jr., was home on furlough, they visited *Amoret Van Deusen Butlin*, '38-'40, x-'41, in Westfield, Mass., and *Mary Makes* in Pittsfield; at the Thousand Islands they saw *Dot Griffiths*, '39-'40, x-'41, who was entertaining *Jane Palmer*.

Florence Reynolds Barber and her husband, Lt. Robert F. Barber of the Coast Guard, have bought a house at 152 Lincoln Avenue, New London, Conn., and are very happy with their baby, Joan Wood.

Virginia Reynolds Morey and her daughter, Pamela, spent their summer at Bayville, L. I., with Ginny's family. Lt. Morey, USNR, is on Pacific duty.

Jean Roper Reynolds is at her parents' home with her two-year-old daughter, Kathy, while her husband, a captain in the Signal Corps who has served 19 months in Europe, awaits assignment to the Pacific.

Mary Elizabeth Rogers was with William Filene's Sons Co. from Sept. 1941 to Jan. 1945; is now employed as enrollment representative with Blue Cross and Blue Shield Insurance.

Arlene Ryan's position is that of medical secretary in the Professional Building, Fram-

ingham, Mass. She was a bridesmaid at the wedding of *Mary McGovern O'Brien*, '39-'41, x-'41, on June 16 in Somerville.

Helen Savery became the bride on Aug. 7 of Alan Y. Daugherty of Wilmington, Del., recently returned with the 8th Infantry Division from Europe. They spent their honeymoon in New York City. Helen is a clerk-typist in the Nylon Division of the E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Co., Inc.

Jane Scanlon Reid has been in Corpus Christi, Texas, for the past six months with her Navy husband, William A. Reid.

Grace Sheffer enlisted in the WAVES on June 29, 1944, went to storekeeper school at Georgia State College for Women, and then to the world's largest Naval Supply Depot in Mechanicsburg, Pa. She lives in a private home in Harrisburg.

Rocky Stone Faino was one of the wives who bid her husband good-bye to the Army after the war's end. He went into service on Aug. 9.

Jeanne Walsh Nichols has followed her Marine lieutenant husband who pilots B-25's, from Texas to Cherry Point, North Carolina, and on August 15 headed to San Diego where he was to receive further orders. Their son, Edward Payson, Jr., was born on July 23, 1944.

Corinne Werner is stationed in England with the WAC.

Virgie Whalen Petrie has been in Florida since September 1944 with her husband, Raymond G. Petrie, and is assistant secretary to the Registrar of Florida State College for Women.

Lu Wielandt was very ill in August, but is on her way to recovery.

Arax Zulalian Johnian has her own apartment and continues her work as jewelry buyer for Sears Roebuck in Boston.

Frances Ramsdell, '38-'40, x-'41, is overseas with the American Red Cross. She received her B.S. degree from the University of Michigan in 1943; interned in medical technology at Ford Hospital, Detroit and received her master's degree from Wayne University

in December 1944. She is a registered medical technologist and member of the American Society of Clinical Pathologists. Before entering the Red Cross she was employed as bacteriologist for Gelatin Products Corp., Detroit. Frances is the daughter of *Lucile Hyde Ramsdell*, '02-'03, and granddaughter of *Robertta Steell Hyde*, '78-'80.

1942

Life Secretary—*Mary V. Hurley*, 41 Linden Street, Schenectady, N. Y.; assistant: *Anne Lynch*, 1784 Washington Street, Auburn-dale 66, Mass.

Anne Marie Cass is in the Hosiery Department at Filene's, Boston.

Congratulations to *Nancy Gorton*, S 2/c in the WAVES, who has been offered a civilian job in the Hydrographic Office, Photogrammetry Section, branch of the Bureau of Chief of Naval Operations. She sees *Barbara Hale* and *Bette McGar* of the WAVES, who are also stationed in Washington. Nancy was on the "Breakfast in Hollywood" program over a national radio network recently.

Nina Hobson, an ensign in the WAVES, hopes to return to college after her discharge. She has been in service for three years.

Doris Leach has been managing an auto parts warehouse for the last three years.

Ellen Lucey is studying voice and piano.

Joan McCraw Davies is an interviewer in the personnel office at B. Altman and Co., New York City.

Anne Lynch informs us that *Ruth Mosher Keathley* is an American Airlines stewardess on the Memphis to El Paso, and Memphis to New York routes. Her address is 1388 Carr Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

Anne made a trip to Hartford recently by American Airlines and found that the hostess on her plane was *Dot Quilty*.

Before her marriage last July, *Norma Jeanne Rogers Powell* taught in Fort Lauderdale, Fla. She is a graduate of Baldwin-Wallace College, Berea, Ohio.

For the past three years *Marjorie Sperl* has been working in the comparison office of R. H. Macy and Co., New York. She was a home-furnishing shopper for two years, and last year was promoted to staff assistant.

The class extends sympathy to *Noel Temple* on the death of her father, Mr. Charles S. Temple. An accomplished musician, he formerly played cello in the Lasell Orchestra under the direction of Mr. *George S. Dunham*.

Anne G. Ashworth, '40-'41, x-'42, was married in September 1944 to Mr. Donald Sewell, and now resides in West Scarborough, Maine.

June 7, 1943 was the date of the marriage of *Genevieve Boyd*, '40-'41 Special, and *Clarence J. Maddern*, Warrant Officer, USA. Genevieve was a sergeant in the WAAC but did not reenlist in the regular Army. Mr. Maddern attended the University of Arizona, and is a baseball player, owned by the Chicago Cubs. They have a 15-months-old daughter.

Ginny Nestler FitzGerald, '40-'41, x-'42, wrote from her home in New Rochelle shortly after her return from California:

"We see *Marty Pangborn* often. She visited her brother, Lt. Earl L. Pangborn, Jr., and his wife, *Louise Cook Pangborn*, in Florida last spring. They have a little daughter, Linda, born in April. Have also heard from *Normi Jeanne Rogers Powell* who is spending her honeymoon in Miami. Her husband, Bill, was a prisoner of war in Germany.

"*Jeanne [Nestler]*, '40-'41, x-'42, is working for Crawford, Callin, and Simon, exporters and importers, and I am still with the Texas Company. With our nurses' aide work we have been very busy during the last year."

Priscilla Richardson, '40-'41, x-'42, was married Nov. 13, 1943 to Mr. Eugene A. Morrill, S K 1/c, USCGR, a graduate of Babson Institute in 1940.

Betty Jane Ross, '40-'42, x-'42, is assistant buyer in the curtain and drapery department of Hahne and Company, Newark, N. J.

1943

Life Secretary—Nathalie A. Monge, 80 Greenwood Street, Greenwood, Mass; *assistant*: Elizabeth A. McAvoy, 93 Hillcrest Road, Windsor, Conn.

Pat Bixby, graduate of the Boston School of Occupational Therapy last June, has gone to Hawaii to work in an Army hospital as a civilian occupational therapist.

Mary Chamberlain is working in Arnold's, a small dress shop in Wellesley, selling, dressing the windows, and keeping accounts.

Mary Louise Gloeckler is a doctor's assistant in the Slocum-Dickson Clinic, Utica, N. Y.

Jane Hickman wrote recently that she was graduated from the Yale University Department of Drama in June; she had no plans for the fall. While still studying at Yale she did a television show from Station WRGB, Schenectady.

While home on leave in September, *Virginia Jewell*, S 1/c in the WAVES, called at Lasell. Ginny is stationed in Washington, D. C.

Nancy E. King works in the Procurement Office for the National Advisory Committee for Aerodynamics, Hampton, Va.

Gertrude Fischer, '41, writes that *Betty Schmidt* is secretary to the art editor of the *Reader's Digest*, New York City.

Jane Tarbuton, graduate of the School of Store Service at the Richmond Professional Institute, College of William and Mary, is coordinator of Distributive Education, James Monroe High School, Fredericksburg, Va.

Ens. and Mrs. Donald B. Carpenter (*Phyllis Whidden*) have bought a home at 8 Perkins Street, Wakefield, Mass.

Barbara Schaufele is working at Harvard Medical School.

From *Ruth Davenport*, who works in the main office at Lasell, we learn that *Jacqueline Wilson* was graduated from the Rhode Island School of Design last spring.

Jane Cook, '41-'42, x-'43, is dietitian at the Y.M.C.A., Newark, N. J.

Jessie D. Mackenzie, '41-'42, x-'43, is a pharmacist's mate third class in the WAVES, sta-

tioned at Puget Sound Navy Yard, Bremerton, Wash., where she is a graduate dental technician.

Jean Van Iderstine, '41-'42, x-'43, was married January 22, 1944, to Sgt. Robert H. Randall. She is living in Newfane, Vt.

While on her way to *Jean Barnes'* wedding in October, *Jessica Kennedy Jugo*, '40-'42 High School, called on *Mrs. Statira P. McDonald* at Woodland. Mr. Jugo (brother of *Phyllis Jugo Humphrey*, '38-'40 Special, and *Henrietta Jugo*, '40) was recently discharged from the Army. For the present their address is 591 Corbin Avenue, New Britain, Conn.

1944

Life Secretary—Norma Badger, 35 Dixon Street, Tarrytown, N. Y.; *assistant*: Barbara Coudray, 76 Halsted Street, East Orange, N. J.

I ran into *Ruth Perkins* in Grand Central Station recently. She is engaged to Mr. Roscoe Goodwin, USN, who was an undergraduate at the University of Alabama before he joined the Navy; he is overseas. *Perkie* has been attending Maryland College for Women.

Shirley Haviland, of Santander Apartments, Asbury Park, N. J., is working for a radiologist in that city.

Met *Rosalie Paddison*, '42-'43, x-'44, in Boston last week. She has been taking a crafts course at Pratt Institute, and was "between jobs." I hear that *Kae Evans* is studying to be a registered technician in a hospital; that *Alba Squarcia* is working for her brother, and that *Freda Reck* handles advertising for a department at R. H. White's.

Louise Brooks, '42-'43, x-'44, was graduated from Ohio Wesleyan in June.

The class extends deepest sympathy to *Audrey Saunders*, whose father, Mr. Albert Dudley Saunders, passed away in September.

Katy Cogswell Darnton writes that Jack is on Tinian and may be home by Christmas. She is working at Salem Hospital while he is overseas.

Jessie Doig, H A 2/c, USNR (W), is sta-

tioned at the Naval Hospital, Corvallis, Ore. Another '44 WAVE, *Eleanor Laing*, MaM 3/c, is in San Francisco.

During the labor shortage *Priscilla Lincoln* has been working for her father in the post office and grocery store, Southville, Mass.

Joan Mills Barry is living in Long Beach, Calif. while Jim, a pilot for the Air Transport Command, ferries a C-47 transport to Australia. Joan's sister *Virginia*, '44-'45, x-'46, is in the Cadet Nurse Corps at Alfred University, N. Y.

Beatrice Smith, '42-'43, x-'44, was graduated from Katharine Gibbs School, Boston, last June, and is secretary to the cashier and trust officer of the Rutland County National Bank, Rutland, Vt.

One of the leading performers in a WAVE recruiting program entitled "Navy Blue on Review," presented at the Rhode Island School of Design in August, was *June M. Trani*, S 1/c. June enlisted in the WAVES in August, 1944 and received training at Hunter College, and at Yeoman School, Oklahoma A. & M. College, whence she was transferred to her present station at Quonset Point, R. I.

Lorrayne Hron called at Lasell on Columbus Day. She is working for her father, Mr. Charles B. Hron, in Bridgeport, Conn.

1945

Life Secretary—*Emma Gilbert*, 589 Prospect Street, Maplewood, N. J.; assistant: *Louise Long*, 60 Lorraine Avenue, Providence 6, R. I.

We have several additions to our list of '45-ers entering senior colleges with advance standing this fall: *Joyce Adams*, University of Cincinnati; *Peggy Clark*, Jackson College; *Marcia Clements*, working for B.A. at Emerson College; *Eugenia Cooney*, junior at Flora Stone Mather College, part of Western Reserve University in Cleveland; *Jane Dittrich*, *Joan Gurvitz*, and *Sue Slocum* are at the University of Michigan; *Naomi Lederman*, Mary Washington College of the University of Virginia; *Mary A. Owens*, Nasson College, Springfield, Maine.

Lorraine Anderson has returned to Lasell as Miss Beede's assistant. *Ann Broadhead* has an impressive title—secretary to the Director and the Assistant Director, Cornell Placement Service Dept., Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y. *Jane Burnham* is a secretary at the Continental Life Insurance Co., and *Ruth Connor* is working in a bank in Springfield, Mass.

Edith Copp and *Eunice Powers Buxton* called at Lasell on Oct. 12. Edith has a position in the personnel department of American Telephone and Telegraph Corp., New York City, and Eunice is doing copywriting for I. J. Fox, Boston; her husband is still on duty in the Pacific area.

Two other '45-ers also called on Oct. 12: *Margaret Brady*, who has a stenographic position, and *Phyllis Bissell*, salesgirl at Lord and Taylor's, New York.

In Montpelier, Vt., *Chickie Daigneault* works for the O.P.A. *Stella Depoian* is a secretary at Bradford Junior College. *Janet Eaton* does secretarial work at the M.I.T. Radiation Laboratory, and *Irene Evangelisti* has a position with the Bantam (Conn.) Lumber Co.

Other girls with secretarial positions are: *Marilyn Ford*, Traffic Dept., Plymouth Cordage Co.; *Jean Henry*, General Electric Co., Schenectady; *Sis Morris*, working in a bank in Meriden, Conn.; *Albina Noga*, Massachusetts Hospital Service (Blue Cross), Boston; also at Blue Cross is *Margery Snow*, secretary to the Executive Assistant.

In the medical secretarial field are: *Eleanor Bradway*, private secretary to a physician in Springfield, Mass.; *Anne Carlin*, working for an X-Ray specialist in Washington, D. C.; *Betty Ann Curtin*, receptionist for her father, Dr. William E. Curtin; *Shirley Frank*, medical secretary in Ridgewood, N. J.; *Eleanor Murphy* and *Barbara Phelan*, at Children's Hospital, Boston. Barbara is secretary for two of the pediatricians on the staff, Dr. Diamond and Dr. Berenberg. Members of the class extend her their sympathy as her fiancé, Ensign Fred W. Yirrell, Jr., who was previ-

ously reported missing, has been declared lost.

Marj Olson is working for a doctor in Worcester, Mass., and *Doris Winkemeier* has a medical secretarial position with two physicians in New York City. *Dorothy Caggiula* is secretary to a doctor in Brookline.

The list of merchandisers also grows: *Betty Bagnall* and *Jean Logue*, Filene's, Boston; *Berniss Coyne*, *Ruth Eastman*, *May Schwebemeyer*, and *Fran Starr*, Hahne and Co., New-ark; *Gretchen Fuller*, Bloomingdale's, New York; *Lynn Metzger*, Strawbridge and Clothier, Philadelphia; and *Virginia VonLynn*, with a New York buying house.

Virginia Phillips is a reporter on the Worcester (Mass.) *Telegram*, and *Em Gilbert* has a position with *Charm Magazine*, New York.

Lasell Alumnae, Inc.

The annual meeting of *Lasell Alumnae, Inc.* was held in Carter Hall on Saturday, June 2, 1945. President *Dorothy Barnard*, '24, called the meeting to order at 3:40 P.M.

The minutes of the 1944 meeting and the auditor's report were read by the recording secretary and were accepted as read. The report of the auditor was placed on file with the audited statements of income and expense.

Antoinette Meritt Smith, '23, treasurer, reported that as of May 31, 1945, there is \$7,156.21 in the Caroline Carpenter Memorial Fund (Building Fund) and \$6,962.80 in the General Fund, making the consolidated assets of *Lasell Alumnae, Inc.*, \$14,119.01.

In the absence of the corresponding secretary, *Arlene Wishart Sylvester*, '38, the recording secretary read her report which was accepted and placed on file.

Phyllis Rafferty Shoemaker, '22, chairman of the Memorial Committee, read the names of members who have passed away since the 1944 meeting, and Dean Emeritus *Lillie R. Potter* spoke briefly.

The chairman of the Service Committee, *Esther Sosman*, '36, reported that 140 Lasell

girls are known to be in the United States Services.

The slate of officers for the year, 1945-46, as presented by the Nominating Committee under the chairmanship of *Esther Josselyn*, '27, is as follows:

President: *Dorothy Barnard*, '24.

Vice President: *Irene Gahan Burbank*, '38.

Recording Secretary: *Louise Tardivel Higgins*, '37.

Corresponding Secretary: *Arlene Wishart Sylvester*, '38.

Treasurer: *Antoinette Meritt Smith*, '23.

Assistant Treasurer: *Phyllis Rafferty Shoemaker*, '22.

Directors: *Marion Ordway Corley*, '11; *Priscilla Alden Wolfe*, '19; *Ruth Buswell Isaacson*, '36.

Nominating Committee: *Marjorie A. MacClymon*, '32, chairman; *Ilene L. Derick*, '41; *Martha Fish Holmes*, '26.

Scholarship Committee: *Ruth Emery*, '19-'20, chairman.

The recording secretary was instructed to cast one ballot for the slate of officers as nominated.

The following alumnae were recommended for election to the Lasell Junior College Corporation, their term of service to be for five years commencing in October following their election: *Priscilla Alden Wolfe*, '19, *Esther Sosman*, '36, and *Phyllis Rafferty Shoemaker*, '22.

The roll call of reunion classes preceded the greetings of *Dr. and Mrs. Winslow*, *Dean Phyllis Hoyt*, and *Susan Slocum*, president of the Class of 1945. Dean Emeritus *Lillie R. Potter* represented the oldest class present, having been graduated from Lasell 65 years ago in 1880. Four members of the Class of 1895, *Mabel M. Lutes*, *Mabel Sawyer Rogers*, *Annie May Dickson Adsit*, and *Mabel Taylor Gannett*, returned for their fiftieth reunion. Dr. Winslow said it was especially gratifying to have "his classmates" with him, for he was celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation from Tufts College.

Sue Slocum, '45, announced that the Class of 1945 was joining the *Lasell Alumnae, Inc.* as a body. The alumnae extend their congratulations and a hearty welcome to these newest members.

The meeting was adjourned at 4:35 P.M. with the singing of the Alma Mater.

Respectfully submitted,

Esther Sosman, '36

Recording Secretary *pro tem.*

Antoinette Meritt Smith, '23, treasurer, of 393 Broadway, Cambridge 39, Mass., reports eight new life members of the *Lasell Alumnae, Inc.*: *M. Shirley O'Connor*, '44, *Elizabeth Gorton Collier*, '43, *Eleanor DelBianco*, '44, *Esther T. Josselyn*, '27, *Gail Wilson Boynton*, '18, *Jeanne Revene*, '43, *Marion Simpson Lunt*, '29, and *Nell Carneal Drew*, '10.

Midwinter Reunion

The annual midwinter reunion of *Lasell Alumnae, Inc.* will be held at the Hotel Sheraton, Boston, Feb. 9, 1946. Reception at 12:15; luncheon at 1:15.

Chicago Lasell Club

The North Shore Group of the *Chicago Lasell Club* has been meeting once a month at the homes of members, and all report very enjoyable times. In June *Julia Potter Schmidt*, '06, of Evanston, was hostess. The July meeting was held at the home of *Margherita Dike Hallberg*, '10, in Park Ridge. *Eleanor Rinebold Struve*, '24, had the August meeting in Winnetka, and *Catherine Morley King*, of Wilmette, was September hostess. Those attending at least one of these meetings were: *Helene Grashorn Dickson*, '22; *Linky Kuehl Dawson*, '21-'22, *Eleanor Rinebold Struve*, '24, *Gladys Purdy O'Connor*, '28, *Catherine Morley King*, '29, *Louise Funkhouser Colegrove*, '09, *Julia Potter Schmidt*, '06, *Dorothy Taggart Krumsieg*, '32, *Audrey Reeman*, '46, *Gertrude Wagner*, '28, *Margherita Dike Hallberg*, '10, *Alice Wry Anthony*, '24, *Evelyn B. Potts*, *Betty Schmidt Krause*, and *Ruth Colton*, faculty.

Connecticut Valley Lasell Club

The 39th annual meeting of the *Connecticut Valley Lasell Club* was held on Saturday, Oct. 6, 1945, at the City Club in Hartford. Luncheon was served at 1:15 P.M. after which the business meeting was called to order by President *Helen Burwell*, '33.

The secretary's report was read and accepted as was the treasurer's report. *Helen Merriam Cornell*, '02-'03, of the Honor Roll Committee reported the deaths of *Miss Grace W. Irwin* and *Dr. Russell E. Waitt*.

It was voted that a \$25 Victory Bond be purchased by the club.

Harriette Case Bidwell, '22, chairman of the Nominating Committee, called for nominations from the floor. Officers elected were: *Faye Wadhams Smith*, '38, president; *Dorothy Donaldson Morris*, '41, vice president; *Shirley House Campbell*, '41, secretary-treasurer. Executive Committee: *Marion Griffin Wolcott*, '16, chairman; *Mary Ramsdell*, '44; *Marjorie Allyn*, '42; *Maxine Williamson*, '43. Publicity: *Gladys Kennedy Young*, '27.

Miss Mac McClelland and *Mrs. Elvia Davis*, our guests from Lasell, gave us a full and interesting account of affairs at college.

The meeting was adjourned at 4:30 P.M.

Julia Case, '32, secretary-treasurer

Vermont Lasell Club

The annual meeting of the *Vermont Lasell Club* was held at the Montpelier Tavern on Oct. 20, 1945. Twenty-six members and our guest from the college, *Miss Mary W. Blatchford*, registrar, gathered for luncheon at one o'clock.

Priscilla Barber Fitch, '30, president, introduced *Miss Blatchford*, who brought us up to date on the changes at Lasell. We were delighted to have her as our guest.

Members voted to hold the next meeting at Montpelier, as it seems to be the most central point for everyone. We send our greetings to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Miss Potter, and our many friends at Lasell.

Elsinor Prouty, '43, Secretary

The following members were present:

Bertha Hooker Willey, Staff '18-'38; *Maud L. Shurtleff*, '93-'94; *Cora Penniman McFarland*, '03-'04; *Theia Powers Watson*, '08-'09; *Marion Hale Bottomley*, '10; *Clara Perry*, '18-'19; *Beulah C. McFarland*, '20; *Sarah F. Crane*, '22; *Elizabeth Madeira Campbell*, '22; *Isabelle Whitcomb Jackson*, '23; *Evelyn Ladd Rublee*, '28; *Priscilla Barber Fitch*, '30; *Kay Fitch Chesley*, '30; *Margaret Pearl Ide*, '36; *Marjorie Stuart Olds*, '36; *Helen Hamilton Allen*, '37-'39; *Margaret Gibb Jackson*, '40; *Barbara F. Read*, '39-'40; *Gerry Bixby Averill*, '41; *Lucille M. Hooker*, '41; *Mary P. Bottomley*, '42; *Elsinor Prouty*, '43; *Barbara J. Scott*, '43; *Hope Daigneault*, '45; *Carol Quance*, '45; *Elsie M. Simonds*, '45.

Worcester County Lasell Club

A picnic supper meeting, June 19, at the home of *Barbara Ordway Brewer*, '35, in Shrewsbury, brought to a close another successful year of the Worcester County Lasell Club. Under the presidency of *Joanne Bohaker Smith*, '38, we had an interesting and varied program. *M. Gladys Kenney*, '26-'27, *Louise Cenedella Kidd*, '33, *Dr. Mary C. Shannon*, '20-'21, *Lucille LaRiviere Disbrow*, '40, and *Doris Barry Ponte*, '40, entertained for the business meetings, and we had dinner meetings too. During the Christmas recess we entertained the undergraduates at tea.

The girls contributed puzzles, games, and playing cards to the Lovell General Hospi-

tal, and raised money to purchase an electric phonograph for the men there. *Louise Cenedella Kidd*, *Lucille LaRiviere Disbrow*, and *Margaret Christie*, '35-'36, served on the committee.

At the annual meeting in April the following officers were elected for the coming year: *Eleanor Parmer*, '39, president; *Lucille LaRiviere Disbrow*, '40, vice president; *Sylvia Browning Thompson*, '31-'32, treasurer; *Virginia Bascom Fay*, '33-'34, recording secretary; *Elsie Bigwood Cooney*, '17-'19, corresponding secretary; *Marion Parmer*, '41, publicity; *Joanne Bohaker Smith*, '38, *Jane L. Maynard*, '44, and *Nancy L. Smith*, '44, board of management.

Elsie Bigwood Cooney, '17-'19,
Corresponding Secretary

[At the October meeting of the executive committee of the Worcester County Lasell Club it was necessary to make changes in the list of officers due to the president's accepting a position out of town and the husbands of two of the girls returning from service. The corrected list of officers is as follows: *Lucille LaRiviere Disbrow*, '40, president; *M. Gladys Kenney*, '26-'27, vice president; *Jane L. Maynard*, '44, treasurer; *Nancy L. Smith*, '44, recording secretary; *Elsie Bigwood Cooney*, '17-'19, corresponding secretary; *Marion Parmer*, '41, publicity; *Joanne Bohaker Smith*, '38, *Dorothy Inett Taylor*, '30, and *Marion Kingdon Farnum*, '29, board of management.—Ed.]

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WINTER 1946

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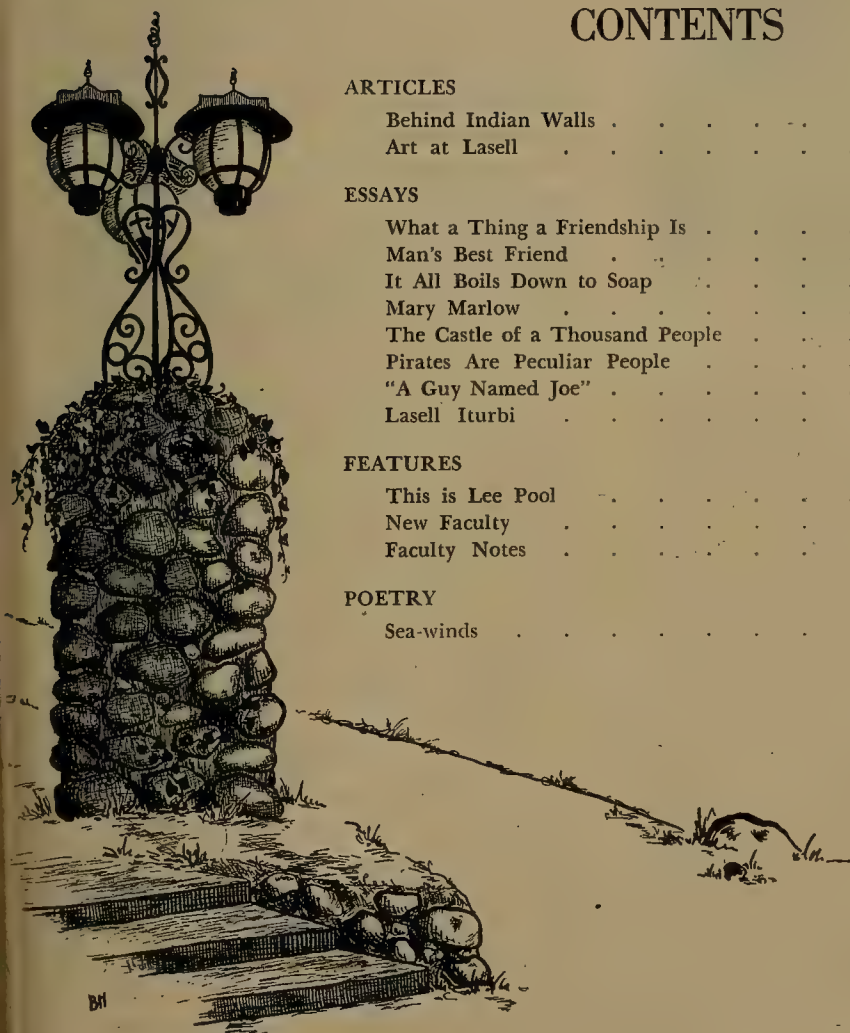
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EDITORIAL COMMENT



LUCY CLARK

What the crystal ball reveals as a brilliant future in the dramatic and literary world for Lucy Clark, our Associate Editor, will not surprise anyone, least of all Lucy herself. For the past nineteen years she has been following the path of the footlights and the manuscript, gaining her first experience at Brighton High School in Brighton, her home town. Lucy, a senior, has given many sparkling performances in the Lasell productions of "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," "Kind Lady," "Why the Chimes Rang," "Gowns, Heads, and Hearts," and, more recently, "Claudia." Lucy admires Ezio Pinza and Sarah Bernhardt, and loves character roles, unconventional essays, doughnuts, and pin-up pictures. Just what college will claim her next is still a question with Lucy, but life will always be a pink circus with this Cushing-ite around.

Anne Nelson is the Art Editor of the

LEAVES, a position for which she is well qualified. She is an advertising and fashion major at Lasell and hopes to carry on those lines of work as a career when she completes her studies.

Anne, in her duties as Art Editor of the LEAVES, draws the covers for all of the issues during this school year. Last year, although not on the staff, she contributed several sketches for full-page illustrations.

Anne is a day student, commuting every day from her home in Jamaica Plain where she went to high school. Her hobbies are knitting and semi-classical music.

The business manager of the LEAVES is Kay Wilson, who was a journalism major at Syracuse University before coming to Lasell. Kay calls herself a girl without a home town, because she has moved around so much. Born in Buffalo, she now lives in Auburndale, and is an officer in the non-official Day Hop Society.

In time, she hopes to get in the writing field "via radio or publicity work." Kay loves people, especially, she says, strange ones in strange places. No athlete, Kay swims and bowls a little, only because she can't spend all her time reading. She loves music from opera to boogie, but frankly loathes hill-billy and cowboy attempts at it.

Although Kay is not an ardent hobbist, she collected miniature dogs and horses avidly until she had to clean her own room. Now she concentrates on live pets, and at present has a red cocker spaniel named Copper Katie.

Kay feels she has two glaring failings. Although she was a girl scout, she hates housework and will cook only when no one is around. In addition, she feels that she will never make a good New Englander as she likes upper New York state too much.

LEAVES STAFF FOR 1945-46

Editor-in-Chief—GRACE RAYFUSE
Associate Editor—LUCY CLARK
Art Editor—ANNE NELSON
Advisor—MISS MARION JAMES

Business Manager—KATHLEEN WILSON
Staff Members—NORINNE WHITE
ELAINE REED
JACQUELINE DARCY

BEHIND INDIAN WALLS

Miss Constance Blackstock, the author of *Behind Indian Walls*, was born in Shahjahanpur, United Provinces, India. She was educated at the Wellesley Girls' High School in Naimi Tal and then here at Lasell. After completing her work in 1909, Miss Blackstock went on to Goucher College and graduated from there in 1913. Returning to India, she taught in the Isabella Thoburn College at Lucknow. When she came back to the United States, Miss Blackstock taught English here at Lasell. She remained here for twelve years, during six of which she had charge of the LEAVES. Since 1936, when she sailed for India, Miss Blackstock has been the Principal of the Lucie Harrison Girls' School at Lahore. Because the war prohibited ocean travel, Miss Blackstock only recently was able to return to the United States on the liner *Gripsholm*. She is studying for her second Master's degree now in the School of Education at Boston University. She expects to go back to India next year.

.

GIRLS are the same under the skin the world over. Indian girls will scream as long and as loudly should a mouse run across the floor as American girls have been known to do. They love parties, delight in putting on all their finery, revel in jewelry, chatter as they dress, and take just as long to get ready for a special occasion as do their Lasell counterparts. The Western world has long been intrigued by the veiled woman of the East or what is known as *purdah* in India, literally meaning a curtain. Often the visitor to India whose sight-seeing has been confined to the larger cities has felt that he has been misinformed, for in Bombay, Madras, Calcutta or Lahore he has seen Indian women driving cars, or he has noticed their use of lipstick, lacquer for their nails and permanents for their hair. They have been anything but veiled. However, these have been the women touched by the West and emancipated. Unfortunately they represent only a very small fraction of the whole,

for the majority of Indian women lead a very dull and drab life. However, the surface has been cracked and the war is bound to make the crack very much larger, for it has given an opportunity to the girl from the poorer middle class home to emancipate herself. The lucrative war pay benefiting the entire family has been the bait by which she has been allowed to become a Wac or a Wren. At first it was only Christian girls who "joined up," but later many hundreds of Hindus and Muslims followed.

In my acquaintance there is a Muslim woman who has her Ph.D. from London University and who has never married, but who up to date has kept very strict *purdah*. At present she is principal of a woman's college, but she has served as a government inspector. Her clerical force while in that office was entirely male. She often had business with the Director of Public Instruction and the Minister of Education, men in each case, and yet she prided herself on having done all business with a screen between herself and these mere males. Her case would be regarded as exceptional, for most Muslim women who have foreign degrees have also thrown off the veil. But the majority with Indian degrees still stick to *purdah*.

Once on a train I had as my travelling companions a Rani (noble lady), her two daughters, aged twelve and ten, and their three serving women. The mother and the daughters were heavily veiled in Muslim fashion. The mother was a beautiful, refined and cultured woman with classic features and aristocratic to her finger tips. She remarked that she was thirsty and, thinking she was a Muslim and so would not keep caste, I offered her water from my thermos flask. I was surprised to discover that the family was Hindu, but the Rani explained that since she lived amongst Muslims, for her own protection she had adopted their costume. She very courteously declined and explained that she would have to take an over-all and complete bath in *running water* before she could have a drink!

This she proceeded to do at a station where the train halted half an hour for the rest of us to have dinner in the refreshment room. Not only did she keep purdah, but her caste called for these meticulous regulations regarding eating and drinking. Her daughters had to observe the same rules as their mother.

One day shortly after this journey there appeared at my office a girl dressed in a smart uniform. She saluted briskly as I looked up. I had difficulty in recognizing her and she, having caught the puzzled look on my face, said, "I'm Catherine Rura Mall." "You can't be," I exclaimed, much to her amusement. The Catherine Rura Mall that I had known was a delicate thing, threatened with T.B. and whom we had fed extra milk and eggs when she had been in school with us.

I asked her what she was doing as a Wac and was dumbfounded when she told me that she was a truck driver and that she had come in a convoy from Jukundur, about 100 miles from Lahore. When I told her that I didn't believe her, she pulled out her license and showed it with great pride. "But how do you managed about English?" I said, for she had a very limited background in English and I knew her officers probably spoke in that lan-

guage, whether they were Indian or English. "Oh," she answered, "I have a little book called Hindustani-English which I study all the time and if I don't understand a word I go away as quickly as possible and look it up in my book." "But what do you do about repairs?" I further queried. "We're taught simple repairs, but if I can't manage, I go to the nearest telephone and call for someone to help."

I could scarcely believe that this well-poised, self-assured little thing (she was only about 5 ft. 3 or 4 in.), was the delicate girl I had known only a few months before. Her family were simple, village folk, desperately poor and she, no longer able to stand the sight of their destitute condition, had had the courage to do the last thing expected of her. She later was sent to Bengal and I do not know what the future holds for her, but I am confident that the Catherine Rura Malls are going to be unwilling to come back to boredom and virtual slavery. Her mother was a widow and some of her family wanted to marry her off. This act of independence was her answer and will probably be the answer of many like her who will want to choose their own husbands.



A MOHAMMEDAN TOMB

If I were asked to name one item which has kept India from becoming a united nation, I should venture to say that it has been because she has been and still is caste-ridden. The war has cracked the surface of caste also, for I have seen Hindu soldiers enjoying their dry rations of tinned salmon and fruit, a thing absolutely forbidden by the rigors of caste. I mention the soldiers as they are not representative of the really educated classes, many of them scarcely literate. Again in the large cities the visitor to India has seen Indian men and women dining together, eating Western food, he has seen them dancing to jazzy tunes, and he has wondered about caste. Once again these represent but an infinitesimal fraction of the whole, but one welcomes it as tiny as it is.

One night I had the senior class come to my room for a little frolic. I served refreshments and so had carefully provided fruit so that the Hindu girls would be able to join us since the fruit skins protected the edible bits for them. I noticed that none of them ate the fruit and before leaving the Brahmin girl explained. [The others were not Brahmins but had taken their cue from her.] She said, "I'm so sorry, Miss Blackstock, to seem ungracious when you have provided so thoughtfully for us Hindu girls, but if I ate with you it would be breaking caste. As you know, for myself I do not care, but, since my grandfather and aunt have saved me from the dreadful life of a child widow (her husband had died when she was about ten) and have sent me to this school, I feel I must express my gratitude to them by at least observing caste." Incidentally these girls had their own dining room and their own Brahmin cook. Such are the ramifications of caste.

I was stationed at one time in a small Indian town where numerous garden parties were given by "the gentry" as they called themselves. At that time my mother and I were the only European women in town and so the only women to be seen at these parties. The town was too small for any Indian woman to dare to show her face. Among our hosts was a very prominent lawyer, said to



SENIOR CLASS AT LUCIE HANNISON GIRLS' SCHOOL, LAHORE

be the best criminal lawyer in our province, and I had known that he had had his education in England and so took it for granted that he did not "keep caste." To my amazement he told me that he did. He said that he had not done so for some years after his return to India, and on account of this his wife had left him to dedicate her life as a Jain priestess in the big temple in Delhi. One day he had decided that since he was a Hindu he should identify himself more fully with his community. He had therefore gone through the various ablutions, paid large sums of money to the priests, and had been finally reinstated into his caste. Since that time he had observed all caste regulations.

In the same town I had friends who were Kashmiri Brahmins. As so often happens, the husband no longer kept caste, but his wife did. She said that she was compelled to do so in order to get a suitable husband for her daughter. However, her husband "joined up" in the war and was sent to France. He wrote her glowing accounts of the real companionship between husband and wife. On his return he found that she had not only given up caste but was willing to go for a walk with him after dark. She said that she felt that she had to adjust her ways to his if she wished to keep his affection.

Such are the regulations of caste, and it has been said that if it were not for the Brahmin hierarchy in Benares, caste would the more easily disintegrate and disappear.



CAST OF "CLAUDIA"

Seated: Left to right—Hibbard James, Patricia Luther, Virginia Morse, Frances Oden, and Sally Ott.
 Standing: Left to right—Philip Mayer, Lucy Clark, William Mayleas.

It is certainly bound up with the religious practices of Hinduism and as long as India remains illiterate there is slight hope of any change. Like so many other things it has its inconsistencies. A high caste servant who worked in the garden took medicine from me but went across the street to get the water, with which it had to be mixed, from a well that Brahmins only could use. And I believe it will be for the women of India to lead the way, for they hold the real power in the home. There is no country in which religion is held in higher respect, nor in which places of religious worship, no matter

what the faith is, are more revered and honored. India's spiritual and material resources are great, and even though education is a long and slow process I believe it will win in the end. In March 1944, I was thrilled at the closing exercises of the school year to have one of the Muslim girl in the senior class hand me an envelope with ten dollars in it, the contribution of the three Muslim girls in the class "to buy something to beautify our chapel, our place of common worship." Such a thing would have seemed miraculous a decade or so ago.

Constance E. Blackstock

"...WHAT A THING A FRIENDSHIP IS..."

"You're my friend!

"What a Thing friendship is, world without end!"

BROWNING

HELEN. She's a year younger than I am. She's my friend, you know. But there! How can I explain our friendship to anyone? It is such a strange quiet relationship that I cannot crystalize it into exact words . . . and now, trying to turn it into neat, precise little rows, I find I can only capture the fragments instead of the essence.

There are the facts, relatively meaningless and misleading, but they are a part of the picture, so by all means let us have them. Born November 14, 1927, in Brighton, Massachusetts, of Greek extraction. She must have been a thin, shy child, too quiet, too old-world for Brighton, but I can't tell too much about her childhood for I've only known her a year. I'm sure though, from things she's said, that it was like mine, full of books and loneliness. It contained the joy of scuffling through crisp, dry leaves on cold fall days, the pleasantly nostalgic smell of wet raincoats at the Saturday movies, and the delight of walking in the first, soft winter snow-fall, watching the flakes make starry patterns on her sober jacket.

She is beautiful, I know. Her erect car-

riage, her tall, slender body are as graceful as a caryatid of the land of her ancestors, and surely her pale olive face, with its classic, carven profile, its great brown eyes, and sweetly lopsided mouth is one that might have belonged to her ancient namesake, the immortal Helen.

She loves the same things as I do, and we do them all together. We love to read: dark, dramatic poems; stories of ancient lands, classics hidden in dusty splendor on long-unused shelves in the recesses of the libraries; and plays, all the plays we can find. We love the movies, English and French pictures made with that intense naturalism, that can reduce us to tears of joy and appreciation. It was our mutual love of the ballet that brought us together. I can remember a girl during the first weeks of school, neglected by the other, older, more experienced girls, asking me shyly, "What are you reading?" And with my answer, "The Life of Nijinsky," two kindred spirits had found each other. She is extremely critical at the ballet where we go, sitting in the gallery to afford more trips, and she can quickly spot a shoddy entre-chat or a pirouette that is not turned as cleanly as it might be. She regrets, often and volubly, that we were born too late for the great days of Nijinsky, Pavlova, Karsavina, Legot, and

the glorious Diagilhev Ballet, as well as Duse, Bernhardt, Calve, Barrymore, and even Marilyn Miller.

We have never met each other's families, for we see each other only in the between-world of Boston, as we roam happily through the libraries, museums, and theatres, always talking, too deep in discussion to pay attention to any commonplace things like intersections and traffic lights.

She talks slowly, almost drawlingly, choosing her words with care. She listens well, and as a pair, we can talk for four or five hours or more, alternately and incessantly. We wander aimlessly about Boston, schoolbooks heavy on our arms, going nowhere but feeling more contented at these times than any other.

As exact opposites we each supply one-half of a whole being—she is the dark and cool side of me that cannot shine through my

colorless hair and pale eyes, while I serve as the iron-practical anchor to her too-extravagant flights of fancy.

I cannot tell what will come of our friendship. I only know that we have natures that complement each other, and I know that I can never forget her slight figure dressed in a polo coat, with an orange silk scarf over her sleek hair, and with the flat-heeled moccasins she wears to school.

Though we have been talking steadily every moment we can wangle for over a year, we haven't even begun to exhaust our subjects. We intend to go on talking as long as we are together—and we hope that that will be a long time.

You see, I can't make it seem half as true or real as it is. I can't make it seem other than a school-girl friendship. It would require a far better writer and far more space and time.

Lucy Tupper

MAN'S BEST FRIEND

NO PERSON is more aware of the fact than I that there is no better friend or pal than a dog, whether he be a lilliputian pomeranian or a gargantuan bloodhound. Since my early childhood, there has always been a dog in our house until last summer when my English setter contracted pneumonia and died.

I used to attend many "field trials" with him, because he was from the bird dog family. As far as I'm concerned, people can keep their horse races and their dog tracks. To me the most beautiful way to spend an afternoon is to attend a field trial.

I remember one autumn day in particular. The leaves had fallen recently and the yellowish brown fields filled the air with the staunch aroma of freshly harvested hay. It was in a field like this that the trial was held and a silver cup awarded to the winner.

The judges on their horses looked like kings. My dog was then led out by his trainer with numerous others. "Blackie", as I called him, strutted along with his nose high

in the brisk air looking as if he knew he had the world at his feet. The bird was hidden in the thick underbrush some distance in front of us, and when the signal was given to go, my dog seemed to fly out in front of the other dogs and pick up the scent of the bird. As he came to an abrupt stop my heart almost skipped a beat, for he went into the most beautiful point I have ever witnessed in my life. He held that point until he was called off. When the bird was flushed and killed, he galloped over and retrieved his "prize".

I know that I was the happiest person in the world when he was awarded the shiny silver cup; but I was even happier when he trotted over to me and put his cold wet nose on my hand. I then picked up my large prize bundle and took him to the car, where he slept with his head on my lap all the way home.

Whenever anyone asks me if I like dogs, I find myself in a state of inarticulation, for I can never express the love I hold for them.

Betty Ann Williams



P. M. Lase
12-6-45

IT ALL BOILS DOWN TO SOAP!

SOAP advertisements annoy me, and no matter how hard I try I cannot avoid them. They are in newspapers, in magazines, on billboards, and on the radio every five minutes. Some are so fantastic it is difficult to understand that there are people who actually believe in them. There seems to be a soap to fit every situation.

If you are very lonely and your friends avoid you, a foghorn warns you in time and a cake of Lifebuoy comes to the rescue. For those who are ambitious, opportunity knocks in the Chipso box. Does washing hayfever make your Mondays blue? Use anti-sneeze Rinso, the finest washing soap there is and assure yourself that Gray, the tattletale, won't tell on you. I used to hate baths when I was a baby, but through no fault of my own. Mother didn't know about Swan, the babies soap, at the time. I would have had so much fun playing with that pure white floating soap.

The soap advertisers employ suspense, drama, and even music to get you to purchase their product. Here are three examples heard on the radio which illustrate the advertiser's tactics:

A silky-voiced announcer gives the following benefits: "This product makes dishwashing a snap, and keeps your hands lovely and soft." My curiosity is immediately worked up. I wonder, is he advertising paper dishes, an automatic dishwasher (human or otherwise), or some skin lotion? The suspense is killing me. "Yes, ladies, Chiffon Flakes give you all these."

Then, I am deeply touched by the drama from life which goes something like this:

"Ellen, why are you crying?"

"Oh Susan, Jim never takes me to bridge parties anymore. He works over time at the office purposely, so I won't ask him to go out."

"Ellen, no husband admires a wife with rough, red, dishpan hands. Why don't you use Ivory—it's so mild and gentle." While the announcer is changing the needle for the continuation of the transcribed advertisement, I

picture Ellen washing her delicate silks and dishes with Ivory with Jim looking on and urging her to hurry. The transcription continues.

"Hello, Susan, this is Ellen. I just had to call you and thank you for your advice. Why, last night Jim paid so much attention to my hands, he forgot about his hand (bridge) and we lost the game."

I shudder with Mr. Bizet when music from *Carmen* is used in the Super Suds light opera. The hero, a heavy bass, sings to the fair maiden, "For dirty duds use Super Suds," to the tune of *The Toreador* song. The interests of literature lovers are aroused with "Duz does everything,"—and Shakespeare thought his puns were good. By this time I have turned off the radio and am trying to read the newspaper.

I try to keep my eyes glued on the editorial page, but the picture of Veronica Lake lures me away. "Every girl should have a lovely complexion," says Miss Lake. "Lux toilet soap makes your skin soft and smooth." Nine out of ten screen stars use it.

I pity the old maids as I admire the picture of a handsome naval officer and his pretty bride leaving the church. How did she do it? "She picked him right out of the air—thanks to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet." The soap for beautiful women gives you "the skin you love to touch." In other words, an old maid is a yes-girl who never used Camay.

But the one for the books is Physicians' and Surgeons' soap, made since 1895. This soap is especially used "for cleansing wounds and sores, washing gentlemen's beards, washing ladies' eye brows and eye lashes, and for bathing and shaving purposes. It will not attack the skin in summer or winter." I wonder what happens if you use it in spring. That is, if you are willing to pay the price which is never mentioned when the soap is advertised.

When I was on a farm in Manchester last summer, the whole family was isolated for a week because of heavy rain. We ran out of

soap and my uncle Nick fortunately knew how to make some. We named it *Nick's Dardanelles Soap* because my uncle came from the Dardanelles and it was there he learned how to make it. His formula is not kept in secrecy. The soap contains fat, lye, water,

and borax. It does not make you a movie star or acquire you a husband. It does not make your marriage a success or prevent you from sneezing. But, it does guarantee to remove dirt.

Anne Scarlatus

MARY MARLOW

THE tall, slim figure, in her trim, green uniform, stood erect and still before the group of eager young Girl Scouts. She raised her right hand. The first and second fingers touched her forehead. Twenty small hands followed her in the salute. Then a bell-like voice announced the parting words, "Good-night, Scouts." A soft smile seemed to cover her entire face and set her kind brown eyes sparkling.

Her smile brought answering ones from the young girls, who so often looked to their Scout leader for guidance. They came up to her one by one, some, just to say, "Goodbye, Mrs. Marlow, I had a wonderful time," and others, to look at her with shy, adoring eyes as she gave them an encouraging hug.

When the last happy child had left, Mary Marlow slowly let her tired body sink into a chair. Her well-kept, shapely hand wearily brushed back from her forehead a few strands of dark, brown hair, slightly tinged with gray. Her day of Red Cross and Girl Scout duties had been a busy one. For a few moments, her mind was closed to the world.

Mary Marlow was a woman whom every citizen of Lynbrook loved and admired. "Ask Mrs. Marlow. She'll be glad to do it," was the usual remark when there was some town or patriotic duty to be done. Junior Red Cross, Girl Scouts, Parents-Teachers, Community Chest—they had learned of the willingness and capabilities of this sweet, charming person, who seemed to draw children to her, and win the ungrudging admiration and thanks of her neighbors.

In a few minutes, she straightened up, her

brown eyes regained their eager look, and with firm, steady strides she started home. In the October wind, Mary's natural wavy hair blew away from her face, drawing attention to her perfect features. Free from make-up, her Grecian shaped nose wore a child-like shine.

Soon, cheerful humming noises were heard in the Marlow kitchen, and pleasing odors floated in the air. There were cries of "Hello, Mom, what's cooking?" from childish voices, and the baritone notes of a male voice were saying, "Mary, you're a sight for sore eyes—bright and chipper. I bet you've done twice what I have today, but I'm dead tired."

Mary Jane Carl



ART AT LASELL

THE art department of Lasell Junior College can offer a wide number of attractions to the student, no matter what her ability may be. Talent, naturally, is a great aid, but not completely necessary. Those various people, whom you have heard protesting hopelessly, "but I can't even draw a straight line", are not really aware of the artistic problems involved. Interest and enthusiasm can in large part make up for the natural gift of talent. And slowly as the student's chosen course progresses, she becomes increasingly familiar with the necessary principles of art. She may even find that she had considerable talent all the time, but so hidden that she had not discovered it.



Even if she feels that mechanical application is far beyond her powers, the history and appreciation of art course, taught by Mrs. Krause, will offer her great pleasure and a new understanding of artistic standards.

This course takes the study of art in the Western World from Egypt down to the present time. Much of the teaching is done through the use of slides and pictures as well as the lecture, for, as Mrs. Krause says, "You cannot talk about art; you have to see it." Appreciation of the art of any period also requires a knowledge of the philosophy of the times which it reflects and an understanding of the materials and the tools with which the artists worked. The student learns to appreciate art objects from the point of view of the people who conceived them. Without achieving this aspect of interpretation, true understanding is impossible. The student also must evaluate art through its intrinsic qualities, not merely through her personal

reaction. To do this, she must acquire—along with the above-mentioned knowledge of philosophy of the times—a knowledge of principles of art as applied to drawing, painting, sculpture, and architecture. To help perfect her critical abilities, she is frequently asked to write comparisons of art forms not previously discussed in class. In this work she must depend upon her own application of these principles.

One of the major purposes of the course is to understand present trends, only possible if the student knows the past on which the present builds. Sculpture, painting, and architecture are not the only forms of art emphasized. Mrs. Krause includes a discussion of the minor arts, which are equally important in terms of appreciation; these include stained glass, mosaic, and metal work. Contemporary arts, furniture and silver for example, are mentioned and related to the standards which govern the worth of all artistic products.

Mrs. Krause, from the historical point of view, opens the course with discussion of the arts of ancient Egypt, Greece and Rome. After study in these fields, development of early Christian art in Italy is shown as it emerges from its Roman sources. The student studies the progress of Romanesque art forms and their gradual alteration into the Gothic. Renaissance, Baroque, and Rococo types follow in order. Considerable emphasis is placed on the importance of the French school of modern painters and, as a conclusion to the historical survey, post-impressionism, cubism, dadaism, surrealism, and expressionism are all brought in to establish their place in the contemporary picture.

If the student wishes to go beyond the general appreciation of art and express her own creative abilities, she can get down to actual work with pencil and brush in the first year drawing and design course under the direction of Miss Hallam. With enough enthusiasm and effort, she will get along very well. First she makes contour drawings and learns



ART STUDIO AT LASELL

to use her knowledge of perspective automatically. Then she selects a spot anywhere around Bragdon—inside or out—where she makes charcoal sketches of stairways, sinks, doorways, or any other architectural element that will teach her the gradation of tone value. Miss Hallam shows the class slides illustrating the work of such artists as Rembrandt, Georgia O'Keeffe, Lionel Feininger, and Charles Sheeler, whose paintings are particularly helpful for the study of light and shade.

In order to gain a knowledge of rhythm, contrast, form, and movement, the class designs with paper sculpture. By playing spotlights on these abstract designs at night, the group then translates the three dimensional into the two dimensional with pastels. In this single project a good foundation of the above principles is obtained and in addition the student perfects her acquaintance with light, shade and form.

Later Miss Hallam teaches color theory and the principles of design. Semi-abstract, decorative patterns suitable for textiles, wall-paper, or wrapping paper give the student practical and original ideas which will be of help to her in her own home. For further practical application of artistic principles, the girls design music album covers after listening to the music itself. They also plan book illustrations as well as other similar projects.

The class studies the correct methods of lettering—so important in all lines of art.



Miss Hallam's course includes landscape painting when the weather permits. On rainy days figure drawing takes its place. Working in water color, pastel, flat decorative tempera, charcoal, etching, scratchboard, etc., the student can learn to bring her own ideas into these problems and work for originality of expression.

This course enables the student to experiment and to find confidence in her ability which develops through seeing and becoming familiar with both classical and contemporary art. Miss Hallam's final hope is that her students learn to "see"—to use their eyes and enjoy beauty—even in ugliness. She says, "Few people possess a 'pure vision'—a vision which will enable them to see objects as ends in themselves disregarding their subject matter. The ability to appreciate a shiny black door knob is the first step in seeing beyond surface appearances. The portrayal of character, mood, and emotions is better felt by the student who can experience this aesthetic pleasure."

After completing the first year course, the student can go on to second year drawing and design taught by Mrs. Krause. Here the subject matter is adapted to the student's choice. She can continue her interests which she discovered in the first year's work. Thus, at present, emphasis is placed on portraiture and figure drawing which this particular group of students enjoys. The course emphasizes studio work with originality foremost. Media such as charcoal, pen and ink, pencil, water color, oil, or tempera can be used. In addition to her own projects the student studies advanced problems in lettering, layout and flat pattern design applicable to textiles and wallpaper, etc. From this group the *LASELL LEAVES* and *Lasell News* get the main body of their illustrations and cover designs.

Next year this course will be divided. One section will concentrate on drawing and painting while the other includes design and crafts. The student will be able to take either or both.

Besides the more formal type of art course at Lasell, the student can find much pleasure



in the crafts class which is under the able direction of Miss Carter and Miss Hallam. The course includes work in leather, metals, pottery, plastic, and paper mache. How proud is the student when she produces her first identification bracelet to wear as an example of her achievement. The girl not only originates the idea, but she makes her design, develops it, and actually uses it. She learns by doing.

This course aims to increase the agility of the hands and imagination in the creation of articles that will bring pleasure to the girl and her friends. The classes are informal, and work is done at long benches in the crafts shop, which is in itself very pleasant. Crafts is a means of relaxation; by working on the intricate toolings of a leather belt or silver ring, one can lose the mental strain caused by a busy day.

Work in metals consists of creating jewelry in silver and making copper bowls and ashtrays. The students of leather learn the fine arts of belt-making, handbag, and billfold

work. Some girls use the leather for sandals and other slipper patterns.

Pottery is also very interesting. At the workshop there are all the facilities for work on clay dishes, ashtrays, cups and saucers, jewelry boxes, pins, earrings, and beads. Many pupils enjoy making clay figurines, which are baked and then glazed in the kiln or oven.

Some craft students hope to go on with their work and make it a lifetime vocation. Some plan to teach crafts, while others are interested in occupational therapy and will work to reeducate hands effected by disease or war. Still others can make the most of their instruction for hobbies and pastime pursuits in private life.

All of these courses have a great deal to offer to the student, and in addition she can look into the opportunities of related courses such as fashion; advertising; applied color, line, and design; and interior decoration. She can make use of all these in professional activities, and they will be an asset to her in her own living where she can apply the principles to her role as consumer in choice of wardrobe and articles for the home.

SEA-WINDS

Oh, I am sick for the ocean,
For the wet and dripping sails.
My heart is out on the ocean,
On the rolling, heaving ocean,
And my heart cries out for the ocean
Whenever the north wind wails.

Oh, I am sick for the sea-spray,
For its tartness on my mouth,
For the biting knife of the sea-spray,
The sharp and salty sea-spray,
The keen white blade of the sea-spray
When the wind blows from the south.

While the sea-winds are singing, singing
Their clear, cold songs to me,
While I hear their woeful singing,
Their urgent, fevered singing,
While I hear their silent singing,
I never shall be free.

Lucy Tupper

THE CASTLE OF A THOUSAND PEOPLE

ONCE upon a time many, many years ago, a magnificent castle arose out of a beautiful forest in a land inhabited by wild, uncivilized people. The time—1780. The place—western Massachusetts. The inhabitants—the red men. One hundred and sixty-five years ago an eccentric Englishman decided that his fellow countrymen didn't know how to run their country and, instead of entering politics himself, he packed up and left Merrie England. His destination was that astonishing new country, the United States of America, where he hoped he could find a better managed government. Now our eccentric Englishman always got very seasick—at least he always had on his frequent trips across the Channel—and this trip to America was no exception. In fact, it broke all of his previous records for seasickness. Mr. Van Hooting, for that is his solemn and soul-stirring name, had a very special remedy for his "sailing inabilities" as he delicately called it. The solution was some vile mixture of molasses, milk, and salt and he would settle for nothing else. When it developed that the steward had not stocked molasses, Mr. Van Hooting—well to put it in his own words, "nearly split his convulsions." Mr. Van Hooting was always getting his expressions mixed. The steward called himself an American and thus Mr. Van Hooting developed his great hatred for Americans which lasted until they buried him in an American cemetery beside his American neighbors.

One look at this new continent where he had hoped to find a government that agreed with him and Van Hooting scoffed, "Government! I can't even find any civilized people to make up a country, much less form a government! Just a lot of patriots in three-cornered hats and one building." He was referring to Independence Hall in Philadelphia which stands today despite Van Hooting's blunt remarks. He headed for the next returning boat, but unfortunately there was no England-bound boat—for six months anyway. Declining the city life of the patriots

with their Liberty Bell, our hero headed for the wilderness. His final stopping place, after a treacherous journey, although he wasn't seasick this trip, was western Massachusetts and after great deliberation he decided to build his home there. Mr. Van Hooting would have liked to return to England; he loved his homeland sincerely except for that wretched government. So he decided to build himself an England minus government. There in the wilderness of Massachusetts, in a country where Indians still lingered, in a forest where wild animals stalked, a magnificent castle of stone literally rose out of the forest with its massive chimneys and many turrets.

The castle of Mr. Van Hooting, or Hooting Van's castle as it is spoken of today, is still standing for groups of sightseers, antique dealers, or small children dreaming of romance and Indians to see. It took ten years to build the castle. That is the reason Van Hooting never finished the English village he had planned. By the time he had collected all the best wood and the best stone—for nothing but the finest must go into his castle—and imported furniture from England, he found that ten years had flown by. So he sat in the best carved-oak chair in the best parlor and decided to take it easy for the rest of his life.

We can picture the proud owner sitting in that carved-oak chair as we look around the room today, for nothing has changed. He no doubt looked out from under shaggy brows with pride at the richly draped French doors and long windows, at the massive fire place and the tools with the English crest in gold on them, and at the heavy oak sofa and chairs brought from his castle in England. He even eased his foot over the same thick rug with its involved design in rich colors.

A great fortune has been spent since 1780 in keeping Hooting Van's castle in good condition. Private families, distant Van Hooting relatives and small communities have all contributed to the cause. Furniture that has

fallen apart with age has been replaced, but the collection in this castle was so expensive and made so well that most of it has stood the years very well. With a few cleanings and polishings, it looks as it did when Van Hooting himself stalked through the eighty-six rooms.

When Mr. Van Hooting died, he left the castle to his nephew in England. Fortunately the nephew felt the same way about the English government as his uncle had so he packed up and left, bringing to America his wife, five children, and a pet parrot. Countless stories of the Van Hooting family have been discovered in diaries and old records found in the many rooms of the castle, and millions of visitors every pause to gaze at invitations to coronations, letters from famous English people, and long descriptions, written by the Van Hooting children, of America in the early 1800's.

The castle remained in the Van Hooting family for a great number of years and in those years an excellent gallery sprang up in the west wing of the castle. Visitors enjoy many a hearty chuckle as they feast their eyes on Great-aunt Hepzibah, Grandfather Archibald with his two foot beard, the Civil War heroes, and the hundreds of other solemn family portraits which give us a better-than-words description of the Van Hooting generations. In the meantime, towns were springing up all around the castle and many civic-minded citizens declared the castle was an eyesore and motioned to have it torn down and a library or post-office erected in its place. But the castle continued to stand there with a bored air as the debates concerning it grew fiery and involved. Only once did it seem to lose its uninterested look and that was when the towns united to form one and the name of the town became Hootingville.

A very important town-meeting was held one evening to decide what was to become of Hootingville's eye-sore. Should it be torn down? What about opening it to the public as a museum and letting it pay for its own upkeep by charging admission? Or should

it just stand there, dismal and neglected? The important men of the town finally reached a popular decision. The town of Hootingville would use the castle. The people would set up offices in some of the rooms. They would turn the extensive grounds into a park and allow the town organizations to rent rooms or floors for annual banquets and dances. This has been the plan for the last fifty years and it is a huge success. Mothers wheel their children over the carefully kept gravel paths around the castle; sweethearts meet in the moonlight near the glimmering pools; naturalists come from miles around to study the trees and flowers on the huge estate carefully tended by an army of gardeners. Inside the castle, businessmen transact financial deals and then invite their associates to take a walk through Mr. Van Hooting's art gallery or his private parlors and banquet halls. The Rotary Club and American Legion meet in one of the largest halls for a gay evening, and children on Hallowe'en hire a whole floor of the castle and scare each other by popping out of secret panels.



When the eccentric Englishman, one hundred and sixty-five years ago, spent millions of dollars and many precious hours building a replica of his English castle, little did he

dream that his home would house so many people and give those people a chance to do, in one building, what it takes four or five buildings to do in some other town.

• Anne Valentine



PIRATES ARE PECULIAR PEOPLE

SO YOU'VE always yearned to be a pirate. For years a corner of your heart has been devoted to adventure and romance upon the high seas. Wait a minute, don't let this hidden passion run away with you until you hear some of the advantages and pitfalls of pirating. Then choose your path.

First off, to be a good pirate you must be either a good sailmaker, carpenter, goldsmith, lawyer, army major, or Irishman. These are the professions that have given birth to the Cream of Buccaneers.

Of course you may only want to be an ordinary pirate, that is, a member of the crew. Now there are two rules seamen must know when they take to piracy. The first one applies to able-bodied seamen with a relative or two on board learning the trade. If, in capturing a ship, a pirate loses a limb or an eye or an ear, he receives an extra reward when the loot is divided, and if he loses a relative in the fight he gets half the relative's loot. The second law applies to all able-bodied seamen with quick tempers. It is called the Moses Law, and states that "40 stripes minus one is to be afflicted for striking a fellow pirate."

Among various myths about pirates, there is a little misunderstanding that needs clearing up. Buccaneers did not make their victims walk the proverbial plank, as is so romantically portrayed in movies and novels. Major Stede Bonnet was the only pirate in history who made his luckless prisoners do this.

Now we come to the doings of pirates. We will speak of the meaner rascals first. There comes to mind a certain Captain Jean David, alias Francis O'Ilonais, a ruthless man, who was worse in his ways than even Captain Kidd or "Blackbeard". He had a violent dislike for Spaniards, and between meals would slice out the still beating hearts of these prisoners and nibble at them.

Other pirates were not as vicious as Captain David. We find that an "accomplished and bloody pirate", John Philips, who chopped up all his victims, still had time for qualms of conscience. When he was about to scuttle a captured Newfoundland vessel, he noticed that she belonged to a Mr. Minor of that Island, the man from whom he had stolen his original ship. He was so filled with remorse that he had the ship repaired and returned.

There were women pirates, too, of whom the most famous is Anne Bonne. She originally came from Ireland with her father, an attorney-at-law, who took her to Carolina when his business failed. Anne had a "fierce and courageous temper", and on one occasion slew her English servingmaid with a case knife. Except for a number of outbursts of this kind, she was a good and dutiful girl. Anne was attractive and when the time came, her father went husband-hunting for her, but Miss Bonne had her own ideas and fell in love with a good looking young sailor. They were secretly married, but as soon as the groom found she was not the rich heiress he

had expected, he slipped away to sea. Anne did not have much time to sigh over her lost lover, however, because soon the handsome, rich, devil-may-care pirate Captain John Rackam, better known as "Calico Jack", hove into sight.

The couple went on a piratical honeymoon until one day when a strange armed sloop was sighted on the horizon and the honeymoon ended. A grand battle ensued. Even though the men on the pirate ship behaved in a most cowardly fashion, Anne and a fellow pirate, Mary Read, fought like beavers until the bitter end. Finally the buccaneers were captured and all of them were thrown into an old-time Jamaican jail. On the dawn of the morning that all were to die, "Calico" was granted permission to see Anne for the last time. As he entered, her final words to

him were, "I'm sorry to see you here, for if you had fought like a man you need not be hanged like a dog."

Many pirates, however, were lucky enough to escape from certain death in prison. Also some prisoners at sea were able to escape from a similar bloody fate at the hands of pirates. One very notable escapade of the latter sort was contrived by the men seized by one Captain Philips, not to be confused with the above mentioned John Philips. These men, an Englishman, an American fisherman, and an Indian, tired of eating bread and water in the dirty old dungeon, rose up and killed Philips and two other pirate captains, won out over the crew and sailed home to Boston.

Still want to be a pirate?

Lucy Clark

THIS IS LEE POOL



IN SPITE of her serious duties as President of Lasell's Student Government, Louise Pool is a regular all-round girl. Lee ("I really like Louise, but my roommate began calling me Lee, and it's stuck") is the girl with lots of poise and sunniness, whom you see saying "hi!" to everyone. She's a senior, living in Clark during the school year, in Ohio during the summer, and in warm Florida at Christmastime.

Lee said, "I like hockey, volleyball, and winter sports," and this is shown in her active interest in last year's athletic teams, including crew. She loves Lasell, and chose it because she had never been to New England and

wanted to be near some large city like Boston. Lee's enthusiasm for New England—"its hills and peaceful towns, with majestic church spires"—extends even to the weather, which "I like because it's always something different, and, if I'm dressed for it, cold weather is wonderful."

Lee enjoys all music, especially the classics. When she's in a "philosophical" mood, she listens to symphonies and operas. "I had piano lessons for about eight years when I was very young, and only now am I beginning to appreciate them." Her other interests run to science and medicine ("I'm taking the med sec course, and love it"). Her aptness in her course led to working for a Dayton doctor last summer. "He was awfully patient with me, and didn't growl when I made mistakes." Lee wants to go on in this work as soon as she graduates this year.

Being an Orphean-ite, a staff reporter for the News, and a grand Student Government president keeps Lee pretty busy, but she still has time to be completely charming—a girl of whom we all can be proud.

Kay Wilson

"A GUY NAMED JOE"

HE WAS named after two uncles, William and Joseph. When Uncle Joseph made his annual visit to the household, the child's mother called him Joe and when Uncle William saw fit to pay a call, his mother called him Bill. At the age of six, William Joseph Schneider rebelled and announced to his parents, his seven brothers and sisters, and to the world at large that his name was going to be Joe. He didn't like Uncle William and Uncle Joseph always gave him pennies.

The family portrait hangs in the living room of the Schneider house. Joe is the one on the left, about ten years old, with the sandy colored cowlick and the serious expression on his face. He wouldn't smile because a few days before the picture was taken he had chipped his front tooth, sliding in the vacant lot.

In the eighth grade Joe won a gold medal in a spelling contest. He stood on the stage in his new knickers and his face slowly grew red with embarrassment as his changing voice cracked on each word he spelled. Ever afterwards, the only symbol the medal held for him was the trial of growing up.

In Joe's junior year of high school he bought a 1920 Chevrolet and learned to drive. He chauffeured his older brothers to the Senior Prom with their girls and picked them up again at midnight. He didn't have a girl. A shrug of the shoulders and a crooked grin were the only answers he gave his brothers when they asked and taunted him about this sore subject. "If I went to the Prom," he said, "then who would drive you?"

He wasn't an athlete in high school, but played baseball and basketball 'til dark every night after classes, and then trudged home from the playground to eat a cold, late supper.

Joe's room was on the third floor, and he would run up the two flights of stairs like a herd of stampeding cattle. It seemed as if the very roof would cave in. But the house withstood this, as well as the haphazard way he mended the back porch at fourteen, and

put the screens up, and drove baseballs through the back windows.

Joe delivered groceries for the local stores and soon was fairly well acquainted with many of the residents of Rutherford. "Those Schneider boys are wonderful, but I like that Joe," was the usual comment of the town in general. Yes, there was something about him. No one seemed able to put into words the qualities which Joe possessed. It wasn't the way he walked or the cleft in his chin, but more the twinkle in his eyes and the slow, easy way he smiled.

He entered Fordham, studied mathematics and played football. He was president of his junior and senior class. After commuting to school by train and subway for four years, he'd laugh and say, "I sway even when I walk."

His classmates and friends loved and idolized him. One night he brought seven of them home for dinner without telling his mother. "We always have plenty to eat at our house, and anyway Mother likes boys."

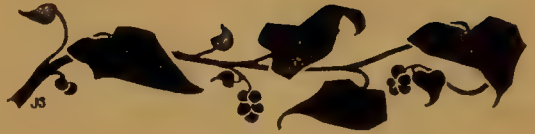
One summer Joe decided he wanted to fly, so he took lessons three times a week until he received his pilot's license. He saved all the money he could to buy a second-hand plane. He called it "Shining Lady", and loved flying almost as much as he did people.

In his senior year at college, Joe enlisted in the Air Corps a month before the war started. He received his wings, was commissioned a lieutenant, and went to England and other points all over the world. In two years he had attained the rank of major. His crew and the men who worked with him and under him knew his kindness, gentle humor and wisdom as the students at Fordham had, and those who had played on his baseball team when they were scrubby little boys with dirty faces.

Six months before the end of the war he received another gold medal. It was called the Distinguished Flying Cross, and his voice cracked a little when they gave him this one, too.

Joe is home now. He's more serious and he doesn't laugh as much as formerly, but he still stampedes up the two flights of stairs to the room on the third floor.

Marjorie Campbell



LASELL ITURBI

MOST of us have to resort to the radio or a record when we want to hear a favorite piece of music played as we love it. It is only rarely that we meet someone who can sit down to a piano and play like an expert.

Carol Lee Hriczko is one of the few who can do just that, and music is her hobby, not a vocation.

Carol is a tall blond with olive skin and sophisticated eyes. She seemed to fit in with Bragdon parlor, where she played several of her favorite pieces and told a group of us about her background. The room was thick-rugged and Victorian, suggesting the classic music Carol played.

As she played Claire de Lune, she talked about her favorite music. "I like the Hungarian Dance No. 2 and Kameni-Ostrow. I go for Beethoven, Mozart—anything of Chopin's." The last composer is most significant to Lasellites for Carol made her debut at Lasell playing his Polonaise.

"I have the radio on every minute of the day. Mostly classical music. But I hate slow music; I can't stand it, though I don't know why."

Carol enjoys popular music, too. She likes Duke Ellington and spends hours listening to Guy Lombardo. "For popular songs, I think I like 'The Very Thought of You,' 'Rustle of Spring,' and 'You Came Along' best just now."

Carol comes from a musical family. She was born in Perth Amboy, New Jersey, in 1927. Her father was a teacher of the violin; her mother at the time played the piano.

"My uncle taught piano and every year had a big recital. When I was nine, my family took me to South Orange to hear one. Afterward I went up and told him how wonderful

it had been, and he asked me if I wanted to take lessons. I did."

"I joined the school orchestra but the big event of the year was my uncle's annual concert. He'd sit on the left and tap the piano while I played. Once I skipped two pages and another time I began an octave low. Funny thing, no one seemed to notice."

At this time Carol was known in grammar school as the Green Hornet as she had developed a fanatic love of "The Flight of the Bumblebee" after playing it in one of the recitals.

"In those days, I played for the school, for the women's club, and for socials. But I was never more nervous than at Stunt Night this fall. I felt so funny playing such a classical piece as the Polonaise in dungarees."

Carol is studying to be a medical secretary. Last summer she worked in the Metuchen Hospital, where she played for the doctors in her spare time. She played duets with one doctor who called her Paderewski. But the piano came second to laboratory work.

"I've had other jobs too. One summer I rented rowboats. But I quit because I didn't get enough pay."

Carol played a romantic passage on the piano. Then she was playing Schubert's "Serenade." Magic enhanced her touch and timing. For a girl determined to be a medical secretary, Carol Lee Hriczko impresses you rather as a future Iturbi.

Darcy



NEW FACULTY

A newcomer this year to the Music Department at Lasell is Miss Persis Blake Kempton. She graduated from Skidmore College, Lowell Normal School, and Surret School of Music, and has taught more years than, as she says, "I can remember." Besides her classes in a Quincy private school for girls, her numerous outside lessons, and her work here at Lasell, she is very active in church groups. She sings in the choir and acts as choir directress, and her lovely contralto voice has been heard in various concerts around Boston.

In discussing her work, Miss Kempton says, "I think my love for music was fostered in me even before I was born. When I was big enough to reach the keys, my mother lifted me up on the piano stool, and I'd bang away to my heart's delight. When I was four, I made my mother gather the family group together on Sunday afternoon, and while she played, I'd stand before everyone and wave a baton. I was happy, although I didn't quite realize what it meant.

"My first piano lessons started when I was very young. Every note held a fascination for me. At fourteen I began voice instruction, but the idea of teaching one day was furthest from my thought."

Miss Kempton began her first year here with the prodigious task of testing the girls for Orphean, urging those with talent to take voice lessons. She has found every one of the girls "just grand," but then, that's not extraordinary, for teaching and people are the objects of her affection. She feels that there is nothing so personal as music, and that one can get very close to a person's highly sensitive moods through teaching music.



If you take a science course this year, you will have met Mrs. Blanchie Hall. She teaches geology, bacteriology, medical technology, and quantitative and qualitative chemical analysis. Such a long list of subjects doesn't seem to worry her in the slightest; as a matter of fact she enjoys it.

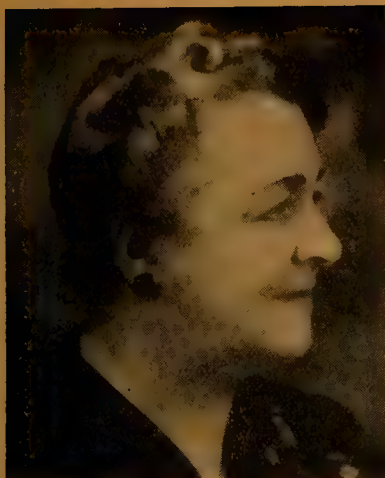
Mrs. Hall is a small, energetic woman with lively blue eyes, sparkling with intense interest as she talks, and she imparts her enthusiasm to her students.

A bachelor of science degree from Boston University started her off on her teaching career at her alma mater, then at the Brush Hill Private School in Milton, and later at the Newton Theological School.

Mrs. Hall entered the literary field as assistant editor of the *Nucleus*, a publication connected with the American Chemical Society. A research engineer and head of the chemical control laboratory for a radio firm, she was delegated to a convention of this same society.

Music is numbered among Mrs. Hall's many talents and she has played the violin with the Footlights Orchestra of Boston under the baton of Thompson Stone. She plays the piano and mandolin as well and has also done some solo singing in Newtonville and Newton Centre. Besides these interests, Mrs. Hall spends a great deal of her time in her garden. It is her pride and joy.

As she loves her garden, she also loves the country. It is her ambition to own a farm, a small one, with geese, goats, and special flowers. It is certain that with her many interests, she will never find the country dull.



Top row: Miss Kempton, Miss Hallam; Middle row: Mrs. Ford, Miss Gellevson; Bottom row: Miss Wethern, Mrs. Cousins.



Mrs. Jean B. Cousins, instructor of modern dance, is no stranger to these parts since she is a native Newtonite. But she is a new personality at Lasell.

Mrs. Cousins attended Miss May's School here in Boston and then went to New York to Sarah Lawrence College. Her enthusiasm and talent for the dance were cultivated under such people as Lilla Viles Wyman and Madame Paparella of Boston, Martha Graham and Charles Weidman of New York, Monsieur Lend of Le Hague, and Madame Espinosa of London.

Mrs. Cousins, in her teaching, desires the girls to learn to use their imaginations and adapt them to modern dancing. They must visualize the dance as a whole and not as a variety of different and individual steps. To be accomplished dancers they also should know music and related arts.

Mrs. Cousins, in addition to her regular class periods, is working with a dance club of girls from her classes, who have been studying technique, rhythm, and composition. This studio group will give a formal demonstration at Lasell on the twenty-seventh of March. After the recital, the group will begin to work on the pre-classic dance forms such as the court dances of olden times, the minuet, the saraband, the gavotte, pavane, and gigue. These are to be perfected in preparation for the June Fete.

A new instructor in our Art Department this year is Miss Beverly Hallam of Lynnfield, Massachusetts. She attended the Massachusetts School of Art where she received the degree of bachelor of science in Education. Miss Hallam was kept busy teaching even

while in school. She taught Saturday morning art classes for the Department of Art Education in Cambridge and for the Marblehead Art Association. After graduating last year, Miss Hallam came to Lasell to teach drawing and design, fashion workshop, and crafts. This year she is also teaching life drawing and painting Thursday evenings at the Boston Center for Adult Education. She is a member of the Institute of Modern Art in Boston and of the Eastern Arts Association.

Miss Hallam's painting entitled "Boy with Dog" was in the December exhibition of the Institute of Modern Art on Newbury Street in Boston.

In spite of this impressive array of activities, Miss Hallam still has time for other interests besides art. She has a fine collection of symphonic records and she herself plays many musical instruments. Another hobby



of hers is photography. She would like to take pictures of the students' work for future lectures.

She says, "I hope never to lose that enthusiastic feeling," and wants her students to "dare to be different—but to do the unusual in a usual way."

We are happy to introduce to you Miss Hilda Gellerson who is teaching mathematics at Lasell this year. She is replacing Miss Eleanor Perley, who resigned from her position in December. Miss Gellerson comes from Maine, Island Falls to be exact. From Island Falls she went to Lewiston to enroll at Bates College. Sciences interested Miss Gellerson more than other subjects, and she worked for her bachelor of science degree in chemistry with mathematics running a close second.

Before coming to Lasell Miss Gellerson taught chemistry and mathematics in schools



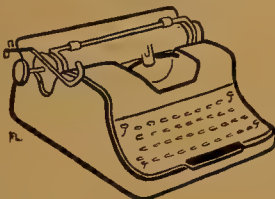
in her home state and in Connecticut. She has spent several summers at the Universities of Maine and Harvard taking courses in education.

The outdoors has a very special attraction for her. Hiking and bicycling through Maine interest her greatly, but of all the outdoor sports she enjoys, skiing is her favorite. As she puts it, "I'm not an expert, but I have fun."

Flying has also attracted Miss Gellerson for a long time and with the post-war period well underway now, she hopes to get a private pilot's license.

Now teaching general typing, shorthand, economics, and intermediate typing, Miss Margaret Wethern has come "home" again. When she left Lasell as a member of the class of '29, she went to work in an office. In 1942 she resumed her schooling at the White-water State Teachers' College, and graduated two years later. One of the high schools in her home state of Wisconsin was fortunate enough to have here as a commercial teacher for a year before she came to Lasell.

Miss Wethern likes to tell about her year in Clark Cottage when she was a student here. "Out of maybe a possible ten, about six of the offices at Lasell were headed by the girls in our house." She, herself, was the Business Manager for the LEAVES. She gave an amused smile and told of the intriguing experiences she had had hunting advertisements. "In the good old days, we had to hike in to town and stop at practically every



establishment we thought would be interested in advertising with us. We had fun doing it, too!"

A love for music and dramatics balances her classroom work. Another hobby of Miss Wethern's is collecting miniature horses of all sizes and shapes. "They're quite a family, but each has a name and some are replicas of well known horses. My friends started me on this avocation, and now I have so many I can't house them all.

Recently Miss Wethern has been doing graduate work at Columbia University Teachers College, where she has studied particularly in the field of personnel work.

Mrs. Ford attended Smith College where previous years has acted as a substitute in English and history courses, is now teaching a regular course in the history of civilization at Lasell.



Mrs. Smith attended Smith College where she was the associate editor on the staff of the *Smith Weekly*. She received her bachelor of art's degree in English.

Soon after graduating with the class of '24, she was married, and since that time bringing up her two daughters has kept her quite busy.

Mrs. Ford is an amateur connoisseur of antique glass and chinaware. "I love auctions," she exclaims, enthusiastically, "and I acquire some of my finest pieces there."

She also has a strong interest in politics, believing that everyone should take advantage of his voting opportunity, and above all know for what he is voting. Added to her other activities, there is her enthusiasm participating in Girl Scout work and in the Newton Smith College club, where she is vice-president of the organization.

FACULTY NOTES

Miss Perley Resigns

The LEAVES regrets to announce the resignation of Miss Eleanor Spofford Perley, instructor in mathematics. She was called home to Salem, Massachusetts, in October because of her mother's illness and subsequent death. During Christmas vacation, Miss Perley decided that her responsibilities there required her presence and tendered her resignation.

A graduate of Mount Holyoke College, she came to Lasell in 1924 and has given loyal service to the school since that time. While at Lasell, she continued her study of mathematics in the graduate schools of Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Boston University.

Miss Perley will be missed by her colleagues and students who remember with appreciation her friendly interest, her kindness, and her patience. All of these friends hope that she will come back to Lasell for frequent visits.

Miss Constance Blackstock spoke on "India Today" at the November 7 meeting of the International Relations Group of the Lasell Campus and Community Association, held at Bragdon Hall. A graduate of Lasell in 1909, and later (1924-36) instructor in history, English, and journalism at the college, Miss Blackstock is now a member of the faculty at Lucy Harrison Girls School, Lahore, India. She is in the United States for graduate study at Boston University.

Mrs. Albert F. Corbin, formerly Mrs. Alice Hillard Smith of the Lasell faculty and now a trustee of the college, is with her son-in-law and daughter, Col. and Mrs. Frederick W. Huntington, at Fort Hamilton, New York. Mrs. Huntington is the former Barbara Smith, '22.

Mme. Yvonne Birks, instructor in French from 1927-36, and her husband, the Rev. Alfred W. Birks, have sold their home in Natick, Massachusetts and are now living in Arlington, Virginia. Mme. Birks received her discharge from the W.A.C. last fall, and has

returned to the same work she had while in the Army. She writes that she has seen *Betty Black Boynton*, '38, who until recently was secretary to the Rev. A. Powell Davies, minister of All Soul's Church in Washington.

Miss Katherine A. Menges, member of the Lasell physical education department from 1932-36, and more recently a pilot with the U.S.A.A.F., has received her discharge from service, and is working at Bamberger's Department Store, Newark, New Jersey, as Assistant Director of Aviation. She sells airplanes and airplane parts, arranges trips, and flies to various airplane manufacturing plants and airports to keep up on latest developments. If you will stop in at the Aviation Department, sixth floor at Bamberger's, she will be glad to tell you a bit about flying and planes.

Dr. Elizabeth Kingsbury, instructor in science from 1936 to 1942 when she joined the Women's Army Corps, flew home from Bermuda where she was stationed with the Air Transport Command, just before Christmas, and has since received her discharge from service. Her home address is 526 Auburn Street, Auburndale 66, Massachusetts.

Mrs. Alice Paine Paul has been a National Field Adviser for the Girl Scouts for about two years. She drove over 20,000 miles in Texas, organizing, promoting and giving training. More recently she has been assigned to Region III with headquarters in Washington, D. C.; her special area being in north-eastern Pennsylvania. Mrs. Paul finds her work interesting, with many speaking dates and an occasional dance review. Lasell girls of 1937-42 will remember the delightful dance reviews which she produced while instructor in modern dance at the college.

Popular as switchboard operator at Lasell from 1938-44, Mrs. Walter Trull now has a similar position in the business office of the Star Market in Newtonville, Massachusetts. Before taking her present job she was telephone operator at Camp Edwards, Massachusetts.

Mrs. Fred Kneisel, the former *Winifred Whittemore*, instructor in secretarial science from January 1941 to June 1942, has been doing substitute work at Malden Business School. She has also done volunteer work at Boston City Hospital.

On December 23, 1945, *Miss Virginia Roberts*, secretarial teacher from 1943-45, became the bride of Mr. Holland Frank Patterson of Atlanta, Georgia. Mrs. Patterson, a graduate of American International College, has been teaching in Stratford, Connecticut. Mr. Patterson attended the University of Georgia, and will do further studying at Ohio State University. He was recently discharged from the Army Air Forces.

Lt. Rosalie W. Martin of the WAVES is stationed in Washington where she has an interesting position in Civil Readjustment at the Bureau of Naval Personnel. Before entering the Navy in 1943 *Miss Martin* was instructor in oral English at Lasell.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Henry Miley of Winchester, Massachusetts, have announced the engagement of their daughter, *Miss Helen Mae Miley*, to Mr. Ray S. Braden, U.S.N.R. Mr. Braden is at the U. S. Naval Hospital Annex,

the Fenway, Boston, after having served 33 months overseas. *Miss Miley*, a graduate of Boston University College of Practical Arts and Letters and the School of Education, was instructor in secretarial studies at Lasell from 1940-43.

Miss Persis Blake Kempton, instructor in voice, has been accepted into the National Association of Teachers of Singing, Inc. *Miss Kempton* was sponsored by Grace Leslie, registrar, and Homer G. Mowe, vice-president.

Mr. Earle Sawyer of Wilton, Maine, has announced the engagement of his daughter, *Miss Mira Sawyer*, physical education instructor, to Mr. John Blake Roberts, Jr. of Sanford, Maine. *Miss Sawyer* is a graduate of Wilton Academy and Sargent College. Mr. Roberts, a graduate of Bowdoin College and Boston University Law School, is a member of the law firm of Willard and Willard, Sanford, Maine.

September 17, 1945, was the date of the wedding of *Miss Janice L. Wisly*, instructor in home economics at Lasell from January to June 1944, and Mr. Conrad T. Kuhn, a graduate of Connecticut Teacher's College. Mr. and Mrs. Kuhn are at home at 343 Cook Avenue, Meriden, Connecticut.





PERSONALS



Weddings

Dorothea L. Droege, '19-'22, and *Henry C. Walmsley*, Feb. 18, 1945 at Newark, N. J.

Gertrude L. Moeller, '26, and *Dr. H. Walter Baum* (Universities of Vienna, Heidelberg, and Bonn; Bonn, M.D., '21), Nov. 17, 1945 at New York City. Dr. Baum is head of the Department of Internal Medicine at the Davis Memorial Hospital in Elkins, West Virginia.

Harriette L. Bunker, WP '30-'31, and *Joseph James Roberts, Jr.*, at Tyler, Texas.

Dorothy E. Fox, '31-'33 High School, and *Robert Harold Hartenstein* (recently discharged from the U. S. Army after four years' service), Nov. 10, 1945 at Meriden, Conn.

Sophie J. Nassikas, Jan.-June '33 Special, and *Oliver Winslow Branch, Jr.* (Univ. of New Hampshire), Nov. 10, 1945 at Manchester, N. H. *Mary Nassikas Tsantes*, '34, was matron of honor for her sister. Mr. Branch served with the Army Air Corps aboard a troop carrier, as well as in England and on the continent.

Mildred L. Frank, '36, and *Heirman Libowitz*, Jan. 22, 1946 at New York City.

Marian D. Mapes, '36, and *Col. Glenn Emile Duncan*, USAAC, (Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College, '38), Nov. 1, 1945 at Cuero, Texas. Present plans indicate that they will be located in England and Europe for several years.

Rae B. Salisbury, '37, and *Lt. James Frederick Richards*, USNR (Clemson College; Cornell Univ.), Nov. 17, 1945 at Pelham Manor, N. Y. Lt. Richards served aboard the carrier *Lexington* and is now attached to the Naval Ordnance Bureau, Washington.

Elizabeth Yeuell, '38, and *Lt. Col. Sherwood Emory Collins, Jr.*, AUS (Virginia Military Institute, '34), Jan. 19, 1946 at Wakefield, Mass. *Kathryn Bartlett Mosher*, '38, was a bridesmaid. Col. Collins recently returned from 30 months' service in the European area.

Patricia L. Gilbert, '35-'37 High School, and *Capt. Philip Lansdale Pillsbury*, USA, MC (Princeton Univ.; Harvard Medical School), Jan. 25, 1946 at Cambridge, Mass.

Madeline L. Edie, '39, and *Arthur E. Roslund* (Lehigh Univ., '43), Oct. 6, 1945 at Yonkers, N. Y.

Euphemia C. Burr, '40, and *Francis Wright Gardner, Jr.* (Northeastern Univ.), July 21, 1945 at Higganum, Conn. *Barbara Richardson Ripley*, '40, was an attendant. Mr. Gardner was recently discharged from the Army Air Corps.

Dorothy E. Service, '40, and *Major Samuel S. Williamson, Jr.*, USAAF, Nov. 3, 1945 at Quincy, Mass.

Helen L. Woodward, '40, and *Howard N. Fassett* (Massachusetts State, '41), Aug. 25, 1945 at Bethany, Conn. Mr. Fassett is running a large poultry and hatching plant.

Dorothy L. Green, '41, SK 3/c, USNR (W), and *Donald Albert Braeger*, USA, Nov. 17, 1945 at Ogden, Utah. Mr. and Mrs. Braeger have been discharged from service, and are living in Minneapolis, Minn.

Meredith Ingalls, '41, and *John Leo Geary, Jr.* (Boston Univ., '40) Jan. 31, 1946 at Brighton, Mass. Mr. Geary recently returned from three and a half years of service in the Pacific area with the American Division.

Louise C. Kelly, '41, Sgt., USMC (WR), and *Major William Roy Pound, Jr.*, USAAF (Santa Monica Ju-

nior College, '39), Dec. 8, 1945 at Columbia, S. C. Major Pound is stationed at Shaw Field, Sumter, S. C., where he is staff navigator and squadron commander.

Betty Sayles, '41, and Walter Moody Davis, II (Bates College, x-'44), Jan. 10, 1946 at Southboro, Mass. Miss Delia Davis of the Lasell faculty, sister of the bridegroom, was Betty's only attendant. Mr. Davis was recently discharged from the Army Air Corps after 24 months of service in the Middle East.

Mary A. McGovern, x-'41, and Andrew Michael O'Brien, Jr., Radioman 2/c, USN, June 16, 1945 at Somerville, Mass. Arlene Ryan, '41, was a bridesmaid.

Barbara F. Read, x-'41, and Major Dana Follett Hurlburt, USAAF (Norwich Univ., '42), Dec. 8, 1945 at Barre, Vt. Major Hurlburt has re-enlisted in the Army and reported to Greensboro, N. C. for further assignment, January 25.

Alberta G. Webster, x-'41, and Arthur Alfred Wesley, March 29, 1945 at Halifax, N. S., Canada.

Mary C. Dobson, '42, and Alfred George Lincks, Jr., Dec. 16, 1945 at Vineland, N. J.

Dorothy A. Mosher, '42, SpQ 2/c, USNR (W), and Lt. Walter Everett Stone, USA (Northeastern Univ., x-'42), Sept. 5, 1945 at Washington, D. C. Mr. and Mrs. Stone recently received their discharges from service.

Ruth E. Turner, '42, and Richard Arthur Crosby, Dec. 2, 1945 at Auburndale, Mass. Jean Perry, '43, was a bridesmaid. Mr. Crosby has been discharged from the Navy after four years of service.

Rosemary Vincent, '42, and S/Sgt. Ernest Shirley, USAAF, Dec. 29, 1945 at North Conway, N. H. During the war, Sgt. Shirley served with the 13th Air Force in the Pacific theater and with the 8th Air Force in the European theater. His decorations include the D. F. C., Air Medal with four silver Oak Leaf Clusters, the Purple Heart with one cluster, the American Defense Medal with one bronze star, the Asiatic-Pacific ribbon with four campaign stars, and the European theater ribbon with two stars. He is an aerial radio operator and gunner, and has re-enlisted for three years' service.

Anne Mellin, x-'42, and Lt. Julian Hawes, USNR (Univ. of Arkansas; Harvard Graduate School, M. A. in Geology), Sept. 22, 1945 at Washington, D. C.

Beverly F. Lawe, '40-'41 Special, and Lt. Comdr. Nelson Rockefeller Hiller, USMS, Aug. 4, 1945 at Saco, Maine. Mary, Darling, x-'42, Beverly's roommate at Lasell, was a bridesmaid.

Lynette E. Becker, '43, and Leland A. Goodyear, Nov. 3, 1945 at Springville, N. Y.

Mildred E. Bond, '43, and Harry L. Fincken (Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, '41), Dec. 15, 1945 at Albany, N. Y. Joan B. Hunting, '43, was an attendant.

Mr. Fincken is a chemical engineer with E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Co., Wilmington, Del.

Carol E. Burns, '43, and Llewellyn B. Terry (Dartmouth), Nov. 24, 1945 at Shelton, Conn. M. Jane Tarbutton, '43, was a bridesmaid. Mr. Terry is with the Professional Equipment Co., New Haven, as assistant secretary.

Doris E. Lamb, '43, and Lt. (jg) Arthur George Byrne, USNR (Lehigh Univ., '43), Nov. 4, 1945 at Great Neck, N. Y. Margaret Goldsmith, '43, was an attendant.

Nancy W. Leavis, '43, and Lt. Austin James Bailey, Jr., USMCR (Northeastern Univ.), Jan. 5, 1946 at Norwood, Mass.

Ruby M. Nichols, '43, and William Francis Sears (Rindge Technical School, '41), Nov. 28, 1945 at Exeter, N. H. Mr. Sears was a T/Sgt. in the Marine Corps until his discharge.

Ann S. Philbrook, x-'43, and Robert Leo Nugent, Dec. 15, 1945 at Sacramento, Calif.

Priscilla Spence, '43, and Cpl. D. Allan Hall, USMC, June 19, 1945 at Boston, Mass. Mr. Hall has been discharged from the Marine Corps.

R. Virginia Carter, x-'43, and David McBair Ryder (Pawling School), Dec. 1, 1945 at Ridgewood, N. J. The bride's sister, Catherine Carter Hall, '39-'40 High School, was matron of honor, and Ruth Dempsey, '43, a bridesmaid.

Joanne W. Jones, x-'43, and Lt. Walter Francis Brothers, USAAF, Jan. 12, 1946 at Melrose, Mass. Lt. Brothers recently returned from overseas service.

Claire Ashton, '44, and Lt. John Roderick Bowles, USMS (Maine Maritime Academy, '43), Dec. 27, 1945 at Portland, Maine. Jane Calderwood, '45, was an attendant. Lt. Bowles took part in the Mediterranean and Normandy invasions, and is now in service with the Merchant Marine. Claire has been a dental assistant in the offices of Dr. J. W. Harthorne in Portland.

Jacqueline Eldridge, '44, and Ensign Robert Wheeler Harmon, USNR (Univ. of Michigan), Dec. 12, 1945 at Port Washington, N. Y.

Mary J. Keating, '44, and Philip Justus Anderson (Colorado College, '47), Dec. 1, 1945 at Muscatine, Iowa. The bride is the daughter of Lucy Terry Keating, '05-'06. Mr. Anderson has received his discharge from the Marine Corps after serving over three and one-half years.

Priscilla Breck, x-'44, and Richard Isham Mitchell (Georgetown College, Ky., '44), Aug. 18, 1945 at Harrodsburg, Ky. Mr. Mitchell was discharged from the Navy Dec. 14, 1945.

Elaine E. McQuillan, '45, and Lt. Roy Leon Marston, USAAF (U. S. Military Academy, West Point, '45), Dec. 26, 1945 at Waterville, Maine.

Constance F. Weldon, '45, and Lt. (jg) Charles Vincent Cox, USNR (Western Reserve Univ., '43;

Duke Univ.), Nov. 9, 1945 at Bangor, Maine. *Shirley Weldon Brim*, '43, was her sister's matron of honor. Lt. Cox is skipper of an L. C. I.

Sallie J. Brooks, x-'45, and Wallace Taylor Carr (Carleton College; Northwestern Univ., '42), Dec. 28, 1945 at Northbrook, Ill. Mr. Carr was a lieutenant in the Army during the war. Sallie attended the Univ. of Wisconsin from June 1944 to February 1945, and was in war work from February to September 1945, after which time she had a position with Saks Fifth Avenue in Chicago until her marriage.

Gloria M. Dupuis, x-'45, and Lt. Donald Conchar, USNR, Air Corps (Cornell Univ., x-'43), Jan. 19, 1946 at West Orange, N. J. *Terry Tounge* and *Jeanne Gilbert*, classmates of the bride, were attendants. The couple will live in Utica where Don will finish his senior year at Cornell and receive his degree in engineering.

Grace Holly Ellery, x-'45, and S/Sgt. John A. Robinson, USAAF (Roosevelt Aviation School, '41), Nov. 10, 1945 at Maplewood, N. J.

Patricia A. Seaver, x-'45, and Lt. Joseph Edward Johnson, USCGR (New York Univ.), Nov. 24, 1945 at Boston, Mass. *Dorrit Gegan*, '45, was one of the bridesmaids. Lt. Johnson, on terminal leave from the Coast Guard, was in service for four years, two and one-half years on the *Wakefield*.

Engagements

Martha E. Palmer, '33, to Walter Elwood Mack; *Barbara S. Prior*, x-'37, to Myron Arthur Goodale, Jr.; *Shirley G. Wood*, '39, to Oakley H. Bush; *Dorothy A. Dayton*, '40, to Dr. Thomas Waitman Morgan; *Shirley R. Johnson*, '41, to Norman McLean Scott, Jr.; *Dorothy L. Higson*, '42, to Everett Osborne White, Jr.; *Ellen Lucey*, '42, to Ensign Robert Homer Horsburgh, Jr., USNR; *Suzanne Haynes*, x-'42, to Lt. Barton Royal Heinz, AUS; *LaVerne Alno*, '43, to Oscar Edward Olson, Jr.; *Mary I. Chamberlin*, '43, to Frank R. Cannon, USNR; *Olga Costes*, '43, to Midshipman John S. Urban; *Jane S. Hickman*, '43, to Lt. Charles H. Gant, Jr., AUS; *Persis S. Pendleton*, '43, to Ernest Howarth; *Shirley I. Perkins*, '43, to Roger Niles Tuttle; *Barbara J. Scott*, '43, to Richard Wilson; *Joyce M. Sargent*, x-'43, to Dr. H. Leonard Simmons, Lt. USA, MC; *Elaine R. Evans*, '41-'42 Special, USNR (W), to Lee Orrin Moon, USMC; *Norma Dietz*, '44, to Richard Tarlow; *Millicent Greason*, '44, to Willard A. Booth; *Rosalie Paddison*, x-'44, to Major Gordon K. Wentworth, USA; *Janet C. Eaton*, '45, to John Ayer Maynard, USNR; *Ann Parker*, '45, to Donald Schultz, USA; *Drucilla J. Roberts*, '45, to Everett J. Bickford; *Elsie M. Simonds*, '45, to Benjamin B. Follett, III; *Elizabeth C. Leland*, x-'45, to H. Cholmondeley Thornton, Jr.

Births

July 11, 1945—a son, Peter, to Mr. and Mrs. Norman Braun (*Jean M. Duncan*, '27)
 Jan. 24, 1945—a daughter, Barbara Jean, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Tiffany (*Mary Moss*, '30)
 June 30, 1945—a daughter, Nancy, to Mr. and Mrs. Carlton F. Kellner (*Jessie Taylor*, '27-'29)
 Oct. 30, 1945—a daughter, Judith, to Mr. and Mrs. S. Francis Hooper, Jr. (*Doris Blaser*, '32)
 Jan. 10, 1945—a son, Thornton Dennison, to Mr. and Mrs. Elmer L. Ring (*Gertrude Hooper*, '32)
 Nov. 24, 1945—twin daughters, Deborah Anne and Deirdre Ellen, to Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. de Corsia (*Rachel Thurber*, WP '27-'28; Lasell '32-'33 High School)
 Nov. 8, 1945—a daughter, Judith Lynne, to Lt. Comdr. and Mrs. Thomas P. White (*Alice Dohoney*, '37)
 Dec. 10, 1945—a son, Joseph Moore, to Lt. (jg) and Mrs. C. Barnard Price, Jr. (*Elizabeth Bernheim*, '38)
 Apr. 21, 1945—a daughter, Carol Ann, to Dr. and Mrs. Charles S. Yongue (*Jean Berry*, '38)
 Nov. 14, 1945—a son, Joseph Gordon, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Stillson (*Bette Lou Mackenzie*, '38)
 June 7, 1945—a daughter, Rae Wallace, to Mr. and Mrs. Stanley S. Newcomb (*Miriam Nye*, '38)
 Nov. 24, 1945—a son, Eugene Patrick, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Eugene P. Rooney (*Mary Bryan*, '39)
 Feb. 11, 1945—a son, Jonathan Tift, to Capt. and Mrs. James W. Piper (*Harriet Tift*, '39)
 Oct. 26, 1945—a son, George Mellen, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. George M. Rideout (*Eloise Lane*, '35-'39 High School)
 Nov. 23, 1945—a daughter, Elizabeth Junia, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Holtman Anderson (*Elizabeth English*, '40)
 Dec. 1, 1945—a son, Kenneth Loring, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Stonemetz (*Ruth MacDowell*, '40)
 Nov. 13, 1945—a son, James Olaf, to Lt. Comdr. and Mrs. James E. Nordeng (*Ruth Moxon*, '40)
 Dec. 12, 1945—a daughter, Linda, to Mr. and Mrs. Quentin M. Maver (*Eleanor Bramhall*, x-'40)
 Jan. 15, 1946—a son, Elliott Kimball, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Elliott K. Blaisdell (*Mary Cameron*, '41)
 Dec. 27, 1945—a son, John David, to Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Sawyer (*Marguerite Haldeman*, '41)
 July 31, 1945—a daughter, Linda Lowe, to Capt. and Mrs. Harry M. Kammire (*Janet Lowe*, '41)
 Dec. 9, 1945—a daughter, Elizabeth Hayden, to Mr. and Mrs. Mark D. Perkins (*Frances McBride*, '41)
 Nov. 22, 1945—a son, Alan Walter, to Lt. and Mrs. Alan Harwood (*Dorothy Mellen*, '41)
 Jan. 4, 1946—a son, John Mudgett, to Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Davis (*Polly Mudgett*, '41)

April 19, 1945—a daughter, Jerilyn Diane, to Mr. and Mrs. Alvin R. Goebel (*Jay Ransom*, '41)
 May 12, 1945—a daughter, Nancy Lee, to Mr. and Mrs. Clifford H. Taylor (*Dorothy Welch*, '41)
 Sept. 23, 1945—a son, Robert Gaines, to Mr. and Mrs. John W. Ludwig (*Amedee Gaines*, '42)
 Nov. 12, 1945—a son, Benjamin W., 3d, to Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin W. Iris, Jr. (*Margaret Sennott*, '42)
 Nov. 19, 1945—a daughter, Gail, to Mr. and Mrs. Emerson G. Sawyer, Jr. (*Lucy Snow*, x-'42)
 Nov. 11, 1945—a daughter, Cynthia Marie, to Pfc. and Mrs. Arthur H. Sharp (*Cynthia Austin*, '43)
 Dec. 28, 1945—a son, Robert Winston, to Sgt. and Mrs. John W. Jensen (*Christine Turnbull*, '43)
 Jan. 5, 1946—a daughter, Karen Patricia, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. Olstad (*Phyllis Edmiston*, x-'43)
 Dec. 27, 1945—a daughter, Charlotte Ann, to Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Gilman, Jr. (*Isabel Bates*, '44)
 April 5, 1945—a son, Scott, to Mr. and Mrs. Russell C. Smith (*Marilyn Marceau*, x-'44)

Necrology

Mary Lincoln Clark, '72. Died February 25, 1943.
Alice Bixler Barker, Sept.-Dec. 1876. Died January 12, 1943 in her 87th year. Alice Leah Bixler was born in Wooster, Ohio, November 15, 1856. She attended Ohio Wesleyan Female College, Delaware, Ohio, 1875-'76, Lasell Seminary from September to December 1876, and New England Conservatory of Music during the winter of 1877. On July 3, 1877 she was married to the Rev. John Marshall Barker, pastor of the Cottage Street Church (M. E.), Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, and in the fall of 1878 they went as Methodist Episcopal missionaries to Mexico for seven years. From 1884-89 Rev. Bixler had a pastorate in New York State, and in 1889 went to Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio as professor and financial secretary until 1899. Then to Boston where he was professor of sociology at the Boston University School of Theology until shortly before his death in 1928. Mrs. Barker continued to live at her home, 37 Kenwood Avenue, Newton Centre, Massachusetts, until her death. She had four children, two sons and two daughters. Two children survive her: Paul V. Barker of Auburndale, Massachusetts, and Alice Mabelle Barker of Newton Centre, and three grandsons.

A. M. B.

Annie Burney Eaton, '80-'81. Died in 1941 in Brookline, Massachusetts. Annie Jane Burney was born in 1861. In 1885 she was married to Mr. Harold Bayard Eaton, and they had three children, Harold Burney, Helen Slocomb, and Ruth Blackhall Eaton. From 1904-14 Mrs. Eaton and family lived in Frankfort-am-Main, Germany, and from 1919-35 she lived in England for part of every year and in Boston or Brookline the rest of the time.

H. S. E.

Hattie Peck Eisele, '81-'83. Died June 5, 1944.

Eleanor Young Hord, '85-'87. Died September 1, 1945 in Terre Haute, Indiana. Eleanor Young was born May 3, 1867, and was married to Mr. Francis T. Hord on February 19, 1889. *Eleanor Ray Lee*, '38, is her granddaughter.

Dessie Millikin Bevans, '92. Died at the Station Hospital, Mitchel Field, Long Island, New York, January 8, 1946. She was buried in Arlington National Cemetery, Washington, D. C., beside her husband, Col. James L. Bevans, who died in 1944. She is survived by her son, Major General James M. Bevans, U.S.A., and her daughter, *Dorothy Bevans Kramer*, Lasell '13-'14.

Luella Houghton Pringle, '98. Died in February 1945. She was the daughter of *Ella Bacon Houghton*, '74-'77, sister of *Edith Houghton Heckert*, '09 and *Mary Houghton Will*, '00, and mother of *Louise Pringle*, '28-'30 Special.

Elizabeth Lum, '01. Died December 11, 1945. A life member of the Lasell Alumnae and a loyal member of the Southern California Lasell Club, of which she was once president, Elizabeth Lum was born in Minneapolis, Minnesota, but spent most of her life as a resident of Whittier, California, where she taught music for 25 years. She was greatly interested in civic affairs, and her benevolences were many but nearly always of a secret nature. She will be sadly missed by her many Lasell friends in the Southern California Club as well as by those in other parts of the country who knew her as an undergraduate at Lasell. She was the last surviving member of her family, four brothers besides her mother and father preceding her in death.

I. S. B.

Vesta Gibson Terrill, '04-'05. Died September 2, 1939 at Salamanca, New York. On the same day and at the same place died her daughter, *Vesta W. Terrill*, age seventeen.

Berenice H. Reagan, '17. Died recently in Indianapolis, Indiana after a brief illness. A native of Indianapolis, Berenice Reagan was active as a violinist and vocalist, and was a member of a number of musical organizations, including Mu Phi Epsilon, the Philharmonic Orchestra and Matinee Musicale. Survivors are her mother, Mrs. Florence W. Reagan, a brother, Silas B. Reagan, and two nephews.

Mildred Manter, '16-'17. Died in March 1945.

Elsie M. Mathewson, x-'40. Died December 16, 1945. Born in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, September 6, 1921, Elsie Mathewson was educated in the Pawtucket schools and later attended Lasell Junior College and Katharine Gibbs Secretarial School in Providence. She was a claims adjuster for Liberty Mutual Insurance Company of Providence before joining the W.A.C. in September 1943. Elsie had six months' overseas

service with the finance department in New Guinea. After returning home she was confined to an Army Hospital in California because of illness, and received her discharge in April 1945. Since that time she had been employed as an office clerk at the Pawtucket Institution for Savings. Surviving are her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert I. Mathewson, and a sister, Helen.

Class Notes

Dr. and Mrs. Winslow send sincere thanks for Christmas remembrances received from Lasell girls, and wish that it were possible to answer each one personally.

Miss Ida M. Phillips, '77, recently sent greetings to Lasell from her home in Kingston, Rhode Island. She inquired especially about *Miss Lillie R. Potter*, Lasell's dean emeritus, who is now living at the Morrison Rest Home, 1660 Washington Street, West Newton 65, Massachusetts.

Mary Peck Butcher, '88-'89, writes from her home in Emporia, Kansas that her older son, Major T. P. Butcher, is chief of surgery at Chanute Field, Illinois. Her son-in-law teaches G.I.'s in our Government School at Biarritz, France. Mary has another son and two granddaughters. Her sister, *Lida Peck Green*, '88-'89, lives in Auburn, California.

Bertie Burr Dawes, '89-'91, has five children and 15 grandchildren, seven of the 20 in war service. She is an amateur naturalist, and holds the Gold Congressional Medal for Life Saving. Her husband, Mr. Beman Gates Dawes, ex-congressman and chairman of the board of Pure Oil Company, Ohio, is the brother of Charles Gates, Rufus Cutler, and Henry M. Dawes.

Grace Holmes Stiles, '92-'93, of South Windham, Connecticut, writes that her husband, Mr. George F. Stiles, is president of the Willimantic Building and Loan. *Florence Fitch Schwartz*, '29, is her niece.

Grace Dwinal, '92-'93, formerly of Mechanic Falls, Maine, is now Mrs. H. S. Pushard of 391 Broadway, Somerville 43, Massachusetts.

Due to an error on the part of the Personals Editor, the name of *Harriett Scott*, '94, was omitted from the list of Lasell girls who attended the alumnae meeting with members of the Class of 1895 last June. Our apologies to Harriett and to *Mabel Taylor Gannett*, '95, who sent in the 1895 reunion report to the LEAVES.

At the New York Lasell Club luncheon in January, *Mabel Taylor Gannett*, '95, and *Laura Chapman Anderson*, '93-Dec. '95, had a real reunion. They had not seen each other since Mabel's graduation from Lasell almost fifty-one years ago!

We quote from a recent letter sent to Dr. Winslow by *Josephine Chandler Pierce*, life secretary of the Class of 1896:

"After the 25th anniversary of my class I started a class letter which after delays succeeded in completing the circle. On the next voyage it stranded on a reef. Now, as we are nearing our 30th reunion, I am mustering courage to make another attempt."

We shall hope that this letter will complete its voyage without delay, and that some of the news from it may be incorporated into a report for a future issue of the LEAVES.

In reply to a letter from the Lasell Alumnae Secretary, *Margery Schuberth*, '96, of Pasadena, California, has notified us that her cousin, *Mary Schuberth Hall*, '97-'98, formerly of Miamisburg, Ohio, passed away several years ago.

Through the courtesy of her brother, Mr. Walter S. Bucklin, president of Boston's National Shawmut Bank, we have news of *Edith Bucklin Moon*, '94-'95, of Eau Claire, Wisconsin. Edith has two children: a daughter, Mrs. Philip Stephenson, of Rockford, Illinois, and a son, Mr. Bucklin Moon, of New York City, author of *Darker Brother*, published in 1943.

Lasell was recently favored with a call from *Ruth Rishell Frick*, '99, her daughter, *Elizabeth Frick McKean*, '24, and Elizabeth's daughter, *Ruth Elizabeth McKean*, perhaps a future Lasell girl.

Zoe Hill Mayne, '01, wrote in December:

"Have just returned from a visit to our son, Col. Frederick Hill Mayne in New York, where he is on his terminal leave after five years in the service. We expect to spend Christmas with Marjorie [*Marjorie Mayne Rawson*, x-'32] and her family in Des Moines. She was two children.

"Wish I could have visited Lasell when I was east, but my time was limited. Better luck next trip."

After her husband's death, *Marion Southwick Wolfe*, '00-'01, came from California to live with her sister in East Wareham, Massachusetts.

Margaret Henderson Soule, '05, is teacher and principal of the Roosevelt School in Superior, Arizona. She has a B.A. degree from the University of Arizona, where she received junior honors, and senior honors "with distinction."

Mildred Johnston Parker, '06, is living in Washington, D. C. at the Wardman Park Hotel while Col. Parker is with the Chief of Staff at the War Department. Their daughter, Patricia, is junior chairman of War Hospitality and of the United Nations Club.

Lasell was happy to welcome recently Lt. Col. and Mrs. Decherd, son and daughter-in-law of *Fannie Dealey Decherd*, '06, one of the Dealey sisters from Dallas, Texas.

We are happy to hear the good news that *Mary-Florine Thielens Peebles* ('04-'05) son, Richard, is home safe from prison camp in Germany. He and his brother, Cornelius, are out of the service and will enter college early in 1946. Another son, Edward, is

now a major and personnel officer to the General in Berlin; William is quartermaster on a destroyer, last in Japan. *Persis-Jane*, x-'36, an ensign in the WAVES, is stationed in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Mary-Florine is active in music circles, as a gray lady, and has just managed a D. A. R. benefit for servicemen.

Anne Crowe Collum, '09, sent an original Christmas card with a drawing of herself and her dog, moving from their old address, 89 East Gate, around the corner to 43 Middle Gate, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.

Sarah A. Moore's ('07-'08) new position is Fund Raising for the National Organization for Public Health Nursing, at 1790 Broadway, New York City. She is to be congratulated for her planning of the annual luncheon of the Lasell Club of New York, which, with 138 members present, was the largest meeting of the club since its founding 52 years ago.

Constance Blackstock, '09, wrote recently from Plainfield, New Jersey, where she was spending a brief vacation with her sister, *Isabel Blackstock Beardsley*, '03, and family. She had met *Harriet Petz Thompson*, '35 and her husband, Comdr. Charles Wesley Thompson, USNR, as well as *Alethea Marder Pond*, x-'36, whose husband, Mr. C. Northrup Pond, is a banker in Plainfield. Comdr. Thompson was stationed in Washington with the Navy Bureau of Ordnance during the war; has just returned from Europe, and may go to Japan.

Isabel's son, Alling, Jr., and his family, are living with his parents until they can find a place for themselves. Her daughter and family live in Plainfield.

Before returning to her studies at Boston University, Constance met *Kay Menges*, faculty '32-'36, for luncheon in Newark, where Kay is working in the Aviation Department at Bamberger's. She also saw *Helen Hall*, '34, assistant buyer in Bamberger's Rug Department. Helen expressed gratitude for the excellent training she received in interior decoration from *Mrs. Winifred Hudson*.

1910

Life Secretary—*Olive Bates Dumas* (Mrs. George C.), Box 216, Hanover, Mass.

Cornelia Stone, of 1211 East Court Street, Kankakee, Illinois, lives quietly at home with her father, Mr. H. M. Stone. She keeps up her interest in weaving and giving lectures and talks for various groups, and like all of us, has worked faithfully in Red Cross projects.

Nell Carneal Drew's summer address is North Cove Road, Saybrook, Connecticut; during the winter she is at 175 West 72nd Street, New York 23, New York. Four of her nephews were in the service in the Air Force, flying over Germany. Another

nephew, now a lieutenant-colonel in the Marines, was a flier in the Pacific.

Nell's mother, Mrs. J. D. Carneal, is very active at the age of 83.

Martha Hazelet Crooks' address is 22 East Central Avenue, South Williamsport 23, Pennsylvania. She has two sons, both married, and one grandchild, Susan, six years old. Bob enlisted in the Air Corps in 1942, and John in the Marines in 1943. Martha is not well and so not too active outside her home. After her son, Bob, returned to the United States, he instructed Chinese pilots in combat flying at Columbia, South Carolina, where he contracted poliomyelitis. He was sent to the Army-Navy Hospital at Hot Springs, Arkansas.

Annette Roulstone Barnhart, '10-'11, has notified Lasell of her new address, Apt. 404, 960 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles 14, California.

Mary Starr Utter Maxson's ('12) son, Bill, is teaching freshman and sophomore English at Governor Dummer Academy (where one of his pupils is Willis Duer Thompson, Jr., son of *Frances Heath Thompson*, '20.) Another son, Henry, returned from Germany in August, and is at Fort Devens in public relations until his discharge in the spring. Mary Starr, '17, is at the Wheeler School in Providence, and her twin brother is a senior at Dummer.

Other 1912 news, sent by Mary Starr Utter Maxson to our former dean, *Miss Margaret Rand*, and forwarded by her to the Personals Editor: *Annie Merrill David's* son was commander of his ship in the South Pacific. *Vera Bradley Findlay* has been doing a magnificent job as a hospital nurses' aide.

The editor is grateful to Miss Rand for her thoughtfulness in sending many news items which have been incorporated into the class reports in this and other issues of the Lasell LEAVES.

Lasell was recently favored with a call from *Maude Hayden Keeney*, '16, her daughter, and her sister, *Ruth Hayden*, '20.

Katherine Tufts, '16-'19, has received her discharge from the W.A.C. and is at home in Mechanic Falls, Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. David S. Rodgers (*Dorothy Edwards*, '21) have moved from New York City to 21 Compo Road North, Westport, Connecticut. She writes, "We purchased a home here last summer as we thought it better to move out of New York City for our son's high school days. Mr. Rodgers commutes to New York City where he is a high school teacher. Westport is a lovely little town with beautiful homes and plenty of good, wholesome activities for young people."

Margaret Loomis Collingwood, '21, writes that her son has received his discharge from the Marine Corps.

Mrs. Alice Bartlett Wyman, widow of Walter S.

Wyman, one of Maine's foremost industrialists and bankers, died on January 22, 1946 at Augusta, Maine. Lasell extends sympathy to her daughter, *Katherine Wyman Ingraham*, of the Class of 1921.

Phyllis Shoemaker, '22, who gets around to see more Lasell girls than almost any other alumna we know of, writes of her latest reunions:

"This fall Lasell get-togethers weren't nearly as frequent as I like them. There was one small but memorable one, however, 'way up in Saco, Maine in late September, at the lovely farm home of *Betty Tarr Benton*, '22. We had stopped there en route to Portland from Ogunquit, and of course, Lasell-like, we had to stay for luncheon, and what a grand time we did have! This home, to which Betty only recently moved, is on the main highway to Portland, on a knoll and screened by beautiful, big trees and bushes. Betty, Albion, and their daughter, Mary Elizabeth, live there with Betty's parents, who like all Lasell parents gave us a real welcome. The many acres of orchard can be enjoyed from inside as well as out, for every large window framed a picture of trees, flowers, and rolling hills.

"On a wild, windy, rainy day in November, *Helen Perry*, '24, and I, undaunted by a little New England weather, accepted the invitation of one of Lasell's radio celebrities, *Louise Woolley Morgan*, '23, to join her for luncheon. We hadn't seen each other for so many years that we thought we should have arranged some sort of 'signals' for purposes of identification. That didn't prove at all necessary, as far as Louise was concerned anyway, for she looked even younger and more attractive than we'd remembered her at Lasell. What we ate that day we don't remember. What we said, though, mostly, was 'Do you remember?' How the hours—and our tongues—flew!

"After luncheon Louise took us to her office at Station WNAC (and I trust those letters are printed correctly or my name will be 'mud' at that station for committing the unpardonable sin). It was a new and very interesting experience for both Helen and me—going behind the scenes, through a maze of studios, and then meeting the 'names' so familiar to WNAC listeners.

"We watched one musical broadcast, noting the great importance of exact timing (at \$22 a minute it wasn't surprising!), and saw a woman broadcast who had made headlines just that morning.

"Louise has her own office (the only woman so honored there) and a 25-minute program every morning at 8:35. It is what is termed a 'commercial,' but Louise adds touches which make it very human. The station is WNAC!

"To help celebrate *Helen Perry's* birthday I invited her and her mother to come to a fish-chowder supper, and to add to the celebration also invited *Dorothy*

Barnard, '24, her mother, and *Louise Morgan*. It was a real wintry night, so we had a fire crackling in the fireplace, and there's nothing more conducive to reminiscing than sitting before a fire after supper.

"Last Sunday *Dorothy Barnard* carried out a novel idea—inviting the same crowd (including even my husband who had not been able to attend the birthday party) to 'brunch' at her very cozy apartment in Cambridge. One couldn't eat at Dorothy's and not remember the food—even though the conversational fare was full of fun and interest, too. This 'brunch' was no exception—everything was *too* delicious, from the tall pitcher of frosty fruit juice down to the last crunchy crumb of those perfect pecan rolls and tiny doughnuts which Mother Barnard had made. Louise added her inimitable bit by telling two very humorous stories, with gestures and dialect, that had us in mild hysterics. Not satisfied with sending us away pounds heavier, Dorothy had a 'fashionable' brown paper bag for each guest—and in each was a 'sample' of the 'brunch' we'd so enjoyed, and a clever little gift. After each of these meetings, Louise Morgan has very generously mentioned them, and Lasell, on her program. At \$22 a minute we'll be owing her quite a bill!

"Christmas brought me much Lasell news, as always, and how I love it! Fun, especially, to hear from far-away friends: *Sis Loomis Stuebing*, '22, of Houston, Texas (and the unbelievable picture enclosed of a big Army son and grown-up Jane); *Jean Field Faires*, '22, *Mabel Rawlings Eckhardt*, '22, and *Libby Madeira Campbell*, '22.

"After my return from the New York Lasell Club luncheon, I hope to arrange a little reunion of our own here in Boston, with *Dot Caldwell Jordan*, '22, *Edrie Mahaney Rathburn*, '22, and *Margo Lovering Harris*, '22."

Sis Loomis Stuebing's son is a paratrooper, in Japan at present. He was still in training on V-J Day.

Edna Starrett Mathewson, '22, served with the F. E. A. in Washington for two years, but at the close of the war, moved with her husband to Detroit, where he has an executive position. During the war years he was with the W. P. B. in Washington.

Genevieve Tiernan Mosman's ('22) husband, Major Oliver C. Mosman, intelligence officer for a B-29 group, has returned from the Pacific. They have two daughters, Sue, 4, and Carol, 10 months.

The December 29 issue of the Portland (Maine) *Press Herald* carried a charming group picture of *Helen Chapman Frost*, '23, and her children, Holly, Brand, and Jocelyn. Helen was recently elected first woman chairman of the Portland City Council. Long active in social work, she has found time to bring up three good-looking children, manage her pleasant

home, and engage in her own social activities at the same time.

Helen served on a dozen or so community projects and agencies before seeking election to the Council. It was her work as chairman of the Neighborhood Plan, Citizen Service Campaign, which first prompted her to turn to city politics.

Lasell's congratulations to this able alumna who is doing such important work for her community.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy F. Thornburg (*Louise Cave*, '20-'22) are living in Phoenix, Arizona, where they have established their own Dance Center. During the past year they have been associated with the Hollywood Studios of Ruth St. Denis, the internationally famous dancer, and last November gave a joint dance concert with her in Tucson, Arizona.

Louise's son, Bruce, is now five and attends kindergarten. Rosamund, 18, will be graduated from high school this year.

Florence Longcope, '21-'22, has received her discharge from the W.A.C., and at present is living at 1333 Belmont Street, N.W., Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph E. Forman (*Marguerite Robinson*, '24) and their 12-year-old son built a garage last summer, and are living in it while constructing their home on a five-acre tract of land in Colts Neck, New Jersey. The farm will be a hobby for Mr. Forman who is a high school teacher in New York City. Marguerite teaches piano, and is a gray lady at Fort Monmouth Hospital.

Bernice Parker Warren, '24, is now living at 15 Dartmouth Road, Longmeadow, Massachusetts. She has two children, Martha, 14, and Peter, 10.

Isabel Rodier Ringland, '25, her ten-year-old daughter, Catherine Isabel, and her mother, Mrs. Ernest A. Rodier, are living at the Hotel Seneca, St. Petersburg, Florida, where Isabel has a secretarial position. Her husband, Mr. William M. Ringland, passed away in 1939.

Classmates and friends extend sympathy to *Kathleen Best Dell Reeves*, '26, whose father, Mr. Thomas W. Best, passed away December 7, 1945.

Helen Duncan Peterson, '26, wrote recently from Honolulu, Hawaii, where she is a civilian employee of the War Department:

"Another Christmas away from home—not as dreary this year as it was a year ago, when I had just arrived and Christmas was like another Sunday. This year, with hostilities over and 'the lights on again,' Christmas will be quite festive. The Hawaiian Air Depot has scheduled a good many activities which promise to be very interesting and exciting.

"With the end of hostilities our Red Cross work was greatly diminished and is now limited to Pearl Harbor hospital visits to wounded Navy and Marine personnel, with an occasional special affair for the

active 'armed' forces. There are so many activities for civilian personnel here that it is difficult to choose among them. I have been attending classes in Hawaiian language, hula dancing, arts and crafts, wood carving, block printing, color photography, and calisthenics. Have also been an active member of the Civil Air League, and am secretary of the Hickam Field Chapter. Am also on the Depot Village #2 Council, of which there are 12 members who try to keep the residents content with improvements and community projects of various types.

"One of my favorite projects, however, is the Hawaiian Trail and Mountain Club, which schedules a hike every Sunday. It is marvelous exercise, and we see the islands from 'stem to stern.' In September 10 of us flew to Kauai for two weeks' vacation. We hiked across the island with 40-50 pound packs on our backs, and then from Hanalei Bay across the Napali Cliffs to Kalalau Valley, which is inaccessible except by a 12-mile foot trail, helicopter, or by sturdy boat landing. All three methods are made difficult: land slides and lantana and stag-horn on the over-grown trail, lack of space for landing even a helicopter, and heavy surf and strong undertow and rip-tides which make boat landings difficult. But the scenery is beautiful, and the country wild and unspoiled.

"On our return to Haena, we hired transportation by road to our starting point at Lihue, then hired two autos for two days to visit Waiaimea Canyon and the Kilohana Lookout, from which we could see, five miles below us, the valley we had just left 100 miles behind us! We returned to Honolulu by boat, and are looking forward to the next camping tour to the island of Maui in the spring.

"I like Hawaii very much, and while my contract will be up in May, I am thinking about the possibility of taking my 30-day leave of absence in May or June and then returning for another 18-month period.

"As life gradually returns to normal, I hope to find a chance to follow my hobbies more intensely, especially color photography and wood carving, both of which afford excellent opportunities in the islands where woods are most interesting and designs intriguing, and where the colors are so brilliant and intense, and scenery so striking! I hope to build up a sizeable collection of kodachrome slides as soon as I can locate the camera I want.

"Greetings to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Miss Potter, Senora, and others whom I knew at Lasell in 1924-26."

Lucy MacLeod, '27, is now Mrs. H. Alexander Helm, Box 1916, Delray Beach, Florida.

Dorothy Ball Wilson, '27, lives in Englewood, New Jersey, where she is well known for her Collie Kennels, and also breeds Shetland Sheep dogs. Mr. Wilson is an executive in the New York Telephone

Company, and they have two children: a daughter, Barbara, 14, and a son, Douglas, 9.

Helen Cole Chalfant, '28, and family are living temporarily in Washington, D. C., where Lt. Chalfant is stationed with the Naval Reserve. They have three children: Eddie, 8, David, 4, and Connie, 2.

Ruth Kerns Lane, '28, living in Swansea, Massachusetts, this winter after 10 years in Chicago, also has three children: Billy, 9, Jackie, 6, and Stevie, 4.

Classmates extend sympathy to *Barbara Lawson*, '28, whose father, Mr. P. W. Lawson, passed away last November.

Esther Angel Frank, '29, is now settled at 131 Washington Street, Brighton 35, Massachusetts "after three and one-half years as an Army wife." Her husband was recently discharged from service.

Phyllis Beck Van De Mark, '29, is back in Lockport, New York, after two winters in St. Augustine, Florida, while her husband, Lt. Comdr. Allan Van De Mark, was operations officer with the Jacksonville Command at Green Cove Springs. Later he was sent to the Pacific where he was on the staff of Admiral Kiland with the Support Air Control Units. He is now out of the service. They have three children: Allan Beck, 9, Peter, 6, and Johanna, 5.

Catherine Morley King, '29, has moved to 2844 Blackhawk Road, Wilmette, Illinois.

A year ago *Mr. and Mrs. Lewis D. Haven* (*Myra Page*, '29) bought an old colonial house in the country in North Hampton, New Hampshire, where they raise chickens and turkeys as well as a good sized vegetable garden. Their daughter, Judy, is 14.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney K. Pope (*Caroline Jameson*, '30) moved to 11411 Berwick, Rosedale Gardens, Plymouth, Michigan, just before Christmas. Mr. Pope recently received his discharge from service after five years in the Army, two of them in the Pacific area.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Tiffany (*Mary Moss*, '30) of Buffalo, New York, have three children: Charles, 8, Virginia, 5, and Barbara, who was born January 24, 1945.

Marjorie L. Richards, '30, is working in New Haven, where she lives at Apt. 24, 135 Dwight Street. She received her discharge from the Marine Corps last September.

Joyce Tucker Britton, '30, is living at 88 North Main Street, Orono, Maine. Her sister, *Mary Tucker*, x-'32, returned from overseas service with the Red Cross in August, and is now at 102 Mount Vernon Street, Boston.

When *Virginia Hinshaw Wilks*, '31, wrote to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow on December 19, her husband, Mr. Richard A. Wilks, was still on Okinawa. Virginia has charge of the nursery group at a girls' private school in Kansas City which her own two little girls attend.

We were sorry to learn of the passing of Mrs.

Mary Bateman Paxton, mother of *Annamelia Paxton Wildman*, '32, on December 4, 1945. Mrs. Paxton had many friends among Annamelia's classmates at Lasell.

1933

Life Secretary—*Ruth Stafford Clark* (Mrs. Emerson M.), 48 Pershing Terrace, Springfield, Mass.

Eunice Bassett Ziergiebel is living at 12 Gowell Lane, Weston 93, Massachusetts, while her husband, Mr. Willard E. Ziergiebel, is in service. He has been in the Army nearly four years. Eunice works at the U. S. Regional Hospital in Waltham.

Adelaide Case lives at 39 Tavern Road, Boston, while teaching at Wheelock College.

Amoret Larchar has received her discharge from the WAVES, and is at home at 76 Oriole Street, West Roxbury 32, Massachusetts.

1934

Life Secretary—*Roberta Davis Massey* (Mrs. R. A.), 1371 Hampton Road, Grosse Pointe Woods 30, Mich.

1935

Life Secretary—*Barbara King Haskins* (Mrs. E. D.), 111 Wilcox Avenue, Meriden, Conn.

Howard N. Atwood, husband of *Maida Cardwell Atwood*, has received his discharge from the Navy and is now publishing agent for *Zion's Herald*. Their little son, Peter, four years old, pays an occasional visit to Lasell's Bragdon Hall to see his grandmother, Mrs. *Maida Cardwell Hicks*, secretary to Dr. Winslow.

Marion Cleveland Head's husband, Francis A. Head, has returned to his position as secretary of Lawrence Academy, Groton, Massachusetts, after serving in the Naval Reserve. He and Marion have a small apartment in one of the school dormitories.

Play production on campus hit a new high with the Lasell Workshop Players' presentation of *Claudia* for two nights in November at Winslow Hall. *Roberta Morrill*, the director, is to be congratulated on her fine work as dramatic coach at the college. Last year she directed *Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire*, *Kind Lady*, Mrs. Winslow's *Gowns, Heads and Hearts*, and the Christmas play, *Why the Chimes Rang*. She has planned for the next play an old-fashioned melodrama, *Pure as the Driven Snow* or *The Working Girl's Secret*.

1936

Life Secretary—*Carolyn Young Cate* (Mrs. H. F., Jr.), 130 Temple Street, West Newton 65, Mass.

Plans are under way for our tenth reunion, with luncheon at Brae Burn Country Club on Saturday afternoon, June 8. A committee is being organized to complete arrangements.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Gordon MacMillan (*Marjorie Bassett*) and their daughters, Betsy and Jean, have re-

turned to 150 Melrose Street, Auburndale, as Gordon has received his discharge from the Navy.

A recent issue of the Boston *Herald* carried a photograph of *Evelyn A. Ellis* of the Household Nursing Association, with two students whom she was giving a lesson in cooking. The girls are studying to be attendant nurses.

We rejoice to hear *Margaret Pearl Ide's* good news that her husband is home from Germany and out of service. Dick returned to the United States in January, and Margaret met him in Boston after his discharge from Fort Devens, Massachusetts.

Not so good is the news from *Helen Saul Foxwell*, who writes that Don will probably not return to the States until June or July.

Adelaide Seeley Bull wrote in December that she hopes to get east for our tenth reunion in June, if school in Neenah (Wisconsin) closes in time. Her three children keep her "jumping." The two girls are learning to read and write, and Betsey is even having piano lessons!

Another husband out of service—Fred Henderson, whose wife is *Audie Smith Henderson*. Fred has been discharged from the Navy and is back at his former work at Northeastern University.

Doris Sperry will complete her third year as bookkeeper at the Cambridge Screw Company in February. In her spare time she is a Nurses' Aide at Cambridge City Hospital and Waltham Regional Hospital.

We hadn't had any news of *Mary Wilson Elwood* for several years until a recent request brought her correct address, 14 Greenlawn Road, Fairfield, Connecticut. Mary has a son, Johnny, six years old, and a daughter, Marybeth, who is four and one-half.

1937

Life Secretary—*Louise Tardivel Higgins* (Mrs. Charles A., Jr.), 59 Maple Street, Auburndale 66, Mass.

Dorothy Abbott Atherton and her fifteen-month-old son, Walter, Jr., are living with Dot's mother in South Orange, New Jersey, while Walter is on Okinawa.

Jerre Fothergill, back in the United States after Red Cross duty behind the front lines in Europe during the war, is stationed at the Fort Dix (New Jersey) Reception Center, one of nine Red Cross girls who are helping veterans there. Jerre visited *Miss Sally Turner* in Newtonville this fall before reporting to her present station.

Marjorie Hills Buffington is living at 1433 13th Street, Boulder, Colorado, and has two sons, Francis Stephan, Jr., 5, and Rogers Hills, 2.

Mary Ann Nicolls has arrived in the Philippines to serve the armed forces as an American Red Cross staff assistant. Until her Red Cross appointment she was employed by Townsend, Dabney and Tyson, Bos-

ton. She is a graduate of Lasell and of Simmons College, B. S. 1939.

Mr. and Mrs. William A. Fyfe, Jr. (*Barbara Potter*) have a daughter, Andrea, born June 10, 1944.

June Rogers Currier has moved to New Ipswich, New Hampshire.

Tap Tardivel Higgins and her husband, Charles A. Higgins, Jr., are living with Tap's family in Auburndale until they can find a place of their own. Charlie is assistant to the manager, Credit Bureau of Greater Boston.

On a recent trip to New York Tap saw *Jane Eldridge Meaney*, whose husband, Edwin, is home and out of the service. She also saw *Si Seidler*, '38, and talked to *Irene Dreissigacker Brimlow* by phone.

Marian Sleeper Hall and her two daughters, Nancy and Susan, will soon be leaving Auburndale to live in New York, where Bob, recently discharged from the Navy, has a position.

1938

Life Secretary—*Virginia Wilhelm Peters* (Mrs. Robert R.), 2316 Dixwell Avenue, Hamden 14, Conn.

Lt. Clarence George Gay, husband of *Virginia Bartlett*, has just been discharged from the Naval Reserve after three years in the service. They have two children, Rodney, 2½ and Deborah, 2 months.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles S. Yongue (*Jean Berry*) have moved to 122 East 76th Street, New York City. They have two children, a son, Lonnie, 2, and a daughter, Carol Ann, 8 months.

Weldon Gwynn, husband of *Louise Hamilton*, Charles B. Jones, husband of *Martha Romaine*, and Daniel E. Burbank, Jr., husband of *Irene Gahan*, have all received their discharges from service. Irene and Dan are looking for a place to live in New York, as Dan's work will be there. We shall be sorry to have her leave Boston, as she has been a very valuable member of our *Lasell Alumnae, Inc.*, and as its vice president for two years has ably handled the annual Midwinter Reunion.

Elizabeth McCausland Jewell, '38, has moved to R. F. D. #1, Sanbornville, New Hampshire.

Mr. and Mrs. William Drange (*Cal Stuart*) are living at 3199 Clay Street, San Francisco, California.

Elisabeth Sylvester Robinson has moved from Buffalo, New York, where she was secretary of the Buffalo Lasell Club, to 48 North Pearl Street, Brockton 55, Massachusetts. Her son, Clayton Sylvester Robinson, was born December 28, 1944.

1939

Life Secretary—*Meredith Prue Hardy* (Mrs. Meredith P.), 48 Mendon Street, Hopedale, Mass.

Ruth Bull, after two years overseas with the Red Cross, returned to the States for one month, and has

now gone to Manila, where she is assistant club manager.

Also in the Philippines, as a Red Cross Staff Assistant, is *Elinor L. Campbell*. Before her Red Cross appointment she was with the Employers' Liability Assurance Corporation in Boston. Elinor is a graduate of Lasell and of the University of Michigan, A. B. 1942.

Jane Forsyth Russell has a daughter, Lynn, born July 14, 1943.

Jeannette R. Mackie was up from Florida not long ago. She is living in Fort Lauderdale where she is assistant advertising manager in one of the local stores.

Kupe Shepard is out of the Marines and back home in New London, Connecticut.

Harriett Tift Piper wrote early in December that her husband, Captain James W. Piper, USMGR, expected his discharge from the service soon, after two years' duty. From Harriett we learn that *Jessie Page* is a secretary for the Cuticura Company in Boston.

Laura Cobb, lieutenant in the WAVES, called at Lasell early in December, and reported that she expected her discharge in about three months. She has been stationed in Washington, D. C.

Eleanor Fuller, x-'39, has arrived in the Philippines to serve the armed forces as an American Red Cross hospital recreation worker. Previously she served with the Red Cross in the European Theater of Operations. She is a graduate of Ohio State University, and formerly taught school in Lancaster, Ohio.

Jane Veazie Nelson, '35-'38 High School, whose husband is an engineer at Submarine Signal Company, Boston, lives in the country in East Boxford, Massachusetts, and loves it. She and her husband have an eight-months-old baby, Susan.

1940

Life Secretary—*Priscilla Sleeper-Sterling* (Mrs. R. D.), 40 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn, New York.

Jean B. Adams joined the WAVES in July 1945; is now a Seaman 2/c, stationed at the WAVE Separation Center, New York City.

Mildred Baldwin, recently discharged from the WAVES, called at Lasell on December 3. She hopes to enter Barnard College in February. While in Pearl Harbor, where she was stationed for seven months, Mildred saw *Barbara Hayton*, '42, and *Doris Somerville*, Waves on duty there.

Dorothy Dayton is living at Apt. 11, 7 Primus Avenue, Boston, while in her senior year at Boston University School of Education. She is a graduate of the Massachusetts General Hospital School of Nursing.

When she wrote early in December, *Pat Kieser* was an AerM 3/c in the WAVES, stationed at the

Naval Air Station, Memphis, Tennessee. She expected to be out of the service by February 1.

Capt. Leslie S. Jolliffe, husband of *Eldora Kirton*, has just returned from two and one-half years in the Mediterranean Theater of Operations. He has seven Bronze Stars for battle participation, and received the Bronze Star Award for Meritorious Service and the Meritorious Service Plaque. Before enlisting in the Army, Dr. Jolliffe was assistant pathologist at Boston City Hospital, and on the teaching staffs of Tufts and Boston University Medical Schools. He and Eldora have one son, Richard Kirton, three and one-half years old.

Camie Porter Morison wrote to Helen Beede in December that she expected Bill home from overseas by Christmas.

Jean Shaw Keary's correct address is Mountain View Apt. H-2, Presque Isle, Maine.

Doris Somerville, SK 2/c in the WAVES, is stationed in Honolulu, and expects to return home in February or March. She enjoys the climate and swimming, along with her work.

Evelyn Spaulding Williams writes that she is planning to move to Cleveland as soon as her husband, Kenneth W. Williams, receives his discharge from the Army. They have two sons, one four years old and the other, two.

1941

Life Secretary—*Janet Jansing Sheffer* (Mrs. John W., Jr.), 11 Rudd Court, Glen Ridge, N. J.

Our thanks and congratulations to *Gert Fischer* who did such a splendid job of reporting the 1941 news in the last issue of the LEAVES. It was an excellent write-up.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur L. Fischer (*Ann Buckle*) have just bought a home at 814 Kensington Avenue, Plainfield, New Jersey. They have one daughter, Barbara Ann, 20 months old.

Gerry Bixby Averill wrote in November:

"Wes was home for 45 days; is now at Fort Benning, Georgia, and does not know when he will be discharged.

"We now have our own apartment at 8 Webster Street, Barre, Vermont.

"Ann is fine; she almost walks alone, and is crazy about her daddy. I'll be so glad when he is home for good."

Dot Brewer Carlson and *Joyce Brewer Toft*, x-'42, visited Lasell the week before Thanksgiving.

Marjorie Morss Smith writes that her husband, Herb, is still overseas, now a sergeant and stationed in Germany. She has a new secretarial position with the Editor-in-Chief of Little, Brown & Co., Boston publishers.

Lt. H. Lloyd Philpott, has been transferred to San

Francisco. He and Mary (*Mary Sawyer Philpott*) left for the West Coast on December 31.

Dr. and Mrs. William H. Robinson (Alice Herrick) are the proud parents of a son, William Henry, Jr., born November 20, 1944. Dr. Robinson received his M. D. degree from the University of Maryland Medical School in June 1945, and will enter the Army as a 1st lieutenant in the Medical Corps, April 1, 1946.

Jacqueline Lander Schofield and daughter, Jill, 3½, called at Lasell early in January. Dr. Schofield received his discharge from the Army at Westover Field on January 25, and will resume his practice of veterinary medicine at 1106 Beacon Street, Newton Highlands, about February 7.

Classmates of *Barbara McCormick Jacobs* extend their deepest sympathy to her and her family on the accidental death of her sister, *Julia McCormick*, on January 23. Julie, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur M. McCormick of Wellesley Hills, and a day student at Lasell, was struck by a train while crossing the railroad tracks at Wellesley Farms Station at night to mail a letter. Popular with her classmates and teachers, she had an excellent scholastic record at Lasell, and was active in sports. A memorial service was held at the college on Friday morning, January 25.

Marion Parmer is a medical secretary at the Fairlawn Hospital, Inc., Worcester, Massachusetts.

Jay Ransom Goebel's husband, Alvin R. Goebel, a first lieutenant in the Air Corps, and a pilot of a B-29, was discharged from service in October after 30 missions over Japan. He, Jay, and their two children are living at 27 Hartsdale Road, Elmsford, New York.

Tex Weatherby has been in Memphis, Tennessee since the end of September. A pharmacist's mate third class, she was sent to Memphis to help set up a laboratory, after being stationed in Farragut, Idaho, Corvallis, Oregon, and Frederick, Maryland.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford H. Taylor (Dorothy Welch) are living at 3214 83rd Street, Jackson Heights, New York. Cliff is with Pennsylvania Central Airlines at LaGuardia Airport.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer H. Haggerty (Natalie Zimmermann) are living at 6 Olimpo Street, Miramar, Santurce, Puerto Rico. Nat is working for the Navy, and her husband is a lieutenant in the Naval Reserve.

Jane Ansley Sundborg's husband, John G. Sundborg, is studying at Northeastern University, Boston, and they and their small daughter, Jacqueline, are living with Jane's family on Grove Street, Auburndale.

Cyrilla Green Macdonald, x-'41, of 4 Maple Drive, Great Neck, New York, was discharged from the WAVES last September. She was a lieutenant, junior grade, at the time of her release from service.

From *Lucille Hooker* we learn that *Carolyn Hafner,*

x-'41, is nurse in a doctor's office in St. Johnsbury, Vermont.

Jan Jansing Sheffer's husband, Major John W. Sheffer, Jr., received his discharge from the Army in January.

Anne Philbrick, x-'41, is a Yeoman, second class, in the WAVES, stationed in Washington, D. C.

Jane Tanner, x-'41, is an underwriter for Employers Liability Assurance Corp., Ltd., Boston.

Mildred Jones Luse, Jan.-June 1940 Special, is working in the Counsellor-for-Veterans Office at Harvard University. All the veterans going to college under the GI Bill of Rights apply at her office, which she declares is "the busiest office on campus!"

Catherine Carter Hall's (1939-40 High School) husband, M. Everett Hall, was killed in action in Luxembourg on October 7, 1944. Catherine has a daughter, Barbara Joan, who will be three years old in February.

Betty Wagner Johnsen's (1938-40 High School) husband, Walter A. Johnsen, recently discharged from the Army Air Forces, has his own music school in Camden, Maine, where he teaches piano, organ, theory, and history of music. A graduate of Trinity College, he studied under Mr. Clarence Waters, organist, M. Marcel Dupre of Paris, and the late Hans Hanke of the Berlin Conservatory. He and Betty have one son, 2½ years old.

Sheila Hand Ficken, '39-'40 High School, telephoned recently that her husband, Mr. Robert W. Ficken, is out of the service, and they have bought a home at 146 Jewett Street, Newton 58, Massachusetts. While her husband was stationed in Washington, they lived near *June Paul Strosnider, '38-'40 High School*, so Sheila and June saw each other frequently. June has two children.

1942

Life Secretary—*Mary V. Hurley, '41 Linden Street, Schenectady, N. Y.*

Assistant: *Anne Lynch, 1784 Washington Street, Auburndale 66, Mass.*

Mary Dobson Lincks worked in a dry goods store in Vineland, New Jersey for nine months after her graduation from Lasell, and then went into war work until her marriage to Mr. Alfred G. Lincks, Jr., last December.

Barbara Hayton wrote early in December that she expected to be discharged from the WAVES soon.

Raye Leonard received her degree from Boston University last year, and is now teaching home economics in Newtown, Connecticut, where she is leader of a Girl Scout troop, sponsor of the Home Economics Club, and chairman of the Junior Red Cross. She is also studying dancing with Irene Comer, and hopes to teach it at a camp in Stepney, Connecticut this summer.

Anne MacNeil, a graduate of Newton-Wellesley Hospital, is now a Registered Nurse.

We have just learned of the marriage, on November 27, 1944, of *Joan McCraw* and Ensign Russell E. Davies, Navy flier. Ensign Davies attended the University of Alabama.

Barbara Newton is doing personnel work at the Boston Dispensary.

Jayne O'Rourke Gaffney is giving up her secretarial position at Salem Hospital as her husband, Capt. Gerard A. Gaffney, AUS, is returning from overseas service.

Capt. Robert Bramley, husband of *Carol Payne*, has been released from the service, and they will move to Indiana early in 1946.

Betty Polhemus Parker's husband, Frank R. Parker, has returned from India and received his discharge from the Air Corps. He plans to return to work with American Airlines.

Peg Gammons Feverlein, '40-'41 Special, her husband, Willy Feverlein, and their daughter, Betsey, 2, are living in a Cape Cod house at 109 Lyndhurst Avenue, McDaniel Heights, Wilmington 284, Delaware. Peg is working on War Fund drives and in the library, besides "turning carpenter and painter to fix up the house."

1943

Life Secretary—*Nathalie A. Monge*, 80 Greenwood Street, Greenwood, Mass.

Assistant: *Elizabeth A. McAvoy*, 93 Hillcrest Road, Windsor, Conn.

Pat Bixby is in Hawaii where she is director of the Occupational Therapy Department at Tripler General Hospital.

Elaine Towne has received her discharge from the WAVES.

In Staunton, Virginia, *Betty Moore* is a reporter on the afternoon paper.

Jean Brock has a position with the Department of Preventive Medicine at the Yale University Medical School, New Haven.

Nat Monge writes that her fiance, Lt. Morris F. Stoddard, Jr., USAAF, is still in Philippines, stationed at Clark Field, near Manila.

Janet Montgomery Farrand, x-'43, and her husband, Henry C. Farrand, plan to live in Westchester County, New York, now that he is out of the Army. For the present they are at 82 Washington Avenue, Chatham, New Jersey.

Gilda Sardi, x-'43, a graduate of the Massachusetts General Hospital School of Nursing, is a Registered Nurse, and has applied for a position in a veteran's hospital.

1944

Life Secretary—*Norma Badger*, 35 Dixon Street, Tarrytown, N. Y.

Assistant: *Barbara Coudray*, 76 Halsted Street, East Orange, N. J.

Priscilla Perley, *Bette Anne Hills*, and *Louise McLaughlin* were guests at the wedding of *Claire Ashton* and *John Bowles* in Portland, Maine, December 27. *Priscilla* had charge of the guest book; *Jane Calderwood* was *Claire's* maid of honor.

Jackie Campbell started training with the American Airlines on January 20 for a position as airline stewardess.

Gloria Boyd is doing personnel work at Lord and Taylor's, New York. Other girls in the merchandising field are *Audrey Saunders*, Lord and Taylor's Man-hasset store, and *Virginia Nelson*, in the credit department at B. Altman's, New York.

Millicent Gaieski attends the Hickox Secretarial School, Boston. Also in Boston is *Grace Crossland*, secretary to the Medical Director, Massachusetts Hospital Service, Inc.

Barbara Linnitt has been employed at the Radio Research Laboratory of Harvard University since February 1945, as clerk in the Document Room.

Betsy Maynard works for *Woman's Day* magazine. *Sue Lange* is demonstrating for Charles-of-the-Ritz cosmetics.

On September 15, 1945, *Janet Stevenson Gill* was discharged from the WAVES. She is at home, 17 Montclair Drive, West Hartford 7, Connecticut.

Another 1944 WAVE, *June Trani*, has just been advanced to Yeoman, second class. She is stationed at the Navy Separation Center, Boston, where she helps in the discharge of Naval personnel.

Terry DiSesa, '42-'44 Special, is a secretary for the National Association of Manufacturers.

The marriages of two former members of the Class of 1944 have recently been brought to our attention. *Gertrude Harrington*, x-'44, daughter of *Alice Oliver Harrington*, '20-'21, was married in Madison, New Jersey on October 25, 1944 to *Nils Soren Sjostrom*, EM 2/c, USN. *Marilyn Marceau*, x-'44, became Mrs. Russell C. Smith on August 15, 1943.

Norma Badger writes that she sees *Barbara Jackson*, x-'44, and *Genevieve Hill*, x-'44, in New York occasionally. Bobby is with an advertising agency, and Ginny works for a decorating firm.

Penny Smith, x-'44, is a Y 3/c in the SPARS, stationed in Brookline, Massachusetts.

Rachael Kellogg is living in Boston at 40 Berkley Street while studying at Bryant and Stratton.

1945

Life Secretary—*Emma Gilbert*, 589 Prospect Street, Maplewood, N. J.

Assistant: *Louise Long*, 60 Lorraine Avenue, Providence 6, R. I.

The New York and New Jersey members of the

class have been keeping in touch with each other through monthly meetings. Some of the girls who have attended these get-togethers are: *Nancy Overton*, *Gloria Dupuis Conchar*, x-'45, *June Ahner*, *Jane Baringer*, *Prie Robbins*, *Phyl Bissell*, *Midge Brady*, *Dolly Schambach*, *Adelaide Pyle*, *Barb Preuss*, *Marje Beebe*, *Bernie Coyne*, *Doris Winkemeier*, *Connie Pettigrew*, *Doris Wittman*, *Jeanne Gilbert*, *Virginia Von Lynn*, and *Dale Shelley*.

Jean Mitchell, *Margie Jones*, *Priscilla Dow*, and *Drucilla Roberts* met recently for dinner at Boston's Hotel Statler. Jean wrote afterward, "It seemed almost as though we were on a 12:30 again and had to make the 11:50 back to Auburndale!" By the way, Jean is a medical stenographer at the Joseph H. Pratt Diagnostic Hospital, Boston; Margie is secretary to the manager of the training division, Sales Department, Philadelphia Electric Co., and Dru is secretary to the manager of the W. H. Cranton Co., Rochester, New Hampshire.

Barbara Birnbaum is a junior at the University of Southern California, and loves it; *Gina Smith* is attending Katharine Gibbs Secretarial School in Providence, and *Marjorie Dennett* is at Syracuse University.

Dottie Domina, who has been playing trumpet in the college orchestra since she entered Middlebury last fall, recently competed successfully for the second trumpet position in the Vermont State Symphony.

Connie Arley Brown writes that her husband, Walt, has received his discharge from the Marine Corps, and plans to work for the local newspaper until fall, when he will attend Columbia University.

Berny Coyne has been promoted to Section Manager at Hahne and Co., Newark, New Jersey, after serving a short term as salesgirl.

Adelaide Pyle is with McCutcheon's in East Orange, New Jersey, and *Jeanne Towne* is a secretary at J. W. Thompson, Advertising, New York City.

From *Lorraine Anderson* of the Recorder's Office, Lasell, we learn that *Shirley Gleason* works for Colonial Beacon Oil Co., Boston; that *Larry Temple* is in the laboratory at Deaconess Hospital; *Gerry Deal*, a retoucher for Bachrach Studios in Newton, and that *Vicki Greenwood* is working in a Framingham bank.

Barry Baringer, in Newton for a family reunion, called at Lasell on January 18. She works for a publishing house in New York City. Also at Bragdon on the same day were *Jeff Fuller*, *Fran Starr*, and *Peggy Clark*.

The class extends sympathy to *Marilyn Lucey*, whose mother, Mrs. Francis G. Lucey, passed away December 10, 1945.

Phyllis Cawthray is working for International Silver, Meriden, Connecticut. *Nicky Ross* is in Florida, "Inquiring Reporter" on the editorial staff of the Fort Lauderdale *Daily News*.

Jeannette Stonehouse has moved from Auburndale to 5 Hopkins Street, Nashua, New Hampshire, where she is employed by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.

We wonder how many Lasell girls heard *Nancy Savage*, x-'45, on the "It Pays to be Ignorant" program over CBS on Friday night, January 25, 1946.

Marcia Tenney, x-'45, attended Pierce Secretarial School, Boston, and is now employed as a secretary at Standard Fish Co., Gloucester.

Lasell Alumnae, Inc.

As this issue of the Lasell LEAVES goes to press we are looking forward to the annual Midwinter Reunion and Luncheon of the *Lasell Alumnae, Inc.*, held this year at the Hotel Sheraton, Boston. *Irene Gahan Burbank*, '38, is chairman, and she and *Phyllis Rafferty Shoemaker*, '22, are in charge of reservations. Speakers will be Dr. and Mrs. Guy M. Winslow, Mr. Walter R. Amesbury, Miss Phyllis Hoyt, Mr. Raymond C. Wass, Miss Mary W. Blatchford, Mrs. Statira P. McDonald, and Louise Pool, '46. *Esther Sosman*, '36, will be toastmaster, and Miss Mac McClelland and *Tap Tardivel Higgins* will be in charge of tickets at the door. Notices were sent out by *Antoinette Meritt Smith*, '23, treasurer.

The *Lasell Alumnae, Inc.* and the senior class of Lasell will hold a bridge party at Winslow Hall on April 25 at 2:30 P.M. Tickets are one dollar, and proceeds will go to the Endowment Fund.

Antoinette reports three new life members: *Margaret Beck Hamlin*, '26, *Ilene L. Derick*, '41, and *Celia Kinsley Percival*, '34.

Buffalo Lasell Club

On Monday evening, October 29, 1945, members of the *Buffalo Lasell Club* met at the home of *Minnie Steenman Bryant*, '07-'08, former treasurer, and elected the following officers for the year: *Audrey Kaiser Handy*, '29-'30, president; *Marguerite Virkler Roberts*, '22-'24, secretary (to replace *Elisabeth Sylvester Robinson*, '38, who has moved to Massachusetts); and *Bette Smith Scollon*, '28, treasurer.

The Buffalo club meets every three months, and members pay a quarter for victory stamps. We have \$9 in our book, and are working to get \$18.75, for a bond, to be sent to the college to be used for some special need.

At the January meeting at the home of *Mary Moss Tiffany*, '30, plans will be made for the annual February party. *Jessie Taylor Kellner*, '27-'29, and *Julia Tiffany Brand*, '29, will be co-chairmen. *Pinky Puckett Neill*, '23, will be hostess for the April meeting, when plans for the annual June luncheon will be formulated.

Lillian Doane Maddigan, '21, has taken her daugh-

ter, Caroline, to a school in Colorado. *Doris Bovaird Hoddicks* ('20-'21) husband, Alvin, recently returned from service. Doris carried on his business and took care of their home and three children while he was away. *Audrey Kaiser Handy's* ('29-'30) husband is in Switzerland. *Helen Heath*, '07, is a wonderful companion for her mother, as is *Helen Balcom Roberts*, '20. *Joan Kennedy*, x-'36, has a fine position. *Dorothy Tiffany Cochrane's* (WP '27-'28) husband, Stephen, is expected home soon. He saw action at Iwo Jima. *Aline Paull Ireland*, '31, has a son and a daughter; *Bettie Smith Scollon* has two daughters, and I have two sons. *Pinky Puckett Neill's* daughter is in high school. *Mary Bryant*, daughter of our hostess, is away at school. Her grandmother, Mrs. Steenman, is 85 years old and a wonderful woman!

Best wishes to Lasell.

Marjorie Keller Mayer, '31

New Haven Lasell Club

The New Haven Club held its annual Christmas tea for undergraduates on Saturday, December 29, at the Hotel Taft.

New York Lasell Club

The *Lasell Club of New York* held its fifty-third annual meeting on Saturday, January 26, at Midston House, New York City. One hundred and thirty-eight members gathered for luncheon and heard *Mrs. Maida Cardwell Hicks* and *Miss Muriel McClelland*, representatives from the college, tell about present-day campus activities. *Miss Sarah A. Moore*, '07-'08, was luncheon chairman. The club voted to send a \$100 victory bond to the *Lasell Alumnae, Inc.*

Worcester County Lasell Club

Elsie Bigwood Cooney, '17-'19, was hostess for a meeting of the Worcester Club on November 14, 1945. In December the club held a Christmas party at the home of *Eleanor Ramsdell Stauffer*, '35, at which *Lucille LaRiviere Disbrow*, '40, president, led carol singing and an instrumental program.

We are indebted to *Mrs. Betty Schmidt Krause* for the new Personals heading which appears for the first time in this issue of the LEAVES. Betty, instructor in

art at Lasell since 1942, is a grandniece of Dean Emeritus *Lillie R. Potter*, '80 (for many years editor of this column) and daughter of *Julia Potter Schmidt*, '06, niece of *Mary Potter McConn*, '05 and the late *Lillie Potter*, '05-'07, and cousin of *Mary McConn Maguire*, '29. A graduate of Cornell College, Iowa, she did further study at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago and at Northwestern University, and before taking her present position at Lasell, was instructor in art at Cornell College for three years.

Items for the Personals column should be sent to your class life secretary or to the Personals Editor, Lasell Junior College, Auburndale 66, Massachusetts. Items for the next issue of the LEAVES should be in the hands of the editor not later than April 1.

Coming Events of Special Interest to Alumnae

- March 15-16. Lasell Workshop Players present *Pure as the Driven Snow* or *The Working Girl's Secret*, Winslow Hall, evening.
- March 27. Dance Recital, Winslow Hall, evening.
- April 10. Nancy Byrd Turner, reading some of her own poems, Winslow Hall, evening.
- April 25. Alumnae-Senior Class Bridge, Winslow Hall, 2:30 P.M.
- May 17. Lasell Night at the Pops, Symphony Hall, Boston, Boston Pops Orchestra and Lasell Orphean Club.
- May (date to be announced). River Day. Canoe Races, Charles River.
- May (date to be announced). May Fete. Crowning of the Queen, Bragdon Lawn. Style Show, Winslow Hall. Dance Pageant, Recreation Field.
- June 8. Alumnae Day. Class Luncheons. Alumnae Meeting, Carter Hall, 3:30 P.M. Alumnae Supper, Bragdon Hall. Class Night Exercises, Recreation Field.
- June 9. Baccalaureate, Winslow Hall, 4:00 P.M.
- June 10. Commencement Address by Payson Smith, LL.D., Winslow Hall, 10:45 A.M. Farewell at the Crow's Nest, 12:00 M.

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LASELL LEAVES



SUMMER 1946



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Commencement Activities

FRIDAY, MAY 17—8:30 P.M. LASELL NIGHT AT THE POPS, Symphony Hall, Boston

WEDNESDAY, MAY 22—8:15 P.M. COMMENCEMENT CONCERT, Winslow Hall

WEDNESDAY, MAY 29—2:00 P.M. CANOE RACES, Charles River

THURSDAY, JUNE 6—3:30 P.M. JUNE FETE—Crowning of the Queen, Bragdon Lawn
Style Show, Winslow Hall
Dance Pageant, Recreation Field

SATURDAY, JUNE 8—3:30 P.M. ALUMNAE DAY

3:30 P.M. ALUMNAE MEETING, Bragdon Chapel

5:30 P.M. ALUMNAE SUPPER (Tickets Necessary)
Bragdon Hall

5:30 P.M. SENIOR SPREAD, Winslow Hall

7:45 P.M. CLASS NIGHT EXERCISES (Cards Necessary)
Recreation Field

9:45 P.M. INFORMAL RECEPTION, Woodland Hall

SUNDAY, JUNE 9—4:00 P.M. BACCALAUREATE SERMON, Winslow Hall
Dana McLean Greeley

MONDAY, JUNE 10—8:30 A.M. LAST CHAPEL, Winslow Hall

10:45 A.M. COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS, Winslow Hall
Payson Smith, LL.D.

12:00 M. FAREWELL AT THE CROW'S NEST, Bragdon Lawn

12:30 P.M. COMMENCEMENT LUNCHEON, Bragdon Hall

Home in the Army

Virginia Amesbury, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter R. Amesbury (Jane Ford, '01-'03) is a member of the Class of 1938 and a graduate of the Newton-Wellesley Hospital. She joined the Army Nurse Corps in 1945, received basic training at Fort Devens, and was later assigned to Cushing General Hospital, Framingham. Virginia also had hospital-train duty between Cushing Hospital and Colorado Springs. Before going overseas to Oahu, Manila and Leyte, she was stationed in South Carolina and New Jersey. She has only recently returned to the States, and is at present at her home in Auburndale recuperating from an appendectomy.

THERE are two favorite sayings in the Army. If you are satisfied at the moment not only with yourself but with the set-up as a whole, you are said to have "found a home in the Army." If the situation is somewhat in the reverse, and you find things emotionally or physically uncomfortable, you may be accused of being "nervous in the service." Gripping is almost an Army tradition and the number of things you can find to gripe about is almost a criterion of how you dislike military life. Yet,



MANILA

when you press the point right down to bare facts, most grippers have to admit "it wasn't too rugged, but . . ." and off they'd go again on the poor food, the rules and regulations, the living conditions or the slow mail service.

Thus if anyone admitted out loud that he or she had "found a home in the Army," a chorus of dissent was bound to start up and the poor contented person was made to change the happy opinion outwardly for the



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sake of peace if nothing else. But griping is a good psychological factor in the service for it allows one to "let off steam" and it is universally accepted as a necessary escape mechanism.

The above quotations are merely an opener for many other expressions derived from this war. Since returning to the states, I've often heard the expression "Hubba, hubba!" This was new to me when I first went to the Philippine Islands and the meanings were many and varied. For example, as the typhoon season was approaching, we had Jap prisoners digging deep holes and putting in "dead men" to strengthen our tent structures. The patients, with little else to do but sit around and amuse themselves used to watch the yellow men at work digging the holes, stringing the wires and scaling the cocoanut trees to bring down the big heavy fruits before they were blown down. If a Jap were seen to be taking things a bit too easily, the usual cat-call was "hubba, hubba; ziggie, ziggie." In this case it meant that the prisoner had better stop dallying and hurry up. As the Japs never worked any harder than they had to, this expression was pretty well worn out.

The American female population was

greatly outnumbered on the islands. On Leyte alone at one time it was something like 500 women to 2500 officers, and I have no idea of how many enlisted men there were. Thus, when an officers' club of some outfit was arranging a spread or dance, our presence was urged whenever possible. The ratio was at least one to four although it was usually higher. The lucky man and his date were greeted with the familiar "hubba, hubba" and then the "bird-dogging" began. As in the states, this was socially forbidden, but like any other rule, this was made to be broken. In short, the girl was anything but a wall-flower and this, of course, was wonderful for the female ego. But sometimes it became a little thick and then the "bird-dogs" had to be called off.

Occasionally, however, a group of us would sign up together to go stag to a dance. The outfit extending the invitation would send a truck for us and we'd bounce over the dirt roads all huddled up in the back, either trying to maintain some semblance of cleanliness if we were dressed up (providing the weather was clear) or else we would be trying to stay dry. It was usually the latter. But our efforts were always beautifully rewarded by the wonderful greetings we received. Courtesy and appreciation were always abundant overseas, surpassing anything of the sort in the states. The environment and situation can explain this.

The roads on the islands were rocky, dirty and full of holes. Their condition was so poor, in spite of the constant work being done on them by the engineers, that any trip was one of constant jouncing and bouncing about. If the weather were dry, you could cut the dust with a knife; headlights had to be on, hair had to be covered up with bandannas and even a rag about the nose and mouth was a good precaution. If the weather was wet, the whole surroundings turned to mud which became more and more churned and spatterable. You just couldn't win. To arrive anywhere neat and immaculate was practically impossible. Travelling in an open jeep over a muddy road in the pouring rain

is not conducive to a smooth sub-deb entrance to a dance. But then, who could be a sub-deb in suntan shirt and pants with field boots or loafers? The fact that all of us were in the same boat made it easier as well as humorous on many occasions.

Traffic in Manila was heavy, hurried and varied: a hodge-podge of milling humanity. Filipinos, divested of their few cars travelled about either on foot, by pony-drawn carts or by catching rides on army vehicles. Filipino-purchased army trucks presented a hazardous picture when loaded to the hilt with passengers: riders on the front fenders, draped on the cab, hanging onto the sides, or stuffed like cattle in the back. It seems there was always room for one more as they made their way through the congested streets. Conglomerations of barefooted human traffic slowly wove in and out of the maze; weary, rag-clothed old women carrying big bundles on their heads, with babies in their arms and a cigarette dangling from their tight-compressed lips; little brown men astride a water buffalo; half-clothed children sitting in the dirt or scavenging along the roadside; dogs, chickens and pigs milling about looking for food. Filipinos also travelled about in a light, two-wheeled, boxlike vehicles called *carromatas*. These are pulled by tiny horses which we nicknamed *Filiponies*. Those tiny horses, mostly undernourished, could pull a whole family and its neighbors all piled in the cart. They wove their way in and out of the traffic, swaying from side to side, jostling and vieing with one another for the right of way. Add thousands of jeeps, staff cars and the many types of army trucks and you can perhaps understand why the M.P.'s had more than their share of headaches. On Leyte, the traffic wasn't so heavy for the population was smaller but the condition of the roads was hardly improved. But on Luzon or Leyte, the "hubba, hubba" demanded right of way with the same impatience of a state-side taxi driver.

Arriving on Leyte after V-J day does not enable me to relate how the ground was broken for the first hospitals. I can only

vouch for what I saw after others had done the arduous mental and physical labor. Our own unit to which I had been assigned, the 117th Station Hospital, APO 1001, was about three miles from White Beach where the initial landings had been made when the islands were liberated. We were entirely a tent hospital except for the mess hall and supply buildings. The wards were long wooden platforms covered by canvas, open to the elements with privacy only a word. They were connected by covered walks and the whole hospital was in the form of a "U." Two wards



UNIVERSITY OF THE PHILIPPINES

for contagious diseases and very clean surgery were screened and separated from the whole.

Nearby on one side were the Nurses Quarters, screened; for a slight measure of privacy, by a burlap wall enclosing the area. However, the burlap came to within a foot or so of the ground which permitted animal life admittance and exit. We housed many stray dogs cheerfully, but when a three-foot monkey went on a rampage one evening, the order went out that anything four-footed and straying would be shot on sight by the M.P.'s. The canine population dropped overnight although the rats presented us with a more unsanitary problem due to their elusiveness. Finally foot-long traps were devised

and, when baited with hot dogs, helped decrease the rodent census. Those rats would eat anything including cardboard. I've often wondered what happened to the fellow who ate a box of twelve sulfaquanadine tablets I had on my orange-crate bedside table.

Tent-living was not as rugged as had been expected. An elevated wooden floor kept us out of the mud and we had electric wiring. However, red ants, mosquitoes and bugs which would delight the zoology student, plus the continuous rain, mold and dampness, were problems to cope with. Mosquito bars at night with an aerosol bomb helped to subdue the bug-life, but the dampness had to be accepted with resigned cheerfulness. The dampness brought forth mold; the mold brought forth an odor which we termed Leyte Perfume from the Island of Love. When the sun did shine, the area looked like a rummage sale with everyone's belongings spread out on the dirt to air. Once, one of those sudden showers sneaked up on us. Words cannot convey our dismay.

The heavens opened every possible door and for days the rains would come down in a continuous sheet. All the tents leaked, of course, and helmets and cans were placed in various strategic places to catch the streams of soft, fresh water. This made good hair-washing water and was welcomed even if one could not overlook the soggy bunk, wet clothes and soaked boots. One's philosophical nature was tried to the -nth degree sometimes but the whole-hearted sharing of the circumstances made it easier.

Filipino women were hired as our maids to wash, iron and try to keep our tents in order. Aniceta Hipoma, twenty years old, four foot nine inches tall, married, widowed, with a son five years old, took care of three of us for fifteen peso (\$7.50) a week. Surprisingly, she knew enough English to understand us and express herself. However, when we wanted something done, which was contrary to her ideas, she pretended not to understand and usually did the specific task in her own inimitable way.

Trading and bargaining brought about

many interesting moments. Thus we come to another expression from the islands, "Eet is oop to you, Joe, you are thee wan." Souvenirs could have been sold like peanuts at the circus, but the Filipino women didn't necessarily want money. There was nothing they could spend it on. They needed clothing and food more than anything else, and they knew we had brought plenty with us and also had access to the Quartermaster's warehouse. A very skillfully woven basket or hat would be offered to the bands of Filipino women crowding around our tent. Round faced, solemn-eyed children, young undernourished girls and old-looking, haggard, wrinkled-skinned brown women watched the proceedings with hopeful hunger and anticipation in their expressions. They were out for all they could get for their cheap homemade wares. We were on a fence, for inasmuch as we understood their needs, we had military regulations to abide by, and the American incentive to drive a good bargain.

How generous would we be? How much were their offerings worth to us? Maybe a slip? A blouse? Our queries of "How much?" usually brought forth the same answer.

"Eet is oop to you, Joe, you are thee wan."

This wasn't out and out dollars-and-cents selling with a standard price, and we were no doubt the losers as we traded our stateside goods for their souvenirs. A slip for a pair of fancy wooden shoes made one woman hesitate.

"Two slips, mem."

"No, just one slip."

"Slip and cigarettes, mem." And I could see her eyeing a pack of Camels on my orange crate. Silence prevailed while one tried to wear the other down.

"How about a slip and this box of powder" and a 10c box of Woodbury's face powder made the rounds as all sniffed and regarded it with esteem. We all waited. Finally the representative of the group resigned with a shrug of her shoulders.

"Eet is oop to you, Joe, you are thee wan."

Thus for a G.I. slip (75c o.d. in color, rayon) and a box of powder (10c) I might

get a pair of wooden shoes worth \$5.00 to them. Some of the women were really good bargainers and held out for their stated prices while others took what they could get on the first try. Bargaining might be accomplished in a few minutes or take days. Though you couldn't eat them or wear them on your back, cosmetics were highly valued and rarely turned down. The Flips knew that our 10c box of powder could be sold for ten times its value. We knew it, too, but "Joe" got what she wanted one way or another via stateside values.

I gave Aniceta, my little Filipino maid, a Max Factor pancake which, because of my tan, was too light for me. In spite of the fact that she was quite dark-skinned, it was amusing to see her arrive in the morning with a white face chalked by the pancake. Though she knew so little about cosmetics, any aspect of them delighted her very much. She returned the favor by presenting me with a homemade "delicacy" of fishheads and rice. I've often wondered what I would have done if she had lingered in the tent hoping to be gratified by seeing me wolf it down with relish. Fortunately she trotted off to the shower room to iron and I buried it in back of the tent. This may seem ungracious in a manner of speaking, but the standard Filipino dish is not very tempting either to the optic or olfactory sense.

A few words more to end this dissertation on experiences and expressions. We in the Army Nurse Corps did "find a home in the Army," or if not we tried to make it home no matter where we found ourselves, whether three to a seat in a coach for 48 hours travel or in our bedrolls. We went from temperatures of 15° below to 120° above, and, if we proved nothing else, we assured our individual selves that we could "take it." Naturally we were "nervous in the service" at times but good comradeship overcame many doubts and fears, and a home in the Army was indeed ours by choice.

Virginia E. Amesbury '38

Ex-1st Lt. ANC

By an Old Stone Wall

ELLEN was shaking long after the doctor left. Braced by two pillows, she sat upright in bed, staring at her hands. For a while she thought she was going to cry, but a nameless terror rolled over her like a blinding, deafening wave, and she kept on staring at her hands.

She had done well at the university; one old professor had told her that she was brilliant. They said she had worked too hard. She had, and she knew it, and she repeated the idea over and over in her mind, and it was like a record repeating the same broken phrase.

Sometimes, when Ellen was small, she had felt fear when she had come home from school late, and when she was older, she couldn't eat after she had left a half-smoked cigarette in her room, in anxiety that her mother would find it. But that hadn't been fear like this; before, she had known inside it would be over quickly and afterward she could forget it. Now she felt as if she were suffocating, and there was no air anywhere. There was no help for her. She wanted to scream, but all she could do was turn her face to the pillow and moan.

When her mother came back, she steadied herself and sat there, quietly. Mrs. Keene came in and stood nervously at the foot of the bed, her eyes lowered. "You'll tell Joe, of course."

"I'll write to him." Ellen twisted her hands to keep them from shaking.

"Don't you think it best for you to stay at home?"

Ellen felt anger mounting in her. The questions that were commands. But maybe her mother was right this time. She couldn't face Joe. She knew that.

"I'll help you keep house," Ellen suggested.

"Heavens, no. You just rest till you're better. We'll have lots of fun, the two of us. It's been a long time since you've been here with me—not since your father—died." Her mother fumbled nervously, grew scarlet. "I

didn't mean to say that," she amended.

The wrong thing again, thought Ellen. She always manages. How long can I put up with her careless blundering. Or maybe it won't be for long.

Her thoughts soared up in a moment of glorious self-pity. She would bear it nobly, the long-suffering martyr.

The days following were like waves, passing one after the other, indistinguishable for Ellen. She had written to Joe, telling him she was engaged to a home town boy. He had phoned, and she had talked to him, quite calmly, telling him it was no use. She was going to be married. Afterward she felt proud of how convincing she had been. No one at the university would know. Lots of girls left to be married. Marry! She could never marry. Remembering that, she fell across the bed and cried. She was still crying when her mother brought dinner up to her on a tray.

Ellen spent much of her time in bed, reading the magazines her mother bought when she went shopping. She lost herself in stories and dreamed pleasantly. She was convalescing from a breakdown, she reminded herself, and needed to rest.

A couple of weeks after Ellen had come home, her mother began housecleaning the attic. The house was old, and the third story had never been cleared of old steamer trunks and belongings that had accumulated for over a century. Ellen's mother found an old diary up there, dated 1842, and brought it down, "for a change in reading," she put it.

When she gave it to Ellen, Ellen laughed, leafing through the brittle pages. She laid it on the bedside table, where it remained for a couple of days. Then, after dinner one night, she found there were no more unread stories in her magazines and picked up the diary.

One compensation: it had belonged to a man. In a handsome, bold hand was written. "Diary of David Kraft, begun February, 1842."

Ellen began to read. She became absorbed, and lived through his adventures, seeing him ride through the town on his way to dinner at the mayor's home and laughing when he described the mayor's daughter as a rather lovely dolt with less intelligence than Sam, his hunting dog.

Ellen loved the way he spoke of his parents, and of his happiness when his father sent to England for a piano for his mother. David wrote intimately of all things, and when Ellen had read the last page, she realized that she knew him intimately.

She knew him so well that repeatedly she thought of visiting his home outside of town. She knew also that her mother would quietly but definitely disapprove. But perhaps, perhaps she could take walks.

The first day, she walked along the river road and up the old side path to the spot where she knew David had lived. She came through the tangle of trees at the side of a large clearing, overgrown with weeds and saplings. Where once had stood a great stone house, now remained only a broken foundation of granite. A few blocks of it had tumbled onto the marble steps, and one had rolled into the dry fountain bed, where an open-mouthed dolphin stared into space.

Ellen's eyes saw none of the ruins; she saw a great house with a long, many-windowed wing on the south, and a façade with two-storied white pillars in front of the door. She stood by the garden, looking about half in awe and half in fear that something might ruin it all. Thinking that, she turned and ran toward home, realizing before she reached the gate that she must come back again.

When she reached the garden the next day, she smiled to herself, remembering it as the scene of many pages in the diary. Ellen shook her hair back and walked into the garden. She glanced toward the doorway and suddenly felt she saw, leaning lazily against the side, David Kraft, who was smiling down at her.

She fled for the second time, but she was

drawn back, wanting to relive this dream again.

Ellen lost track of the days she went to the old house, of the times she stood in the garden waiting to glimpse David moving silently about the grounds. It was on a sultry afternoon as the sun was setting that she finally shook off her fears and ran to meet him. He was just as she had always known he would be. Ellen had never been as happy as she was in the days that followed.

They walked through the paths together, and David led Ellen to the stables and showed her his stallion, which whinnied and tried to hurtle over the stall. She talked to David about the dinners at the mayor's home, and was glad they were dull affairs, knowing it was because she hadn't been there. She asked him about the sleighrides in the country, and he was to come for her in the sleigh on the first snowfall, with the sire of his stallion to take them over the white roads. But that was far off, for it was spring, and there was so much to do.

Even then, Ellen would remember that her mother was waiting, but before she would leave, she'd give David her promise to return. She came back every day that spring, faithful to David, living to meet him by the gardens, or in the path at the river's edge. They were young, and together they walked through the cool paths, seeing the trees grow a rich deep green in the spring sun. By summer, Ellen realized she loved David, more than she had ever loved anyone. He was her whole life, all she thought about or lived for.

One afternoon early in summer, Ellen met David by the river, and she knew when she saw his face that he loved her, too. They talked of marriage and of the wonderful children they would have, sons to be mayor and the town officials, and daughters to have more sons.

Then Ellen remembered. She had to tell him. She started to speak, and David, seeming to sense her mood, caught her by the wrists, and stood there, looking at her.

She knew she was going to cry, but she



had to tell him first, quickly.

"David, David, I can't marry you. My father was insane. He tried to kill my mother; then he killed himself. His brother has been mad since before I was born."

David was still holding her wrists, and Ellen scanned his face in agony.

"David, I had a breakdown. You must understand. The doctor said I mustn't have any excitement. He meant I too could go mad, David!"

She felt David drop his grip, saw him shake his head slowly.

Then he turned and left her, and Ellen sat on the old wall, weeping bitterly. She was still there, crying, when they found her, sitting there on the old stone wall that ran down from the Kraft house; the old stone wall over which David had jumped his stallion a century ago.

Darcy

A Successful Man

HAVE you ever been obliged to catch the midnight train from New York to Boston? The hour is disheartening enough, but add to it a non-airconditioned car, straight-backed chairs, and crowded quarters and you have the set for my sketch.

I was trying to find a way to be comfortable without breaking any bones when I felt someone occupy the seat next to me. I turned, surveyed my companion and passed him off with a weak, meaningless smile.

What I had observed was a middle-aged man, slight of build, enveloped in a brown unpressed suit, and with a forty-eight hour growth of beard on his lined face. He looked worn and tired. So was I. I dozed off. . . .

A while later I awoke, turned my head to relieve the stiffness, and noticed my travelling companion busily sketching—pencil drawing of me. His style was good and he had caught the lifeless expression of the hap-hazard sleeper. I asked if he were an artist.

He said that he was an engraver who had been working for the government throughout the war, eight hours per day, seven days per week. He was taking a three-day vacation—the first vacation in five years. He was as thrilled as a child. His face shone as he spoke of his plans for the next three days.

My curiosity aroused, I asked what he did before the war. He named as his homes Madagascar, India, China, Chile, and Algiers. He explained that travel wasn't expensive to

him; if a person wanted to get somewhere, all he had to do was find transportation and work his way. That had been his method all his life.

I think he guessed what I had been thinking. Why was such a man of obvious culture earning his livelihood here by the sweat of his hands? Why was he so poorly dressed?

"Success in life is feeling right inside," he said. "That's why I never bothered too much with money and the rest of it. I feel right being in this war in any way. It's a sort of insurance that I can continue living as I have. Yes, I feel right and successful." This was said in no particular tone. It was merely a statement of fact.

With that he opened a rather battered lunch box, offered me a sandwich and we sat and munched. I thought of him on August 14th, 1945. His insurance had paid and he could find time for another, longer vacation in some far corner of his world.

Janet Botting

The staff of the LEAVES feels that the season designated on the cover has not always coincided with the time at which the subscribers have received the magazine. Therefore, in order to remedy this situation, we have advanced the dates of each issue, calling the present LEAVES the summer issue.

Class Presidents



JOAN WALKER of Westfield, New Jersey, is the president of Lasell, '46. House president of Carpenter, Joan headed the Council of House Presidents until accepting her class office.

Joan is a secretarial student, and after a summer vacation, plans to work in New York. This summer looks good to Joan, who has spent vacations typing in an office and picking beans on a farm. "Just imagine all this free time at the shore!" she exclaims unbelievably.

Joan does not consider herself athletic and admits that bean picking and soccer playing in her junior year constituted the limit of her physical activity. She says that she prefers sleep, and ranks getting up in the morning with the acute unhappiness of standing up on the train from New York to Boston.

Versatile in summer occupations, and faring well in both scholastic and social things, she impresses her friends as an all-round girl. Her friends are quite right, for Joan Walker has not only leadership ability but a definite knack for living happily.

Darcy



Barbara Schardt of Troy, Ohio, president of the junior class, is an excellent representative of the typical college girl. Barbara is a very athletic five foot-niner with short, dark, curly hair and an engaging smile. She is one of the friendliest girls on the Lasell campus. Naturally a sports enthusiast, she likes to participate in crew and other Lasell team-athletics, but her favorite sports are swimming and horseback riding. Barbara is one of those lucky girls who owns her own horse, "Bourbon Lady."

She had a very active record in high school where she served as senior class treasurer and as art editor of her high school year book. She was also a member of the National Honor Society and Student Council.

Barbara is taking the Liberal Arts course and has not decided on a major yet, but she particularly likes Spanish and belongs to the Spanish club. After she graduates from Lasell, she wants to continue her education at the University of California with emphasis on Spanish and also art, another interest which shows her great versatility.

Elaine Reed

"A Sport—"

"A SPORT for every girl and every girl a good sport," is the motto of Lasell's Physical Education Department. This slogan, introduced at a sports rally in the first weeks of the school year, is not only quoted but put into practice. Because the classes are changed and rearranged each quarter, every Lasell girl has the opportunity to at least venture into as many as eleven sports during her two years at Lasell. As a junior she is urged to try out all the sports which most attract her; as a senior she concentrates on one or two favorites. Each student signs up for two classes a week at the hours she chooses; one class is usually a team sport, the other individual.

The Physical Education Department is well staffed for a college the size of Lasell. Consisting of five members, it includes Miss Muriel McClelland, Miss Myra Sawyer, Miss Elizabeth Winslow, Miss Virginia Tribou, and Mrs. Jeanne Cousins.

As an individual sport, swimming is a year-round favorite. The swimming pool in Carter Hall, built in 1878, was the first indoor pool to be built for a women's college in the country. It is equipped with showers, foot-baths, and dressing rooms for the girls



who supply their own swim suits and caps.

The American crawl is stressed more than the other strokes for although it is one of the most difficult to master, once learned, it becomes the easiest and the least tiring of strokes. However, other forms such as the breast, side, and back-crawl strokes are taught, too. After class hours the pool may be used by any of the students, providing there are three girls in the pool at one time.

Senior life-saving classes are conducted two evenings a week by certified instructors, Dot Morris, Jody Lamb, Betts Kendall, and Barbara Schardt. After completing this course in which they strive for perfection in strokes and holds and the four basic rescues, the girls are qualified life-savers.

When the weather approves, the girls venture into the open air for tennis. There are four courts on Lasell's campus, two near Bragdon, one next to Gardner, and one at Woodland. The tennis rackets and balls necessary to this popular sport are supplied by the players. The instructors prefer to teach the eastern grip rather than the western and continental grips because it has proved to be the more versatile of the three. To help the girls to understand more clearly the fundamentals of this game, the Physical Education Department has shown film shorts featuring tennis stars demonstrating the art.

Badminton, first cousin to tennis and sub-





stituting for it in the winter, is played either in the Winslow gym or Carter Hall. The change from the heavier racket wielded with a strong wrist to the lighter racket handled with a loose wrist requires a little patience. The bird, being a feathered object, is well named. Whereas the tennis ball zips over the net in a straight line, it is inclined to do some aërial tricks. Playing outdoors is practically impossible unless there is absolutely no wind since the slightest puff sends the bird scooting off in the wrong direction.

In fall and spring Lasell girls don arm guards and finger tabs and take up their bows and arrows to try out the ancient sport of archery. In the hands of some of the beginners this equipment can become lethal for bystanders. Usually the novice picks up the game quickly and, although her shooting can not be mistaken for that of an Indian expert, she can hit the bull's eye at 60 yards.

Lasell's five-hole golf course in back of Gardner provides a wonderful spot for the beginning golfer. She must have her own equipment consisting of at least five clubs and some balls. Upon improving she may go to the nearby Riverside Municipal Golf Course.

This year a great many girls have taken bowling. It is rapidly becoming a great favorite. The classes are held at the Auburndale Club House where the candle-pin type of bowling is used. For those who look for a more strenuous sport there are horse-back

riding classes held at the Weston Saddle and Bridle Club several times a week. The riding master teaches the essentials of good riding in the ring and then takes the girls out to try the trails. With the improvement of the gas situation, the number of hours available has increased so that most of the girls can fit riding into their schedules.

Correctives is a required class for at least one quarter. It is primarily designed to correct the posture and improve poise. Modern dancing aids in acquiring these assets also, but by a more creative method. The girls learn to use their imaginations and adapt them to dancing. The dance club, made up of the better than average girls, prepares programs for presentation in Winslow Hall and also for the June Fête when the queen of the campus is crowned. She and her court preside over the dance festival.

The softball diamond at the farther end of the athletic field is the scene of many hotly contested games between classes. Since all the girls wear blue gym suits, red pinafores are donned by one team as a distinguishing mark.

Soccer is a sport requiring energy and stamina. Kicking the ball down the field in the very teeth of the oncoming foe necessitates a certain amount of courage. Bared



shin bones are, amazingly enough, the exception rather than the rule. Field hockey is another team sport in the same class with soccer. The chief differences lie in the use of a stick and a smaller sized ball for hockey.

Volleyball is based upon a spirit of co-operation. Though there may seem to be more than enough girls on each team to push the ball over the net, it takes long hours of practice and a great amount of dexterity. A strong wrist is needed to punch a big ball from the back serving line in Carter Hall over the seven-foot net.

In the Winslow gymnasium, the girls learn the basic requirements of basketball and how to use them. The floor is marked for girls' basketball, in which the forwards and guards are restricted to half the court rather than the whole of it as in the boys' version. Only one dribble is allowed because of this limitation. Still, these curtailments do not lessen the speed to any great degree.

Intercollegiate games have been pretty largely dictated by the gas situation during the war as the riding classes were. This year, however, Lasell has begun to journey to other colleges again. Last fall two carloads of hockey players went up to Colby Junior to play a round robin game with that school and the University of New Hampshire. Another hockey game at Bradford Junior was rained out after they had arrived. Lasell went to Westbrook Junior for a basketball game and played host to Pine Manor's team. Next year the intercollegiate games will probably cover a wider field and will be more regularly scheduled.

Besides the regular class sports there is an added attraction of crew which is really the most popular sport of all Lasell. An entire afternoon is dedicated to crew racing. The intense competition for positions in the war canoes begins after prospective paddlers have

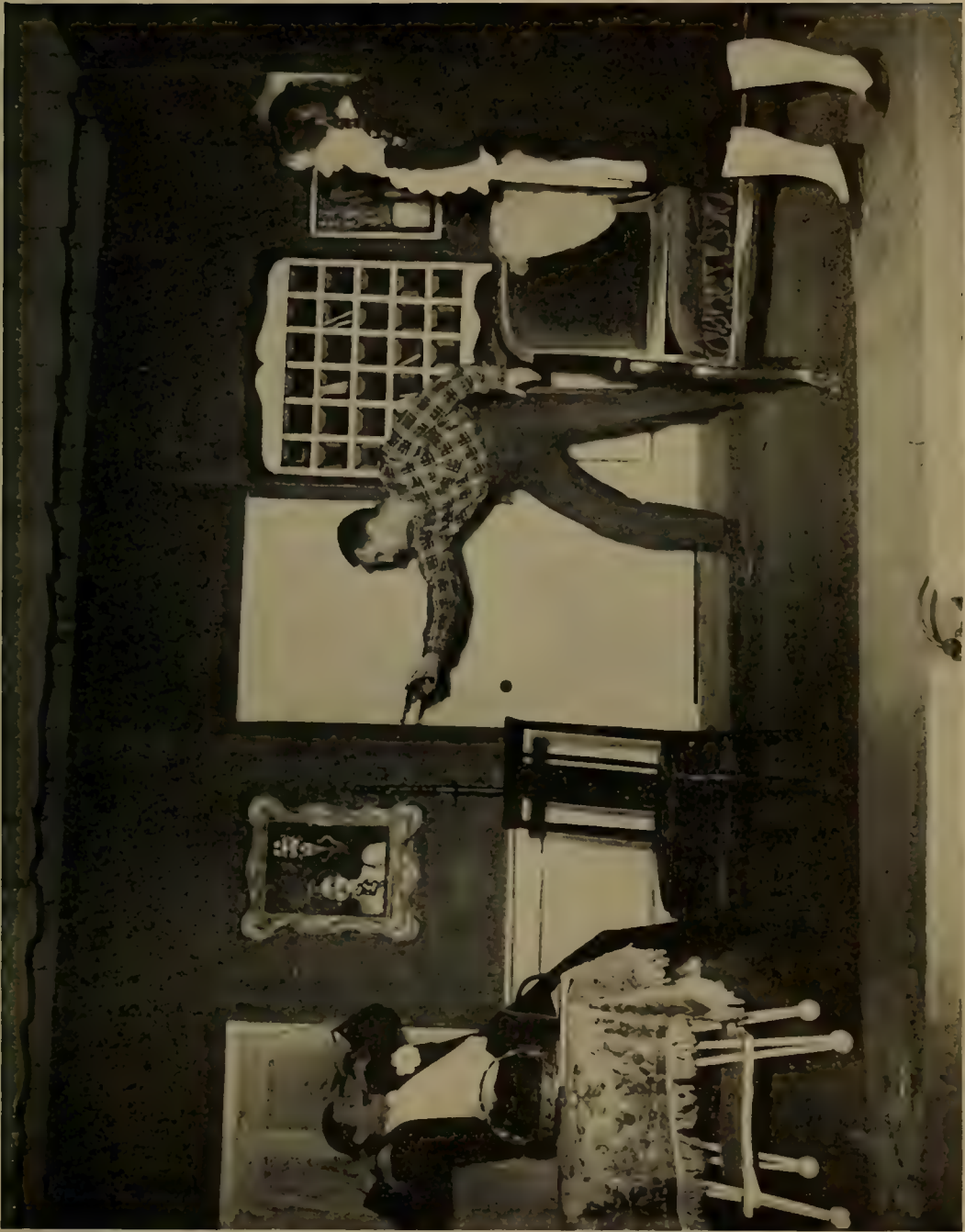
taken their one hundred yard swim test and a strength test. Mr. Ordway, crew coach for thirty-three years, patiently instructs the girls in the correct method of using canoes and paddles. At the end of a month's dogged practice the girls are ready to compete in the third-of-a-mile races on the Charles River.

The Athletic Association of Lasell, called "The Blue and White", received its charter in 1930. Every Lasell girl belongs to it. At the initial sports rally each new student draws out of a box an athletic pin denoting the side for which she will either play or cheer. These badges are fairly large round affairs picturing a dancing girl in blue or white on the contrasting background. The white girl on the blue background signifies the blue team and vice-versa. Healthy rivalry is the result of this whole-school participation plan.

The Blue and White plaque is annually competed for by basketball, volleyball, softball, field hockey, and soccer teams. Also, points are gained by tournament winners in tennis, archery, badminton, golf, and bowling. Additional points are acquired by cheer leaders who rouse the teams on to victory and by the crew paddlers. At commencement each year the captain of the winning team receives the plaque on which is engraved the name and year of the team. Throughout the year this trophy is displayed in Dr. Winslow's office.

Individual and competitive sports, such as these offered at Lasell, are playing a more important part in the life of college women every year. Good minds cannot be developed without strong bodies. Lasell is among the leaders in emphasizing this plan, in its previously stated motto, "A sport for every girl and every girl a good sport."

Grace V. Rayfuse



PURE AS THE DRIVEN SNOW
Left to right: Hibbard James, William Murray, and Lucy Clark.

“Joe”

EAST HAMPTON with its station of brown clapboards and its long bench outside, carved and chipped by a passing public. East Hampton with its cracked cement platform, its dirty cigarette butts and chewing gum wrappers.

Against the dirty wooden structure stands dirty Joe. Standing small and dirty with worn sneakers, torn pants and uncut hair. A shaggy brown 'n white mongrel pokes its moist nose against the boy's legs. He kicks the dog away without shifting the downward gaze of his enormous black eyes. The 2:45 freight is overdue and little Joe is anxious.

Little Joe, waking up every morning in a roomful of seven kids. Throwing off a ragged blanket, going into the cold dimness of a dingy kitchen to make breakfast. Big Louis, his father, swearing at the kids, and the kids going off to school just to keep warm. Coming home at lunchtime to clean the house, running back to school to get warm again. No play, except for that moment when Joe glimpses the 2:45 freight coming down those two shining tracks.

Today the 2:45 freight is late. Jake, the station man, comes to the platform, sees the ragged figure huddled against the building and says, “Hi, kid!” The kid looks up at Jake with deep pools of worry in his eyes. “You kids are always waiting for something,” laughs Eddie. “Isn’t that right?” he asks Pete, the town cripple, dragging on a “picked-up” butt. Little Joe does not hear. He is in a dream, listening for his freight—listening—listening.

He sees the freight pull up, stopping with a long pull and two short jerks. There is a large, red-faced man up in front where you drive, and he smiles and waves at dirty Joe. An answering grin breaks out through the grime of the boy's old face. The man says, “Lo kid.”

“Hi, mister; pretty good train you’ve got.”

“Would you like a ride?”

“Sure!” cries Joe.

“Hop on, yes sir, right up here. Careful

now, yuh don’t fall. That’s right. Want ta blow the whistle? Listen, see? It works fine.”

“Sure, mister.”

“Say, yuh know, you’re pretty good.”

“Am I?”

“Sure are.”

“Can I drive it?”

“Sure, want ta try it? Now just pull this lever. That’s right. Hard down. Say, you’ll be quite an engineer when yuh grow up!”

“Thanks, mister, ain’t we goin’ fast? I like this. I’m goin’ lickety split, ain’t I mister?” Joe is in heaven.

“Sure are, kid.”

Little Joe is driving the 2:45 freight, leaning down on those steel rails, burning up the tracks. Little dirty Joe driving. Goin’ to be an engineer some day, drivin’ like the wind down the tracks.

“How’m I doin’, mister?”

“Just swell, kid. Let her fly. Through the white milky clouds we’ll take her. Give her the wind and let her rip!”

“Gee, mister, I ain’t never gone fast like this.”

“Kid, you just grab onto that red lever, hold tight and off we go!”

“Can I blow the whistle again?”

“Blow it all you want.”

Little dirty Joe flying to the westward in the 2:45 freight. Little Joe swirling, swerving through space, dirty Joe thinking of his pa, Louis, swearing and beating the kids. Louis making ma work and slave. Poor ma, just a room with seven kids, nothing but work and more work all day. Ma, with a hot face and large, perspiring body. She doesn’t know about the freight; she doesn’t know. If Louis knew, he’d get mad; he’d get mad at Joe and beat ma. But Louis doesn’t know, either.

Joe speeding against time. Gotta bring this freight in. Don’t care ’bout Louis or ma. Hell ta think of ma and pa—spitting, swearing, lovin’, fussin’. Hell ta think of all those kids. All dressed in rags. Always dirty, always cold, always hungry. Nothing but

school and back to the cold, damp room. Hell ta think of anything like home. Heaven ta think of me, dirty Joe roaring through the sky, passin' all the other freights. Heaven ta think of bein' an engineer, pullin' levers, blowin' whistles, speedin' long the tracks.

"Hey, kid, take it easy. You're goin' too fast. We'll crash."

"Ok, mister," cries Joe, but the dream is gone. The flying phantom becomes a train again; the train becomes a mist. Little Joe huddles next to the station, the mongrel dog yipping at his heels.

There is only East Hampton, with its unkempt station and dirty platform. East Hampton, with Jake, the station man, and Pete, the town cripple. East Hampton where

the 2:45 freight is to have arrived down those shiny tracks and hasn't.

Joe is huddled against the building with downcast eyes and worn, stained clothes. Then comes Jake, rushing out of the station.

"Hey, Pete, there's been a wreck. It's the 2:45!"

"Yeah?" wheezes the cripple. "Where 'bouts?"

"Down the road a piece."

"Anybody killed?"

"A couple of guys. Hey kid? what's a matter. snap out of it. These kids that come down here. They're always sick or cryin', but this is somethin' new. Go on home, kid. Go on home!"

Norinne White



Something Old

THE dainty, old-fashioned porcelain jewel-box stood on my grandmother's dresser for as long as I can remember. I was always fascinated by it, and often, when Mother and Daddy and the "grown-up people" were absorbed in after-dinner conversation that excludes the younger fry, I would steal into grandmother's room and amuse myself with the hidden secrets of the object I had so long admired.

This wasn't just a plain jewel-box. This was an extraordinary one. It played music when I raised the cover! On the top there were three, tiny, exquisite butterflies hovering over daisies and buttercups, and all trapped under a deceiving curved glass that made them look as real as the ones that flew around my own garden in the summer.

When I unlatched the cover, I would stare in amazement as the concealed orchestra would break out of confinement and fill the room with "The Viennese Waltz." I could never quite understand how the little men who made the music could all fit into the

box together. I confided this to my seven-year old brother one day, but he didn't seem too interested so the subject was dropped. I should have known then that the intricate mechanisms of his little mind were working overtime about this problem. He had an insistent complex and that was to take everything apart "to see how it works."

The next time we went to Grandmother's, I effected my departure from the "grown-ups" and went to see my jewel-box. As I neared Grandmother's room, I could hear the tinkling of the music. I looked into the room to see my little brother eyeing the box curiously, turning it over and over in his small hands while his mind was contriving terrible plans. Suddenly, without warning, he brought it up over his head and threw it with all his force; it went smashing to the floor. I rushed over to view the remains and as I looked down, the last strains of "The Viennese Waltz" came floating up to me.

Mary Lou Sheehan

Backstage With a Broom

I AM a broom and a most extraordinary one at that. My two years at Winslow Hall have changed me into something more than a mere sweeper of floors. I have become through careful observation an authority on how to produce a play. In my own way I have helped with many of the productions, and unobserved I have noted exactly how a smash hit comes into being.

Through the eyes of the audience a play is a play, and the ones at Winslow are better than most. Spectators see the productions in finished form. Little do they know of the anxieties and excitement of backstage life—the work and the thrills. I wish I had a tongue. Ah, then I could tell you wonderful tales of life backstage and experiences during rehearsals. But unfortunately I am only a thing of straw and wood. I cannot speak, but I am able to write. So, without further ado, I'll dip a bristle into the rougepot and begin.

First off, the director chooses a play. Take for example the first play given last fall, "Claudia". It was chosen because it fell within the limitations of the Workshop Players. It did not require a large number of men, (men are so hard to get these days). The show had only one set, which is very helpful when working with a small amount of scenery, and it was the kind of a play that would appeal to Lasell audiences. I might add here that it did, unanimously.

After selecting the play Miss Morrill sat down and read the play in earnest. In this second setting, the personalities of each of the characters become definite in the director's mind. For instance, Claudia herself became an innocent young bride, not yet able to assume the responsibilities of married life, because she was still tied to her mother's apron strings. If Pat Luther had played her any other way, Claudia wouldn't have crept into the heart of the audience the way she did. I remember the many nights I stood in the wings and watched the part change from Pat Luther saying the lines into Claudia talking to her husband, David.

Also during this period settings are pictured. Many of you will remember the unusual set of Mrs. Winslow's fantasy "Gowns, Heads, and Hearts" produced last spring. It was the interior of a very exclusive gown shoppe, complete with large display window and dressing room. The scenery was very intricately laid out, and the problems of constructing it were great. The blueprints for it were planned at this early time.

After these important preparations, the director is now ready to choose her cast. Oh, what a job that is, and sometimes when it is all over and rehearsals are about to begin, she discovers that one of the players is on low academic standing, which means a hunt for someone to take her place. Now as I have mentioned before, picking a cast is not all peaches and cream. Not only does the director have to consider the voice and volume of the candidate, but she must also take into account the stage presence, the cooperation, and although this may seem a bit vague, the weight and size of the individual. A play would seem very strange with the heroine taller than the hero. Picture, in your mind's eye Claudia towering over David, or in "Pure as the Driven Snow", Purity looking down to Leander Longfellow. This is the time to take care of such matters.

The moment has now come for rehearsals. Plays at Lasell are produced in four weeks with rehearsals on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday nights. Now and then one will be omitted because the college has a special evening program or the boys, recruited perhaps from Harvard and the New England Conservatory of Music, are all busy.

Here is the first week. I will try to put it in a nutshell for you, although the project is a difficult one. All of the cast have their scripts, that is everybody except the boys who appear during the second week. The acts are set. Translation: the players are told where to make their entrances and exits, and where to stand to give the audience a well-balanced picture of the action onstage.

Behind the scenes we are painting scenery. I say "we", because I am considered a very important member of the hard-working crew. Teachers and students alike are running around in dungarees splashing paint, half on themselves and half on the set. Life is gay. I remember "Pure as the Driven Snow" especially. We needed some mailboxes painted on the set, and that called for the outside help of an artist. So for several nights Miss Carter painted mailboxes on a flat (section of scenery) trying to give them that three-dimensional quality, while Miss Winslow helped out by wielding a large brush in a most artistic manner.

Scenery painting looks easy to casual observers, but they are sadly mistaken. The process demands fast, thick strokes, because, if the color is applied any other way, the paint underneath would come through and the poor painters would have to keep going over it.

On Monday of the second week, lines are learned. The boys come and work goes on with renewed vigor. Character is established.

Meanwhile offstage, the tickets are planned out along with the program. Posters are created. Seniors will recall the unique one that was made for "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" a year ago last fall. It was a calendar telling everyone how many days left until the performance, and every morning in some mysterious way another leaf disappeared and the number of days lessened. This year there was a fine poster for "Claudia". It was the picture of a farm with a cow holding genuine, honest-to-goodness hay in her mouth.

It is this week also that the ushers and lighting technicians are picked. The ushers for "Pure as the Driven Snow" had to be especially talented. They were called upon to sing between the acts.

The people who work lights are extremely important also. One wrong switch and the actors, stage and all are lost in darkness. Janet Garland, who has taken charge of the lights in most of this year's productions, had a very busy time of it in "Pure as the Driven

Snow", because she also had a part in the play.

Third week already! The characters are beginning to come to life. The cast smooths off the rough edges, and tempo and pace are quickened. Backstage there are several more things yet to do. The program is sent to the printers after having been checked, for even though actors are usually very friendly people, they often get upset when their names are misspelled on a program. The box office workers are now chosen. These girls are patient and durable. They need to be, for as soon as the tickets go on sale, long lines form and they give out tickets for hours.

At last, the fourth week comes. Costumes are collected and blended with the other costumes and the scenery. Also the costumes must fit the personalities of the character. A motherly woman would look pretty silly in a frilly dress for a girl of seventeen, and a villain in old clothes would lose all his treachery. Mrs. Winslow graciously donated some 1890 costumes for "Pure as the Driven Snow" and in past productions has been very helpful in producing other costumes. There are usually two dress rehearsals. Lasell girls become old ladies, or sophisticated sirens. Greasepaint is really powerful stuff.

By now the box office has been established and has been doing a land-office business. Everything is ready. Friday night comes and the show goes on. People offstage are holding their breaths and the curtain parts. . . .

Then it closes after the third act amid thunderous applause. The cast assembles to take curtain calls. House lights go up and flowers are presented over the footlights. This applause, these flowers, and the warm feeling that comes from a job well done is the reward of the Workshop Players. Everyone is reminded of the phrase "a poor showman is one who has applause as his goal; a great showman, applause spurs onward to better things."

And now I must go. You see, a play has just ended and Mr. Ward is waiting for me to help him sweep up the dressingroom.

Lucy Clark

Memory Book

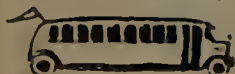
A LASELL year is so full of a number of things. That's why many of us keep those bulging scrapbooks that we love to show to our friends. We've included matches from the Barn and there is the dance card from the Junior-Senior prom. We've saved a button we wore at the Blue-White games, a wooden spoon from the Stunt Night picnic last year, and the program from Pops as a souvenir of a memorable night. Also, perhaps more important still are the snapshots of days happily spent.



Remember
Junior Week?



A cigarette before assembly



Trips to historic places



We all got acquainted.

Out for hockey





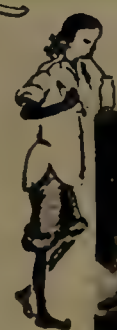
The first snow



—having our ups and downs



Then came Crew Day



...and our last picnic



Apple-Cider – A Fantasy

THE apple sailed over the wall, but oddly enough it didn't hit the ground.

"Strange, I've never seen a flying apple before," murmured Dennis Jon as the wingless object balanced itself a few yards off on some empty air. On these fall days when there was no one to walk through the woods with him, D. J. Stone often exchanged ideas with himself.

The apple floated nearer.

"If I didn't trust my eyes, I'd say I was seeing things." During this Dennis was eyeing the apple out of the corner of his right eye. He was lying propped up against the wall, on the other side of which was an apple orchard.

"I wonder if all the apples this year have mastered gravity. Maybe this one just has a high I.Q."

"Thank you," said the apple.

"Who's that?" asked Dennis, on the alert.

"It is I," answered the apple in a definitely contralto voice. "Do you think you are the only one who can carry on a conversation? Well, never mind. Take me down out of here. I'm tired of sitting on nothing."

Dennis gingerly took the apple in his hand. The apple turned her green side up.

"Why do you turn your green side up?" Dennis inquired.

"Because I think better on this side," replied the apple with a touch of pride.

"And what are you thinking about?" asked Dennis a trifle sarcastically.

"About you, of course," said the apple, irritably. "I'm your genie. Genies give people wishes."

"I've seen that moving picture, too," Dennis exclaimed dryly. "Look, I'm very glad to have known you, but would you be so kind as to get off my hand and fly back to your orchard? I want to get home." Dennis tossed the apple over the wall. "Well, that takes care of that," he muttered, brushing his hands together.

Unfortunately, it was not quite as easy as that, for no sooner had the young man

turned himself about than the apple came flying over the wall again and struck him on the head. He was stunned for a moment. When he opened his eyes, there was the apple, red side up, dangling in front of his nose.

"If you don't go away quick," he shouted impetuously, "I'll take a bite out of you!" The apple actually shook.

"Please, you wouldn't do that? The last time someone took a bite out of me, I had to go back to a seed and grow up all over again. You have no idea what a long process it is," she wailed.

Dennis wasn't quite sure he knew what she was talking about, so he ignored it. "What do you expect me to do? Cry? I have to get home."

"Is that all?" she inquired and in a whisk he was home. There was only one difficulty. He was sitting on the top of the chimney. The apple was still in his hand.

"Oh, I'm sorry," the apple apologized. "It's been so long since I've done this sort of thing that I'm a little out of practice." He was then dumped out on the hearth in the library.

"My dear young lady," complained Dennis, tenderly picking himself up, "will you please cease placing me in such undignified positions? Anyway, it hurts."

"Well, that's all the kindness I get! After all I've done for you."

"Such as what, besides tossing me all over the place?" countered Dennis.

"Well, tell me what you want me to do."

"You know what I'd like most? To give a recital on the piano. Something real special. Like a prodigy. I've been taking lessons for six years and everyone says that I'm no good and won't get any better. Even my mother thinks so. Can I have a recital, Apple?"

"I'll thank you not to refer to me as 'apple'. My name is Cider. I merely use this apple for my house." Here Cider turned up her green side in annoyance. Dennis pretended not to notice it. He picked her up off the table and

turned her around to the more talkative red side.

"Put me on the piano," Cider commanded, "green side up, please. This takes a bit of concentration." Dennis readily complied.

"Well!" said Cider impatiently. "You can't play standing there, stupid. Sit down."

"Oh, am I going to play?" Dennis was definitely disappointed.

"Well, of course. It would look rather odd if I did!"

Dennis sat down rather reluctantly. He put his musically uneducated fingers on a few keys. The tones sounded rather well.

"Hey, that's not so bad!" He was delighted. Again the fingers banged up the keyboard. The harmony was startlingly good. It was so good, in fact, that his sister, who had just come in, gaped in amazement.

"Is that you?" she asked.

"Of course," Dennis announced in that "you-don't-know-what-a-genius-your-brother-really-is" tone. He played a Chopin Etude he had never heard before for her.

"Where did you get that luscious apple?" she said and grabbed it up. The beautiful tones suddenly ceased. The discord would have made Stravinsky shudder.

"Put that back!" screamed Dennis and made a flying leap at her. Startled, she threw the apple at him and ran. Cider bashed Dennis on the forehead.

"Ouch!" they chorused.

"Oh! Oh!" groaned Cider, "You've bruised my green side. How will I be able to think?"

"What?" exclaimed Dennis, forgetting his own wounded head. "But you can't! You can't just stop thinking! What will I do?"

"Don't be silly," admonished Cider calming down immediately. "It will just take a little time to heal. I don't stop thinking altogether. It just makes it harder. Now call up your teacher and get this recital arranged."

When Mr. J. S. Bach Hemingway heard Dennis Jon play, he, too, was amazed. "We have indeed improved, Master Stone," he

said with satisfaction. "As I always say, it takes a good teacher to bring out the art in a person."

By Tuesday Cider's bruise had healed so well that only middle "C" was a little flat. But she hastily assured Dennis that it would be all right for Friday's concert.

Dennis began to have some qualms about the whole thing when Friday arrived. But Mr. J. S. Bach Hemingway resolutely escorted Dennis to the hall. On the grand piano sitting majestically on the stage, Dennis placed Cider, green side facing him and ran his fingers up and down the keyboard.

"Hey," he exclaimed, "middle 'C' is still a little strange."

"Yes, I know," sighed Cider. "I shall have to try very hard to keep it steady."

"Master Stone," admonished Mr. Hemingway, "let us please stop talking to ourselves. The strain must be getting too much for us, dear boy. Come, we'll rest awhile, shall we?" With that, he dragged Dennis off to lie down. Cider was left sitting on the piano.

At two o'clock the men came to move the piano into position so that all of the audience could see the little prodigy.

"Whats' the apple for?"

"How do I know? Grab hold there!"

"Looks good!"

"Looks good? Since when did you start likin' pianos?"

"The apple!"

* * * * *

The auditorium began to fill about two-fifteen. It was an important occasion and many of the more notable people of the music circles were there. When the introduction was at last concluded by Mr. Hemingway, out stepped Dennis Jon Stone to present his first professional concert. With all the majesty of his twelve years, he marched across the platform to the piano. And there on the shiny black top sat Cider—with a big bite out of her pretty green side.

G. V. Rayfuse

Oasis in the City

AS SCHOOLCHILDREN, swinging their books, run for the 3:35, as housewives head for the 4:15, and as the suburban husbands race for the 5:03, each one pauses at a small white booth that stands just outside the Broad Street Station. Some toss in a cheery word while others just wave a careless hand at the little old lady sitting inside. The booth is painted a sparkling white, and it seems oddly out of place at this busy intersection where yellow cabs swerve dangerously near the curb, buses weave in and out, and trucks are caught in the city's turmoil. In the midst of all the hustle and bustle, a little old woman calmly carries on her business from day to day, month to month, and year to year.

The woman who is responsible for this interesting little booth, which is situated right in the heart of a big city, is Mrs. Theodore Myles. Her public know her as "Mrs. Teddy". She was born fifty-seven years ago in a lonely farmhouse in the farthest corner of Maine, the farthest corner from a big city, that is. When "Mrs. Teddy" was ten years old she went to Philadelphia and one visit was enough—one visit and she knew she could live nowhere else but in the teeming, crowded city with its skyscrapers, department stores, and scurrying people—so "Mrs. Teddy" went back to Maine to wait until she was old enough to join those scurrying crowds. Mr. Myles settled that situation when he carried her off ten years later as his bride. Their destination? Philadelphia.

They had fifteen happy years together, watching their two sons grow up, one to become president of his class in grammar school and cop all scholastic honors, the other to head a mighty football team and walk off with a silver cup. In 1926 Mr. Myles was killed in a train accident. Two years later "Mrs. Teddy" opened her small booth and started her unique hobby of filling a store with odds and ends, essentials and non-essentials that would appeal to the public and help anyone out besides.

Many inspired business men, some who

have forgotten to buy a paper and others who are trying to make conversation with neighbor Joe Jones, have tried naming this white booth. Their creative ability produced such names as "Corner Junk Shop" or "Green Blinds Miscellaneous Mansion". From these titles those of you who inhabit the subway can conclude that this booth is not a "single item" place. "Mrs. Teddy" has a little bit of everything rather than a lot of one thing. Many a father, forgetting Tommy's birthday, has picked up a football or a plane model, while the wives and mothers can get that loaf of bread they forgot to order from the baker, and the school-kids can always get a pencil or a notebook there.

To give you some kind of idea just what "Mrs. Teddy" sells, I can name items in her shop that are found in the following stores: grocery, clothing, hardware, millinery, hair-dressing, card, pet and photographers shops. If the post-office is too far away, she'll have a stamp for you, and if you're too lazy to walk up to the library, "Mrs. Teddy" has a very interesting book to lend!

This week "Mrs. Teddy" celebrated her fifty-seventh birthday, the return of her son from three years in the Pacific, and the seventeenth anniversary of the opening of her little booth. Station employees gave her a surprise party and a wristwatch; business men could be seen dropping presents on her stacks of magazines and then hurrying on; and small children stood in the doorway, first on one foot then the other, timidly reciting poems, then scurrying off. The taxi drivers lifted their caps a bit higher as they echoed their familiar "Mornin'", and policemen ambling by stopped to wish "Mrs. Teddy" many happy returns.

If you ever miss your trolley or the late bus, stop for a paper, a pair of shoestrings, or a package of cigarettes at the white booth with the green blinds. "Mrs. Teddy" will have just what you want, plus a hearty smile and a cheery greeting.

Anne Valentine

Runaway

THERE he stood—in the very center of the white, snow-covered road. He arched his slender, brown neck and pawed at the snow with a small sharp hoof. His whole body glistened and his muscles rippled under his sweat-covered coat.

Then he started to come toward me, swaying from side to side and stepping daintily over the snow. With nostrils wide and eyes rolling, he advanced. He tossed his head, and watched me warily with little brown eyes that were rimmed with white. He twitched his ears and shuddered, never taking his eyes from me.

Suddenly he reared, pawing at the air—turned, and his lustrous steaming form streaked down the road.

Nancy Fanning



Were You There

---AMONG the Lasell ski fans at either Russell's or the Intervale Inn in North Conway during that long weekend after Midyears?

—either in Orphean or the audience at the M. I. T.-Orphean Concert held in Winslow Hall? The Lasell singers were in fine voice. There was a dance afterwards for the two glee clubs, and that plus refreshments helped to make the entire evening a success.

—in Winslow Hall at the showing of "Gunga Din", that film drama of British India during a native uprising?

—at the Junior-Senior Prom when Chappie Arnold and his band supplied the music? You were hardly able to recognize Winslow Hall; the Decorations Committee did such a wonderful job with the idea of a State Fair at Lasell as the theme.

—to see Lasell's basketball team fight hard but lose to Pine Manor's team with a score of 26-20? We're sorry to say that Lasell later lost to Westbrook, also. Better luck next time, girls. We're cheering for you.

—to boo the villain and cheer the handsome hero at either the Friday or Saturday night performance of "Pure as the Driven Snow"?

—when Le Cercle Francais presented the French film "La Grande Illusion"?

—at *Der Kaffeeklatsch*? We really have quite a few linguists among us. The German students gave us a good sample of their ability at their little get-together.

—to cheer the Whites on to victory over the Blues in basketball with a score of 24-23? That was a close and exciting game, but most of us will never forget the fun during the half when the faculty played against each other!

—at the senior Speech production "Speech Varieties of 1946"? It seems that not only have the Speech students been learning phonetics but how to use tact in selling ladies' hats, and the techniques of dramatics.

—to hear Nancy Byrd Turner tell her experiences and read from her poems in Winslow Hall?

Cleaning the Attic

SATURDAY is my favorite day in the week. However, no matter how many pleasant Saturdays I have spent in pursuing my own pleasures, there comes always one inevitable Saturday heralding the approach of spring. The rain, drumming on the roof, beats the idea firmly into mother's mind that the attic must be cleaned immediately. Plans I have made for the day must be cast aside. Usually Mother waits until I am enjoying a rather late breakfast, and am meditating upon the leisurely day before me. Then she springs the news. Today is the day that I have been sorrowfully anticipating, for today we are going to clean the attic. The remainder of the meal is ruined.

After eating more than I want, in order to waste time, I reluctantly go upstairs, mother urging me on from behind. At last we reach the attic. Such a litter confronts us that we hardly know where to begin. It seems impenetrable—old books, discarded pictures, trunks that are seldom used, childhood toys—everything out of order, and a layer of dust over all.

For the first hour I usually labor diligently, looking forward to the time when the distasteful task will be finished. But after that I begin to have less enthusiasm, and the work seems to pile up hopelessly ahead of me. Now I begin to wish for interruptions, but when they come, I wish they hadn't. The telephone rings and I run down two flights of stairs, only to find that it is mother who is wanted. I call her, but she can't hear so I run up one flight and call again. I decide that while she is telephoning, I may as well relax and scan the morning paper. But before Mother picks up the receiver, she gives orders for me to continue sorting magazines, so another weary half-hour passes. Then the doorbell rings. This time Mother says she will answer, but it happens to be someone for me. So I go

downstairs and explain my plight to my friends, while Mother toils upstairs. Soon I join her, and presently the telephone is summoning one of us again. Mother decides to go, and while she is talking, I take advantage of the reprieve by looking through an old scrapbook. Inspection reveals that it is a college scrapbook belonging to Father. The pages are covered with old dance programs, newspaper clippings and pictures—I pick out choice bits to bring to Dad's attention and watch his reaction. Mother returns, and begins to enjoy the book with me, but only for a few moments. By a supreme effort she conquers temptation and orders me to resume work.

Over in a dark corner under the eaves, we move a mattress and carefully cover it with papers. This task takes about ten minutes and after it is completed, I discover that I have left the dustpan under the unwieldy thing. I tug again at the mattress while mother waves the flashlight, and the dustpan is rescued.

I find some old books of my childhood days and start to look through them. But Mother says some of them must be thrown away. Trying to be practical I select a few that I think I might need in the future. Of course, the ones I choose to keep, Mother selects to be destroyed. Result: We keep all the books.

By now I am exhausted. If Mother is tired, she does not show it. Fatigue is making me irritable. The task is about finished, and I am about famished. As I look around, the attic does not seem to me to be greatly improved, but Mother maintains that it is at least clean, and that cleanliness is a virtue. I do not feel especially virtuous, but I do feel a strong satisfaction in the fact that the distasteful job of cleaning the attic is again a matter of record.

Virginia Morris

Faculty and Administration Notes

In honor of one of the first Auburndale men to give his life in World War II, the newly-formed Veterans of Foreign Wars Post in Auburndale has been named the Lt. (jg.) Stanton M. Amesbury Post.

Lt. Amesbury, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter R. Amesbury (*Jane Ford*, '01-'03) was killed in action on Nov. 9, 1942 while serving as a Navy fighter pilot over Casablanca. Mr. Amesbury has presented the post with the Colors in commemoration of his son.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur G. Hildreth, of Westford, Mass., announce the marriage of their daughter, *Miss Barbara Huntington Hildreth*, Faculty '42- , to Mr. George Adams Parkhurst, son of Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop A. Parkhurst of Chelmsford, Mass. Mrs. Parkhurst, a graduate of Simmons College in 1941, is an instructor in chemistry at Lasell. Mr. Parkhurst, a graduate of M.I.T. in 1938, was honorably discharged from the Army last year, and is at present a chemical engineer with Dewey and Almy, Cambridge.

Mr. George Sawyer Dunham conducted the Lasell Orphean Club at the annual Lasell Night at Pops in Boston, Friday evening, May 17. Mrs. Franklin E. Leland was the accompanist, and Mr. Louis Haffermehl played for the singing of Lasell songs during intermission.

We have received word of the engagement of *Miss Lillian Wychunas*, Faculty 1942- , to Mr. Albert O. Davison of Boston, a student at Franklin Institute.

Miss Myra L. Sawyer, Faculty '37- , will be married on June 22 to Mr. John Blake Roberts, at an afternoon wedding in Wilton, Me. Mr. Roberts, a graduate of Bowdoin College and Boston University Law School, is a member of the law firm of Willard and Willard, Sanford, Me.

Mrs. Robert Eliot Clark of Newton Highlands announces the marriage of her daughter, *Miss Thalia Clark*, Substitute Faculty '43-'45, to Mr. H. Mortimer Summers of Boston, son of Mrs. Augustus H. Summers of

Boothbay Harbor, Me., formerly of Cambridge.

Miss Rosalie Martin, Faculty '31-'43, was recently promoted to the rank of Lt. Commander in the WAVES. She is stationed at the Bureau of Naval Personnel, Washington.

Mr. Donald Winslow, son of Dr. and Mrs. Guy M. Winslow, and husband of *Lois Nelson Winslow*, Faculty '37-'43, has received his discharge from the Army and is teaching at Boston University.

The many friends of Mary Augusta Mullikin, former head of Lasell's Art Department, will rejoice to know that her long, difficult, wartime experience in Tientsin is ended and that she arrived in France in March. After many delays she secured passage on a ship originally designed to carry 150 passengers, but, in its role as an evacuation ship, had 1200 aboard.

She writes, "We stopped at Shanghai, Hongkong, and Singapore for more passengers and had altogether seventeen nationalities. We were escorted by two destroyers as far as Singapore because of floating mines. Wrecks were seen near every port. Engine trouble held us up six days at Port Suez, where we were twice invited ashore to the huge Red Cross Depot, where we were fed and given a certain amount of clothing and comforts, with German prisoners to carry our parcels."

Landing in Southampton, she had one night in London, and then to Paris, ending her 11,500 miles of journey. There with great joy she was welcomed by her niece and the niece's husband and three-and-a-half-year-old daughter. She is now making her home with them in "an adorable stone and tile house in two acres of charming garden at Garches near St. Cloud."

She is making no plans but is "waiting for the future to speak, grateful in the extreme for the love and welcome that surround me in this sad and broken world."

Her address is: Care of Mr. R. M. Taylor, Embassy of the U. S. A., Paris, France.

Miss Emily Genn

In the passing of Miss Emily Genn on March 15, Lasell has lost a loyal friend. She came to Lasell in 1875, at the age of 18, as a member of the office force and, a few years later, became head of the main office. She was a most faithful and valuable helper throughout her 45 years of service.

Her last years were spent in her old home in Prospect, Maine, where she has recently been devotedly cared for as one of the family by a friend, Mrs. Lina Bennett, who writes of her, "Lasell was her world. She loved it and talked of the school and old friends there every day."

Miss Genn herself wrote, only a few months ago, "The Lasell LEAVES and the *News* seem like old friends now, dropping in to give me days of cheer during my shut-in life, and I look forward to their coming. I do so much enjoy reading the news about the girls of former years whom I used to know and the doings of your present-day family. How beautiful your young girls are! They are certainly keeping up the reputation of Lasell, 'its beautiful women.' Many of them have been doing a wonderful work out in the world."

Miss Genn's name belongs in the long list of those who have given much in efficient service and loving devotion to Lasell.

Clara A. Winslow

Flowers of Hawaii

THE flowers of Hawaii with their fragrance, their beauty, and their color are a vivid part of the charm and loveliness of the Islands.

Along the streets are planted flowering trees. The delicate blue jacaranda, the flaming scarlet poinciana and the pinks and yellows of cassia all scatter their petals to form a carpet of solid blocks of color. Wilder Avenue between Makiki and Kewalo Streets is ablaze, as if hung with colored lanterns. A street "ēwa" is a mass of pink. A drive leading seaward glows with the color of "golden shower" in the early morning sunlight. Here and there are trees which have been interbred to produce a hybrid, the "rainbow shower".

Doorways as well as roadways are also gay with colors. Purple or red bougainvillea and yellow alamanda sprawl over unsightly fences and walls; candle bushes flame warm gold, and the fire-cracker vine is a mass of tiny vermilion blossoms. And everywhere are hibiscus plants and bushes of every conceivable shade. It is said there are two thousand varieties.

Yes, Hawaii may truly be called the "floral paradise".

Dorothea Chung



PERSONALS



Miss Lillie R. Potter, '80, Lasell's dean emeritus and for many years editor of this column, recently moved to Portland, Maine, where she is living at the home of Caroline Lindsay Haney, '20, 74 Deering Street. We are glad to hear from Miss Mary W. Blatchford, registrar, and from Evelina Perkins, '15, who have called on Miss Potter in Portland, that she is very happy and contented in her new congenial surroundings.

Weddings

Lucille Caton, x-'35, and Comdr. Merle Francis Bowman USN (U. S. Naval Academy, '33), Feb. 23, 1946 at Valley Forge, Pa.

Florence I. Keegan, x-'37, and Lt. Donald Dean Barlow, USNR (Univ. of Illinois, '41, graduate engineer), May 9, 1945 at Waban, Mass.

Catherine S. Laffin, x-'37, and Mr. George F. Mahoney (Univ. of Maine), May 11, 1946 at Ellsworth, Maine. Mr. Mahoney was a lieutenant in the Navy.

Martha Driscoll, '38, and Mr. Patrick J. Hogan, Nov. 17, 1945 at Brookline, Mass. Mr. Hogan has received his discharge from the Army.

Anne M. Chupis, x-'38, and Lt. William J. Graye, USNR (Worcester Polytechnic Inst., '42), May 7, 1945 at Worcester, Mass. Mr. Graye is an engineer.

Marian J. Traxler, '39, and Maj. John O. Crum, USA (M.I.T., '40; M.S., California Inst. of Technology, '46), May 5, 1945 at Fort Wayne, Ind.

Ann Hathaway, '40, and Lt. Thomas A. Kelly, Jr., USNR (Ohio Univ., '43), Jan. 4, 1946 at Jacksonville, Fla. The bride is the daughter of Elisabeth Boneystule Hathaway, '03-'04.

Janet E. Hayton, '40, and Mr. E. Melvin Jewett (Rhode Island State College, '42; Springfield College),

Mar. 30, 1946 at Springfield, Mass. Barbara Hayton, '42, sister of the bride, was maid of honor. Mr. Jewett is program director of the Passaic, N. J., Y.M.C.A. He recently returned from Singapore after serving for two years with the International Y.M.C.A., doing war emergency work with the British Army.

Katherine M. Ricker, '40 and F/O Robert H. Rogers, USAAF (Bentley School), Feb. 9, 1946 at Cambridge, Mass. F/O Rogers recently returned from the Pacific area.

Emily M. Morley, '41, and Mr. Webster Munroe Newcomb (Northeastern), Feb. 21, 1946 at Orleans, Vt. Kathryn P. Davis, '41, was maid of honor.

Anne M. Cass, '42, and Mr. Alfred Stanley Jurusz (Boston Univ., x-'44), Mar. 2, 1946 at Waban, Mass. Mr. Jurusz served as a 1st lieutenant with the 78th Infantry Division in Europe.

Barbara M. Edwards, '42, and Mr. LeRoy Frederick Percival, Jr. (Williams, '44), Mar. 30, 1946 at Bristol, Conn. The bride's sister, Nancy Edwards, H. S. '45, was maid of honor. Mary Ann Fisher Espy, '42, and Jean Hardy Canedy, '42, were bridesmaids. Mr. Percival will attend law school.

Miriam E. Litchfield, '42, and Mr. Robert E. Turner, Mar. 14, 1946 at Scituate, Mass. Mr. Turner was in the Army Air Corps for five years; is now owner of the "Harbor Taxi" in Scituate.

Georgia Stamos, '42, and Lt. Anthony Nicholas Critsotakis, USA, Intelligence Service (Boston Univ. School of Business Administration), Mar. 17, 1946 at Boston, Mass. Georgia's sister, Doris Stamos, '46, was maid of honor.

LaVerne Atno, '43, and Mr. Oscar Edward Olson, Jr., Feb. 16, 1946 at Morristown, N. J.

Valeria Graybill, '43, and Lt. Herman Rellstab, USAAC (Fordham, x-'43), Aug. 23, 1945 at New Rochelle, N. Y. *Helen Wakem*, x-'44, was a bridesmaid.

Ann M. Preuss, '43, and Mr. Miles B. Olson (Univ. of Minnesota, '44), Apr. 27, 1946 at Bronxville, N. Y. *Barbara Preuss*, '45, was an attendant for her sister.

Jane Bennett, x-'43, and Mr. Frank Wyatt Rugg, Jr. (Cambridge School of Liberal Arts; Boston University), Jan. 26, 1946 at Needham, Mass.

Elizabeth D. Burpee, '44, and Mr. John Harris Crooker, Feb. 16, 1946 at Reading, Mass. *Barbara Goodwin*, '44, was an attendant. Mr. Crooker recently returned from 33 months overseas service with the Marine Corps in the South Pacific area.

Betty J. Fleer, '44, and Lt. Ronald L. Cooper, AUS (Lehigh, '44), Dec. 22, 1945 at Manhasset, N. Y. *Suzanne Lange*, '44, was maid of honor, and *Evelyn Allen*, '44, a bridesmaid. Lt. Cooper returned to overseas duty in February.

Barbara F. Linnitt, '44, and Ens. Oliver Perry Morton, Jr. (Harvard; Cornell), Feb. 16, 1946 at Cambridge, Mass. Ensign Morton has returned to duty in the Pacific. After demobilization he will enter Harvard Graduate School.

Alice L. Sears, '44, and Mr. E. Ellis Laycock (M.I.T.); *Harriet S. Sears*, '44, and Mr. Richard L. Sheaff, May 14, 1946 at Wollaston, Mass. *Diane Carbulon*, '44, and *Nancy Smith*, '44, were bridesmaids at the double wedding. Mr. Laycock, who served with the Navy in the European and Pacific theaters, plans to resume his studies at M.I.T. Mr. Sheaff served with the Navy in the Pacific area; is now manager of a poultry farm.

Vivian M. Snow, '44, and Lt. Warren Richard Ohlhorst, AUS, Oct. 20, 1945 at Scarsdale, N. Y. Lt. Ohlhorst was freed in February, 1945, by the Red Army from a German Prisoner of War Camp in Poland, having been captured the previous September when making a reconnaissance trip with the Army Engineers in Italy.

Priscilla Chapin, x-'44, and Lt. (jg) Charles Francis Rutter, USNR (Tufts), Feb. 9, 1946 at Waltham, Mass.

Ann Broadhead, '45, and Mr. Frank O. Johnson, Jr. (Hiram College), Jan. 30, 1946 at Skaneateles, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson are living in Windham, Ohio, while Bud completes his studies at Hiram.

Marjorie F. Jones, '45, and Mr. John Griffin Steinebach (Purdue), Apr. 27, 1946 at Philadelphia, Pa. Mr. Steinebach was formerly with the Army Signal Corps.

Marjorie H. Olson, '45, and Lt. (jg) John Arthur Bjork, USNR (Worcester Polytechnic Inst., '42), Apr. 6, 1946 at Worcester, Mass. *Virginia Phillips*, '45, was a bridesmaid. Lt. Bjork is a mechanical engineer.

N. Ann Parker, '45, and Mr. Donald F. Schultz, USA, Mar. 16, 1946 at Weymouth, Mass. *Joanne Leggett*, x-'45, was maid of honor, and *Marilyn McNie*, '45, and

Saunda Pease, '45, were bridesmaids. *Annette Saacke*, '45, sang at the wedding.

Saunda J. Pease, '45, and Lt. (jg) Harlan Dresser Taylor, USNR (Bowdoin; M.I.T.), Apr. 12, 1946 at Rochester, N. H. *Joy Cartland Fowler*, x-'45, was maid of honor, and *Betty Scrimgeour*, x-'46, a bridesmaid. *Annette Saacke*, '45, was soloist.

Carol G. Colby, x-'45, and John W. McLane, MoMM 1/c, USN, July 21, 1945 at Manchester, N. H. *Phyllis Kenney*, '45, was a bridesmaid.

Marilyn F. Hanson, x-'45, and 2d Lt. John Cochran, Jr., USA (Northeastern), Dec. 19, 1945 at Quincy, Mass. Lt. Cochran is on duty in Japan with the 11th Airborne Division.

Mary R. Leverone, x-'45, and Mr. Dominic A. Termotto, Jan. 19, 1946 at Framingham, Mass. Mr. Termotto has received his discharge from service.

Barbara Banser, x-'46, and Ens. Edward Fimbel, Jr., USNR (Villanova, Feb. '46), Feb. 25, 1946 at Maplewood, N. J. *Nona Culver Hanson*, x-'46, was a bridesmaid.

Eleanor M. Lincoln, x-'46, and Lt. (jg) Kenneth Edward Cosgrove (Middlebury; N. Y. U. College of Medicine), Mar. 30, 1946 at East Orange, N. J. *Jeanne Cosgrove*, x-'46, sister of the bridegroom, and *Virginia Terhune*, '46, were bridesmaids. Lt. and Mrs. Cosgrove will live in Oakland, Calif., where Kenneth is interning at Oakland Naval Hospital.

Engagements

Corinne Cowdrey, '30, to Richard Fletcher Murray; *Lucille M. Somerset*, x-'38, to Milton John Piepul; *Ruth E. Bull*, '39, to Lt. Comdr. Ralph W. E. Reid, USNR; *Margaret S. Schneider*, '39, to Fred Thieringer, Jr.; *Elizabeth F. Shugar*, '40, to John J. Cullen; *Ruth M. Sullivan*, '40, to Harold T. Lodge; *Lola A. Carota*, '41, to Anthony V. DeLeo; *Elaine H. Cook*, '41, to James J. Mariner; *Lorraine Harrison*, '41 to Lt. (jg) Duncan H. Cameron, Jr., USNR; *Marion Beers*, '42, to T/Sgt. John Jamieson, USAAF; *Constance Courtois*, '42, to F. William Gillen; *Nancy Gorton*, '42, to Austin Ross; *Suzanne Haynes*, x-'42, to Richard Livingstone Murray; *Dorothy Coffin*, '43, to Charles Theodore Bauer; *Marie C. Ellis*, '43, to Lt. Edmund Leo McNamara, USNR; *Natalie Franks*, '43, to Robert Charles Hailer; *Cpl. Marie Good*, USMCR (W), '43, to Lt. (jg) Leland Eugene Ashman, USNR; *Jean Perry*, '43, to Lt. Charles A. Thompson, USNR, MC; *Jean M. Henry* x-'43, to Thomas Winn Casey; *Dorothy B. Carll*, '44, to Donald A. Pickering; *Eleanor Kimmey*, '44, to Lt. Robert W. Shaw, USAAF; *Edna L. Poli*, '44, to Francis P. Holland; *Constance Hill*, x-'44, to Lt. Neal R. O'Hara, Jr., USNR; *Marilouise Crosby*, '45, to Richard C. Buerhaus, U. S. Merchant Marine; *Margaret C. Morris*, '45, to David S. Fleming, 2d Officer U. S. Merchant Marine; *Virginia M. Rolfe*, '45, to Glen E. Guy; *Julia M. Hackman*, x-'45, to William Igleheart.

Births

- June 6, 1945—a son, Matthew Royal, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Matthew R. Fletcher (*Mabel Gleason*, '23)
- Feb. 2, 1946—a daughter, Marilyn Jean, to Lt. and Mrs. Merritt A. Williamson (*Bettie Goodrich*, WP '23-'26). Marilyn is the granddaughter of Mrs. Jean Goodrich, faculty '23-'33.
- Feb. 9, 1946—a daughter, Carolyn, to Mr. and Mrs. Norman E. MacCuspie (*Marjorie Winslow*, '28). Carolyn is the granddaughter of Dr. and Mrs. Guy M. Winslow.
- Apr. 23, 1946—a daughter, Sally Florence, to Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Woodworth, Jr. (*Katherine Braithwaite*, '29)
- Mar. 7, 1946—a son, Gregory Alan, to Mr. and Mrs. Hovey Rand, Jr. (*Doris Hatch*, '30)
- Jan. 21, 1946—a daughter, Linda Grace, to Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Feinstein (*Renée Smith*, H. S. '29-'31)
- Mar. 14, 1946—a daughter, Lee Webster, to Mr. and Mrs. Webster H. Wilson (*Marguerite Brandt*, '34)
- Dec. 9, 1945—a son, David Warren, to Mr. and Mrs. George P. Faulkner (*Barbara Dean*, '34)
- Aug. 6, 1945—a son, Brendan, to Mr. and Mrs. William J. McCarthy, Jr. (*Dorothea Crawley*, '32-'33 Special)
- Mar. 4, 1946—a daughter, Martha Emmons, to Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner G. Greene (*Eleanor Gebelein*, '35)
- Apr. 3, 1945—a son, Alva C., Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Alva C. Weber (*Virginia Durland*, WP '31-'34)
- Mar. 16, 1946—a son, Donald Gibby, to Mr. and Mrs. Richard S. Paige (*Margery Gibby*, '36)
- Jan. 26, 1946—a son, Robert George, to Capt. and Mrs. Donald M. Ferris (*Frances Austin*, '37)
- Apr. 15, 1945—a son, Douglas Palmer, to Mr. and Mrs. Carl H. Amon, Jr. (*Dorothy Coffin*, '37)
- July 27, 1945—a daughter, Patricia Ann, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Bryant (*Doris Connington*, '37)
- Mar. 20, 1946—a son, Edward J., Jr., to Maj. and Mrs. Edward J. Hennessy (*Virginia Gately*, '37)
- Jan. 7, 1946—a son, Sumner Stuart, to Mr. and Mrs. William Drange (*Carolyn Stuart*, '38)
- Mar. 23, 1946—a daughter, Meredith Joyce, to Mr. and Mrs. Moreton J. Ensor (*Myrtle Sylvester*, '38)
- Apr. 10, 1946—a son, Donald Charles, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Lynde, Jr. (*Jane C. Black*, '36-'37 Special)
- Dec. 6, 1945—a son, Charles Cunningham, to Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin T. Woodruff (*Susan Cunningham*, '39)
- Feb. 3, 1946—a son, Curtis Lindol, to Mr. and Mrs. George L. Miner (*Jane Fales*, '39)
- Mar. 26, 1946—a daughter, Susan Linda, to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bloom (*Inez Sandler*, x-'39)
- Oct. 27, 1945—a son, Edward Joseph, to Mr. and Mrs. John E. Rotchford (*Ruth Ray*, '36-'38 Special)

- Feb. 13, 1946—a daughter, Nancy Ellen, to Mr. and Mrs. Clark F. Hannon (*Shirley Johnson*, '37-'38 Special)
- May 1945—a son, William Dow, to Mr. and Mrs. Irwin W. Kresser, Jr. (*Priscilla Clark*, x-'40)
- Feb. 27, 1946—a son, Richard Clark, Jr., to Dr. and Mrs. Richard C. Schofield (*Jacqueline Lander*, '41)
- Dec. 3, 1945—a son, Ralph Goodrich, III, to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph G. Tryon, Jr. (*Ruth Montgomery*, '41)
- Apr. 22, 1946—a daughter, Mary Louise, to Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Miller (*Mary Jane Goodman*, '42)
- Mar. 12, 1946—a son, John Palmer, to Mr. and Mrs. Brooks N. Heath (*Muriel Palmer*, '42)
- Dec. 29, 1945—a son, Kevin Crawford, to Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth B. Ray (*Mag Crawford*, '43)
- Mar. 30, 1946—a daughter, Karen Ann, to Mr. and Mrs. Lewis V. Johnson (*Elaine Kemp*, '43)
- Dec. 27, 1945—a son, Neil Richard, to Dr. and Mrs. Peter J. Koeniger (*Mary-Louise McLean*, '43)
- Mar. 4, 1946—a son, Christopher, to Mr. and Mrs. Richard M. Potter (*Priscilla Redfield*, '43)
- Feb. 10, 1946—a daughter, Sally Joe, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Wall (*Barbara Seward*, '43)
- Feb. 27, 1946—a daughter, Kristine Marie, to Mr. and Mrs. Augustine Wynne (*Barbara Lownds*, x-'43)
- Sept. 12, 1945—a son, Richard Thomas, to Mr. and Mrs. Richard E. Grainger (*Josephine McGrath*, x-'43)
- Feb. 26, 1946—a son, Carl William, to Mr. and Mrs. John H. Christensen (*Marion Gooding*, '44)
- Feb. 6, 1946—a daughter, Kristine Katherine, to Lt. and Mrs. Edward A. Culley (*Betty Jane Prout*, x-'45)
- Dec. 14, 1945—a son, Brewster Patrick, to Mr. and Mrs. G. Bruce Hawes (*Patricia Gowell*, x-'46)

Necrology

- S. Josephine Perkins Johnson, '81-'82. Died Oct. 12, 1942.
- Etta Mae Kelley Denfeld, '82-83. Died Mar. 10, 1940.
- Gertrude Penfield Seiberling, '86. Died Jan. 8, 1946. Gertrude Penfield attended Lasell Seminary for three years, from 1883-86. On Oct. 12, 1887 she was married to Frank A. Seiberling, who later became president of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co. and the Seiberling Rubber Co. Until her death she made her home in Akron, Ohio.
- Minnie Woodbury May, '89-'90. Died Jan. 28, 1942. Minnie Woodbury, sister of Gertrude Woodbury Powers, '89-'90, Lila Woodbury Stearns, '00-'02, and Mildred Woodbury Page, '05-'07, was the daughter of former governor of Vermont, Gen. U. A. Woodbury. She was married in April, 1892, to Mr. John W. May.
- Julia C. Tarbox, '99-'01. Died in March, 1945.
- Ethel B. Hook, '01-'03. Died in February, 1946 at Hartford, Conn. The daughter of the late George B. and Susan Hook. Ethel B. Hook was the last member of her family.

Edith Powell Van der Wolk, '18. Died Feb. 18, 1946 at her home in Longmeadow, Mass., after a long illness. Edith Powell was born July 2, 1897 in Ghent, N. Y., the daughter of Edwin C. and Grace (Sackett) Powell, and had made her home in Longmeadow for the last 19 years. She was a member of the First Church of Christ in Longmeadow, the Mercy Warren Chapter, D.A.R., and the Lasell Alumnae, Inc. Edith is survived by her husband, Lt. Col. Walter Van der Wolk, and three sons: Ensign Walter W. Van der Wolk, Jr., USN, assistant navigator of the carrier, *Franklin D. Roosevelt*; Pvt. Donald Powell Van der Wolk, U. S. Military Academy Program, Amherst College, and Jeff F. Van der Wolk, student at Phillips Exeter Academy.

Kate Louise Potter Kobera, '24-'25 Special. Died April 28, 1946 in Needham, Mass.

Elizabeth Leach, '31. Died Oct. 25, 1945, in her thirty-fifth year.

Doris Blaser Hooper, '32. Died April 10, 1946 after a short illness. Born in Arlington, Mass., in 1911, the daughter of Frederick N. and Agnes (Munroe) Blaser, Doris Blaser was a graduate of the Choate School and Lasell Junior College. Before her marriage to Mr. S. Francis Hooper, Jr., she was connected with the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Co.

Class Notes

Charlena Tidd Lamson, '85-'86, of 25 Keene Street, Stoneham, Mass., has one son, Stewart Tidd Lamson, and three grandchildren, two of them in the service during the war.

Emily Little Graffam, '87-'88, writes that her husband, Mr. Charles E. Graffam, died in 1944. She has three daughters (two married, the third a teacher in Washington, D. C.) and six grandsons.

From 172 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., *Maria Hollander Wrightington*, '88-'89, writes that her husband, Mr. Edgar Newcomb Wrightington, Harvard, '97, passed away last October.

Marion Fessenden Miller, '92-'94, has three daughters, two of them married, the other living at home. She is past president of the Massachusetts Branch of The King's Daughters and Sons, and was formerly second vice president of the International Order of The King's Daughters and Sons, and director of young people's work. Active in camp work, she founded and was for twenty years director of Camp Wampatuck for Girls.

Elizabeth Whitehead Batson, '96-'97, a graduate of Emerson College in 1900, was married in 1903 and has been a widow since 1912. She has three daughters and five grandchildren.

Ray Spitz Spear, '01-'03, has a new grandchild, daughter of her son, Lt. Robert L. Spear. Another son, Warrant Officer Joel Spear, Jr., recently returned from two years overseas. Ray is living at the Hotel Schenley, Pittsburgh.

Bertha Aiken Meyers, '02-'03, works part time in a gift shop ("A Gay Little Shop") in Needham, Mass. Her husband, Mr. Walter E. Meyers, passed away in 1938.

In March, Edward R. Murrow, son-in-law of *Jennie Johnson Brewster*, '05-'06, and former Columbia Broadcasting System correspondent in London, returned to the United States for good, to take over his new job as CBS vice president in charge of correspondents. Said *Time Magazine* of him: "He hated to leave, and England hated to see him go. The *Morning Telegraph* called him America's 'unofficial ambassador.' The *Manchester Guardian* hoped England had not heard the last of him."

Betty House McMillan, '05-'06, writes that her eldest daughter, Libbie (Elizabeth McMillan Rodgers), is living near Lasell at 40 Littlefield Road, Newton Centre, while her husband, Dr. Richard Rodgers, has a fellowship in urology at Massachusetts General Hospital.

Betty's fine son, Bill, was one of the many brave soldiers called upon to make the supreme sacrifice during the war. An officer, he was leading his platoon when the enemy, dressed in British uniforms, suddenly hove in sight. Bill called, "Hold your fire, we're Americans!" but the ruthless Nazis did as always, and took those precious lives.

Hazel Orcutt, '05-'07, formerly of Boston, is now living in Washington, D. C., at 5102 Cathedral Avenue, N. W., Zone 16.

Anne Crowe Collum, '09, spent a night at Lasell recently, and had a reunion with her classmate, *Constance Blackstock*, who is in Boston on a sabbatical leave from her teaching duties in India.

Louise Funkhouser Colegrove's ('09) husband, Dr. Kenneth W. Colegrove, professor of political science at Northwestern University, has been called to Japan at the request of General Douglas MacArthur.

Glenna Webb Tilton's ('05-'08) daughter, Glenna, will be married in August to Mr. Frederick Garfield Long.

Ruth Spindler Winship's ('10-'11) husband, Mr. Laurence L. Winship, is managing editor of the *Boston Globe*.

Gertrude Tingley, '10-'11, leads a very busy life, teaching singing at Abbot Academy in Andover and several other schools, as well as in her own studio at 33 Newbury Street, Boston. Her adopted daughter is now 18 and winner of the Pendleton Scholarship at Wellesley, where she is a freshman.

Lasell's sympathy to *Frances Woodsome Bump*, '11-'12, whose husband passed away last September. Frances is at home at 149 Beaconsfield Road, Brookline 46, Mass.

Mr. George B. Dealey, 86, dean of American newspaper publishers, died at his home in Dallas, Texas, in February. His 71 years of continuous work with one newspaper organization, the *Dallas Morning News*,

was unmatched in American journalism. From a \$3-a-week office boy he became the owner of the *News* whose control passes to his son, E. M. ("Ted") Dealey.

Besides his son he is survived by Mrs. Dealey and three daughters, *Annie Dealey Jackson*, '06, *Fannie Dealey Decherd*, '06, and *Maidie Dealey Moroney*, '14.

Said Texas Governor Stevenson of him:

"G. B. Dealey served and guided the course of a great educational agency for nearly three-quarters of a century. He believed profoundly in the Texas he adopted so early in its history that we count him one of the state's pioneers. His shadow is long and broad over Texas. Men a hundred years from now will look upon the constructive works of Mr. Dealey with gratitude in their hearts."

Lasell Junior College extends sympathy to *Ruth Thresher Jenks*, '14, college trustee, on the death of her husband, Mr. Robert R. Jenks, in February. One-time president of the Pilgrim Mills in Fall River and the Kilburn Mills in New Bedford, Mr. Jenks was a director in several industrial, insurance and banking corporations. In recent years he served as an industrial consultant in the textile field.

Early in March we were happy to welcome *Irene Ball Sill*, '15, as a guest at the college.

Myrtle Brix Spangler, '15, has asked us to change her permanent mailing address to 357 Woodland Drive, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Hallie Dickey Cooley's ('16) husband, Mr. William B. Cooley, is out of service after two years in the Army Air Forces. They and their son, Bill, are at 5401 North New Jersey Street, Indianapolis 5, Ind.

Since leaving the New England Historic Genealogical Society *Jean Simonds*, '13-'15, has been working in the Northeastern University Library.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Shorrock (*Eugenia Skinner*, '17) announce the engagement of their daughter, Ruth Bonita, to Mr. Bernard Howell of San Francisco, Calif.

Mae Chan Lam, '15-'17, wrote to Dr. Winslow from Canton, Kwangtung, China, in February:

"Your letter dated January 7, 1946 to Mrs. Emma H. Chen Fong asking her to try to get information about me has reached my hands.

"I and my family left Canton when the Japanese occupied that city, and went to take refuge in Hong-kong. [We] were again chased out when the Japs took that colony after Pearl Harbor, and spent four hectic years as refugees in one of the villages in unoccupied China. We have been very unfortunate and lost everything in the way of money and property. My family was separated. My three sons left my husband and myself in the village and went inland to some of the towns to try to complete their education. My eldest son, Ho-Chang, has since graduated from the Soochow University and is married. My second boy, Ho-Ling, has finished high school

[but] circumstances are such that he is compelled to work and thus has to forego his college education. My youngest son, Ho-Ming, will complete his high school this coming June. I am afraid that he, too, will be unable to enjoy a college education as we are unable to see him through financially.

"The last few years have been anything but easy, and we people in China have suffered and made many sacrifices. Thanks to God and the Americans we have pulled through and attained final victory over our enemies. Even now our struggles are not over. We are conscious of the help we still need and the Americans are giving us.

"We are now living in Canton. But if you write please address your letters to: Mrs. V. F. Lam, c/o Yick Wo Tai, 56 Connaught Road West, Hongkong. This will be our permanent forwarding address as we may move from our present house in Canton.

"Thanks for your kind interest. Warmest personal regards to you and any friends in Lasell."

In reply to a request from the Lasell Alumnae Office for her latest address, *Thirza Abrams Arrowsmith*, '21, wrote from 2091 Webster Street, Palo Alto, Calif.,

"This is our latest and, we hope, last address. Thirza will enter Stanford next fall as a freshman, and (Ensign) Dirck will enter as an upper classman in June."

Our sympathy to *Leonore Conklin Babcock*, '21, whose husband, Mr. Morris Babcock, died suddenly in February. Her daughter, *Joan*, will be graduated from Lasell this June.

Gladys Rathbone Moran, '21, of 545 West 236 Street, New York City 63, writes:

"Our eldest daughter, Barbara, is attending Sargent College, majoring in physical therapy. John, III, is at Columbia University, and Patricia hopes to attend Lasell."

Esther M. Story, '21, is assistant to Mr. Gerhard Hartman, director of the Newton-Wellesley Hospital, Newton Lower Falls, Mass.

Eleanor F. Wheeler, '19-'20, is owner of E. F. Wheeler & Co., General Advertising Agency, 161 Devonshire Street, Boston.

Helene Grashorn Dickson, '22, and her daughter, Jean of Winnetka, Ill., visited Lasell recently. Jean will enter as a junior in September, 1947.

Eleanor Knight Bowering was another '22 caller this spring.

Florence Spencer Ownby, '21-'22, is a captain, MDD, at the Waltham (Mass.) Regional Hospital.

Mrs. Maida Cardwell Hicks, secretary to Dr. Winslow, and formerly (1920-26) instructor at Lasell, has kindly shared with us news from Mrs. *Caroline S. Saunders*, faculty '17-'30, who writes:

"My sister, her husband and I live about eight miles from Wilmington, Delaware, on a hill set in the midst of 28 acres of woods. It is beautiful in the spring with the woods full of dogwood and moun-

tain laurel, and in the autumn with the gorgeous fall foliage.

"Just now I am packing my trunk to go to Washington State to visit Mary [*Mary Saunders Houston*, '22-'23]. Two years ago her husband, George Houston, was sent by the duPont Co. to Richland, Washington, a little fruit-growing town, where the company was building for the Government, a town to house the management and workers of the Hanford Engineering Works, where much of the work on the atomic bomb was done. At the end of the war there was a city of 17,000 where before there had been 233 people. George's work has been to help procure and manage the facilities for this city: stores, churches, schools, and various recreational projects. The town is built on a desert on the banks of the Columbia River, bordered by beautiful hills and mountains.

"It has been a wonderful experience, especially for Mary's 13-year-old daughter. She 'rides the sage' and is a real Westerner!"

Ardyth Peabody, '22-'23, graduate of Boston University School of Education, was recently Medical Social Worker at Quincy City Hospital.

Lois Gottlieb Stern, '22-'23, is living at 5320 Sherwood Road, Little Rock, Ark.

Eleanor Parker, WP '21-'23, was married in 1933 to Mr. Cyril Douglas Weldon. They have a daughter, Charlotte Kent, and a son, Albert Douglas.

Erna Schmidt (Awalt) Smith, '26, of 38 Central Avenue, Ridgefield Park, N. J., studied psychology at Columbia University and was a newspaper reporter in New Jersey after her graduation from Lasell. She has two children: Jean Awalt, 15, and Artie Smith, Jr., who is four.

Mariesta Howland Bloom, '26, writes that *Dorothy Schumaker*, '26 is secretary to the Acting President of Columbia University, and helped plan the recent Churchill celebration. *Mariesta* hopes to get east for her twentieth reunion in June, and adds that although *Margaret Anderson Gage* will leave her home in Eugene, Ore., to take her children, Steve and Linda, to their grandparents' home in Kankakee, Ill., for the summer, she may not get as far east as Boston, *Anita Krakauer Prieto* remains steadily in Chihuahua, Mexico, because of her mother-in-law's illness. *Mariesta* hopes that *Ginnie Amos Farrington* and *Dotty Schumaker* will be on hand for alumnae week end, and that she can prevail on *Madeleine Roth White* to come from Peoria for reunion.

Charlotte Russell Morrison, '26, writes from 159 Medway Street, Providence, R. I., that she is with the Rhode Island Department of Social Welfare, Division of Public Assistance, as Case Work Supervisor for Newport County. She has been in social work ten years; recently completed studies at the University of Chicago's School of Social Service Administration, from which she received her B.A. and M.A. degrees.

Maria Baxter Bassett, WP '21-'25, of 8 Wilshire Park, Needham 92, Mass., has three children, two sons and a daughter.

After three years in Winnetka, Ill., Mr. and Mrs. Lewis E. Wilcox (*Helen McIntire*, '25) and their two daughters have returned to the East and are living at 268 Oakwood Avenue, Orange, N. J.

Ruth Goode, WP '23-'24, majored in art at Green Mountain Junior College; is now designing and creating jewelry.

Portrait painter *Irene M. Higgins* '23-'24, attended the School of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, and took a one and one-half year's painting trip around the world on a fellowship.

Norma L. Lambert, WP '22-'24, received her B.S. degree from the University of Kentucky in 1933, and M.S. degree from the University of Michigan a year later. She worked as an actuarial assistant in insurance companies in Iowa and New York City from July, 1934, to February, 1946. In August, 1938, she was married to Mr. Ralph E. Edwards. Mr. Edwards has just taken a new position as Assistant Actuary for the Columbian National Life Insurance Co. in Boston, and they are living at 86 Buckingham Street, Cambridge 38.

Marta Aspegren Parker's ('27) husband, Comdr. Ralph C. Parker, Jr., (MC) USN, is stationed at the National Naval Medical Center, Bethesda, Maryland. They have two sons, seven and two years old.

Our thanks to *Esther Josselyn*, '27, for the address of her classmate, *Rosanna McConnell Wallis*, of 223 Pine Street (Dauphin), Harrisburg, Pa.

Ruth L. Woodman, '27, was married in March, 1945, to Chief Petty Officer *Ira W. Higginbotham*, USN. *Dorothy Quinn*, '27, was a bridesmaid. Their present address is 5 Osgood Place, Amesbury, Mass.

Sallie Belle Cox, x-'27, whose stories have appeared in *Good Housekeeping*, *Woman's Home Companion*, *Collier's*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, and the *Saturday Evening Post*, has had another story published by the *Journal*, "Star That Fell in Ohio," in the March 1946, issue.

Dorothy Bowler, '25-'26 High School, is now Mrs. Robert E. Laverty of Millinocket, Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. Kipling Adams (*Edith Hussey*, '28) have moved to 716 South Seventh Street, La Grange, Ill., as Mr. Adams will have charge of the Chicago office of General Radio Co.

Nat Robbe Hemmett, '28, and her husband are living at 23 Pitt Street, Bloomfield, N. J. Mr. Hemmett is out of the Army and has returned to work with Hahne Department Store, Newark.

The "Gracious Ladies" column of the Boston *Traveler* recently carried a photograph of and article about *Hester Shaw Gordon*, '28. After receiving her master's degree in English from Tufts College, Hester taught English at schools in Pembroke and West Newbury. In the early '30's she toured the country

with her family, visiting every state in the Union, and for ten summers made her home in Albuquerque, N. M. An authority and lecturer on our American Indians, she first became interested in them through her brother, Edmund Shaw, an instructor at Bacone College, the only Indian College in this country. "Both [Hester] and her mother, Mrs. Edwin Shaw, have lectured in behalf of Bacone College and have done their best to establish an interest in the Indian as a human being and not as a fictional character dwelling in a tepee."

Hester is a past president of the *Lasell Alumnae, Inc.*, the Boston Alumnae chapter of Chi Omega, is a past vice president of the Association of Tufts Alumnae, an ex-regent of the Old South Chapter of the D.A.R., and a member of the Tufts College Women's Club.

During the college's spring recess Lasell was happy to welcome *Gwendolyn McDonald Black*, '18-'28, daughter of *Mrs. Statira P. McDonald*, and her two children, Laurence and Janet, whom it is always a delight to have with us. They have returned to their home in Middle Sackville, New Brunswick, Canada.

When last heard from shortly before Pearl Harbor, *Haru Tokito Matsuda*, '28, was living in Sapporo, Hokkaido, Japan, where her husband was a professor at the Sapporo Imperial University. When civilian mail is again possible, we hope for further news.

Evelyn Jensen, x-'28, is now Mrs. William Hill Draper, Jr., of 54 Barnard Avenue, Watertown 72, Mass., and has two children, Wendy, three, and Douglas, two.

Mary Barton Libby, '29, and her husband, Mr. Lawrence B. Libby, have bought a new home on Long Island Sound: Hickory Bluff, South Norwalk, Conn.

Florence Fitch Schwartz, '29, has a bridge column in the New York *Herald-Tribune*.

Classmates and friends of *Barbara Wilson Horton*, '29, extend their sympathy on the death of her husband, Col. Herbert P. Horton, personal pilot for Bernard Baruch, U. S. representative on the UN Atomic Energy Commission. Col. Horton was killed April 7 when a plane he was piloting to Wilmington, Del., crashed near Wichita, Kan., shortly after taking off. A member of the Army Air Forces Reserves, Col. Horton only recently had been named private pilot to Baruch. He had gone to Wichita to fly a new plane back to Delaware. A veteran of the war, he had been active in aviation for 20 years. He was graduated from New York Military Academy and Brown University, and attended Harvard Business School.

For the past three and one-half years *Eunice Hall Johnston*, '28-'29 High School, has been following her husband (until recently with the Army) all over the country. Mr. Johnston was a pilot, overseas for

seven and one-half months as flight commander; is now with the Universal C.I.T. Finance Corp., Boston. Before her marriage Eunice attended William and Mary College and Katharine Gibbs Secretarial School.

Barbara Forbes, '29-'30 Special, was married to Mr. Thomas S. Pedlar in April, 1934, and they had three children, two sons and a daughter. A graduate of Yale in 1935, Mr. Pedlar was later associated with the National Broadcasting Co. in New York. He passed away in June, 1945. Barbara worked for Pennsylvania Central Airlines for six months; is now doing practical nursing in Forest Hills, N. Y., specializing in infant care. Her address is 113-14 72nd Road, Forest Hills.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph M. Berney (*Doris Alley*, WP '28-'30) of 1301 28th Avenue North, St. Petersburg, Fla., have gone into business with an established antique shop and are also operating a silver plating business.

1932

Life Secretary—Katharine Hartman Macy (Mrs. H. R.), East Main Street, Oyster Bay, N. Y.

Frances Connolly Richter called at Lasell in March. She has one daughter, Judy, three and one-half.

Blanche Dougherty Horsman has been living at the Biltmore Hotel, New York City since February, when her husband, Mr. John G. Horsman, was released from the Navy and made manager of the hotel.

Jane Grant Hibbeler (Mrs. James E.) is living at 3410 Melbourne Street, Houston 10, Tex.

After being stationed for two years in Hartford, Conn., *Nat Park* was transferred to the Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Fla., last November. She is an officer in the WAVES.

Frances Turner Sleigh has moved from Auburndale to 20 Elmwood Road, Wellesley 81, Mass.

While on a visit to her family in February, *Helene Jones Pressel* graciously took time to call at the college and visit friends and faculty. She is already looking forward to her fifteenth reunion next June.

1933

Life Secretary—Ruth Stafford Clark (Mrs. Emerson M.), General Delivery, Chapel Hill, N. C.

"This Christmas I received a note from *Helen Bardua Childs* saying that her little son, Richard, has started kindergarten at Wheelock where *Adelaide Case* is head of the physical education department. Bunny writes that Casey looks just the same and is as cheery and full of fun as ever.

"As my husband is now studying at the University of North Carolina, I have a new address: Chapel Hill, N. C., General Delivery."

While teaching at Wheelock College, Boston, *Adelaide Case* is living at 39 Tavern Road.

Libby McIntire Bennett's husband has received his discharge from the Army, and they are home again at 26 Weston Street, Manchester, N. H.

For the past two years *Betty Bronk*, x-'33, has been

director of the Veterans Center in Greenwich, Conn.

Janet Hill, x-'33, is now Mrs. Everett I. Montague of 46 Summer Street, Cohasset, Mass. Also married are *Grace Wellington*, x-'33, now Mrs. John Hebach of 182 Highland Avenue, Somerville 43, Mass., and *Shirley Wellington*, '30-'31 Special, Mrs. Robert Pree, 58 Beach Street, Marblehead, Mass.

1934

Life Secretary—*Roberta Davis Massey* (Mrs. R. A.), 1371 Hampton Road, Grosse Pointe Woods 30, Mich.

Reda Bartlett Degree moved to 172 Coburn Avenue, Worcester 4, Mass., in January. Shortly after that her two sons were very ill with "strep" throats. We are glad to hear that they have completely recovered.

Frances Day Meyers' new address is 160 Carmel Road, Buffalo, N. Y., and *Barbara Dean Faulkner* has moved to 48 Fourteenth Street, Jamestown, N. Y. Barbara has two sons, Jeffrey and David.

Virginia Bacon Hooper, x-'34, of 47 Westchester Road, Newton, Mass., has a son, Stephen, five and one-half years old.

Gretchen Brett, x-'34, is now Mrs. Edmund Harvey of Pittsfield, Me.

Nina Keppler Dusenbury's (x-'34) father, Capt. Chester H. J. Keppler, USN, of Newtonville, Mass., Harvard professor of Naval science and tactics, recently received the Legion of Merit for services in procuring and training over 35,000 men and women for Naval service. Nina is at home in Newtonville at present, but will move to Stamford, Conn., soon.

Dorothea Crawley McCarthy, '32-'33 Special, attended Simmons College after Lasell and received her B.S. degree in 1937. Later she took courses at Harvard Summer School and taught at the Cherry Lawn School, Darien, Conn.; Newton (Mass.) High School, and Frank A. Day Junior High School, Newton. She was married in 1941 to Mr. William J. McCarthy, Jr., and has three children.

1935

Life Secretary—*Barbara King Haskins* (Mrs. E. D.), 111 Wilcox Avenue, Meriden, Conn.

Doris Jones Hayes wrote recently to Dr. Winslow: "Bert is teaching instrumental music at Albany Academy this year, also has regular radio work at WGY, and we both have been quite busy at WRGB, television station. I have been an accompanist there all winter. Bert and I still have our church jobs, too, at the First Presbyterian Church in Schenectady; he is choir director and tenor soloist of the quartet, and I am the organist.

"Last spring we bought a tiny house about four miles from town on the banks of a tributary of the Mohawk River. We are remodeling as time and money permit and find it lots of fun.

"Our daughter, Susan, is nearly five years old and will be off to school next fall. She seems to be quite musical, and of course we hope her interest will continue.

"*Harold Schwab* [faculty '24-'42] stopped here for a day last summer. I had not seen him for about five years. He is a fine friend and we always enjoy his visits."

From *Maida Cardwell Atwood* we have the present address of *Caroline Smith Goodwin*: 118 Clinton Street, New Bedford, Mass.

Molly Upham has been doing secretarial work for the Navy at Otis Field on Cape Cod.

Virginia Durland Weber, Woodland Park School '31-'34, is accounts-receivable bookkeeper for the W. L. Durland Bakery, Inc., which business was left to her and her brother at their father's death in 1944.

Dorothea Panesis Nord's husband, Mr. Henry A. Nord, has a professorship in the Ceramic College of Alfred University, Alfred, N. Y.

1936

Life Secretary—*Carolyn Young Cate* (Mrs. H. F., Jr.), 130 Temple Street, West Newton 65, Mass.

Congratulations to *Dot Ell* on her promotion to Lieutenant Commander in the WAVES. Since 1945 she has been District Passenger Transportation Officer in Boston in charge of railway and air reservation arrangements for Navy personnel and troop movements.

Marjorie Stuart Olds and son, Robbie, stopped at Lasell on their way to Vermont after visiting Bob's family in Washington recently.

The class extends sympathy to *Alma Stanetsky Golov*, whose father, Mr. Manuel Stanetsky, passed away in February.

Georgianna Taber Lawrence, '33-'35 High School, is living in Providence, R. I., at 108 Ivy Street.

1937

Life Secretary—*Louise Tardivel Higgins* (Mrs. Charles A., Jr.), 39 Maple Street, Auburndale 66, Mass.

Rae Salisbury Richards, '37, stopped at Lasell for a brief call recently. She expects to move to Akron, Ohio, before many more months.

Betty Tracy, a field director with the American Red Cross, in India for 18 months, was home on furlough in March. She is awaiting reassignment.

Priscilla Bailey, '35-'36 Special, is director of physical education at Milton Academy, Milton, Mass. She received her B.S. in Education from Boston University.

Mrs. Winfield H. Gregg (*Priscilla Hart*, '35-'36 Special) is living at 236½ Main Street, Suffield, Conn.

1938

Life Secretary—*Virginia Wilhelm Peters* (Mrs. Robert R.), 2316 Dixwell Avenue, Hamden 14, Conn.

Kaye Bartlett Mosher's husband, Jack, is out of the Army after 18 months' service overseas, and they are at home on Jacobs Road, Southbridge, Mass.

Boston papers have given much publicity recently to the "Datu Rajah Lavy of Sulu," Lt. Charles W. Patterson of the U. S. Army, whose wife is the former

Florence Christopulos. Said the *Boston Herald* on April 2:

"The Datu Rajah of Sulu, otherwise known as Lt. Charles William Patterson, Buzzards Bay soldier and arbitrator who spurned an 18-woman harem and palace in the South Seas to return to his attractive wife, Florence, and their 14-month-old son, Charles, Jr., on Cape Cod, will be greeted with a royal welcome befitting his rank upon his arrival here in mid-April.

"Believed to be the first American soldier to be raised to royalty, South Seas native style, the 28-year-old officer was given the title, 'Prince of the Sea,' by the grateful Sultan of Sulu after Patterson had succeeded in averting tribal warfare among the Moros. It was the sultan who offered Lt. Patterson a palace and fully-equipped harem. The lieutenant, however, turned down the two gifts with the same tact with which he mediated incipient island conflict, and cabled his wife he was on his way home alone.

"Lt. Patterson, who went overseas 13 months ago and engaged in several battles in addition to his Sulu assignment, plans to continue his studies at Harvard Law School in harmonious monogamy on his return.

"Incidentally, the title of Rajah will stay with Patterson and his heirs, making Charles, Jr., a prince apparent."

Irene Gahan Burbank and Dan will not live in New York as announced in the last issue of the LEAVES, but in Longmeadow, Mass. at 148 Westmoreland Avenue. They plan to move there early in May.

Margaret McEnerney was discharged from the Navy in February after two and one-half years' service. She enlisted in the WAVES in September, 1943, had recruit training at Hunter College and later attended yeoman school at Oklahoma A. and M. College. In February, 1944, she was transferred to the Naval Center, Sampson, N. Y., where she was stationed for two years. She was a yeoman first class at the time of her discharge. At present she is employed as a secretary at Yale University.

Barbara Clarkson Moody, x-'38, writes from 14205 Tuckahoe Avenue, Cleveland 11, Ohio: "My husband, formerly Radar officer on the USS *Wisconsin*, has received his discharge, and is now Training Director for American Steel and Wire Co. I see *Lois Hein Cooper* and *Norma Hill Keith* frequently."

Before her marriage to Mr. Joseph R. Sharkey in October, 1944. *Ruth Manness*, x-'38, was head hostess in one of the downtown Boston Schrafft's Stores for four years.

Mary T. Gray, '36-'37 Special, was graduated from Simmons College in 1941 and received her M.S. in social work in 1943. She is now doing medical social work at Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, Boston.

Laura Huegle, High School '37, is now Mrs. John Woodworth Hursh of 42 Newbury Park, Needham 92, Mass.

Lt. *Edwina Kelley*, '36-'37 Special, now with the Navy Nurse Corps, is head of the dietary department at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y.

1939

Life Secretary—*Meredith Prue Hardy* (Mrs. Meredith P.), 48 Mendon Street, Hopedale, Mass.

Harriet Tift Piper's husband, Capt. James W. Piper of the Marines, has decided to remain in service; they are stationed at New River, N. C.

Ruth Bull, who has spent much of her 29-months-overseas with the American Red Cross in New Guinea and the Philippines, is now Red Cross recreation director for the Nagoya Area in southern Japan. She arrived there on Dec. 15, one of the first two American Red Cross girls assigned to the area, and started setting up a recreation program for headquarters and regimental troops of the 25th Division and Nagoya Base.

Ruth joined the Red Cross in May, 1943, going overseas in September of that year. Her first assignment was in a service club in Rockhampton, Queensland, Australia, for troops of the 32nd and 41st Divisions, veterans of the Buna, Salamaua and Sanadana campaigns. Following nine months' service there she spent five months as assistant program director at the Brisbane service club before going to Leyte in January, 1945, to operate a club at Dulag for the 77th Division until it moved to Okinawa. She then ran the "White Beach Inn" club at Tacloban until May, when she left for Manila to set up a canteen and start a club for the 534th Amphibious Engineers. In September, 1945, she flew home on rotation leave.

Ruth is engaged to Lt. Comdr. Ralph W. E. Reid, USNR, of Philadelphia, a language expert, at present serving in Saigon.

Dorothy Caruthers was in the WAVES from October, 1944, to March 30, 1946, stationed in Washington, D. C. During the war she worked in Naval Communications, and from November, 1945, until the time of her discharge, was at the Bureau of Naval Personnel.

Sue Cunningham Woodruff has three children, Frederick, Mary, and Charles. Ben is still with duPont.

Jean Michael Petersen and son, Wayne, 19 months old, called at Bragdon on March 4. We were glad to see Jean looking so well after a serious illness this winter.

Shirley Raymond Fricks has very generously donated her cap and gown for the use of a worthy senior. They will be kept at the college along with several others given by alumnae who have no further use for them.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Elrod, Jr. (*Allison Starr*) and daughter, Joanne, are living at 55 East Greendale

Street, Detroit 3, Mich. at present. Allison writes: "Shall be in Detroit for about eight months, and then probably Louisville, Ky. Harold is with Clayton and Lambert Co., who plan to move to Louisville this summer. He was overseas until the end of November, and while he was gone Joanne and I were with my family in Littleton, Mass. She is fine, and does she keep me busy! We are having lots of fun getting settled in a small apartment here. Hope you are all fine at Lasell."

Bettina Beebe, x-'39, now Mrs. Sidney R. McCleary of 20 Cumming Street, New York City 38, was married in October, 1941, a few months after her graduation from Wheelock College. She has a daughter, Susan, two and one-half.

Ruth Oliver Roberts, x-'39, writes that her husband, Lt. G. Lawrence Roberts, Army Signal Corps, expects his discharge in May. He and Ruth are both graduates of Boston University, Class of 1942.

Wilmine Lane Humphreys ('33-'38 High School) husband, David M. Humphreys, is a Marine chaplain, at present in Tientsin, China. Wilmine and her daughter, Gayle, are living in New Hartford, N. Y.

Marion Loveland, '35-'38 High School, was married in September, 1943, to Lt. (jg) Richard Tobey Carroll, USNR, a graduate of Bates College in 1942. Marion, also a graduate of Bates, taught civics and English in Franklin, N. H., before her marriage. She has a daughter, Anne Louise, born in October, 1944.

Shirley Johnson, '37-'38 Special, is now Mrs. Clark F. Hannon of 1608 Doolittle Road, Apt. B, Baltimore 21, Md. Mr. and Mrs. Hannon have a daughter, Nancy Ellen, born in February.

1940

Life Secretary—*Priscilla Sleeper Sterling* (Mrs. R. D.), 40 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dorothy Arnold is working in the Providence reservations office of American Airlines.

From the latest catalog of the Rhode Island School of Design we learn that *Barbara Fales* is day supervisor of the cafeteria.

Ann Hathaway Kelly, her husband, Lt. Thomas A. Kelly, Jr., and *Marjorie*, '41, and *Dorothea (Karnheim) Ulrich* called at Lasell in April. Ann was graduated last October from the University of California at Berkeley, *cum laude*; is also a member of Phi Beta Kappa. Congratulations, Ann!

After June 1 *Jane Hutchison Wulfing's* address will be 1404 Great Plain Avenue, Needham 92, Mass.

Jayne Jewett is teaching physical education at North Shore Country Day School and living at 672 Maple Avenue, Winnetka, Ill.

Pat Keiser received her discharge from the WAVES in February and has done a bit of traveling since. She saw *Sue Krehbiel*, '41, in Cincinnati, *Pussy Aiken* and *Ginny DeNyse*, '41, in New York, *Jane Bartlett Wallace* in New Jersey (11 Roundtop Road, R.F.D. 2, Plainfield); *Fifi Burr Gardner* and *Barb Richardson*

Ripley, their husbands and *Richie's* daughter, *Lee*, in Boston, and *Peggy Wilson Logan* and daughter *Sally*, who have just moved into their new home at 6 Vincent Street, West Newton. Pat also talked to *Helen Bogert*, with the WAVES in New York, by phone, and stopped at Lasell before returning to her home in Toledo, Ohio.

Lois Lapham Miley, living at 88 Luzerne Street, Rochester 7, N. Y., has one daughter, born in September, 1943.

Betty Lindemuth Hodges called at Lasell early in March and left a new address, 43 Wiltshire Park, Needham 92, Mass., after June 15. Glad to hear she will be so near Lasell.

Priscilla Clark Kresser, x-'40, of 45 Sterling Road, Waltham, has two sons, Charles, four, and William, almost a year old. She attended Fisher Business School after Lasell.

Elizabeth D. Foss, x-'40, is Enrollment Counselor for Boston University Sargent Camp.

1941

Life Secretary—*Janet Jansing Sheffer* (Mrs. John W., Jr.), 11 Rudd Court, Glen Ridge, N. J.

The class extends sympathy to *Mary Lou Allyn Ross* on the sudden death of her three-months-old son, *Roderick*, March 10.

Ruth Fulton, '40, on a brief week-end leave from her work in the dietary department of the United Hospital, Port Chester, N. Y., stopped at Lasell for a visit early in April. From her we learned that *Pat Chumbani* is a hostess at the Maridor, popular restaurant in Framingham Center, Mass.

Barbara McCormick Jacobs and her husband are at the Naval Air Station, St. Simons Island, Georgia.

The March 27 issue of the Boston *Herald* carried a photograph of *Dot Mellen Harwood* and her small son, Alan, the youngest New England traveler among 67 immediate relatives from Boston and vicinity who were to go overseas in April to join occupation soldiers in Europe. Alan, only four months old, will go with his mother to Frankfurt to join 2d Lt. Alan Harwood, Signal Corps officer.

We were sorry to hear the news that *Jayne Hein Irish's* husband, Lt. Keith L. Irish, USA, Infantry, was killed in France, Nov. 27, 1944. Their daughter, *Callee Jane*, was born that December. Classmates and friends extend their sympathy to Jayne.

Louise Johnson Bryan's husband, Lloyd, was recently discharged from the Army. They have a daughter, Donna, and twin sons, Peter and Paul.

Betty McGrath wrote from Florida, where she was spending a two-months vacation from her work with American Airlines, that *Judy Birch* plans to be married this spring.

Evangeline Lobdell, x-'41, formerly overseas with the WAC, now out of service and working as a dental assistant in New York City, hopes to enter

Columbia University's Dental Hygiene School this fall.

Jane Smith, '39-'40 Special, received her A.B. degree in psychology from Massachusetts State College in June, 1943. She accepted a year's scholarship at Perkins Institute to study education of the blind, and is now enrolled at Harvard University Graduate School of Education, working for a master's degree in educational psychology. Jane was recently honored with an election to Pi Lambda Theta, education sorority. She is employed as psychometrist and assistant to the consulting psychologist at Perkins.

1942

Life Secretary—*Mary V. Hurley*, 41 Linden St., Schenectady, N. Y. Assistant: *Anne Lynch*, 1784 Washington St., Auburndale 66, Mass.

A number of '42-ers have recently received their discharges from the WAVES: *Constance Courtois*, *Nancy Gorton*, and *Nina Hobson*. Connie is working at Harvard University. Nancy is living at home in Glastonbury until her marriage to Austin Ross in August. They expect to live in Boston next winter as he has another year at Harvard; Nancy has not made up her mind whether to go back to school or work. Nina called at Lasell shortly after her discharge; found *Bea Lewis Potter* and *Jean Nutt Oswald*, x-'43, also visiting.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bramley (*Carol Payne*) and son, Robert, have moved to 2042 Carrollton Ave., Indianapolis 2, Ind.

Alice Rogers Stanfield, x-'42, has a daughter, Alexa, born in November 1944.

Mildred Murray FitzGerald, x-'42, has been married two years and has a small son, Stephen Paul.

Clare Lamb Smolensky, x-'42, is traveling with her husband, a major in the Army, and when last heard from in March was in San Antonio, Tex. Major Smolensky served two and one-half years in Europe.

Constance Engel, '40-'41 Special, was married to Rollin E. Pedersen, April 2, 1944. Before her marriage she was secretary-stenographer in the office of the Circulation Manager of the *Christian Science Monitor*, Boston. She has a daughter, Judith Elaine, born Jan. 8, 1945.

Esther Billingham, '40-'41 Special, attended Boston University and was graduated last year from the New England Deaconess Hospital School of Nursing. She is now a Registered Nurse at Peter Bent Brigham Hospital.

Marcia Monaghan, '40-'41 High School, received her discharge from the Coast Guard in January after almost two and one-half years' service.

Mildred Slauwhite left her job as nursery school teacher in Vanport City, Oregon, the end of June, 1944, and that August started work as head teacher of the three-year-old group at the Stamford (Conn.) Day Nursery. She is active in church work in Stamford.

Mary Jane Goodman Miller writes that Al has received a promotion and is being transferred to St. Louis, Mo., where he will be a specialist engineer for Ingersoll-Rand. *Lura Anderson Keefer* and her husband recently spent a weekend with the Millers, and *Shirley Dawson* was also a guest for several days. Shirley has an excellent position with H. B. Humphrey Co., Advertising, in Boston.

1943

Life Secretary—*Nathalie A. Monge*, 80 Greenwood St., Greenwood, Mass. Assistant: *Elizabeth A. McAvoy*, 93 Hillcrest Rd., Windsor, Conn.

Add to the list of weddings that of *Olga Costes* and John Urban, which will take place at Annapolis on June 7, and *Nat Monge* and Morris F. Stoddard, Jr., June 8.

Ruth Davenport is office secretary to the Old Colony Council, Inc., Boy Scouts of America, East Walpole, Mass.

Betty Gorton Collier is living with her husband's family at 121 Beckwith Ter., Rochester 10, N. Y. Stan received his discharge from the Navy in December.

Marilyn Isenberg Barnes and her husband are in Manasquan, N. J., while he attends law school at Newark University.

Grace Marble has her own business, knitting infants' wear. The address is 1336 River St., Hyde Park, 36, Mass.; orders promptly filled.

Sue White was discharged from the Navy in February and is now home at 232 Riverside Street, Portland, Me.

Mary Cremmen's (x-'43) address at the moment is unknown, but last we heard she was in Guatemala. She was graduated from Radcliffe in '45, and for the past three months has been traveling in Guatemala and Mexico. Some of you may have seen her signed column in the Boston *Evening Globe*, telling about the trip. She hopes for a writing career.

Elinor Jacobs, x-'43, is now Mrs. Frederick Naumetz of 45 Ashford St., Allston 34, Mass. She was married in 1942; has a daughter, Gaylor Ann, two years old, and lived in California for a year and one-half while her husband, then a lieutenant in the Navy, was overseas.

Another marriage of which we have just learned is that of *Gloria Lyons*, x-'43, and Joseph F. McGoff, of Cincinnati, Ohio, over two years ago. Mr. McGoff was with paratroops during the war, is now serving in the OSS. They have a 16-month-old son, Lawrence Pope McGoff.

Jean Nutt Oswald, x-'43, and her husband are temporarily in New Jersey while he is on terminal leave from the Army. They will live in Oceanside, L. I., where they have bought a home.

Lee Osborn Robinson, x-'43, and her husband recently returned from a three-and-one-half-week trip to Cuba. Johnny has received his discharge from the

Navy and is attending Yale Architectural School.

Ensign *Harriet H. Sheets*, USNR, x-'43, is stationed at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Dublin, Ga.

Nicolette Demeter, '41-'42 Special, has been assistant manager of the Hotel Minerva Cafe for the past three and one-half years.

Gloria Ross, '41-'42 Special, was married in June, 1944 to Bert F. Bergstedt, formerly in the Navy and overseas for 15 months, now working at the Fore River Shipyard.

Tevis Huber, '41-'42 High School, is now Mrs. William S. Mellish, 85 Whitney Ave., New Haven, Conn.; *Jean Betty*, '41-'42 Special, Mrs. Harold E. Martin, 215 Locust St., Portales, N. M.

Claire Nolan, High School '42, called at Lasell recently. She will be graduated from Sargent College in May.

D. Anne Streeter will receive her B.S. from Radcliffe in June, and expects to teach English and biology at the Mary G. Wheeler School in Providence, R. I., next winter.

1944

Life Secretary—*Norma Badger*, Echo Avenue, Portsmouth, N. H. Assistant: *Barbara Coudray*, 76 Halsted St., East Orange, N. J.

Betty Anne Hills was graduated from Katharine Gibbs Secretarial School last June, and now is secretary in a Boston bank.

Helen Gilbert Martel lives in Southbridge, Mass., while her husband reports to Chelsea Navy Hospital.

Jean O'Brien is a busy secretary for two bosses, her lawyer father and Senator Austin W. Erwin of the New York State Legislature.

Edna Poli, whose engagement is announced in this issue of the LEAVES, is secretary for an oriental rug and antique gallery. Her fiancé, Frank Holland, served overseas with the Navy on the USS *Missouri*. Her roommate, *Shirley O'Connor*, works in the Chrysler Building, New York City, and lives in Astoria, N. Y. Their other roommate, *Millicent Gaieski*, works for her brother, a dentist.

Roz Smith is studying at the Boston School of Occupational Therapy. *Dot Tobin* is in her final year at Emmanuel College.

Marjorie Wing, who will be graduated from the Rhode Island School of Design in June, and *Nancy Smith*, who works in Worcester, have been seen at all the best ski resorts this winter.

Martha Clark Corson, x-'44, and young son, Clark, are keeping house in Portsmouth while her husband, Bernard W. Corson, commutes to the University of New Hampshire.

Life Secretary *Norma Badger* is at home while her mother convalesces from a serious illness.

Bunny Curtiss has received her discharge from the WAVES.

Katy Cogswell Darnton works for a physician in Boston; before taking her present position was a secretary in the X-Ray Department of Children's Hospital. Jack is an actuarial student at the New England Mutual Life Insurance Co.

We're a little late with this news of *Betty Graf's* marriage on March 25, 1945 to Eugene H. Mathias, formerly in the Navy, now a student at Kent State University.

Constance Hill, x-'44, has been employed since 1943 as draftsman in the Raytheon Field Engineering Department, Waltham. She has done nurses' aide work and been a junior hostess at the Buddies Club.

Elizabeth Hall, '41-'43 Special, is attending Hickox Secretarial School, Boston.

1945

Life Secretary—*Emma Gilbert*, 589 Prospect St., Maplewood, N. J. Assistant: *Louise Long*, 60 Lorraine Ave., Providence 6, R. I.

Eleanor Bradway, working for a physician in Springfield, Mass., reports that she is active in the Girl Scouts and has a troop of high school freshmen.

Ellie Dean has moved from Fitchburg, Mass., to 120 Evergreen Place, East Orange, N. J., and is working in the Math Department of the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Co., Newark. She tells us that *Connie Blades* and *Pat Bound* attend Adelphi College (Garden City, L. I.), and that *Fran Whitman* is at the University of Washington.

Jane Calderwood is a Service Representative at the New England Telephone and Telegraph Co., Portland, Me. She saw *Nancy Overton* and *Stee Depoian* on a recent trip to New York.

Shirley Frank and *Sis Morris* plan to spend their vacation this summer on a dude ranch!

Sue Ross Westberg lived in Seattle, Wash., for six months after her husband received his discharge from the Air Corps, and worked for a short time while Jerry attended the University of Washington. He hopes to enter an eastern college in September.

Albina Noga, working for Blue Shield in Boston, is living at the Franklin Square House.

Jean O'Brien, '44, furnishes us the news that *Mickey Allen* is secretary to a pediatrician in Schenectady and that *Doris Andrews* is with the Blue Cross, Albany.

Out at Randolph Field, Texas, *Elizabeth Houlton*, x-'45, is a sergeant in the WAC. She has been in service since September, 1944.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Conchar (pronounced "conquer") (*Gloria Dupuis*, x-'45) are living at 408 North Tioga Street, Ithaca, N. Y.

Shirley Hosmer, x-'45, lives at home and works as bookkeeper for an oil concern.

Elizabeth Frost, x-'45, was graduated from Katharine Gibbs Secretarial School last year, and has a position as private secretary in Boston.



Midwinter Reunion: Louise Woolley Morgan, '23, Director of Women's Programs for the Yankee Network; Dorothy Barnard, '24, president of the Alumnae; Irene Gahan Burbank, '38, luncheon chairman; Esther B. Sosman, '36, toastmaster; Dr. Winslow.

(Photo courtesy Metropolitan Photo Studio, Boston)

Barbara Wrigley is at Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

Miriam Miller, high school student in '43-'44, has done a lot of traveling since she left Lasell, as her father, a captain in the Navy, has been stationed in Newport, R. I., Norfolk, Va., Philadelphia, and Washington, D. C. She has had several positions, the most interesting of which was a hotel switchboard job. She's back in Newton at 279 Bellevue Street for a short time.

Another high school student in '43-'44, Virginia Coan, is a junior executive at Jay's in Wellesley; enjoys her work but misses the good times at Lasell.

Lee Atwood is attending Boston University College of Liberal Arts.

Virginia Rolfe, secretary to a Section Head engineer at General Electric in Schenectady, plans to be married in June to Mr. Glen E. Guy, graduate of the Case School of Applied Science, now an engineer at General Electric. Virginia, Saunda Pease, Annette Saacke, Marilyn McNie, and Peggy Clark attended the wedding of Ann Parker and Mr. Donald Schultz in Weymouth, March 16.

Lasell Alumnae, Inc. Midwinter Reunion

The annual midwinter reunion of the Lasell Alumnae, Inc., was held on Saturday, Feb. 9, 1946 at the Hotel Sheraton, Boston, with an attendance of over 170. The weather-man evidently knew nothing of reunion plans, for the day dawned without a blizzard—in fact, the streets, for the moment, were free from ice and snow.

The meeting was called to order by the president, Dorothy Barnard, '24, who welcomed those present and turned the meeting over to Irene Gahan Burbank, '38, luncheon chairman. She told of plans for a desert bridge to be held at Lasell on April 25, sponsored by the Lasell Alumnae, Inc. and the senior class. Proceeds will go to the Endowment Fund.

Esther Sosman, '36, a most witty and charming toastmistress, first introduced Dr. Winslow, who gave us the very heartening information that all but 15 resident places are filled for 1946-47, a new record for so early in the year. Another bit of good news is that by a year from now all Lasell's mortgages will be paid or the money for them will be in the bank.

Thoughts will then be turned toward the building project ahead. In conclusion Dr. Winslow extended to all reunion classes a cordial welcome to return to Lasell in June—if they have a place to stay.

Mrs. Winslow spoke briefly in her usual gracious way, and was followed by Mr. Amesbury, who spoke of Miss Root's return to Lasell as dietitian and of the problems involved in feeding the large Lasell family of today. He gave us some astronomical figures as to how many pounds of butter, sugar, and the like are needed to serve 45, 260 meals per month!

Mr. Wass, assistant to Dr. Winslow, told of his trip to Chicago to attend the annual meeting of the American Association of Junior Colleges. From him we learned that Lasell is one of the schools approved for returned veterans. Two ex-Waves are enrolled at present.

Mrs. McDonald brought the latest word about our dean emeritus, Lillie R. Potter, '80, whose presence we all missed. The flowers from the head table were sent to her after the luncheon.

Miss Blatchford, registrar, informed us of several changes in the curricula, including, among other new courses, a class in Russian history.

We were sorry that, due to illness, Miss Phyllis Hoyt, dean, could not be present. Her greetings were brought by the toastmistress.

Our last speaker was Louise Pool, '46, president of the Lasell Executive Council, who told us about student government at the college.

The toastmistress turned the meeting back to the luncheon chairman who expressed her thanks to all who had worked to make the luncheon such a big success.

The meeting was adjourned with the singing of the Alma Mater.

Louise Tardivel Higgins, '37
Recording Secretary

Alumnae-Senior Bridge

A dessert bridge sponsored by the *Lasell Alumnae, Inc.* and the senior class, was held at Winslow Hall on Thursday afternoon, April 25, with about 125 alumnae, faculty, seniors and guests present. Dessert of ice cream, cookies, and coffee was served, and each table had a prize of a small plant. Door prizes (including one pair of nylon stockings!) were donated by local merchants and by the president of the *Lasell Alumnae, Inc.*, Dorothy Barnard, '24. Louise Tardivel Higgins, '37, took over the chairmanship of the bridge from Irene Gahan Burbank, '38, who was moving to Springfield and therefore could not give the time required to complete the party plans. A committee of alumnae and seniors met at Lasell in March to address cards to alumnae and friends. During April, Louise, Esther Sosman, alumnae secretary, Joan Walker, president of the senior class, and Corinne Wilkins, chairman of the Endowment Fund, met fre-

quently to complete arrangements. The seniors had charge of making posters and tallies, getting student reservations, and supplying waitresses and dishwashers. Generous gifts from alumnae, faculty and friends who were unable to attend but who wished to contribute to the Endowment Fund, are gratefully acknowledged. The committee also wishes to express its appreciation to the many not mentioned here who helped make this bridge party a success.

As this issue of the LEAVES goes to press we do not know the exact proceeds of the afternoon, since all bills are not yet rendered, but it is believed that about \$90 will be turned over to the Endowment Fund from this project.

New Life Members

Antoinette Meritt Smith, '23 (Mrs. Wilder N.), of 393 Broadway, Cambridge 39, Mass., announces the following new life members of the *Lasell Alumnae, Inc.*: Louise Tardivel Higgins, '37, Helena Willson Hanson, '29, Clara Dietz Rosenburg, '30, Laura Dietz Rudginsky, '31-'32, Marjorie Dietz Jacobs, '39, Norma Dietz, '44, Jean Berry Yongue, '38, Lucile Norris Leyda, '24, and Marjorie Winslow MacCusprie, '28.

A life membership costs \$25, and may be paid in a lump sum or in five installments of five dollars each at intervals of six months.

New Reunion Schedule

Under the present system at Lasell, classes are scheduled to return every five years for reunions. Many alumnae have felt that a change would be advisable so that girls from classes which were in attendance at Lasell at the same time could return for reunions the same year. With that thought in mind we have worked out a system similar to the Dix system used by four-year colleges, which we are presenting here for your inspection. Your comments and suggestions will be most welcome.

The chart on the opposite page will show the plan more clearly than can be explained in writing. Listed vertically are the classes, and horizontally the years from 1947 on. If you are a member of the Class of '22, for example, you will have your fifteenth reunion next year, and returning at the same time will be the Class of '23, who will have a fourteenth reunion next year instead of a fifteenth reunion in 1948. Five years later, in 1952, the Class of '22 will return for its twentieth reunion. This time the Class of '21 will return at the same time for its twenty-first reunion, taking the place of its twentieth. After another five years, the Classes of '22 and '23 will return together again. Under the new system even-number classes will return for reunions every five years, and odd-number classes every three and seven years. Every class will have a first and a fiftieth reunion. Classes returning for reunions in June, 1947 will be 1897, 1902, 1903, 1912, 1913, 1922, 1923, 1932, 1933, 1942, 1943, and 1946.

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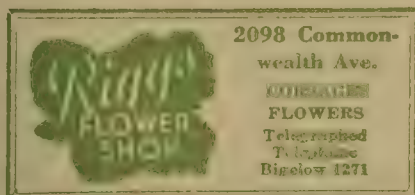
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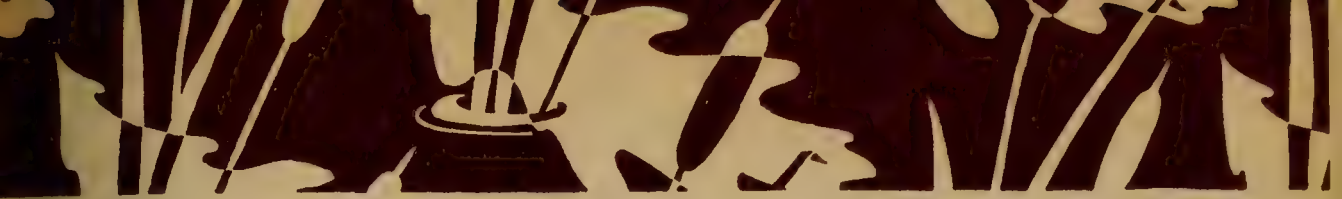
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LASELL LEAVES



AUTUMN 1946



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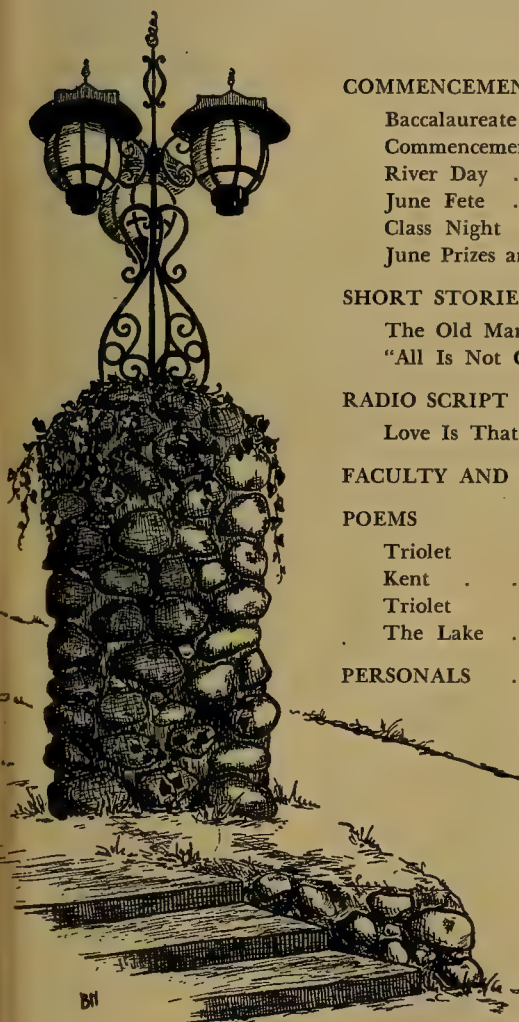
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Miss McClelland and Mr. Ordway, crew coaches, before the races on River Day.



Faculty procession, led by Dr. Winslow and Mr. Wass, entering Winslow Hall for the Baccalaureate exercises, June 9.

Baccalaureate Sermon

THE Reverend Mr. Dana McLean Greeley of the Arlington Street Church in Boston gave the Baccalaureate sermon on Sunday, June 9, at Winslow Hall.

From the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew relating to the parable of the talents, Mr. Greeley selected the twenty-first verse as his text: "Thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things." This philosophy is little understood today, said Mr. Greeley, and we often wonder why Jesus said, "For unto everyone that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." This can be explained, however, for all people are given talents and it is their duty to make the right

use of those gifts. Thus, the graduating seniors have acquired the talents of learning and fellowship during the past two years, and they cannot let them go to waste. Some talents are financial as in the parable, but others that are more important include education and personal, moral, and spiritual values. These represent the equipment with which we must work, the instruments by which we must win our achievements. We increase our talents as we use them; as we neglect them, so they are taken from us.

The speaker said that he would not comment on the fundamental three R's which have always symbolized education. If we have not learned much more than those elements, then the acquisition of them is in vain. The fourth

R is the ingredient that helps us use our other talents wisely, invest our gifts so that they bring just return. This ingredient is responsibility or the measuring up to trusts. Never before in human history has responsibility assumed such significance as it assumes in this hour. Never has there been a year as demanding as the present one when graduates leave schools with such ponderous duties or even such great opportunities before them. We must take our own talents, spiritual, social, and cultural, and invest them in each other's lives, in the community, and in the outer world about us. Others have invested in us; it is our responsibility to do our best. The extent to which people are responsible beings is a gauge of their maturity and a measure of their fitness for life. Some people never mature. Likewise, nations of the world reflect varying degrees of maturity. Some have never developed fully in their sense of duty, and they must serve as lessons to us in our individual lives.

We must ask ourselves, can we accept responsibility? Are we true to those who trust us? Can we do our duty? Can we forget ourselves for others' sakes? Are we quitters or are we good soldiers? Will we see something through to the finish no matter what the cost?

Mr. Greeley commented on the many mothers in history who invested their lives in their children. They abandoned their own personal careers for their children's sakes, without measuring the expense. He mentioned Susannah Wesley, who was not known for herself, but known through the sons to whom she devoted herself. Her trust bore fulfillment many times in John, Charles, and the others. Nancy Hanks and Mrs. Whistler are two more examples of loving self-sacrifice.

Another person reflecting great responsibility was Florence Nightingale, who grew up in a favorable environment and amid all kinds of worldly endowments. She repudiated her heritage to take up a work not espoused and even frowned upon by people of her stamp. She gave up her own life to fulfill a

larger trust—the profession of nursing which she dignified and ennobled.

We have been going through a time when the needs of responsibility have been manifold. Duty, until recently unfashionable, has now been in all our hearts. The time has not yet come when we can afford to cease thinking about it. The day ahead will demand as much of us as has been demanded of anyone in days past. Will the present graduates measure up to their responsibility, or will their preparation for life be found wanting?

Mr. Greeley said that we must be responsible to our loved ones and to our friends who have given of themselves so that we might have the best. We are all woven together by the bonds of the spirit into a single social pattern, love constituting ties that never can be broken. We must nourish and fortify those ties—measure up to the trust placed in us.

The graduates have been the members of a large family, the school, and are now the members of a yet larger family, the family of man. They must be true to those memberships and be responsible to those who have given them the blessings and equipment that are now their talents.

From the Book of Ruth Mr. Greeley quoted the passage, "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." These words of Ruth to Naomi were an acknowledgment of faith that could not die. We also must not let ours die.

The responsibility inculcated in the students at Lasell must be strengthened all the days of their lives. A community can be no stronger than its weakest link, and they must not be its weakest link. The community needs the values these girls can give it, for they are the life and hope of mankind; the community must prosper—and not fail in things of the spirit because of their membership.

We are our brother's keeper; there is no escaping that fact. We must have a concern, for if we fail, no one else can perform our

work for us. We must not only be faithful to each other, but to God. We are not primarily biological beings—or even fundamentally members of society. We are spiritual beings, children of God. He has created us in his own image; He has given us spiritual powers that we have not yet begun to realize. Never have we been called on so seriously to recognize that responsibility to God. In this day there is run a race between our duty to moral law and the atomic bomb, which symbolizes something far worse than itself—irresponsibility. Which will win—responsibility or this figurative weakness of man?

We also have a duty to ourselves—as well as to God and our fellow beings. There is that in us that attempts to divide us and defeat us. There is that in us which is less worthy and also that which is more worthy. We must build for our own best selves.

"This above all; to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

That is a lesson to all of us today—a lesson in responsibility and measuring up to trust.

Mr. Greeley related a modern version of the parable of the talents, in which a land-

lord before going on a journey called his men to him and said to the foreman, "I want another house; here are the plans and specifications. Spare no money in order to have perfection." For a while after the proprietor's departure the foreman built according to the requirements. Then, because he thought no one would be the wiser he began to cut a few corners, saved money with second-rate labor, and tried to make a few extra dollars for himself. Thus the house was built poorly. When his employer returned, the foreman said that the house was finished according to the specifications. The landlord was pleased and replied, "The house is yours as a reward for your good work." Thus when we build imperfectly, we fail others who have put their confidence in us, but more than that, we fail ourselves by working for our own destruction.

The girls in the graduating class should build and build perfectly, and they should use their talents wisely, multiplying them many times. In closing, Mr. Greeley hoped that each one of them would measure up to the trust placed in her, and that, with God-speed, each might walk "onward and upward" from that time forth.

Marion James

Commencement Address

LASELL Junior College held its annual commencement exercises in Winslow Hall on Monday, June 10, at which time Dr. Winslow presented diplomas to 179 graduating students.

The address of the day was delivered by Dr. Robert Clyde Yarbrough, substituting for the original speaker, Dr. Payson Smith, who could not appear because of illness. Dr. Yarbrough, minister of the Second Church in West Newton, had officiated at the Baccalaureate Service last year, and it was with pleasure that Lasell welcomed his return at this time.

For his subject he chose the topic "On the Manner of Meeting Life," the fundamental theme of which is to be found in Catherine Drinker Bowen's book, *Yankee from*

Olympus. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the subject of this volume, not only won fame as a brilliant lawyer and judge, but also achieved high standing as a scholar and man of letters. However, writes Miss Bowen, his true claim to greatness lay in his manner of meeting life. "He had a genius for living, a genius for finding himself wholly, using himself wholly."

Dr. Yarbrough told the members of the graduating class that they were now on the verge of meeting real life, and the important question was in what spirit should they confront their future.

Some people face life as does a dog with its tail between its legs. They fail in finding life because they refuse to lose themselves in it and will not recognize its challenge. To

them existence is a burden to be feared—a troublesome demand to be refused. Such an attitude does not present a chance for noble living.

It was once stated that a mere bucket or two of water in a cloud could obscure the majesty of an Alpine peak. Many lives are hidden and obscured in this very way. One lawyer, when interviewed by the press, said, "If I were young with life ahead, I would chuck it all. The odds are too great. I have no encouragement for young bloods; the sooner they jump out of windows, the sooner they will find peace." The heights of hopefulness are lost from view when people do not realize that life has a divine destiny—real and eternal. Oddly enough, the negative point of view is not confined to atheists alone; other people who appear to consider life worth while live with cynicism.

In this country one-fourth of a million people end their lives because of their unwillingness to meet the world's demands. And there are many other kinds of suicide besides the physical approach. All that kills the good and the beautiful is a form of suicide. Those people who cling to transient pleasure and fame or those who withdraw from the world's adventures and demands will lose their lives in the end because they are afraid to meet great opportunities. Theirs is a spiritual suicide.

The second manner of meeting life is that exhibited by the man who, with his nose in the air, tries to ignore life. He is the stuffed shirt.

Dr. Yarbrough recalled an old house in New Hampshire which had never failed to impress him. Through the passing years the outer walls had decayed, and the family continually retreated to the interior. The children had finally gone and so the man and his wife moved into the innermost room, leaving the remainder of the structure to crumble about them. This anecdote, Dr. Yarbrough said, could serve as a parable for many people who sit in the middle of life and hug themselves, refusing to build up

their spiritual homes or repair with new faith the destruction done by the ravages of time. With half the world bleeding and hungry, they try to pass by on the other side of life, their only concern concentrated on whether or not they can obtain a thirty per cent wage increase. These men inertly and complacently look out of life through the rips and wounds of the world with no awareness of or interest in those same rips and wounds.

These people represent the Hindu symbol of the three monkeys, the philosophy of which is not wholly to be praised. For us to put our hands over our eyes and refuse to see what goes on about us is literally a method of making monkeys of ourselves. With this attitude in a day such as now exists, we show only our narrow self-centeredness. Life is too needy and too real to be ignored. We cannot afford to face it as the stuffed shirt does; we must face it with open eyes. Neither the attitude of fear nor the attitude of scorn can set the world on fire.

It is the dedicated soul who has the true manner and spirit of meeting life. He dedicates himself to an idea or a proposition created on the altar of the world's deeper needs. We too must put our entire souls into our work. We cannot say, "I would take life by the throat and force it to give me what I want." That idea will not work. We have to give ourselves to life, not ask life to give itself to us. Great and noble living is not a negative response; it is a daring commitment. We must have purposes and aims worthy of possession because they point to the good, the true and the beautiful.

Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick once said, "It is not possible to go through life without giving life something." This is true, but too many of us are ruled by sensuality, love of money, and comfort and ease, all of which contribute very little to the world and which in time will only bring on the destruction of our own souls.

Dr. Yarbrough challenged his listeners to follow great aims; the world, he said, needs



Evelyn Hillis, vice president, and Joan Walker, president of the Class of 1946, remove the class banner at Crow's Nest exercises. In the background is Louise Pool, president of Student Government, who gave the farewell at the Crow's Nest.

such dedication. Every day we have observed that poster of the War Department where Uncle Sam's eye fixes us piercingly and a compelling finger points at us. In addition we see that sentence which reads, "I need you!" This is one forceful voice that we should all heed—not, however, as the voice of petty nationalism, but rather as the cry of the world. In the face of greed, avarice, and the shivering fear of little people who want big loot, the world pleads with us for aid.

This is not an invitation to comfort; great things are never achieved in comfort. This is a challenge to dedicate ourselves to the problems of humanity. What shall we reply? There has never been a time in the history of mankind when the earth so needed the right answer; the courageous answer.

Again Dr. Yarbrough turned to Catherine Bowen's *Yankee from Olympus* by quoting the closing lines of the book. "Have faith and pursue the unknown end. Whether a man accepts from Fortune her spade and will look downward and dig, or from Aspiration her axe and cord, and will scale the ice, the one and only success which it is his to command is to bring to his work a mighty heart." Dr. Yarbrough applied this quotation to the conclusion of his address when he told the members of the graduating class to bring a mighty heart to their own future work. He said that they must not refuse life or ignore it. Instead they must face it as a dedicated disciple and then they will conquer life with a flaming spirit.

Marion James



Marjorie Norris, June queen, and her attendants: Marcia Cressey, Frances Oden, Charlotte Fletcher, Deborah Newton and Barbara Rich.

June Fete

ONE of Lasell's loveliest traditions is that of the June Fete, and this year's enactment of the event equalled all the previous ones. Thursday, the sixth, was a typical June day, with warm, sunny weather. At three-thirty guests and parents were assembled on Bragdon lawn, awaiting the procession.

Up the little hill to the arch by the driveway the juniors lined either side of the walk. Gowned attractively in pastels, they held green boughs, making a leafy canopy under which the seniors marched to form a double row from the arch to the Crow's Nest.

Tiny Betsy MacMillan, as crown bearer, led the queen's procession and almost stole the show from Marjorie Norris, the lovely queen of the day. (Betsy's mother, Marjorie

Bassett MacMillan, was Lasell's queen in 1936.) The court was made up of Frances Oden, maid of honor, Deborah Newton, Marcia Cressey, Barbara Rich, and Charlotte Fletcher. The girls wore the traditional gowns of white, orchid, yellow, blue and green, and carried sprays of iris and syringa.

Joan Walker, president of the Senior Class, placed the crown on Marjorie Norris' long blonde hair, and while the queen smiled down at the guests the students sang the June Fete song to her.

Then the procession moved to Winslow Hall to attend the style show presented by Lasell's clothing students. Norma Treiberg welcomed the large audience and explained that the aims of the clothing course were



Betsy MacMillan, crown bearer, and Joan Walker, president of the senior class, before the crowning of the June queen at the Crow's Nest.

Betty MacNeil was Tim, the little boy who was learning his geography lesson. As Tim spun the globe around, he saw Holland, the land of tulips and dikes, and four Dutch dancers. Going to the magical land of Bali, he saw the beautiful, mysterious dance to the Balinese gods. Heralding their approach with Scotch music, four lassies did a spirited Highland Fling, their jaunty caps bouncing with each step. Tim next found himself in a gypsy camp in Hungary, where the weird, plaintive music of the gypsies accompanied their wild, free dancing. A geography lesson wouldn't be complete without a trip to the country with a tree, the home of "dem bums," Brooklyn, with its earthy Americana and its four best jitterbugs, who delighted the audience with their "swingaroo quickie" style.

High up in the Tyrolean Alps Tim found a group of Austrian dancers, complete with their yodeller's caps and cocky feathers. Down to the land of cool ocean breezes and

Mariele Higgins, daughter of Louise Tardivel Higgins, '37, and Judy McClelland, niece of Miss Muriel McClelland, model dresses made by Lasell students.

mainly two: to train the girls to buy and construct clothing intelligently; and to prepare them for a career in designing or in other related fields.

The first-year students modeled play outfits, cottons, and street clothes. Accompanying some of them were little girls, also wearing Lasell-made clothes. The second-year students modeled suits, coats, and dresses, many of which they had designed as well as made.

Following the fashion review, the guests proceeded to the athletic field for the dance pageant. The theme, worked out by the Studio Dance Group under the direction of Mrs. Cousins, dance director, was announced in a prologue by Patricia Luther, who started the guests on an imaginary tour around the world.



soft Hawaiian guitars, Tim gazed in inarticulate wonder at the native hula girl, who swayed in time with magic strains of melody. In contrast to the peaceful atmosphere of Hawaii, Tim learned his last eventful lesson in fiery Mexico, land of *tortillas* and bull-fights. Here four dashing *señores* and their exotic *señoritas* executed the fascinating Mexican Hat Dance. Well, Tim had learned a

good deal of geography, and the audience more than appreciated the colorful array. Highlighting the dance pageant was an unknown little girl who appeared to have lost her "mommy." Undaunted by the whirling figures, she stood in the center of the field, calmly surveying the whole performance to the merriment of the spectators.

Kay Wilson

River Day

THE Senior Green crew, captained by Evie Hillis, shot across the finish line half-a-canoe length ahead of Barb Schardt's mighty Junior White crew in the race climaxing the annual Lasell River Day on Wednesday, May 29. Four senior and five junior teams practiced several weeks for the final competition. On Wednesday it was hinted that crew might be postponed as there was a gusty wind and occasional cloudbursts. However, the skies cleared by two o'clock and the races were on.

The first race was won by Lynn Blodgett's Senior White crew, followed in by Senior Blue, under Ginny Terhune, second; and Junior Red, under Sarah Cross, third. As soon as the tired crews were landed, the next race was under way. Amid much shouting, Captain Hillis brought her Senior Greens in first, followed by Hasler's Junior Blues and Brunner's Junior Navys. In the third race of the day the Junior White team set the day's record at three minutes, eighteen seconds, and was followed into the finish by Captain Marty Eldredge's Senior Red Crew and Captain Ginny Smith's Junior Yellow.

As the sun really came out over the Auburndale Playground, everyone relaxed and made ready for the Faculty-Alumnae race. Captain Mary Blatchford headed the faculty crew made up of Misses Sawyer, Tribou, Winslow, Carter, May, Wethern, Kibbe, and Hallam. Stiff competition was given by the alumnae crew, captained by Soupie Campbell, '44, who had been on the

winning team in her senior year. The other members were Kay Chandler, '45, Midge Brady, '45, Arlene Wishart Sylvester, '38, Nancy L. Smith, '44, Lynn Lerch, '46, Florence Ross Summerhays, '40, Jane Maynard, '44, and Peggy Raymond McLean, '36. After a hard race, the faculty finished a length ahead of the alumnae.

In the fifth race, the three crews which placed third in the first three races, competed. First place was taken by Pat Brunner, who will head crew in the spring of 1947. She was trailed by Smith and Cross respectively. The next race proved one of the most exciting. The crews, placing second in the first three races, paddled upstream and a few minutes later reappeared, stroking toward the finish line. The three canoes seemed almost bow to bow to the excited spectators on the river bank. Then Senior Red cut through the finish flags, followed by Senior Blue and Junior Blue. As the shouts went up from the shore, the Senior Red canoe gracefully emptied its nine members into the waters of the Charles. Three motorboats took the soggy girls aboard, landed them in time to view the next race.

The seventh and last race was the most exciting of all, for the finalists were the crews who had won their respective races in the first half of the afternoon. Two senior and one junior team went up the now-sparkling river. Everyone waited anxiously, and cameras were focused on the bend as the canoes sped into the home stretch. Barb

Schardt's Junior White crew had scored the best time with three minutes, eighteen seconds, so everyone knew that this would be close. Then the Senior Green canoe was leading across the line, followed by Junior White and Senior White, captained by Lynn Blodgett.

As the victorious seniors came in toward the landing, shouting that good weather was won for graduation, a dungaree-clad girl

leaped into the Charles and upset the canoe. Soaked, Captain Hillis, co-captain Polly Puffer, Moo Ross, Bobby Conover, Arline Koppel, Corkie Schlegel, Marilyn Dickson, Sue Nolan, and Doris Bellinger waded to shore to be congratulated and photographed by proud friends. In borrowed coats, they started back to Lasell for the annual River Day picnic and stunt night.

Darcy

Fishing the girls out of the river after their canoe had upset in the races, May 29.



Faculty and Administration Notes

Dr. and Mrs. Winslow are dividing their time this summer between Auburndale and Gaysville, Vt. Their son, *Donald*, his wife (the former *Lois Nelson*, faculty '37-'43) and year-old son, Paul, have moved to Auburndale where they are living at 266 Melrose Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond C. Wass announce the engagement of their daughter, Anita Rivers, to Lt. (jg) Chandler Burpee, Jr., of Philadelphia, Pa. Mr. Wass is assistant to Dr. Winslow.

Lasell's registrar, *Miss Mary W. Blatchford*, is spending the summer at Brownfield, Me.

Lasell was saddened to learn of the passing, on July 20, 1946, of *Irene Rachdorf Flanagan*, after an extended illness. A graduate of Smith College in 1925, Irene Rachdorf had a teaching fellowship for the next two years at Tufts College, from which she received her M.A. degree in 1927. From 1927 to 1938 she was instructor in social science at Lasell, and more recently at Tufts and Simmons.

Lasell's dean, *Miss Phyllis Hoyt* has resigned and will start her duties as assistant to the deans at Western College, Oxford, Ohio, this fall. We wish her Godspeed in this new work.

Mrs. Statira P. McDonald is in New Brunswick for the summer with her daughter, *Gwendolyn McDonald Black*, '18-'28, and family.

Señora Orozco left shortly after Commencement for her annual visit with her sisters in Mexico.

Lasell extends sympathy to *Miss Annie M. Strang*, whose mother, Mrs. James Strang, passed away late in June.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Roberts (Myra Sawyer, faculty '37-'46), who were married on June 22, are at Bounegh Beg Lake, Sanford, Maine for the summer.

Mrs. Ruth Wolfe Fuller announces the marriage of her daughter, Gretchen Gay Fuller, and Mr. Donald Frazier, at the Arlington Street Church, Boston, on July 27.

Attending summer courses at Boston University are *Miss Delia Davis* and *Miss Roberta Morrill*. Miss Morrill is also doing part-time work at Lasell.

In Ogunquit, Maine, *Miss Hope Kibbe* is secretary to the owner of The Ontio, a summer hotel.

Miss Emeline Loud will soon go to Washington, D. C., to take up her new duties as librarian at the Cathedral School for Girls.

We have recently received word of the passing of *Mrs. Ruth Roop Cleveland* of Kansas City, formerly of Arlington, Mass., who taught home economics at Lasell from 1916-18. Lasell Junior College extends sympathy to her husband, Mr. Waldor A. Cleveland, and her two daughters, Miss Marjory L. Cleveland and Miss Constance B. Cleveland.

Mrs. Kay Peterson Parker, instructor in art '27-'41, is the author and illustrator of a new book, *Decorating Your Home*, one of the Garland homemaking series.

Comdr. and Mrs. Henry S. Monroe (*Karin Eliasson*, faculty '33-'42) announce the arrival of their second child, a daughter, Sally Carlson, July 15, 1946 at Columbia Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Lt. (jg) Natalie Park, on terminal leave from the WAVES, has been accepted with advance standing at Wellesley College for the fall term. She will major in fine arts. A graduate of Lasell in 1932, and of the Child Walker School of Fine Arts, Miss Park was instructor in design and crafts at Lasell from 1936-43.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kneisel (Winifred Whittemore, faculty '40-'42) are the proud parents of a son, Frederick Whittemore, born May 8, 1946.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Alexander (Eleanor Paddock, instructor in chemistry '39-'41) have a third daughter, Carolyn Louise, born June 26, 1946. They have bought a home at 11918 Phillips Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio, into which they expect to move late this fall.

Mrs. Carolyn Craig Franklin, librarian '42-'43, and her husband, Mr. Carl M. Franklin, announce the arrival of Allan Craig, July 1, 1946. They are living at 444 Monroe Lane, Charlottesville, Va., while Mr. Franklin studies at the University of Virginia Law School.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence C. Hull, III

(Lucille Cate Hull, office '43-'45) have named their first son, born May 4, 1946, Lawrence Cameron, IV.

Miss Virginia Carter is teaching swimming at the Fessenden School, West Newton, during the summer.

Miss Virginia Tribou is doing water analysis at the State House, Augusta, Maine.

Class Night

ALTHOUGH the traditional ceremonies of Class Night were interrupted by one of the most severe storms in Auburndale in years, much of the carefully planned program was held on the Athletic Field before the storm broke. As the president of College Government, Louise Pool, welcomed the large audience, she said, "We hope you will be proud of us as we begin our memorable Class Night." It is memorable, not only because of the material presented in the interesting program but because of the way the girls carried on midst crashes of thunder and torrents of rain until finally forced to give up. Following the song and the speech of welcome, Corinne Wilkins, Chairman of the Endowment Fund, presented to Dr. Winslow a check for \$1000 from the Class of 1946. The Class Will and a part of the Prophecy was read before the large audience was forced to seek shelter in Winslow Hall. As the rain showed signs of stopping the seniors formed their lines for the torchlight procession and, led by Barbara Schardt, president of the junior class, and the band, they processed to Gardner. By that time the rain and wind were so violent that the exercises as well as the President's Reception had to be cancelled. In spite of the disappointment of the seniors at giving up some of their program, it was a never-to-be-forgotten night with electricity going off soon after the beginning of

the storm, and many drenched friends and relatives to be cared for. After the Baccalaureate service on Sunday afternoon the seniors processed to Bragdon lawn and continued with their interrupted Class Night exercises. Farewells to houses and Flame Speeches were given at that time.



EM

June Prizes and Special Recommendations

Prizes

Crew

The Senior GREEN Crew won on River Day; members receive an "L."

Evelyn Hillis, *Captain*
Muriel Ross
Barbara Conover
Arline Koppel
Corinne Schlegel
Marilyn Dickson
Suzanne Nolan
Polly Puffer
Doris Bellinger

Athletic Shield

Won by the WHITE team, led by Carolyn Lindsay. Scores: Whites—157; Blues—156.

The Large "L"

is awarded to the following girls for outstanding performance in:

Field Hockey

Carolyn Lindsay
Anita McAuliffe
Virginia Terhune
Linda Koempel
Sarah Cross
Joan Logan
Janet Hasler
Virginia Smith

Soccer

Jean Bohlen
Marjorie Norris
Carolyn Buck
Barbara Rudell
Janice Schuelke
Virginia Terhune
Elizabeth Brady
Janet Hasler

Basketball

Sarah Cross
Janet Hasler
Evelyn Hillis
Dorothy Lowe
Barbara Rudell
Janice Schuelke
Susie Steel
Virginia Terhune
Corinne Wilkins

Volleyball

Marjorie-Lou Fuller
Deborah Newton
Ann Sprague
Helen Sanasarian
Joyce Hayes
Janet Hasler

Softball

Marjorie Norris
Barbara Rudell
Joan FitzGerald
Anna Scarlatos
Nancy Keim
Jean Bohlen
Dorothy Morris
Rita Riley

Badminton

Dorothy Morris, winner of the Badminton Tournament singles, receives an individual prize from the Athletic Association. Her name is also engraved on a cup that remains at the college.

The Badminton Doubles Tournament was won by Dorothy Morris and Marjorie Norris.

Special Awards for Outstanding Athletes

A large Lasell banner is awarded to:
Virginia Terhune
Barbara Rudell
Janet Hasler

Advertising

Awarded to the student who throughout two years has shown cooperation, has had uniformly high grades, and above all has realized the possibilities of creative advertising.

Awarded to:

Raemary Chase

Honorable Mention:

Doris Bellinger

Anna Nelson

Interior Decoration

Awarded to the student who throughout two years has shown cooperation, has had uniformly high grades, and above all an appreciation of the beauty in furniture and fabrics used in decorating a home. May this book remind her of many pleasant hours shared.

Awarded to:

Martha Eldredge

Honorable Mention:

Barbara Battersby

Journalism

This award is given to the senior who has made the most outstanding contribution to Lasell publications during her two years. It is based on these considerations: quality of writing, amount of writing, time spent, and leadership on the various publications.

Jacqueline Darcy, a Merchandising major, was editor-in-chief of the *News*, staff member of the *Leaves* and staff member of the 1945 *Lamp*. Following her graduation, she started work on the Woman's Page of the Boston *Herald Traveler*.

Clothing

1st—Jane Virginia Schmidt

2nd—Audrey Jean Reeman

Honorable Mention:

Joan Hanson

Bernice Holbrook

Foods

1st—Jean Louise Hopkins

2nd—Arlene Claire Havis

Secretarial Course

Janith Kuhns

Irene Tomasek

Joan Walker

Medical Secretarial Course

Rose Emer

Louise Pool

Mary Elizabeth Reed

Muriel Ross

Mary Zanleoni

Dramatics Course

Patricia Luther

Anne Valentine

Home Economics Course

Clothing Major

Jane Schmidt

Merchandising Course

Mary Auten

Doris Bellinger

Raemary Chase

Jacqueline Darcy

Arlene Koppel

Virginia Westerdale

Scholarship

1st—Betty N. Simmons

2nd—Ruth Winchell Goldner

Honorable Mention:

Mary Elizabeth Reed

Evelyn Marie Hillis



White Coat Winners: Virginia Terhune, Dorothy Morris, Louise Pool.

Lasell Coats

A Lasell jacket is awarded to three students who, in the opinion of a committee of which two-thirds are students and one-third members of the faculty, are representative Lasell girls possessing in high degree the qualities of: integrity, loyalty, consideration for others, good sportsmanship, scholarship and leadership.

Awarded to:

Louise Pool
Dorothy Morris
Virginia Terhune

Honorable Mention:

Patricia Corning
Joan Walker

Special Recommendations

Shorthand

Gregg certificates—awarded on the basis of 5 minutes' sustained dictation, transcribed with 98 percent accuracy.

100 Words Per Minute

Edith Avery
Marilyn Blodgett
Barbara Bowers
Carol Buck
Ann Caruso
Jeanne Dillon
Marie Duprey
Rose Emer
Margaret Harman
Carolyn Lindsay
Nancy Mattoon
Betty Morris
Marjorie Norris
Clare O'Connor
Phyllis Paige
Helen Richter
Muriel Ross
Anna Scarlatos
Ruth Small
Barbara Smith
Claire Stolzenberg
Phyllis Warburton
Constance Wilbur

120 Words Per Minute

Janet Botting
Helen Clay
Barbara Grove
Marion Hayden
Evelyn Hillis
Elizabeth Ingersoll
Janith Kuhns
Florence Mallgraf
Patricia Marland
Deborah Newton

Ruth Nordstrand
 Louise Pool
 Mary Elizabeth Reed
 Doris Jane Schultz
 Carolyn Stuart
 Irene Tomasek
 Olga Voss
 Joan Walker

Louise Pool
 Audrey Reeman
 Barbara Roedel
 Irene Tomasek
 Joan Walker

Typewriting 3—awarded on the basis of at least 70 words per minute, with less than 2 errors, for 10 minutes.

Typewriting

Typewriting 2—awarded on the basis of at least 60 words per minute, with no more than 5 errors, for 10 minutes.

Carol Buck
 Dorothy Harvender
 Florence Mallgraf
 Patricia Marland
 Jean Miles
 Marjorie Norris

Ruth Nordstrand
 Mary Zanleoni

Accounting

Awarded for completion of course in Secretarial Accounting with average grade of B.

Carol Cooley
 Ruth Goldner
 Evelyn Hillis

TRIOLET

God's world was washed again tonight
 And now it settles down to rest.
 The earth is fresh and stars are bright;
 God's world was washed again tonight.
 The blades of grass reflect the light
 As moonglow falls, and all is blest.
 God's world was washed again tonight
 And now it settles down to rest.

Jane Upton

KENT

The Kentish hills are dear to me,
 Where merry, twisted little lanes
 Go winding to the feather'd sea.
 Beneath the balm of English rains,
 Or weak, warm sun, or thick white mist,
 The waves roll up the coast of Kent,
 Up where the green-faced marshes twist
 Along the fens, whose elbows, bent
 In angles rude, make swirls and bays
 Amid the rocks. How well I know
 The dotted wealds and spangled ways
 Of golden, blushing flowers that blow
 Between the rows of rails. I roam
 But cannot lose my Kentish home.

Lucy Tupper



The Old Man of the Mountain

THE silky-haired spaniel trotted along the mountain road, his long, black ears dusting the pebbles and rocks as his tiny nose investigated every hole. At the sound of a familiar whistle he turned quickly and raced back down the road toward a young girl who scolded him gently. "Paddy, don't race off like that. Please stay here and keep me company. I want some one to talk to." The dog's brown eyes informed the girl that he'd be delighted to talk with her and the two proceeded sedately along the road leading from the small country village.

"You know, Paddy," the girl began in a conversational tone, "You really shouldn't race around like that anyway. It's not good for you—you're getting awfully old." The dog winced and walked a little faster. "Now don't be huffy; I merely said you're not getting any younger and you should take life easier—besides, I'm all out of breath. Let's sit down for a minute." She climbed on a rail-fence at the side of the road and whistled for the dog again. Paddy had found a very intriguing hole and was digging furiously, but he obeyed his mistress' whistle and, trotting over, sat down meekly at her feet.

"Now, pup, let's review the situation, shall we?" Paddy agreed. The girl continued, "Here you see a very surprising letter, beautiful stationery, family crest and all"—and she pulled a piece of note paper from her jacket pocket. Paddy surveyed it suspiciously. The girl assumed a very dramatic air. "This is a letter from 'The Old Man of the Mountain,' believe it or not. And he wants to see me, me of all people. Paddy, what does he want to see me about?" Paddy's brown eyes looked puzzled. "Well, we'll soon know. The invitation says four o'clock, and"—she checked the time with a quick glance at a small watch on her lapel—"it's quarter of, now." The girl stood up to get a better view of the house that towered just above them on the mountain. "It looks like an awful serious house, Paddy. I wonder if it

has ever smiled." The dog looked up, astonished. "Oh, yes, houses do smile. Our house smiles, Paddy. It's because everyone in it is so happy and—" the girl's face clouded—"even when there doesn't seem to be much to be happy about we usually find something." Paddy sympathized with her—he, too, missed the tall, nice man who used to be around so much. He could remember the nights when that tall, nice man would come home and lift the pretty lady up in his arms and the baby would laugh and he would bark and everybody was so happy. He could see that his mistress was thinking about the same thing, for she was looking at the little, white cottage on the outskirts of the town that lay below them. The cottage looked like a small box with a green cover. The girl turned and looked back up at the house on the side of the mountain. This house did not resemble a small box with a green cover. It was a big, gloomy-looking mansion with a weird, forbidding air about it. Very long, wide windows covered the front, and two stone turrets on the corners made the girl think of old English castles with their moats and drawbridges. "Paddy," (the dog swallowed a yawn) "did you ever hear the story of the 'Old Man of the Mountain'?" The dog cocked his head.

"Well, it seems that once upon a time, not very long ago—perhaps two months—an old man from a far-distant city—New York—bought an old, deserted castle on a mountain. Now he was a very rich old man, but he was very disagreeable and miserly, and he never gave any money to the Red Cross or the Girl Scouts or to anybody who called at his castle. Nobody ever saw this old man, for he never came down into the town; he just stayed up in that big castle on that big mountain with his housekeeper, his chauffeur and his two big Irish Setters." Paddy blinked and looked longingly down the mountain road. The two had reached the huge iron gate by now, and as they entered she continued, "And now,

Paddy, you and I are going to see the 'Old Man of the Mountain.' After living up here in seclusion for two months, he sends an invitation for tea to a very insignificant native of the village of Hartborough and—well, here we are."

Just then Paddy gave a little bark and sprinted over the great expanse of green lawn that lay before them. Before the girl could cry out, the dog had thrown himself on a silver-haired old man who was sitting in a lawn chair before the big house.

"Oh!" she gasped, thinking that if he were as disagreeable as everyone said, he'd probably shoot poor Paddy. But the old gentleman was smiling as he rose from the chair, fondling the spaniel's silky ears. Then he crossed the lawn to meet the advancing girl. He stared at her intently. "You're Mrs. Bruce Stetson?"

"Yes, I'm Helene Stetson and you—you're Mr. Abbott?" The man nodded. "Mr. Abbott, I'm very sorry Paddy jumped on you like that. I really can't understand it; usually he's not friendly with strangers."

The old man laughed, a deep, hearty laugh that made Helene wonder why anyone thought he was disagreeable. "I seem to be quite a favorite with dogs, Mrs. Stetson, just as Paddy seems to be a favorite with my dogs." He motioned with a slender hand to the other side of the lawn where Paddy was playing with the two beautiful Irish setters.

Amazed, Helene sank into a comfortable wicker chair. "Why, Paddy has always been deathly afraid of all dogs—except those smaller than he."

Again the man laughed, and as he sat down in a chair opposite the girl he studied her carefully. In her light blue gabardine suit with the neat white blouse, Helene made a lovely picture seated in the huge rose-colored chair. The walk up the long road had brought color to her cheeks, and her blue eyes were dancing as she watched the dogs rolling over each other on the grass. Her curly brown hair blew gently back as the spring wind traveled around the corner of the house. The girl, in turn, studied the handsome old man

across from her. Distinguished, she decided, noting his neat Palm Beach suit, vivid brown eyes and great shock of silver-white hair.

An elderly man brought a tray from the house, and as he set it on a nearby table her host said, "This is Fulton, Mrs. Stetson. He's the general manager around here—chauffeur, butler, gardener, and my cribbage partner on long winter evenings. This place just couldn't get along without him." The correct "perfect servant" air vanished and Fulton became a human being, returning Helene's bow and smile. The three chatted for a moment about the dogs and the weather.

After Fulton had returned to the house and Helene had settled herself more comfortably in the wicker chair, Mr. Abbott said, "Mrs. Stetson, I asked you to have tea here today because I am very anxious to know if you would accept a position with me." He spoke simply. "I am writing a book and I need a secretary. I heard that you had done secretarial work, and though I know you don't need the money, I wish that you would help me out. It would be afternoon work only. That is why I can't hire a secretary who would depend on this position for a living. I use a dictaphone in my work. You would just have to type my notes. The salary is thirty dollars a week."

Helene caught her breath—thirty dollars a week for afternoon work! Her rapidly figuring mind was trying to think what to do with Jackie those afternoons, when Mr. Abbott interrupted her thoughts. "Mrs. Stetson, you have a small son?"

Amazed, Helene looked up. "Why yes, Jackie. He's six years old," she murmured automatically.

"If you have any trouble getting someone to care for him those afternoons," the old man continued, "we would feel very flattered if you would bring him with you. My housekeeper, Marta, is an excellent nurse and I would be glad to watch out for him myself when I'm not working with you. The lawns are broad and I'm sure we can find some toys around here somewhere."

The remainder of the afternoon passed in a daze for Helene. She was quite overwhelmed by the opportunity to work for an author—although she had never heard of any of his books—and to have the problem of Jackie so easily arranged seemed like a miracle. As Fulton drove Helene and Paddy (who had to be carried away from his newly-found friends) down the hill toward home, Helene vaguely remembered the last of the afternoon's conversation. After accepting Mr. Abbott's offer and fixing her hours, she remembered telling Mr. Abbott about her home, her son and the small village that lay at the foot of his mountain. She blushed as she remembered how she had slipped once and called him "The Old Man of the Mountain." He had laughed heartily and remarked, "Well, my dear, that's what I get for burying myself up here to write a book. I might have known that it was impossible in a small town where everyone must know everything about everyone else. You go back and tell your friends I'm not such an old bear after all. Maybe, with six-year-old Jackie running around here, we'll get some life in the old castle yet."

Helene remembered they had talked about Bruce and she had told this new employer how her young commander husband had been on Corregidor when it had fallen to the Japanese, how he had been a prisoner of the Japanese for three years and had been drowned a year before on an unmarked prison ship sailing for Japan—an unmarked ship bombed by our own planes.

Helene thanked Fulton as he drove up in front of the little cottage, and she and Paddy raced into the house. After paying the high school girl who had taken care of Jackie, Helene embraced her son and, waltzing him around the room, stopped before a picture of a handsome Naval officer. "Bruce, guess what—I'm an author's secretary starting work tomorrow—every weekday afternoon. Jackie is a handful, but he doesn't keep me busy all the time and I'm still so lonely without you, Bruce, this will keep my mind on something else." Lightly placing a kiss with her finger

tips on the picture, she continued her gay waltz around the room, Jackie laughing merrily, Paddy barking wildly—all three wishing the Naval officer were there to join in the fun.

The next day Helene started work. She met Marta, the good-natured housekeeper, who fell in love with Jackie at sight and kept slipping cookies to him when Helene wasn't looking. She found that it was Marta who had turned away the Red Cross solicitors and Girl Scouts for she wouldn't disturb the "author-boss" at work. Helene grew well acquainted with Fulton who called for her every afternoon at one o'clock in the long, black limousine and brought her, with Jackie and Paddy, home every night before dinner. She met Paddy's friends, Ruff and Ready, the Irish setters, and played with them on the lawn with Paddy and Jackie. But, best of all, she exploded the story about "The Old Man of the Mountain," for, as the days ran swiftly by, she grew very fond of the elderly author as she worked with him on his articles and stories. They hadn't started the book yet. Mr. Abbott said they would begin next week. He was writing a series of articles on World War II for a magazine of nation-wide circulation. Helene typed these and sent them off. She was deeply impressed when she learned that he had returned three months before from a tour of the Pacific, and although she wanted very much to ask him if he could tell her anything about Bataan or Corregidor where Bruce had been captured, she decided she wouldn't bother him with her personal life.

The village at the foot of the mountain had changed in its attitude, too. The villagers had flocked to her cottage when they heard she was to work for Mr. Abbott. They could hardly believe her when she told them that the "Old Man of the Mountain" was human and talked and laughed like anybody else. Since Helene started working for Mr. Abbott, she had remained at the house for two evenings to act as his hostess when he entertained some of the leading citizens of Hart-

borough. Sitting at the head of the candle-lit table, eating Marta's deliciously cooked food and using the delicate Haviland china and sterling silver, Helene thought of all the nice things she wanted Jackie to have when he grew up. She was glad of the extra money she was earning. That, with Bruce's insurance and the little money she had, would put Jackie through college some day.

One evening when Mr. Abbott entertained a group of teachers Helene waited in the library while he said good night to his guests. She had just finished calling Fulton, telling him she was ready to go home when Mr. Abbott returned. "Helene, I've something to tell you—are you up to surprises tonight?"

"Surprises?" Helene looked up. "I guess so; I'm sure yours would be pleasant surprises."

He chuckled. "I think this will be. First, let me tell you about my new book. I'm starting it tomorrow. That is, I'm giving you the first notes to type. I have most of it written. This, as you have probably guessed, is about World War II. Next week there will be several discharged naval officers here at the house. They have helped me to gather material for the book. It is a book of the fall of Corregidor."

Helene started. Mr. Abbott went to a handsome Winthrop desk by the French windows. He returned with a photograph, smiling as he handed it to Helene. "This, my dear, is the hero of my latest book." Helene opened the photograph and stared in amazement. "Why, it's Bruce!"

"Yes, Helene, Bruce was my nephew."

"Your nephew? But Bruce never mentioned you."

"No, I was the black sheep of the Stetson family. Robert Abbott is my pen name. My real name is Robert Stetson. I never kept in touch with the family after I ran away at the age of seventeen. I wish that you and Jackie and Paddy would come here to live. You shall have the royalties of this new book; it is Bruce's book. I would like to help Jackie as I was never able to help Bruce. When he is old enough for college—well, I've become

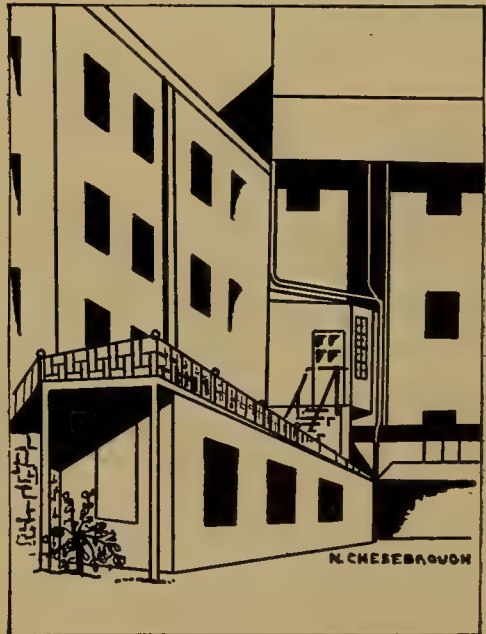
very fond of the youngster." Robert Stetson grinned, and grateful tears rushed to Helene's eyes. Paddy wandered into the library in search of new adventures. Mr. Stetson laughed when he saw the black spaniel. "Paddy remembered me that first day. I bought him when he was six months old, and he grew up with my dogs, Ruff and Reddy. I gave him to Bruce when I looked the boy up once at Dartmouth." Helene picked the dog up and hugged him tightly. "Paddy," she cried, "our 'Old Man of the Mountain' turned out to be a friend in need and an uncle besides!" Paddy's brown eyes twinkled.

Anne Valentine

TRIOLET

I want the very best of life
And wish to work along with God.
And though it may be full of strife,
I want the very best of life.
So let drums roll and sound the fife;
Let children play and old ones nod.
I want the very best of life
And wish to work along with God.

Leonore Clapper



Love Is That Way

[Radio programs and scripts were read and studied as a part of the required work in Modern Drama. Each student enjoyed the creative experience of writing and reading aloud her own original radio drama.—*Ed.*]

(Music: introductory—fades down under.)

ANNOUNCER

The Lincoln Theater Guild, sponsored by the makers of Nylon stockings, presents the fourth in its series of "The Homecoming Veteran," true-to-life stories of our husbands, sons or sweethearts who have fought for and won our freedom and now come home to face problems as they exist here. And now here is Bob Smith to tell you more of this evening's short story.

NARRATOR

Thank you, Tom. This evening's story, "Love Is That Way," written by Marjorie Norris and adapted to radio by the author, is an experience that will appeal to all of you who have waited - - - (soft music) - - - yes, waited nervously for that certain day in the train station - - - (Music rises then fades.) - - - only, were you waiting *alone*? (Train whistles blowing and confusion - - - fade.)

MARY

I wonder when his train is coming in?

JACK

(irritably) Mary, stop worrying! I can't see why you're so concerned.

MARY

But, Jack, Tom's my husband and your best friend. Sometimes I wonder if you forget that. (pause—then in a choked-up voice) No, Jack—no, darling, I didn't mean that. I guess I'm just upset.

JACK

(sighing) Oh, that's all right. Only let's be quick about telling Tom that you and I are in love and you'd like a divorce.

MARY

(pause) Jack, I - - - Jack, you know what worries me most of all?

JACK

Yes, Mary. I know—your little boy, Johnny.

MARY

Tom's written so much about Johnny—about wanting to see him. He's been through a lot, Jack. We must remember that.

JACK

(sarcastically) Yes, of course we'll remember *that*. I sometimes wish I were the one *coming* home instead of the one who *stayed* home. (train whistle—stopping of train)

CONDUCTOR

(loudly) Train coming in from New York on Track 5! New York train on Track 5!

MARY

(excitedly) That's *his* train, Jack. That's *his*! (crowds in station—confusion) There he is! Tom! Oh Tom! Here I am—over here!

TOM

(voice in the distance then coming closer) Mary! Mary, darling!

(They have met and there is a pause while they are embracing.)

MARY

(crying) Oh, Tom, you're here. You're home!

TOM

(tenderly) Yes, Mary,—home to stay—never to let you go again. Golly, but you're lovely; same blue eyes and soft hair—oh, darling!

JACK

(hesitantly) Er—a-hello, Tom. Welcome home.

TOM

(surprised) Jack! Gosh, this is really wonderful. How are you, old boy?

JACK

Swell, thanks. My car's over here. Shall we get started?

TOM

Fine, Jack. Mary, how's Johnny? Golly, I bet he's a big fellow now. Have to get him in training for the football season, won't I? (Mary laughs) Some day soon, darling, let's just the three of us go on a picnic and - - - (Voices fade and music is played.)

(sound of car - - - traffic)

TOM

This city hasn't changed a bit. Look! There's the same old fellow selling apples on the corner—and the park and church—those are the things you miss when you're over there. It's nice to know things haven't changed.

MARY

(choked-up sigh) Oh, Tom!

JACK

Tom, some things are bound to have changed. And that's why you should - - -

TOM

(interrupting him) Oh, sure, Jack. I realize that *some* things will be changed, but it's the vital things that haven't. There's Sam Goodwin - - - Hello, Sam!

MARY

(softly) Here we are, Tom. We're - - - home.

TOM

Gosh, hon, you've kept the yard looking nice. It's just as I left it.

(sound of car stopping—sound of key in door and opening of door—A dog barks.)

TOM

Sandy! Hi there, pup! He remembers me. Hey, where's Mrs. Scott? Scottie, your favorite employer's home!

MRS. SCOTT

Oh! you're here, Mr. Blaine. It's a happy day again. Now stop all your silly huggin'.

JACK

(impatiently) Why don't you fix us all a drink, Mrs. Scott?

MRS. SCOTT

(bitterly) I'll take my orders from my boss, *sir*, and no one else. Mr. Blaine, would you like a cocktail?

TOM

Fine, Mrs. Scott. Oh, and also, could we perhaps arouse my son a bit on the early side today?

MRS. SCOTT

Why, certainly! (coily) I sort of expected all this so I put him to bed a bit on the early side today!

MARY

(nervously) Well, let's go in and sit down, shall we?

TOM

Ah! my same ole' soft chair. (laughing) This is something that hasn't changed Jack. (pause) Well, now that we're all settled, what's new around here? Who's dead, alive, married, divorced?

MARY

(nervously) Tom, let's not talk about anything like that. Let's just be thankful you're back - - - safe.

TOM

Mary - - - you're upset. I just meant - - -

JACK

(interrupting) Tom's right, Mary. He just wants to know the *news* around here. I have some news for you, Tom. You see - - - (stops, hearing Mrs. Scott and Johnny.)

MRS. SCOTT

(in background) There you are now. Go in and show your Daddy what a big fellow you are. I'll mix up a drink.

JOHNNY

Mommy! Daddy's here! Scottie says my Daddy's home. Is this my Daddy?

MARY

(crying) Yes, darling. This is your Daddy - - - and he *is* home - - - home to stay with us.

JACK

But, Mary - - -

TOM

Come here, Johnny. Let your old man get a look at you. (choked-up) Gosh, Mary, he's got your lovely blue eyes.

MARY

(tenderly) And your blond hair and smile, darling. He's *our* Johnny, Tom—*our* Johnny!

MRS. SCOTT

Here are some cocktails, and a big glass of milk for my favorite boy!

MARY

(softly) Thank you, Mrs. Scott.

JACK

(irritably) Look here, Tom. I don't want to be the one to interrupt this happy home-

coming, but Mary and I *did* have something to tell you. Do we still, Mary?

MARY

(sobbing) Oh, Tom! Tom, I've been such a fool.

TOM

(in a comforting voice) There, there, Mary. I'm sure you haven't done anything as bad as all that. Here, darling, put your head on my shoulder and cry it out.

JOHNNY

(excited) Mommy!

JACK

(reluctantly) Well, if it's like that, maybe I'd better go home and come back later.

TOM

Sit down, Jack. We'd better straighten this out right now. Here, Johnny, everything's okay. Mommy's all right. Now run out in the kitchen with Scottie. That's the good boy.

JACK

Tom, I've been a heel. I want you to know that before I even begin. It's so darn hard to tell you.

TOM

Now look here, Jack. I've been through hell over there. I've killed, stood by and watched my buddies fall right under my feet and, well, you know what they go through over there. Now there seems to be a problem here. Do you love each other?

MARY

(crying) Tom, darling, stop it! Stop it! It's true. I thought I loved him. I guess I was just lonesome and Jack was very sweet, but I'm not in love with him. I never have been. Oh, Tom, I've never stopped loving you. How could I? We have so much in our love. Only, love is that way sometimes. You're all I want—forever, darling!

JACK

(sheepishly) I guess I've known this all along. Gosh, I'm sorry—both of you—I'm sorry. I'll be going now. Good to have you

home, Tom, real good. You've been very sweet, Mary. Thank you for everything. Good-bye, and God bless you both. (sound of door closing and car starting up)

MARY

Tom, I - - - I don't know quite what to say. I've been confused for so long.

TOM

It's all right now, Mary. A lot of this sort of thing happens. I'm just one of the fortunate guys who was able to get it all straightened out. I love you, Mary. I love you enough to understand clearly how you felt and feel. You're right when you say love is that way. It is, and I like it very much.
(sound of running feet)

JOHNNY

Daddy, what are you and Mommy doin'? Scottie, lookit, lookit! My Daddy is puttin' his face real close to my Mommy's face.
(everybody laughs)

MRS. SCOTT

(lovingly) Sure, Johnny-boy. We knew things would turn out right all the time - - - didn't we?

(soft, sweet music is played) (fade down under)

NARRATOR

And there, ladies and gentlemen, you have another true story of our everyday lives—the conflicts and emotions that face us every day. Listen in again to this same station, CBS, 7:00 p.m., for another story in the lives of all of us. Good night.

Marjorie Norris

THE LAKE

It is a very lovely lake,
Reflecting sky and trees and hills.
I think each morning as I wake
It is a very lovely lake.
At night the stars their entrance make;
The wind dies down; the water stills.
It is a very lovely lake,
Reflecting sky and trees and hills.

Priscilla Ames

"All Is Not Gold - -"

IT was a dingy place, a crowded, smoke-filled restaurant, jammed to overflowing with the cream of the Bowery. The lower east side had done itself proud that night. Racketeers in pin-striped suits and gaudy over-dressed women, with faces painted far beyond the bounds of beauty, sat talking at the bar. This was a place where fortunes are made and lost . . . with a gun.

I sat there watching the mob pass in and out. Suddenly a girl entered. She was beautiful. Her walk, her face, and her figure drew lingering glances, as a magnet draws pins. Golden hair was gathered at the top of her head in a honey-colored bun. Blue eyes set in a small oval face were almost hidden by long curved lashes. Her high cheek bones made her expression piquant and exotic. How delicate she was. I watched this vision glide through the boisterous mob and sit down in a secluded booth near the bar. In the mass of brilliant colors, her dove-grey suit with its froth of lace at the throat stood out as a refuge for the eye.

She lighted a cigarette impatiently. I understood. Her dress and her manner were obviously Fifth Avenue. The girl was probably going to meet a friend and nervously awaited his arrival. They would go slumming, see how the other half lives. Then as I gazed at her I noticed her eyes wander languidly about the room. I knew then what she was. A writer. Perhaps she would put people like these in a novel or story, and had to come to get a first-hand view of them in their natural surroundings.

As I sat musing about her the door opened; a weasel-faced man appeared. Like the girl, he too captured the attention of the crowd. This time the eyes were unfriendly. Bitter hatred and fear were reflected in them. It would be well to keep on the good side of this man. If you got in his way, your life wouldn't be worth a plugged nickel. He saw the girl and turned in her direction. His

eyes glittered like black beads, and his features contracted into a hideous leer. He straightened the yellow tie he wore over a dark shirt and made his way toward her.

I was ready to jump up at once if he made any unwelcome advances. He was at the booth and bending toward her. Then she spoke.

"Where the hell were ya? What's the matter? Do ya think I got all day to sit around this dump waitin' for a lousy bum?"

"Cut the gab, Mabel. I had to finish a little business. Let's get outa here and go uptown."

She left on his arm.

Funny when a bubble bursts.

Lucy Clark



PERSONALS



Weddings

Elizabeth H. Tracy, '37, and *William Kaye McCampbell* (Columbia Univ.), May 8, 1946 at Stratford, Conn. Mr. McCampbell was discharged following overseas duty as a captain in the U. S. Army. He is secretary of the Graniteville Co., South Carolina.

Barbara S. Prior, x-'37, and *Myron Arthur Goodale*, Jr., Dec. 5, 1945 at Auburndale, Mass. Mr. Goodale served 30 months in the Pacific with the Army Corps of Engineers and is now with United Air Lines.

Ruth S. Fulton, '38, and *Dr. George Lanen Griffin* (Bowdoin; Harvard Dental School), at Cambridge, Mass. The bride's sister, *Constance Fulton Griffin*, '41, was her only attendant. Dr. Griffin was released from the Army Dental Corps with the rank of captain following service in the China-Burma-India theater. He is the brother of *Dr. Richard J. Griffin*, Jr., husband of *Constance Fulton Griffin*, '41.

Trithena McFarland, '38, and *Eugene L. Argo*, May 22, 1946 at Kansas City, Mo. Mr. Argo is with the Reinforcement Division of the Sheffield Steel Co.

Margaret S. Schneider, '39, and *Frederick Thieringer*, Jr., June 1, 1946 at Upper Montclair, N. J. The bride's sister, *Dorothy Schneider Beal*, x-'41, was matron of honor. Mr. Thieringer is with Appleton and Cox, Inc., Marine Insurance Underwriters, New York City. After Sept. 15 he and *Scotty* will be at home on Long Hill Rd., Upper Montclair, N. J.

Shirley G. Wood, '39, and *Oakley H. Bush*, June 15, 1946 at Westfield, N. J. The couple will live in Arvida, Quebec, where Mr. Bush is engaged in chemical mining engineering activities with the Aluminum Co. of Canada, Ltd.

Helen A. Clement, '40, and *Forrest H. Johnson*, June 24, 1946 at Berwick, Me.

Dorothy A. Dayton, '40, and 1st Lt. *Thomas Waitman Morgan*, USA (MC) (Washington and Jefferson,

'42; Harvard Medical School, M.D. '45), Apr. 15, 1946 at Storrs, Conn. Dr. Morgan recently completed his internship at Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, Boston, and is now stationed at Gardiner General Hospital, Chicago, with the Army Medical Corps. He is a member of Phi Beta Kappa.

Elizabeth F. Shugar, '40, and *John Joseph Cullen* (Notre Dame Univ., x-'43), June 8, 1946 at Rutherford, N. J. Mr. Cullen is with the General Sales Dept. of United States Rubber Co.

Barbara L. Smith, x-'40, and *Capt. L. M. Gober*, USA (Texas A. & M.), Oct. 31, 1945. Capt. Gober served with the Army in Greenland before his discharge in April 1946.

Susan S. Cairolis, '41, and *William Adams Peck*, June 1, 1946 at Bridgeport, Conn. Mr. Peck was recently discharged from the Marine Corps.

Lola A. Carota, '41, and *Anthony Vincent DeLeo* (Boston Univ., '42), June 29, 1946 at Brockton, Mass. *Marian T. Berry*, '39-'40 Special, and *Wanda Salas*, x-'41, were bridesmaids. Mr. DeLeo, a teacher, served in the Army Air Forces for three years.

Elaine H. Cook, '41, and *James J. Mariner*, May 11, 1946 at Englewood, N. J. Mr. Mariner is a safety engineer with the Kemper Insurance Co. Their address is 136 Oakland St., Englewood, N. J.

Lorraine Harrison, '41, and *Lt. (jg) Duncan H. Cameron*, Jr., USNR (Northeastern Univ., '43), May 4, 1946 at Sandwich, Mass. Mr. Cameron has received an honorable discharge from the Navy and is now a mechanical engineer at E. I. duPont de Nemours Co. in Delaware. They are at home at 253 Shipside, Wilmington.

Barbara E. Mauroyenis, '41, and *Lt. Paul Struthers*, USA (Univ. of Arizona, '48), June 30, 1946 at Claremont, N. H. *Mary Mauroyenis*, '40, was maid of honor for her sister. The couple will live in Tucson

while Mr. Struthers studies at the University of Arizona.

Janet R. Miller, '41, and Ens. Robert H. Schmid, USNR (Univ. of Pennsylvania), June 30, 1946 at Needham, Mass.

Virginia A. Wilde, '41, and Ralph Norman Chase, July 4, 1945 at Wellesley Hills, Mass. *Dorothy O'Neil Brown*, x-'41, was matron of honor. Mr. Chase is a loss prevention engineer (casualty insurance).

Mary R. Weedon, HS '40, and Frank Robinson Lacy, Jr. (Harvard, '43), May 25, 1946 at Brookline, Mass. Mr. Lacy has re-entered Harvard after serving with the Army Air Forces for three years.

Patricia E. Annis, '42, and Robert Paul Feters (Univ. of Bowling Green, x-'40), June 8, 1946 at Toledo, Ohio. *Jeannetta Annis Richardson*, '40, was matron of honor for her sister. Mr. Feters was recently discharged from the Naval Air Corps.

Louise A. Freeman, '42, and Roland S. Coombs, July 3, 1946 at Newton Centre, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Coombs are at Pocasset, Mass., until October, when they will move to Boston.

Nancy L. Hayes, '42, and Edward George Steinhope (Nichols Junior College, '40), May 3, 1946 at Newtonville, Mass. Mr. Steinhope served in Europe for three years as a captain in the O.S.S.

Dorothy L. Higson, '42, and Everett Osborne White, Jr. (Brown Univ., x-'42), Apr. 27, 1946 at Cranston, R. I. *Marcia Corey*, '42, was maid of honor, and *Nina Hobson*, '42, a bridesmaid. Mr. White, recently discharged from the Army Air Corps after three and one-half years' service, is a field representative for General Motors Acceptance Corp.

Arlene M. Kreider, '42, and Bob Warren Roberts (Oklahoma Military Academy, '42), June 23, 1946 at West Newton, Mass. They are living in Blackwell, Okla., where Mr. Roberts is an undertaker.

Ellen Lucey, '42, and Ens. Robert Homer Horsburgh, Jr., USNR (M.I.T., '45), May 18, 1946 in the Martha Mary Chapel of the Wayside Inn, Sudbury, Mass. They will live in Cleveland, Ohio.

Dorothy Phipps, '42, and Daniel P. Ramsay, Jr. (Northeastern Univ.), June 22, 1946 at Wollaston, Mass. Mr. Ramsay served with the infantry in the Pacific theater for 43 months.

Mary H. Darling, x-'42, and Frederick W. Johnson, May 11, 1946 at Worcester, Mass. *Beverly Lawe Hiller*, '40-'41 Special, was matron of honor. Mr. Johnson, a draftsman, served in the Navy for two and one-half years.

Suzanne Haynes, x-'42, and Richard Livingstone Murray (Lehigh Univ.), May 18, 1946 at Westfield, N. J. Mr. Murray served as a pilot in the Marine Air Corps for more than three years, a year of which was spent in the Marshall Islands.

Laura M. Bannon, '43, and Dr. John Robert Wilde, Lt., USNR (DC) (Yale Univ.; Tufts Dental School, '44), June 18, 1946 at Newton Centre, Mass. Lt. Wilde served aboard the attack transport, *U.S.S. Bronx*, in

the Pacific and has been stationed at Sampson, N. Y., for the past year.

Jean Burroughs, '43, and Donald Edwin Rawson, Mar. 30, 1946 at Sherborn, Mass. They are at home at 126 Church St., Holliston, Mass., where Mr. Rawson is in the plumbing and heating business.

Dorothy Anne Coffin, '43, and Charles Theodore Bauer (Harvard, '42), June 8, 1946 at Rockville Centre, N. Y. *Ruth Bowlend Eckhoff*, '42, and *Margaret Homan Kreter*, '42, were bridesmaids. Mr. Bauer, who served as a lieutenant in the Naval Air Corps, is an investment analyst.

Olga J. Costes, '43, and Ens. John S. Urban, USN (U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, '46), June 6, 1946 at Annapolis, Md. Ens. Urban is an officer in the Supply Corps at Annapolis. They will live in New Jersey after October 1.

Mary E. Franklin, '43, and Kenneth Kittredge Woods (Wentworth Institute, '47), July 2, 1946 at St. Johnsbury, Vt. *Patricia Campbell*, x-'43, Mary's Lasell roommate, was maid of honor. Mr. Woods served four and one-half years in the Medical Corps of the First Division, with over three years' duty in the European theater. He received his discharge in June 1945 and is now attending Wentworth Institute. Mary has a secretarial position with the Atlas Plywood Co., Boston.

Natalie Franks, '43, and Robert Charles Hailer (Dartmouth), July 6, 1946 at North Scituate, Mass. Mr. Hailer served as a pilot in the 15th Air Force in Italy, was shot down over Germany and spent several months as a prisoner of war. Natalie is a graduate of New Rochelle College.

Marie L. Good, '43, and Leland Eugene Ashman (Univ. of California at Los Angeles), July 14, 1946 at Dorchester, Mass. Mr. Ashman is a former lieutenant (jg) in the Naval Reserve. Marie served in the Marine Corps Women's Reserve.

Jane S. Hickman, '43, and Charles Henry Gant, Jr. (Rutgers Univ., '41), June 22, 1946 at Wilmington, Del. *Judy Hill*, '43, was a bridesmaid. Mr. Gant is a bacteriologist with Merch and Co., Inc., Harrisonburg, Va.

Virginia Jewell, '43, USNR (W), and Charles William Harris, USNR (Shepard College), June 21, 1946 at Bethesda, Md. Mr. Harris has been in the Navy four years. They will live in Washington, D. C., until they are released from service, and then will make their home in Denver, Colo.

Dorothy F. Marr, '43, and Lt. Frederick G. Peckham, USNR (MC) (Harvard Medical School), Apr. 27, 1946 at Allentown, Pa.

Alma B. Martin, '43, and William Marvin Miller (Oklahoma Univ., x-'36), Apr. 25, 1946 at Reading, Mass. Mr. Miller is a salesman.

Persis S. Pendleton, '43, and Ernest Howarth, Apr. 20, 1946 at Methuen, Mass. Mr. Howarth, who served as a first lieutenant in the 9th Air Force in Europe, is physical director at the Southbridge (Mass.)

Y.M.C.A. He will attend Springfield College this fall.

Ruth S. Anson, x-'43, and *Robert Hardy Luke, Jr.*, Apr. 6, 1946 at Dedham, Mass. *Jane Bennett Rugg*, x-'43, was a bridesmaid. Mr. Luke is an insurance underwriter. Ruth received her discharge from the Navy in February, after serving for two and one-half years.

M. Jane Cook, x-'43, and *Anthony Paul Cardoza*, June 15, 1946 at Bloomfield, N. J.

Elaine R. Evans, '41-'42 Special, and *Lee Orrin Moon, Jr.*, Nov. 17, 1945 at San Diego, Calif. Mr. Moon served in the Marine Corps; Elaine was in the WAVES for three years. They will attend college together this fall.

Jean M. Henry, x-'43, and *Col. Thomas Winn Casey*, USA (Harvard, '40), July 6, 1946 at Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Catherine Morrison, x-'43, and *Dr. Rufus G. Fellers* (Univ. of South Carolina; Yale, Ph.D.), Mar. 18, 1946 at Washington, D. C. *Joan Hunting*, '43, was maid of honor. Dr. Fellers is with the Naval Research Laboratory, Washington. Catherine served in the WAVES in the Bureau of Ships.

Evelyn S. Allen, '44, and *Dr. James Gerald Clune*, Jr. (Univ. of Pennsylvania; Columbia Univ. Dental School), June 1, 1946 at Tarrytown, N. Y. *Betty Jean Fleer Cooper*, '44, was an attendant. Dr. Clune served overseas in the Dental Corps of the Canadian and United States Armies.

Dorothy T. Annino, '44, and *Bernard Charles Iseman*, June 30, 1946 at Medford, Mass. *Rita Grilli*, '42, was the bride's only attendant. Mr. Iseman served in the Navy for four years.

Norma Dietz, '44, and *Richard Norman Tarlow* (Dartmouth, '43), June 16, 1946 at Boston, Mass. *Clara Dietz Rosenburg*, '30, *Laura Dietz Rudginsky*, '31-'32 Special, and *Marjorie Dietz Jacobs*, '39, sisters of the bride, and *Ruth Tarlow Maren*, x-'32, were bridesmaids. Mr. Tarlow is a shoe manufacturer.

Lorrayne C. Hron, '44, and *William Harold Hulton*, Jr. (Boothe and Bayliss Business College, '42), June 22, 1946 at Stratford, Conn. *Barbara Kidger*, x-'44, was a bridesmaid. Mr. Hulton is in the real estate and insurance business. Lorrayne attended the Univ. of Connecticut where she was a member of the Class of '46.

Eleanor L. Kimmey, '44, and *Robert Wolcott Shaw* (Brown Univ., '49), June 15, 1946 at Albany, N. Y. *Jean O'Brien*, '44, was maid of honor. Mr. Shaw served as a bombardier with the 8th Air Force. The couple will live in Providence, R. I., while he completes his studies at Brown.

Ruth I. Oram, '41-'43 Special, and *C. Leonard Ruoff* (Pasadena Junior College, '40; College of the Pacific), June 1, 1946 at South Portland, Maine. They will make their home in Sonora, Calif., where Mr. Ruoff will be in the insurance business with his father.

Rosalie Paddison, x-'44, and *Gordon Keith Went-*

worth (Dartmouth, '40), June 19, 1946 at Auburndale, Mass. Mr. Wentworth, who served with the Army in Brazil, was a major at the time of his release. He is now with the First National Bank, Boston. Rosalie attended William Smith College after completing one year at Lasell.

Barbara E. Waters, x-'44, and *William Hingston Hall* (Queen's Univ. '43), July 5, 1946 at Liverpool, Nova Scotia. They will live in Kapuskasing, Ontario where Mr. Hall is a chemical engineer with the Kimberley Clark Co. During the war he served in the Royal Canadian Navy. Barbara is a graduate of McGill University.

Martha E. Christie, '45, and *Alvin John Meyer*, June 8, 1946 at Elyria, Ohio. *Dale Shelley*, '45, was maid of honor, and *Joan Miner*, '43-'44 Special, and *Pat Rogers Brookhouser*, x-'43, bridesmaids. Mr. Meyer is an automobile dealer.

Janet C. Eaton, '45, and *Ens. John Ayer Maynard*, USNR (Bordtown Military Institute, '43; M.I.T., '46, V-12 Program), July 2, 1946 at Winchester, Mass. Janet's roommate, *Jane R. McCleary*, '45, was a bridesmaid. The bride is the daughter of *Mildred Cary Eaton*, '18.

Gwen Norton, '45, and *Lemuel Thomas Mercer*, June 29, 1946 at Boston, Mass. *Helen Novado*, '45, was maid of honor. Mr. Mercer, who is with John Hancock Insurance Co., Boston, served for two and one-half years in the South Pacific with the U. S. Navy. He will enter Northeastern University in September.

Virginia M. Rolfe, '45, and *Glen E. Guy* (Case School of Applied Science, '42), June 15, 1946 at Schenectady, N. Y. Mr. Guy is an engineer in the Cleveland office of the General Electric Co. They are at home at 17623 Kinsman Blvd., Shaker Heights 20, Ohio.

Margery R. Snow, '45, and *Richard Grant Buswell* (Univ. of Vermont; Boston Univ.), June 15, 1946 at Newton, Mass. *Marjorie McConnell*, x-'46, *Frances Soule Hansel*, x-'45, and *Marilyn Moore Doherty*, '45, were bridesmaids. Mr. Buswell, who served overseas as a pilot on a Flying Fortress, plans to attend Bentley School of Accounting in September.

Claire Tracy, '45, and *Douglas T. King* (Northeastern Univ.), May 25, 1946 at Newton Centre, Mass. Mr. King served with the Navy in the Pacific area for 14 months. They will make their home in Orono, Maine, while he attends the University of Maine.

Julia M. Hackman, x-'45, and *William Igleheart* (Princeton, '43; Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration), May 25, 1946 at Maplewood, N. J. Mr. Igleheart, who served as a first lieutenant with the 10th Mountain Division in Italy for a year, is attending Harvard Business School.

Helen A. Orff, '46, and *Rudolph P. Toothaker*; *Mary L. Orff*, x-'47, and *George Farnum, Jr.* (Auburn, Me., School of Commerce, x-'43), June 22, 1946, in a double wedding at Wilton, Maine. Both Mr.

Toothaker and Mr. Farnum are employed in the Bass Shoe Factory.

Barbara F. Bowers, '46, and *Richard Alvin Piplar* (Becker Junior College, '48), June 22, 1946 at Worcester, Mass. *Bette Reed*, '46, was a bridesmaid.

Dolores R. Reando, '46, and *William C. Miller* (Univ. of Michigan; Worcester Polytechnic Institute), July 20, 1946, at Worcester, Mass. A building contractor, Mr. Miller was recently discharged from the Naval Reserve.

Doris J. Schultz, '46, and *Ens. James Leonard McDonnel* (Emory Univ.; Columbia Univ., V-12 Program), June 15, 1946 at Cranford, N. J. *Beverly Andres*, '46, was an attendant.

Katharine A. Tantum, '46, and *Fulton Ballard Ryalls*, June 26, 1946 at Nutley, N. J. *Marjorie Lou Fuller*, '46, was maid of honor, and *Patricia Marland*, '46, a bridesmaid. Mr. Ryalls is with the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway Co. They are living at 203 Twelfth Ave., Hinton, W. Va.

Nona A. Culver, x-'46, and *James H. Hanson* (Tufts, '40), Sept. 8, 1945 at Naugatuck, Conn. *Peggy Needham*, '46, *Mary Eckles*, '46, *Barbara Baner*, x-'46, and *Jane Fowler*, x-'46, were bridesmaids. Mr. Hanson is a product development engineer with the U. S. Rubber Co. Nona owns a gift shop where she sells jewelry, glassware, candles, stationery and her own hand-painted articles.

Janet Stirn, x-'46, and *Sven Kaare Martinsen* (Nichols Junior College), May 3, 1946 at Staten Island, N. Y. *Dorothy Crathern*, '46, was maid of honor. Janet is the daughter of *Mary Fenno Stirn*, '13, and granddaughter of *Lucy Foster Fenno*, '83-'84. Mr. Martinsen, a bookkeeper, served with the Army in the European theater.

Joyce Hillman, x-'47, and *Charles Clough Drinkwater*, June 29, 1946 at Auburndale, Mass. Mr. Drinkwater, who served in the Coast Guard, is attending watchmaking school in Waltham, Mass.

Elizabeth G. Weidner, x-'47, and *Merrill T. Ham* (Valley Forge Military Academy, '41; Univ. of Maine, '44), June 14, 1946 at Augusta, Maine. Mr. Ham completed the course at the University of Maine in three years, receiving his B.S. degree in mechanical engineering in 1944. He served with the Army in the Philippines and Japan.

Engaged

Dorothy Ell, '36, to *Judson Scott Strong*; *Helen C. Pappas*, '34-'38 H.S., to *John Crane*; *Ruth Fulton*, '40, to *James Rardin*; *Priscilla Miller*, '40, to *Warren Charles Light*; *Elizabeth C. Phillips*, '40, to *Paul Henry Dick*; *Jean A. Cooney*, '41, to *Roger Willard Leitch*; *Gage W. Titcomb*, '41, to *Arnold Walden*; *Clara M. Voorhis*, '41 to *Richard H. Coolidge*; *Eloise J. Moffett*, '43, to *Thomas Harper*; *Carol E. Cronin*, '40-'42 Special, to *Ens. Donald E. Spencer*, USNR; *Sophie Frangoulis*, '45, to *Maj. Christopher James*

Karas; Marguerite B. Hunting, '45 to *Charles A. Dupuis, Jr.*; *Jean A. Mitchell*, '45, to *C. Wilfred Hunter, Jr.*; *Dorothea H. Kord*, x-'45, to *Ronald F. Scott*; *Barbara L. Mason*, x-'45, to *Albert J. Novotny*; *Peggy Needham*, '46, to *George Otis Ellis, Jr.*; *Kathleen A. Wilson*, '46, to *Robert Francis LaFleche*.

Births

Feb. 14, 1946—a son, *Stephen Thayer*, to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest T. Berkeley (*Grace Thayer*, '25)

May 4, 1946—a son, *Richard Crawford*, to Mr. and Mrs. Ross Brown (*Nancy Pepper*, HS '30)

July 15, 1946—a daughter, *Sally Carlson*, to Comdr. and Mrs. Henry S. Monroe (*Karin Eliasson*, '31)

Apr. 29, 1946—a daughter, *Anne*, to Mr. and Mrs. Everett Montague (*Janet Hill*, x-'33)

July 18, 1946—a son, *John Day*, to Mr. and Mrs. John W. Meyers (*Frances Day*, '34)

July 8, 1946—a daughter, *Cynthia Hickcox*, to Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Camp (*Mabelle Hickcox*, '34)

June 15, 1946—a son, *William Applebee, Jr.*, to Mr. and Mrs. William A. Durbin (*Jane Arend*, '36)

June 20, 1946—a son, *Robert David*, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Tamblin (*Ruth Schierenbeck*, '36)

Jan. 20, 1946—a son, *Norman Seeley*, to Mr. and Mrs. Norman G. Tompkins (*Audrey Seeley*, '36)

Apr. 21, 1946—a son, *James Alan*, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Hartley (*Ethel Stroud*, '36)

May 17, 1946—a daughter, *Joan Muirhead*, to Mr. and Mrs. John M. Rice (*Barbara Burnham*, '37)

May 23, 1946—a son, *David William*, to Mr. and Mrs. Fredric W. Moody, Jr. (*Helen Flint*, '37)

Apr. 27, 1946—a daughter, *Elizabeth Ann*, to Mr. and Mrs. Earle W. Hartley, Jr. (*Mary Elizabeth Harrison*, '38)

May 3, 1946—a son, *Bruce Walter*, to Comdr. and Mrs. Carl F. Fritch, Jr. (*Betty Lloyd*, '38)

Apr. 13, 1946—a son, *Kenneth William*, to Dr. and Mrs. Clinton O. Olsen (*Eleanore Loeffler*, '38)

Apr. 30, 1946—a daughter, *Dency Ann*, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert R. Peters (*Virginia Wilhelm*, '38)

May 6, 1946—a daughter, *Michele Ann*, to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Perrin (*Kate Vail*, x-'40)

June 11, 1946—a son, *David Edwin*, to Mr. and Mrs. Edwin P. Nye (*Fern Drumheller*, '41)

May 13, 1946—a daughter, *Linda Jeanne*, to Mr. and Mrs. John W. Sheffer, Jr. (*Janet Jansing*, '41)

July 14, 1946—a son, *Blair*, to Mr. and Mrs. Harold F. Kerrigan (*Virginia Porter*, '42)

May 28, 1946—a son, *Weldon Wright*, to Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Harcum (*Edith Harrington*, '43)

May 16, 1946—a daughter, *Linda Lee*, to Mr. and Mrs. Clifford L. Gill (*Janet Stevenson*, '44)

May 20, 1946—a daughter, *Donna Elizabeth*, to Mr. and Mrs. Donald M. Johnson (*Nancy Bacon*, '45)

May 15, 1946—a daughter, *Priscilla Maye*, to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel I. Wright (*Joan Single*, '45). Priscilla is 1946's Class Baby.

Necrology

Ina Scott Bryant, '01. Died Feb. 26, 1946. Long a resident of Los Angeles, Calif., Ina Scott Bryant had been active in the *Southern California Lasell Club* for many years, and was to preside at the club's luncheon the day following her sudden passing. Her many friends in the Southern California club, and others who knew her as an undergraduate at Lasell, join in extending sympathy to her husband, Mr. John E. Bryant.

Fanny Louise MacKenzie, '03-'04. Died suddenly at her home in Southington, Conn., this spring. Fanny Louise MacKenzie had served as secretary and treasurer of the Terryville Water Co. for 35 years and had been active in church work, the D.A.R. and many other organizations, including the Red Cross, Bradley Memorial Hospital Corp., Southington Women's Club, and the Southington Public Library.

Katherine Norris Coombs, '11-'12. Died April 27, 1946 in Chicago, Ill.

Class Notes

Four members of the *Class of 1896* returned to Lasell for their 50th reunion on June 8: *Louise Barnes Douglass*, *Josephine Chandler Pierce*, *Ethel Loud*, and *Nellie Briggs Chandler*, x-'96. *Myra L. Davis*, '95-'97, and *Gertrude Sherman Ellsworth*, '94, were also on hand. *Alumnae Day*, and *Lena Josselyn Lamson* and *Norine Burroughs Dillingham*, '97, were here for Commencement Luncheon on Monday, June 10. These last two are already planning for their 50th reunion in 1947.

Nellie Feagles Kattelle, '97, of Upper Montclair, N. J., called a few days after Commencement with her husband, Mr. Walter R. Kattelle; they had just come from New Hampshire where they visited Mr.

Louise Barnes Douglass, Josephine Chandler Pierce, and Ethel Loud, '96, with Dr. Winslow at the Alumnae Meeting, June 8.



and Mrs. E. J. Winslow. Nellie brought greetings from *Maude Mayo Bentz*, '98, of Montclair, and also the saddening news of the passing, last April, of *Bertha Parsons Hibbard*, '96-'97, of Akron, Ohio.

1901

Class President—Ethlyn Barber Brown (Mrs. Maurice F.) 3 Lewis Rd., Winchester, Mass.

Because most of the members of the Class of 1901 live far from Lasell, it was decided that rather than have a reunion of only one or two girls at the college, we all have a reunion through letters in the LEAVES. Of the twelve to whom I wrote, only two have not been heard from.

Marion Cole MacKenzie, Box 735, Frankfort, Mich.: "How wonderful to have a chance to say 'hello' to the 'Naughty Ones,' and to have news of them in return. I suppose the only thing they remember about me is the fact that I was always late to classes, so I mustn't be late with this letter.

"To cover 45 years briefly and promptly is quite an order. In 1908 I married a doctor—an exceptionally good one. Our two sons, born in 1909 and 1917, are both married now. One lives in my house in Ann Arbor; the other, an engineer, lives in Battle Creek—both able and efficient men but barred from military service by defective eyesight. I could write volumes about them and my adorable granddaughter, but no doubt news of other Lasell girls will be more interesting to the class.

"During the years I lived in Ann Arbor I often saw *Rose Taylor*, '99-'02; she and her brother, Alan, live in Adrian. She is a charming hostess, and besides many other good works she organized a Lasell reunion which was held at the Dearborn Inn and which was later recounted in the LEAVES. *Edith Bailey Herbert*, '00, was living in Detroit then; wish she were still, as I had such pleasant times with her.

"My brother, Burt, and his wife, *Catherine Kendrick Cole*, '02, visited me before and during the reunion, and *Joel Dillon*, '03, afterward. I wish it could all happen again. Catherine and Burt and their son, Charles, with his family, live in Santa Monica. Charles returned to the States last fall after four years of service in India and China.

"When in California in '26 I went to a Lasell luncheon and was thrilled to find so many girls of my time. *Ellen Chase Wood*, '02, I saw again afterward, and *Cleora Brooks Clokey*, '01, gave a delightful luncheon I shall always remember with much pleasure.

"When my sons were in college we spent several vacations in Pass-A-Grille, near St. Petersburg, Fla. *Callie LeSeure Wilson*, '03, her husband, John A. Wilson, and Bruce live there the year round in a beautiful home. Her charm and hospitality added so much to the place; it is a very special haven in our memories.

"Last, but not least, were my two trips to California, when Burt and Catherine gave my father and me such a wonderful time, and later did the same for my family and me.

"Since my older son's marriage in 1943 I have spent most of my time in Frankfort, Mich. It is a ferry port for a branch of the Wabash R.R., 35 miles north of Manistee where *Marionette Ramsdell*, '02, lived. We began spending summers here in 1924, and the climate was so good for my husband's asthma that we spent the last two years of his life here, 1932-34. I hope if any of you ever come to this corner that you will look me up here or at Ann Arbor.

"*Callie* and her husband still have a house in Grand Rapids, and they have been up here. Am hoping that they and *Rose Taylor* will come again this summer. I sometimes see *Edith Pearson Smith*, '00-'01, who has a summer home in Rosedale near Petoskey, Mich."

Margaret Fisher Boudinot, 2842 Kingman Blvd., Des Moines 11, Iowa: "It was such a thrill to receive your letter a day or two ago, and I do hope you will get a response from all of the 'Naughty Ones' who are still with us. I have wished so often that we had not let our class letter die. Am certainly looking forward to the next issue of the LEAVES.

"My life is comfortably happy and peaceful. My mother lives with me and my husband, and I have one fine son, a lovely daughter-in-law and an adorable little granddaughter (maybe I'll have a chance to get her to Lasell). For the last 12 years we have lived in Des Moines where my husband is a consulting engineer. My son lives in Galveston and is a chemical engineer with Monsanto Chemical Co. of St. Louis. Right now we are getting ready for a visit from him and his family.

"I am sure we are all missing *Lummie (Elizabeth Lum)* who passed away before Christmas.

"I hope this reunion through the LEAVES will inspire us to keep in closer touch with each other."

Zoe Hill Mayne, 229 Turley Ave., Council Bluffs, Iowa: "I think it is a wonderful idea to hear from all the class on our 45th anniversary through a report in the LEAVES. *Madge Fisher Boudinot*, who lives in Des Moines where my married daughter has her home, is the only one of the class whom I see occasionally. I have just heard of *Ina Scott Bryant's* death from a friend who has been in California.

"My husband, Mr. George H. Mayne, is still in active law practice, and has a great interest in his many farms.

"My daughter, *Marjorie Mayne Rawson*, x-'32, of Des Moines, has two children, and while her husband was on duty on a hospital ship for three years they lived with us. Her brother, *Frederick Hill Mayne*, was in service for five years, a troop commander on the *Aquitania*. He entered as a second lieutenant and advanced to the rank of colonel. He, his wife and two children live in Manhasset, N. Y."

Katherine McCoy, 304 Greeves St., Kane, Pa.: "As you know, I have the same address I had when at Lasell, but am now living in an apartment, having made the house into two apartments after my father, and a few years later, my brother, died, leaving me alone. My only close relatives are a nephew in Buffalo, N. Y., and a niece in California.

"Since 1936 I have spent two winters in California and three in Florida. I go to Chataqua, N. Y., every summer for a month or six weeks. When I was in California both *Bess Lum* and *Cleora Brooks Clokey* entertained for me. I shall miss Bess when I go again; she was a fine person.

"I attended two *Southern California Club* luncheons. In 1944 there were seven at the meeting whom I knew, besides Bess and Cleora: *Kate Wheldon Plumb*, '02, *Ina Scott Bryant*, *Ellen Chase Wood*, '02, *Laura Chase*, '02, *Myrtle Hewson Parker*, '99, *Isabelle Bowers Church*, '00-'01, and *Florence Wilber Heckler*, '98-'00. Last winter in Florida I became acquainted with a girlhood friend of *Edith Dustin*.

"I was a charter member of our Federated Woman's Club but am now on the inactive list. I keep up my church work and was active in the Red Cross during the war. Am also greatly interested in our Garden Club."

Florence Plum Harman, 2005 Center Ave., Bay City, Mich.: "This has been a year of sadness, for last November my husband, *George L. Harman*, died in Milwaukee, Wis., which was then our home. Since that time I have been living in Bay City with his mother.

"My daughter, whom I am visiting in Beaver, Pa., has two wonderful children, an eight-year-old boy and a charming three-and-one-half-year-old daughter. My son in California has a six-month-old boy.

"I shall be most interested to see the news of our class in the next issue of the LEAVES."

Florence Pooler, Showhegan, Maine: "Was glad as always to hear from you. Am not doing a thing to write about. It seems as if we work all the time; we have so little help and quite a large place to look after. Right now the house is all upset, being painted and papered, but we hope to be settled some day, and would love to see you."

Harriette Ward Walker, Box 72, Darien, Conn.: "It did look good to me to see your handwriting again; I am so glad to hear from you. It has always been my fond wish to return to Lasell for a class reunion; this is next best.

"In October Claude and I will have been married 42 years. We have two daughters: *Alice Ward Walker* is Wellesley, '28. She took her M.A. at Columbia and is now teacher of music in Newark, N. J., public schools. *Emeline Walker Fatherley* prepared for her college board examinations at Lasell during 1931-32. She attended Wellesley for one year, then was married to *Robert E. Fatherley* in Darien, Conn. Their home is on Point o' Woods Road here, with their three

sons, Robert E., Jr., 9, Richard Ward, 5, and John Alden, 4.

"In 1941 Alice had a sabbatical leave and we drove to California where she took a course in education at U.C.L.A. On our way there we had one grand time seeing *Mabel Martin McGregor* in Springfield, Ohio. She is just the very same dear girl as ever. Had Pearl Harbor not made us decide to come nearer home, I fully intended to look up our classmates in California. So sorry I missed them.

"I have not been in Boston for years. Perhaps when 1901 has its 50th reunion I will be on hand."

Lelia Walker Saunders, 29 Elm St., Deep River, Conn.: "I hope I have not delayed too long for these few words of myself and family to be of use.

"Have enjoyed living in this small Connecticut town most of my married life. My husband is treasurer of the National Foremen's Institute, Publishers. Our son, Walker, was in the European theater of war for two years and returned safe and sound. He has reenlisted and is stationed at West Point.

"Daughter Barbara lives in Milford, Mass., and has two fine sons, 11 and 10, and a delightful little daughter, 5. It is only when I see my grandchildren growing up so fast that I can realize my schooldays ended in 1901!

"Greetings to all of 1901. How nice it would be to see you all!"

Ethlyn Barber Brown, 3 Lewis Rd., Winchester, Mass.: "As you all know, I was married soon after graduation and had forty years of great happiness. My husband died in 1943 on his seventieth birthday. We had two children, a daughter who was graduated from Wellesley in 1930, and a son who received his degree from Dartmouth in 1934. Both are happily married, and I have five grandchildren who are a great comfort to me."

1906

Life Secretary—Edith Anthony Carlow (Mrs. Harry), 60 Church Green, Taunton, Mass.

Of the original class of 32, thirteen members returned for the 40th reunion of the Class of 1906, and it was indeed a very happy three days that we were privileged to spend together. Dr. Winslow very kindly arranged for us to be together in one house in true dormitory fashion, there being four cots in each of three rooms.

Helen Carter Marcy went to her home in Newton Highlands at night, and *Fan Thatcher Sibley*, who is a house director at Boston University, had to return to her duties there. We all gathered before the Alumnae Meeting on Saturday, and most of us stayed through Commencement Luncheon on Monday.

Sunday we went in three cars to *Mildred Pierce Fuller's* summer home at Scituate where we had a delicious luncheon and a real visit, all reminiscing and enjoying letters from some of our classmates who

were unable to be with us. Some of us were brave enough to go in wading at the beach even though the water was very cold.

On our way back to Auburndale we stopped for a fine dinner at the Old Hingham House, and that evening we were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Winslow. We did so appreciate their hospitality.

Gertrude Graham Welch, of Coffeyville, Kans., had never returned for a reunion, and it was such a joy to see her and find her just as full of fun and dry humor as always. *Mildred Johnston Parker* was also making her first visit since her five years as a pupil. Except for a very few added pounds she had scarcely changed at all. *Marie Cogswell Gelinsky* came from California, and to those of us who get to each five-year reunion it was a thrill to see the girls from such a distance.

Julia Potter Schmidt was there, and we were also fortunate in having her daughter *Betty Schmidt Krause*, who teaches art at Lasell. *Mary Florine Thielens Peebles*, who was a member of our class in our junior year, is a most devoted Lasell girl. Her four sons and one daughter were in service during the war, a record of which she and we are justly proud. We had the pleasure of meeting her daughter, *Persis Jane*, x-'36, an officer in the WAVES, stationed near Lasell.

The regulars who are always on hand at reunion time included: *Ruth Marston Arey*, who has three daughters, two of them married and the third a newly-graduated nurse; *Dorothea Turner Moulton*, who had to leave Sunday night in order to attend her daughter's graduation (as a nurse) on the following morning; *Maude Simes Harding*, our beloved president, who is happy and busy as ever with her teaching at the Chamberlain School and Boston University (including Sargent College). She had only 524 pupils in her classes each week this past year! *Irene Sauter Sanford*, whose daughter, *Mary Ruth*, x-'37, has a most successful nursery school, and who is, herself, busy as a Gray Lady and in other good works. She is a trustee of Lasell.

We had hoped that *Anna Blackstock* would be home on leave from India in time to be with us, but it was impossible for her to get passage.

To those who could not be here I can only say you do not know what you missed; plan now to join us in 1951!

Belle Johnson's husband, Judge James V. Beam, died about a year ago; she has remarried and is now Mrs. William H. Lucas of Boonton, N. J.

Margaret Fuller Manchester's present address is 339 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

Mary Florine Thielens Peebles' (x-'06) son, Maj. Edward Thielens Peebles, USA, and Miss Catherine Ann Carmichael were married recently in Chicago, Ill.

Lasell Junior College wishes to thank the members of the Class of 1906 for their generous gift of \$225 to the college building fund.

Cornelia Eaton Prindle Sutton, '07, writes from her home at 503½ Belmont Ave., Springfield, Mass., that she has two married daughters, one of them with two children. Her son, William Eaton Prindle, recently discharged from the Navy, was a pharmacist's mate stationed at Coco Sola, Panama. Another son, Charles A. Sutton, is still in service.

Mr. and Mrs. Draper Allen (*Florence Jones*, '12) and daughter called at Lasell in June. Their address is 954 Suffield Rd., Birmingham, Mich.

Sarah Loring Sherman, '10-'11, of 32 Carroll Ave., Norwich, Conn., has two children, a daughter, Eleanor, 22, and a son, Raymond L., 14.

Pamela Spargo Eckbo's ('12) new address is Box 1169, Johannesburg, South Africa.

Recently *Clara Pearl Townsend*, '10-'12, made her first visit to Lasell since she left 34 years ago. She has a B.S. degree from Columbia University. Her brother, James Foster Townsend, married her Lasell roommate, *Mary Goodwillie*, '12.

Anne Wallace Orr, '13-'14, of Lewiston Heights, Lewiston, N. Y., did personnel work during the war for Hooker Electrochemical Co., Niagara Falls. Her two sons were in service: William a captain in the Army and George a lieutenant in the Navy. She also has two grandsons: William Wallace Orr, Jr., and George Allman Orr, III.

1916

Life Secretary—*Mabel Straker Kimball* (Mrs. Richard M.), 79 Carpenter St., Foxboro, Mass. *Scribe for this issue:* *Laura Hale Gorton* (Mrs. Joseph M.), 5 Pine Tree Lane, Glastonbury, Conn.

Eight members of the Class of 1916 (*Mabel Straker Kimball*, *Ruth Winslow Payne*, *Laura Hale Gorton*, *Maude Hayden Keeney*, *Marion Griffin Wolcott*, *Mildred Cloake Norbury*, *Mildred Ordway Brahana*, and *Helen J. Foster*) held a 30th reunion luncheon at the Wayside Inn, Sudbury, on Saturday, June 8. Our class baby, Lt. Comdr. *Florence Kimball*, USNR (W), was also present.

There were 53 members of the class graduated, of whom 49 are living. Four daughters of '16 have attended Lasell (*Shirley Wolcott Wells*, '43, daughter of *Marion Griffin Wolcott*; *Nancy Gorton*, '42, and *Betty Gorton Collier*, '43, daughters of *Laura Hale Gorton*; *Priscilla Turnbull McGreevy*, '45, daughter of *Dale Whipple Turnbull*) and a fifth will enter this fall (*Florence Keeney*, daughter of *Maude Hayden Keeney*). *Marion Griffin Wolcott's* daughter-in-law, *Carol Wadhams Wolcott*, '43, is also a graduate of Lasell.

Our most outstanding achievement has been keep-

ing a round robin letter going for 29 years. The original letter was lost last year, but a new one has been started. The letter travels all over this country and to Brazil to reach our members, and is eagerly awaited.

We hope that at our 35th reunion we may have accommodations at the college, for we feel our small attendance was due to Lasell's not being able to offer those attending a chance to be together on the campus for a few days.

Less than a month before our reunion we were shocked to learn of the tragic death of *Mabel Straker Kimball's* son, Lt. (jg) *Richard M. Kimball, Jr.*, 26-year-old Naval Reserve pilot who was killed when his fighter plane crashed and exploded in the ocean at Harwichport, Mass., only a few minutes after he had maneuvered low over Ocean Street to wave to his parents at their summer home. He was released by the Navy in February and since that time had been working for his father, a prominent Foxboro manufacturer. He had been taking weekly flights of several hours' duration in fighter planes based at the Squantum Naval Air Station.

Florence Gates Silberberg, '13-'15, of 2360 Strathmore Circle, Memphis, Tenn., writes that her two sons and one son-in-law, who saw action in the Pacific during the war, are now home and out of service.

Mary Hubbard Wood, '20, stopped at Lasell in July after flying east from California to attend the Pi Beta Phi convention in Swampscott as delegate from the San Fernando Valley Alumnae Club. Seven hundred Pi Phis attended. She met *Linda Ladd*, Lasell '44, at the convention, and later visited Lasell classmates in Connecticut before coming to Auburn-dale. After a trip to Maine she planned to return by plane to her home in Burbank, Calif.

Ferne Smith Hodgins, '21, is at Hi-Acres, Tolland, Conn.

The Class of 1921 held its 25th reunion luncheon at the Berkeley Restaurant in Wellesley Hills on Alumnae Day. A report of the reunion will be in the winter issue of the LEAVES.

Doris Simonds Bennett, '21-'22, her husband, Mr. LeRoy Bennett, and their daughter called at Lasell in July. They are living in Victor, N. Y.

Ruth Hopkins Spooner, '24, attended the Mount Holyoke Alumnae Council at South Hadley, Mass., in April, as one of the councillors from the Mount Holyoke Club of New York.

Dorothy I. Keeler, '25, is with the Watson Laboratories, Cambridge, Mass.

Patricia Berkeley, daughter of *Grace Thayer Berkeley*, '25, will enter Elmira College, New York, this fall.

Edith Spalding Amoroso's ('23-'24) husband, Capt. Leonard Amoroso, is in the Transportation Corps at Fort Adams, R. I. They were married in 1935 and have two sons, Allen and Fred.

1926

Life Secretary—Doris Schumaker Walthers (Mrs. Norman F.), 55 Merrick St., Rumford 16, R. I.

The Class of 1926 held its 20th reunion luncheon Saturday, June 8, at the Wellesley Inn. We felt very festive with our lovely corsages of tea roses tied with purple ribbon. These were made by one of our class members, *Edith Jensen White*.

Everyone came armed with photographs plus innumerable letters and cards from "little white doves" who were unable to be present. While having luncheon we were pleased to receive a cheery telegram from *Dorothy Denney Edge*, class song leader.

We outlined a few plans for our 25th reunion which is only five short years away. You will be notified concerning these plans in the near future.

After luncheon we all attended the alumnae meeting at Lasell. *Molly Witschief Wood*, class president, gave a brief report which had been prepared by *Dorothy Schumaker*, our "special scribe" for the afternoon. (Incidentally "Shu" was mainly responsible for the little jingle which was mailed in May to each member of the class.)

Margaret Rix Cole was unable to be with us because her daughter, Nancy, our class baby, was being graduated from Newton High School that evening.

Eleven members of the class were present this year: *Mariesta Howland Bloom*, *Elizabeth Kimball Golden*, *Dorothy Messenger Heath*, *Marion Brown Schlosser*, *Dorothy Schumaker*, *Dorothy Aseltine Wadsworth*, *Edith Jensen White*, *Louise Deane White* (a member of our class during the junior year), *Ruby Rice Troup*, *Molly Witschief Wood*, and *Doris Schumaker Walthers*. We hope that more than three times this number will enjoy reunion with us in 1951!

Lasell is looking forward to a visit soon from *Margaret Anderson Gage*, '26, of 2141 Fairmount Blvd., Eugene, Ore. She, Mr. Gage, and their two children are spending most of the summer in Bethlehem, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Harvey, Jr. (*Gertrude Bicknell*, x-'27) have moved to 3598 Palmerston Rd., Shaker Heights 22, Ohio.

Lasell Junior College extends sympathy to *Marjorie Schaller Schoonmaker*, '29, whose mother, Mrs. Edith Brooks Schaller, passed away June 10.

Ida Murphy Mackes, '30, her husband, Don, and their two sons, French and David, have been visiting Ida's mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Murphy, in Ensenada, Puerto Rico. They planned to sail for the States in June, stopping at Bermuda en route.

Marjorie L. Richards, '30, is personnel interviewer for *Look* magazine in New York City.

From the *White River Valley Herald*, July 4, 1946, we have the following clipping about Lt. Col. Edward L. Austin, husband of *Ruth Wheaton Austin*, x-'30:

"While Senator Warren R. Austin guides U. S. efforts toward collective security as delegate to the UNO Security Council, his son, Lt. Col. Edward L. Austin, will be carrying out a different but not unrelated assignment instructing the Brazilian army in the use of the United States type of weapons and their operation in the field.

"Lt. Col. Austin, his wife, and three children were scheduled to sail from New York Monday for Rio de Janeiro where Austin has been assigned to the joint commissions of the United States and Brazil.

"In command of the first American tank division to be sent overseas, Lt. Col. Austin led his men through the African, Italian and southern France campaigns. He was twice wounded."

1931

Life Secretary—Karin Eliasson Monroe (Mrs. Henry S.), 1705 North 17th St., Arlington, Va. Scribe for this issue: *Clara Giarla Albiani* (Mrs. Salvatore), 58 Franklin St., Chelsea 50, Mass.

The Class of "Nineteen-thirty-one" met for its 15th reunion at the Wellesley Inn, where eight of us enjoyed a lobster luncheon. The following girls were present: *Lenna Lyon Hill*, *Frances Wheeler Sawyer*, *Dorothy Curtis Ashworth*, *Dotha Warner Jope*, *Lorraine Lombard Roberts*, *Eunice Stack O'Connor*, *Ruth Gerry Means* and *Clara Giarla Albiani*. In the absence of our life secretary, *Karin Eliasson Monroe*, *Ruth Gerry Means* was in charge of plans for the luncheon.

After luncheon we read letters from absent members and looked at photographs. Although we were only a handful, the letters and pictures brought us closer to many of our classmates who could not be with us. We were saddened to learn of the passing, last October, of *Betty Leach*.

Virginia Hinshaw Wilks wrote that she is teaching at a Kansas City private school, but that she plans to resign when her husband, Richard A. Wilks, returns to his position in New York City. We were happy to hear that she would be near enough to Lasell for a visit.

Mary O'Connell is busy with her duties as dietitian at the Somerville Hospital, Somerville, N. J., but plans to visit *Eunice Stack O'Connor* and *Clara Giarla Albiani* in Boston this summer. Eunice is living at 8 Herbert St., Dorchester, and has settled down to domesticity, putting her Lasell training to good use.

Mildred Fischer Langworthy's long letter was enjoyed by all. Along with caring for her eight-year-old son, Teddy, she is teaching at a nursery school. Her husband, E. D. Langworthy, was retired from the Navy in 1945, and they are now settled on the farm.

Ruth Bee Jackson's new address is Belvedere, Marin

County, Calif., within commuting distance of San Francisco.

Mary Morgan Yarnell plans to visit Boston this summer to see her old friends. Her husband, Hubert P. Yarnell, returned from overseas last October.

To bring us up to date on her family, Pearl Thompson Hasey wrote that she has two sons and a daughter. She and her husband, Mr. Harry E. Hasey, Jr., have purchased a new home at 63 Poplar St., Bangor, Maine, and extend "to all old girls a cordial invitation to drop in on us if up this way."

Karin Eliasson Monroe could not be with us but wired her greetings and also sent a photograph of her little daughter, Ann, who will be two years old in July.

Ruth Rohe Smith sent pictures of her two children.

Dorothy Curtis Ashworth, of Randolph, Mass., is kept on the go by her small son.

Frances Wheeler Sawyer is living in nearby Braintree so was able to join us for the afternoon.

Lorraine Lombard Roberts and Dotha Warner Jope traveled from Maine and Connecticut to attend the luncheon. Lorraine's husband, Mr. Arthur L. Roberts, is in the lumber business in Lyman, Maine, where they live on a lovely old farm. Dotha is active trying to keep her two sons and baby daughter fed during this period of food shortage.

Lenna Lyon Hill and Dick drove up from Wilmington, Del., and spent the weekend with friends.

Jane Hupman Preston had planned to join us but was unable to obtain plane reservations. Dorothy Hall Bottomley had also expected to attend reunion, but could not come. We were disappointed that they could not be with us.

Ruth Gerry Means, who so graciously planned the luncheon in the absence of Karin, showed us pictures of her three children.

We are all looking forward to a perfect 20th reunion with every member present to make it the largest class group ever to return to Lasell!

1932

Life Secretary—Katharine Hartman Macy (Mrs. Henry R.), East Main St., Oyster Bay, N. Y.

Nat Park, on terminal leave from the WAVES, has been accepted as a junior at Wellesley College. She will major in fine arts.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry R. Macy (Katharine Hartman) have bought a new home on East Main St., Oyster Bay, N. Y. Henry is working for Air France which recently started a new Paris-New York flight.

Jeanette Woodruff Fischer, '29-'31 H.S., is in Philadelphia where Mr. Fischer has gone into business as a manufacturer's representative. They have a son, Larry, 6, and a daughter, Linda, 3.

1933

Life Secretary—Ruth Stafford Clark (Mrs. Emerson M.), General Delivery, Chapel Hill, N. C.

Jimmie Breed Solberg called at the college recently to notify us of her change of address, effective September 1: 161 Wilson Ave., Wollaston 70, Mass.

In reply to a request from the Lasell Alumnae office for her correct address and news, Edna M. Goodrich, x-'33, sent the following very complete report:

"Since those ever-to-be remembered days at Lasell I have taken courses in the following schools: Northeastern Business College, Portland, Maine; Columbus University Law School, Washington, D. C.; U. S. Government 'In Service' training courses in secretarial work, electrical accounting (including wiring of plug-boards), etc.; University of Maine extension courses for radio technician and industrial safety engineering. Have been notified by the publishers of *Who's Who in America* that I am to be listed in their *Directory of Industrial Safety Specialists*.

"Since leaving Lasell I have been what many would call a rolling stone, but it has been much fun, and life for me has never been dull. While employed by the Firestone Tire & Rubber Company (my first job after leaving Lasell) I had the pleasure of doing some secretarial work for Harvey Firestone, Sr., while he was vacationing in Maine and 'keeping up with work' through the Portland office. The office manager thought it would be a joke to have a Goodrich working for a Firestone, hence I received a lucky break very shortly after going to work for that company.

"My next venture was with the New England Telephone & Telegraph Company, with a combination of directory advertising and typing, and from there I moved on to the Socony-Vacuum Oil Company. Since leaving Socony, have worked mostly for the Federal Government in capacities ranging from that of secretary to inspector, from Washington, D. C., to Boston, Mass., to Portland, Maine and cities and towns in New England, and now I find myself back in my beloved Washington. The Government employment has been with the U. S. Railroad Retirement Board, Advisory Commission to the Council on National Defense, U. S. Department of Labor (inspection work for that department took me into many factories and varied industries, delving into sundry things such as books, ledgers, child labor and confidential war-time investigations). Previous to coming to Washington, where I have been with the Bureau of Customs for almost three months, I was with the Customs Agency Service (one of the investigative branches of the Treasury Department), where I was secretary to the Customs Agent in Charge at Portland, Maine, Mr. Alton A. McPhetres. It was, I think, the most interesting of all my positions since Mr. McPhetres was, in addition to being Agent in Charge for Maine, New Hampshire and parts of Vermont, the sub-district

Coordinator for Secret Service, Intelligence Unit, Bureau of Narcotics, Foreign Funds Control, and Alcohol Tax Unit. You may have read about one of his cases in your local papers as some of the 'gang' were tracked down in Boston. It was one of a few cases permitted nation-wide publicity and involved the smuggling of gold by a Chinese in the American Army Air Forces, from Presque Isle, Maine, to Paris, France, where it was sold at exorbitant prices. Some of the detail work involved in breaking a case of that kind can be most exciting!

"I have had occasion many times during my varied business career to be thankful for Lasell's excellent training in typing. I give thanks to the teacher under whom I studied for my ability to type figures with speed and accuracy."

1934

Life Secretary—Roberta Davis Massey (Mrs. R. A.), 1371 Hampton Rd., Grosse Pointe Woods 30, Mich.

On July 1 *Mary Fitch Huggett* moved from Evanston, Ill., to 807 Virginia Ave., Pittsburgh 11, Pa.

Edith Downey of West Hartford, Conn., who has been educational assistant of the Children's Museum since 1942, has been appointed curator of education. A graduate of Hartford Public High School, Lasell, and Beaver College, from which she received her bachelor of arts degree, Edith has completed post-graduate studies in bacteriology at the New Haven Hospital Division of the Yale School of Medicine.

A member of the Massachusetts Audubon Society, Edith attended the Audubon Nature Camp in Maine in 1942 and will return there this August for courses in oceanology and bird life. She is chairman of the conservation committee of the Hartford Bird Study Club, and examiner for bird finder badge of the Hartford Council of Boy Scouts.

Gertrude Runge, '32-'33 Special, is Mrs. John King of 11 Varney St., Jamaica Plain 30, Mass. She has four children.

1935

Life Secretary—Barbara King Haskins (Mrs. E. D.), 111 Wilcox Ave., Meriden, Conn.

Eleanor Ramsdell Stauffer, '35, Dr. Stauffer, and their two children, Charles, 5, and Anne, 15 months, were callers at Bragdon Hall a few days before Commencement week-end.

1936

Life Secretary—Carolyn Young Cate (Mrs. H. F., Jr.), 130 Temple St., West Newton 65, Mass. *Scribe for this issue:* Esther B. Sosman, Lasell Junior College, Auburndale 66, Mass.

Thirty-two of the 82 living graduates of the Class of '36 returned to Lasell for our tenth reunion on Alumnae Day: *Jerre Andrews, Marjorie Bassett MacMillan, Billie Baxter Perkins, Mary Bradley Brixner, Ruth Buswell Isaacson, Dorothea Eburne MacLeod, Dorothy Ell, Ruth Ellsworth, Luke Elton Remig, Elaine Frank Lieberman, Margery Gibby Paige, Phyl Gunn Rodgers, Priscilla Hay Nichols, Natalie Hutchison Germaine, Virginia Johnston Loud, Muriel Ray Hunt, Peg Raymond McLean, Midge Reed Colley, Janice Remig Kelley, Helen Saul Foxwell, Audrey Seeley Tompkins, Janice Shutter Grant, Audrey Smith Henderson, Es-so Sosman, Marjorie Stuart Olds, Martha Sweetnam, Ruth Upham Petremont, Mary Wilson Elwood, Deborah York and Carolyn Young Cate.* Two non-graduate members of the class were also with us: *Phyl Morris and Phyl Carlson Haskins.*

Carolyn Young Cate was in charge of arrangements for the luncheon which was held at Brae Burn Country Club in West Newton. Each member of the class wore a small corsage and name tag made by Carolyn. Our guest of honor was "*Miss Mac*" *McClelland*, class advisor.

After luncheon our president, *Dot Ell*, very stunning in her WAVE uniform, read telegrams and letters from members who could not be with us. We looked at dozens of pictures of class children (there were 31 sons and 31 daughters of '36 that we knew about at that time) and had many a laugh over the photographs and clippings in *Luke Elton Remig's* Lasell memory book. After seeing ourselves once more in the long skirts of '34-'36, most of us decided that we are definitely younger looking today than we were ten years ago!

We stayed at Brae Burn until time to attend the Alumnae Meeting in Bragdon Chapel at 3:30. There *Dorothy Ell* reported on the number who returned for reunion and presented a check for \$150 to the *Lasell Alumnae, Inc.*, for the Building Fund. This amount was contributed by 36 graduate and non-graduate members of the class. We hope that any of you who did not 'get around' to sending in your money to Carolyn may still want to do so. It will be put into the class treasury toward our next reunion gift.

Not all those who attended the luncheon came to Bragdon for the Alumnae meeting, but many of those who did had their picture taken in the group photograph which is printed here.

Those who stayed for the Alumnae Supper in Bragdon dining room were rewarded with a fine roast beef dinner, prepared as only *Miss Root*, our dietitian, and her staff can. Some hardy souls later attended Class Night exercises which were interrupted by a storm which uprooted trees, felled branches and electric and telephone wires, and put out all of Newton's lights for about twelve hours.

We received telegrams from *Ginny Hall Theurer*



Class of 1936, Tenth Reunion. Seated: Mary Elton Remig, Ruth Buswell Isaacson, Helen Saul Foxwell, Ruth Upham Petremont, Priscilla Hay Nichols. **Standing:** Deborah York, Marjorie Reed Colley, Marjorie Andrews, Hildegard Baxter Perkins, Marjorie Bassett MacMillan, Audrey Smith Henderson, Janice Remig Kelley, Phyllis Gunn Rodgers, Carolyn Young Cate, Dorothy Ell, Marjorie Stuart Olds, Mary Wilson Elwood.

and Emily Hubbel Weiss, and notes from Priscilla Colson Lane, Marjorie Morison, Margaret Pearl Ide (who had planned to be with us but had to cancel her reservation at the last minute), Lib Pomeroy Craft (now living in Richmond, Va.), Jay Tift Jeffcock (whose older daughter, Pamela, is a borderline rheumatic fever case and requires constant care, so Jay could not come to the reunion), and Adelaide L. "Babe" Shaffer, x-'36 (working for Bendix Aviation and active in the New Jersey State Federation of Women's Clubs; she put on its convention in May).

Jane Arend Durbin moved this summer to 332 Green St., Weymouth Heights, Mass.

Phyl Carlson Haskins, x-'36, also has a new address: 27 Bates Rd., East Milton, Mass.

In April 1942 Norma Hill was married to Mr. Robert Keith, an industrial engineer and graduate of Worcester Polytechnic Institute. They are living in Peninsula, Ohio, as Mr. Keith was recently transferred to the Cleveland branch of the American Steel and Wire Co. Norma has met Barbara Clarkson Moody,

x-'38, whose husband, Mr. Kenneth Moody, is training director for the same company.

Jinny Johnston Loud and daughter, Bunny, are spending the summer at Camp Kuhnawaumbek, Sebago, Maine, where Jinny is riding counsellor.

Lib Pomeroy Craft's Richmond address is 604 St. Christopher's Rd.; she extends a cordial invitation to any '36-ers who venture near Richmond to call on her.

Caro Stevenson Seick was too far away to return for reunion, but hopes to make our twenty-fifth! She and her husband have bought a home at 8629 South Thompson Ave., Tacoma 4, Wash.

Midge Reed Colley and Bunt have sold their home in Hanson, Mass., and moved to Lake St., Kingston, Mass., where they have a cape farm house, a barn, and 20 acres of land—a grand place for their boys, George and Stephen, who are growing up fast.

Stuie (Marjorie Stuart Olds) and Bob have at last found a place to live in Arlington, Va. Bob is with International Business Machines in Washington.

Hilda Theurer is now Mrs. Joseph J. Guidrey, 30 Daniel Low Ter., Staten Island 1, N. Y.

Dale Seeley Bull had hoped to come from Wisconsin to our 10th reunion but could not make it. We were disappointed, but glad to have news of her and her family from her sister, *Audrey Seeley Tompkins*.

Dot Ell was a lieutenant commander in the WAVES at the time of her release from active duty a week after our reunion.

Jay Tift Jeffcock, Jeff, and their two daughters, Pamela and Janet, live on Maple Rd., R.F.D., Baldwinsville, N. Y. Jeff, an electrical and mechanical engineer, was on a trouble dredge job in Mobile at the time of our reunion, and expected to go from there to New Orleans and Texas.

Ruth Upham Petremont's husband, Gordon, is out of the Army, and they have been lucky enough to find an apartment in Milford, Conn. Their daughter, Nancy, is 18 months old. Ruth met *Kay Peck Dietler*, '35, of West Haven, Conn., recently. Kay has a three-year-old daughter, Katharine Anne.

Start thinking now about our 15th reunion in 1951! The class of 1937 will be having a reunion the same year so we will see not only our own classmates but our junior sisters as well.

1937

Life Secretary—*Louise Tardivel Higgins* (Mrs. Charles A., Jr.), 39 Maple St., Auburndale 66, Mass.

Dot Abbott Atherton's husband, Walter, is out of the Army, and they have bought a home in Lakeport, N. H., at 100 Valley St.

The class extends sympathy to *Doris Carey Patterson* whose father, Mr. Frederick E. Carey, died in May.

Doris Carlson is secretary to the director of the advertising division at the Lederle Laboratories, Pearl River, N. Y.

Isabel Wyatt Asselta and her daughter, Beverly Ann, 3, leave soon for Berlin, Germany, to join Maj. Asselta, USA.

1938

Life Secretary—*Virginia Wilhelm Peters* (Mrs. Robert R.), 2316 Dixwell Ave., Hamden 14, Conn.

Winifred Aldrich, '38, called at Bragdon one afternoon late in May. She is secretary to Mr. Chester Earl Merrow, member of Congress from the First New Hampshire District.

Change of address for *Jean Allen Bird*, from Plan-dome, N. Y., to 17 Vanderbilt Ave., Manhasset, L. I., N. Y.

How to get a brand new, 1946 Ford, four-door sedan for \$1—just ask *Peggy Jones*, assistant dietitian at Lasell, for she was the lucky winner of that prize at the Totem Pole in Norumbega Park, Auburndale, on May 6. Peg bought six chances, and her name was

drawn out of an estimated 25,000. The grand drawing for the Ford took place at a penny sale held for the benefit of the Corpus Christi Church of Auburndale, in order to raise funds for the completion of the church's interior.

In June Peg drove to Millburn, N. J., for a visit with *Marty Romaine Jones*. While there she talked by phone with *Sy Seidler* who is still working at the Hotel Pennsylvania in New York City.

Betty Morley, member of the American Consular Service at Basra, Iraq, for 14 months, has been transferred to Beirut, Lebanon.

Virginia Squiers Read writes that she and Bob have bought a home on Centre St., Dover, Mass. They have three children: Bill, 4½, Priscilla, 3, and Charles, 1.

Laura Huegle, '37 HS, was married in April 1944 to Mr. John Woodworth Hursh, a graduate of Harvard in '42. After receiving his master's degree there in '43, Johnny was commissioned in the Navy, and later was awarded the Bronze Star for his part in sinking Japanese ships. A mechanical engineer, he is with the Research Dept. of United Shoe Machinery Corp., Beverly, Mass. Laura has worked for both the *Herald* and the *Christian Science Monitor* in Boston, and more recently was assistant to the Advertising Manager for *Londonderry* in San Francisco.

1939

Life Secretary—*Meredith Prue Hardy* (Mrs. Meredith P.), 48 Mendon St., Hopedale, Mass.

Marjorie Lind Maxwell is working in the main office at Lasell this summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Isham (*Barbara Wells*) are living in Newton Highlands, Mass., at 320 Lake Ave. Their son, David, was born in November 1943.

Antonia Boissevain, who was a special student at Lasell from January to June 1938, continued her studies at Wellesley College, from which she received her B.A. degree in chemistry in 1940 and her M.A. in 1942. She spent two years in development work for Armstrong Cork Co., Lancaster, Pa., and has been at Massachusetts Institute of Technology since then, doing first chemical research and now applied mathematics.

1940

Life Secretary—*Priscilla Sleeper Sterling* (Mrs. R. D.), 55 Woodmere Rd., Bristol, Conn.

Congratulations to *Nancy Bailey Black* who won the 1946 Massachusetts Women's golf championship at the Charles River Country Club on June 8.

Dorothy Dayton Morgan was graduated from Boston University School of Education in July.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin R. Phillips of Evanston, Ill., recently announced the engagement of their daughter, *Betty*, to Paul Henry Dick of Utica, Ohio. After her

graduation from Lasell, Betty attended the New York School for Secretaries and the Tobé-Coburn School for Fashion Careers. She has worked in the merchandising field since her graduation. Mr. Dick was an accountant for the Aluminum Co. of America prior to three years' service with the Army. He served overseas with the 556th Anti-Aircraft Battalion for 18 months.

Betty, who recently returned from service overseas with the Red Cross, met Mr. Dick in Belgium while they were both stationed in Antwerp at the Camp Top Hat staging area.

Camie Porter Morison and Bill are back in Massachusetts, as Bill, recently released from Army service, has returned to his old job.

Julia Rankin, who was in the WAVES during the war, has a position with the Travelers Insurance Co., Hartford, Conn.

Betty Sue Smith Miller is in Berlin, Germany, where her husband, Lt. Comdr. Walter B. Miller, USN, is stationed.

Peggy Kingsbacher Cooms, x-'40, completed the one-year program in retailing at the Prince School of Retailing, Simmons College, in June 1943.

1941

Life Secretary—Janet Jansing Sheffer (Mrs. John W., Jr.), 11 Rudd Court, Glen Ridge, N. J. Scribe for this issue: Gertrude Fischer, Canoe Hill Rd., New Canaan, Conn.

Thirty-seven of us and our class advisor, Miss Myra Sawyer, enjoyed a fine luncheon at the Woodland Country Club in Auburndale on Lasell Alumnae Day. We were: Eldora Anthony, Jean Bohacket, Dot Brewer Carlson, Ann Buckle Fischer, Mary Cameron Blaisdell, Marguerite Cartier Fennelly, Betty Davenport Bailey, Ginny De Nyse, Ilene Derick, Mary Doig Nicholson, Betty Dungan Norden, Gert Fischer, Mary Haller, Louie Hooker, Nancy Keach, Mary Kulos, Jackie Lander Schofield, Dotty Macomber, Mary Makes, Betty McGrath, Barbara Mitchell Hope, Anita Monge Colby, Lois Newton, Jeanne Partisch, Laura Pechilis, Elna Pollard Hanson, Eleanor Rawson Preston, Betty Reama Esau, Jean Roper Reynolds, Betty Sayles Davis, Despina Spring, Rocky Stone Faino, Marian Timpson, Madeline Vivian, Lu Weilandt, Virginia Whalen Petrie, and Arax Zulalian Johnian.

Our luncheon was followed by greetings from Miss Sawyer who told us of her wedding plans for June 22. Thanks were given to those who worked to make our 5th reunion a successful and happy occasion—Janet Jansing Sheffer, Ilene Derick and Gert Fischer. Gerry Bixby Averill, our song leader, wrote these words to the tune, "Somebody Loves Me," which we sang at the Alumnae Meeting:

Somebody loves you, dear old Lasell
Don't wonder who it can be.
Somebody loves you, you ought to know
Though it was five years ago.
Five years have passed away
Since we were graduated
For our fifth reunion we have waited
Somebody loves you, don't wonder who
Lasell, we do!

Lu Lorion De Vries, class president, was with us at that time and presented to Mrs. Winslow our table centerpiece of maroon and white carnations, our class colors and flower. A gift of \$60 was given to the *Lasell Alumnae, Inc.*, from the thirty-seven '41-ers present and five who contributed by mail.

It is customary for reunion classes to make a donation to the Building Fund of the *Lasell Alumnae, Inc.* In the future in order to avoid a last-minute collection and to give all class members an opportunity to participate, it was decided at the luncheon business meeting to form a class treasury. Class dues for the five-year period were voted to be \$5, payable in full in October 1946 or \$1 annually, and Gert Fischer was elected Class Treasurer. The money collected will be used for our next reunion gift and for miscellaneous class expenses, such as postage and stationery.

While we were enjoying ourselves at Lasell, Norma Forsberg was on the high seas traveling to Sweden for a month's vacation. Elaine Cook, who was married to James Mariner on May 11, was unable to join us. Lola Carota was making plans for her June wedding to Anthony Vincent De Leo and was having two Lasellites as bridesmaids, Wanda Salas, x-'41, and Marian Berry. Sue Cairolì had been married the week before.

Business prevented Charlotte Lakeman from taking time off from Sibley, Lindsay & Curr in Rochester, N. Y., where she is a buyer. On April 25 Clara Voorhis announced her engagement to Richard H. Coolidge, a graduate of Brown and resident of Oradell, N. J.; they plan to be married this summer.

Jean Bohacket was, she said, in the confusion of returning to civilian life after her discharge from the Navy. Bud still is in Japan; they plan to be married when he returns to the States.

The good fortune of finding an apartment in South Weymouth (67 Pleasant Street) and subsequent moving made it impossible for Mary Sawyer Philpott to be with us. Marjorie Morss Smith and Herb were seen at the Class Night exercises, and Gage Titcomb also was on campus.

Betty Davenport Bailey was hunting for a place to live near LaGuardia Field, N. Y., as Bob has been transferred there from South America. In Panama Betty saw Mary Corliss for a fleeting second but could not speak with her before she had disappeared in the crowds. Becky Allen Ryan and Bob are hap-



Class of 1941, Fifth Reunion. Group taken after the class luncheon at Woodland Golf Club, June 8.

pily settled in Natal, Brazil, where Bob is an Army dentist.

Petie Visscher Taft's husband, Bill, has returned from the Pacific and received his discharge from the Marines.

Peg Goodrich Hoffman is living in Wellesley. *Gert Fischer* has a new address: Canoe Hill Road, New Canaan, Conn. She will continue to work in New York City.

Betty Danker is working for the Wellesley Townsman.

Before her marriage at the end of June, *Babs Mauroyenis Struthers* was an American Red Cross Recreational worker at Mason General Hospital, Brentwood, L. I., N. Y.

Dot Mellen Harwood and son, Alan, have arrived safely in Germany where they have joined Lt. Harwood in Frankfurt. They hope to see parts of France, Belgium and Denmark during their 18-month stay overseas. Address: c/o Lt. Alan Harwood 01649810, Hq. 3112th Sig. Serv. Bn., APO 757 c/o Postmaster, N. Y., N. Y.

Sue Paisley Hansbury and her husband, Stephen J. Hansbury, are temporarily at Rockport, Mass. Sue was discharged from the WAVES last October, and her husband received his release from the Army Air Forces in January.

Ilene Derick has given us a new address for *Helen*

Parlee MacGregor: 328 East Foster St., Melrose 76, Mass. *Helen's* son, Lawrence, was a year old in May.

Marjorie (Karnheim) Ulrich is working in the State House, Boston.

Shirley Johnson was graduated from Simmons College on June 10. She plans to be married to Mr. Norman M. Scott, Jr., in July '47.

Grace Sheffer received her discharge from the WAVES in April.

Eva Parsons Boormeester, x-'41, is living at 32 Ridge Ave., Newton Centre 59, Mass. She has one son, born Sept. 29, 1943.

1942

Life Secretary—*Mary V. Hurley*, 41 Linden St., Schenectady, N. Y. Assistant: *Anne Lynch*, 1784 Washington St., Auburndale 66, Mass.

Peggy Smitt is now Mrs. Harry L. J. Frank, Jr., of 2285 Lawrence Ave., Detroit, Mich.

1943

Life Secretary—*Nathalie A. Monge*, 80 Greenwood St., Greenwood, Mass. Assistant: *Elizabeth A. McAvoy*, 93 Hillcrest Rd., Windsor, Conn.

Mary Meserve, '43, was one of 53 nurses awarded diplomas at the Newton-Wellesley Hospital school of nursing graduation exercises held in Winslow Hall,

Lasell, on June 13. Mary was vice president of her class.

Eloise Moffett, a recent graduate of Northwestern University where she majored in journalism, has been visiting *Betty McAvoy* in Connecticut. Betty will be maid of honor at Eloise's wedding this fall.

Anita Scott received her A.B. degree from Mount Holyoke College, June 5.

The Rev. and Mrs. William S. Mellish (*Tevis Huber*, '41-'42 HS) are at the First Congregational Church, La Grange, Ill. Mr. Mellish is a graduate of Gordon College, A.B. '43, and Yale, B.D. '46. He and Tevis were married on June 9, 1945 at Boston, with *Jean Perry*, '43, and *Muriel Humphrys*, '43, as bridesmaids.

Claire Nolan, HS '42, received the degree of Bachelor of Science in Physical Education from Sargent College, Boston University, at commencement exercises in May.

Ann Philbrook Nugent, x-'43, was graduated from Washington State College in June 1945 with a B.A. degree in foreign languages. She is teaching in Sacramento, Calif. Her husband, Robert L. Nugent, is a staff sergeant in the Army Air Corps.

Ruth Davenport and *Esther Roth* attended the wedding of *Jane Cook*, x-'43, and Anthony Paul Cardoza, June 15 at the Westminster Presbyterian Church, Bloomfield, N. J. Ruth spent the weekend with Esther at Port Chester, N. Y.

1944

Life Secretary—Norma Badger, Echo Ave., Portsmouth, N. H. Assistant: Barbara Coudray, 76 Halsted St., East Orange, N. J.

Norma Dietz Tarlow received her B.A. degree from Beaver College, June 2, 1946.

Joe Leroy is attending the University of Tennessee. She was recently a lady-in-waiting in the royal court of the Memphis Cotton Carnival.

Ruth Rahn, x-'44, called at Lasell June 6 and informed us that she is medical assistant to a physician in Waterbury, Conn.

1945

Life Secretary—Emma Gilbert, 589 Prospect St., Maplewood, N. J. Assistant: Louise Long, 60 Lorraine Ave., Providence 6, R. I.

Meg Hunting is a secretary at the New York Telephone Co. Her engagement to Charles A. Dupuis, Jr., brother of *Gloria Dupuis Conchar*, x-'45, was announced recently.

Peggy Clark is a member of Odikon, a select group of singers at Tufts College. "Odikon," she informs us, is Swiss for "singing for fun."

Lillian L. Feneley received the degree of Associate in Commercial Science from the College of Practical Arts and Letters of Boston University in May 1946.

Marjorie Jones Steinebach and Johnny called at Lasell early in May while on their honeymoon. They are now living in Lakewood, Ohio.

Barbara Mason, x-'45, is a junior at the University of New Hampshire.

Dorothea Kord, x-'45, is on the secretarial staff of radio station WBZ, Boston.

If you studied the Reunion Chart on page 43 of the Summer LEAVES and read the explanation on page 42, you have noted that under it the Class of '45 would have had a reunion this year. Since this schedule was not in effect, we did not have a formal reunion in June '46, so Miss Sosman, the Alumnae Secretary, has requested that I ask all of you, whether or not you would like to have a reunion next year (June '47). Members of the Class of '46 (they were the juniors when we were the seniors) will be back for their first reunion—so it would really be a wonderful opportunity to see not only our own classmates but those of our sister class. Let me know what you think, won't you?

1946

Life Secretary—Louise Pool, 494 Commercial Bldg., Dayton 2, Ohio. Assistant: Mary Jane Magnusson, 29 Westwood Ave., New Rochelle, N. Y.

Most of the following news items were gathered from the Senior Questionnaires which members of the Class of '46 returned to the Alumnae Office shortly before graduation in June:

Many members of the class intend to continue studies at senior colleges and vocational schools: *Bev Andres* has been accepted at the Tobé-Coburn School for Fashion Careers in New York City. *Ursula Anglim* will continue her studies at the Nursery Training School of Boston on Marlborough Street, and *Elinor Barrett* has made application to enter Pennsylvania College for Women in Pittsburgh. *Barbara Battersby* may enter the Yale University School of Music. In September *Barbara Bickley* will enter Presbyterian Hospital, Newark, N. J., as a student medical technologist. *Lucy Clark* plans to do further study in or near Boston, while *Dorothy Crathern* will attend Katharine Gibbs School in New York City. Wheelock College, Boston, is the destination of *Marilyn Dickson* and *Dorothy Morris*. *Arlene Dutt*, *Barbara Harris*, and *Marjorie Mosher* will study art, and *Shawn Higgins*, music. *Audrey Hill* has made application to enter the Boston School of Occupational Therapy; *Jean Hopkins*, *Lennie Lobl*, and *Elizabeth Kendall* may attend Syracuse University. *Marilyn Lerch* will be a student at the Mary Hitchcock Hospital, Hanover, N. H. Others who may do further study next year are: *Molly Ing*, *Naomi Kahrmanian*, *Lois Kimball*, *Jeanne Knox*, *Arlene Koppel*, *Eleanor McFetridge*, *Mary Elizabeth Paul*, *Grace Rayfuse*, *Rita Riley*, *Corinne Schlegel*, *Betty Simmons*, and *Nancy Tucker*.

Among the merchandisers: *Anne Blake* will work at Jordan's, Boston, and *Patsy Corning* at either Filene's or Jays. *Dorothy Lowe* started work at E. T. Slattery's, Boston, on June 11. *Mary Jane Magnusson* will be with Ware's Department Store, New Rochelle, N. Y., and *Nancy Peterson* with Hahne and Co., Newark, N. J.

Lynn Blodgett is working for the Norton Co. in Worcester, Mass.; on July 1 *Carol Cooley* began work for the Children's Aid Association, Boston. *Carolyn Crowell* is an apprentice to Stanley M. Crowell Co., Montclair, N. J. *Audrey Day* has a position as dental assistant for Dr. William D. Day in Baltimore, Md.

Betty Gallup expects to start work for the Albany Telephone Co. in September. *Ruth Goldner* took up her duties in the Middletown (Conn.) National Bank, June 17. *Evelyn Hillis* is secretary to Mr. Jack Hawkins, manager of the Broadmoor Hotel, Colorado Springs.

Carolyn Buck, *Jean Miles*, and *Jane Sherwood* will work for commercial airlines.

Bette Reed and *Robert Bruce Hanna* plan to be married Aug. 31, 1946.

Jackie Darcy is writing for the Fashion Department page of the *Boston Traveler*, and had four columns in the July 10th issue. She has also twice written *Elinor Williams'* column while Miss Williams, head of the department, was filling in for someone else who was on vacation. Jackie got her job in preference to four-year college graduates because her merchandising course at Lasell gave her a background which is valuable in her fashion writing.

Nancy Farrar, x-'46, is working part time at the 1812 House in Framingham while continuing her studies in music at Boston University.

Lasell Alumnae, Inc.

The annual meeting of *Lasell Alumnae, Inc.* was held in Carter Hall on Saturday, June 8, 1946. President *Dorothy Barnard*, '24, called the meeting to order at 3:45 P.M.

The minutes of the 1945 meeting were read by the recording secretary and accepted as read.

Antoinette Meritt Smith, '23, treasurer, reported that as of May 31, 1946, there is \$8,280.66 in the Caroline Carpenter Memorial Fund (Building Fund) and \$7,487.41 in the General Fund making the consolidated assets of *Lasell Alumnae, Inc.*, \$15,768.07.

The report of the auditor was read by the recording secretary and placed on file with the audited statements of income and expense.

The corresponding secretary's report was read and accepted and placed on file.

President *Dorothy Barnard*, '24, read the names of members who have passed away since the 1945 annual meeting.

The recording secretary read an amendment to the constitution as follows: That Article I Section 5 of



Dorothy Barnard, '24, president of the Lasell Alumnae, Inc. from 1944-46, and Louise Tardivel Higgins, '37, newly elected president.

the By-Laws be amended by striking out the words "The Treasurer shall have an Annual Salary of \$50," and substituting in place thereof the following: "The salary of the Treasurer shall be fixed by the Executive Board at its Fall Meeting." This amendment was voted to be accepted.

The following alumnae were recommended for election to the Lasell Junior College Corporation, their term of service to be for five years commencing in October following their election: *Mildred Strain Nutter*, '17, *Evelina Perkins*, '15, *Antoinette Meritt Smith*, '23.

The slate of officers for the year 1946-47 was read by the recording secretary as follows:

President—*Louise Tardivel Higgins*, '37

Vice President—*Marjorie Bassett MacMillan*, '36

Recording Secretary—*Arlene Wishart Sylvester*, '38

Corresponding Secretary—*Priscilla Parmenter Maden*, '37

Treasurer—*Antoinette Meritt Smith*, '23

Assistant Treasurer—*Phyllis Rafferty Shoemaker*, '22

Directors—*Helen Perry*, '24, *Helen McNab Willand*, '25, *Dorothy Barnard*, '24

Nominating Committee—*Celia Kinsley*, '34, *Helen Black Sprague*, '25, *Virginia Black*, '41

Scholarship Committee—*Marion Ordway Corley*, '11, chairman

The recording secretary was instructed to cast one ballot for the slate of officers as nominated.

The president instructed the corresponding secretary to send a word of greeting to Miss Lillie R. Potter.

The president expressed her appreciation for the loyalty of her officers and was presented a gift in appreciation of her services.

The meeting was then turned over to the new president, *Louise Tardivel Higgins*, '37, who promised to carry on to the best of her ability.

The Roll Call of reunion classes found two members of the class of 1894 and three members of the 50-year class, 1896, present.

Gifts of \$51 from the Class of 1931, \$150 from the Class of 1936, and \$60 from the Class of 1941 were given to the Building Fund.

Dr. Winslow congratulated us on our financial status and recalled the time when there was 17 cents in the treasury. He reviewed the progress of Lasell in the last 25 years and expressed the desire and need for a new building in the near future.

After a few words of welcome from *Mrs. Winslow*, the president of the senior class, *Joan Walker*, announced that the Class of 1946 was joining the *Lasell Alumnae, Inc.* as a body.

The meeting adjourned at 4:40 P.M. with the singing of the Alma Mater.

Respectfully submitted,

Arlene Wishart Sylvester, '38

Recording Secretary

New Life Members

Antoinette Meritt Smith, treasurer, of 393 Broadway, Cambridge 39, Mass., announces the following new life members of *Lasell Alumnae, Inc.*: *Sarah B. Fletcher*, '31, *Louise B. Paisley*, '09, *Helen L. Beede*, '21, and *Bertha C. McNerny*, '44-'45 HS.

A life membership costs \$25, and may be paid in a lump sum or in five installments of \$5 each at intervals of six months. *Bertha McNerny* is the 214th Lasell girl to take out a life membership.

Worcester County Lasell Club

Due to the resignations of several officers appointed for 1945-46 by the nominating committee at the annual meeting in 1945, an executive board meeting was held Sept. 26, 1945, at the home of *Lucille LaRiviere Disbrow*, '40, to appoint members to fill the vacancies: president, *Lucille LaRiviere Disbrow*, '40; vice president, *M. Gladys Kenney*, '26-'27; recording secretary, *Nancy Smith*, '44; corresponding secretary, *Elsie Bigwood Cooney*, '17-'19; treasurer, *Jane L. Maynard*, '44; publicity manager, *Marion Parmer*, '41; nominating committee: *Margaret Christie*, *Eleanor Smith Cutting*, *Eleanor Ramsdell Stauffer*; board of directors: *Joanne Bohaker Smith*, '38, *Marion Kingdon Farnum*, '29, *Dorothy Inett Taylor*, '30.

The club held various activities and original programs during the year. The annual picnic, a cosmetic demonstration, and a Halloween party at the Country Club (costumes and all!) were some of the highlights of the year.

Donations were collected for Thanksgiving baskets, and we made contributions to the Golden Rule and Red Cross funds. The penny social was a great success again this year, and the articles for sale were delightfully varied.

The Christmas season found the club donating fine gifts and money to the veterans at Lovell General Hospital. The weather during January and February forced us to cancel several meetings.

With spring came the second undergraduate tea of the year followed by a delightful bridge with many unusual handmade prizes.

At guest night Mr. Stanley Smith showed colored slides of New England. Tea was served after his fascinating lecture.

The annual meeting of the club was held Apr. 30, 1946 at Edgewood House, North Grafton, Mass. The slate of officers for 1946-47, presented at that time, is as follows: president, *Elsie Bigwood Cooney*, '17-'19; vice president, *M. Gladys Kenney*, '26-'27; recording secretary, *Nancy Smith*, '44; corresponding secretary, *Joanne Bohaker Smith*, '38; treasurer, *Marie Hammarstrom Seaton*, x-'43; publicity manager, *Marion Kingdon Farnum*, '29; nominating committee: *Lucille LaRiviere Disbrow*, '40, *Joanne Bohaker Smith*, '38, *Dorothy Inett Taylor*, '30; board of directors: *Lucille LaRiviere Disbrow*, '40, *Frances Wright*, '14-'15, *Eleanor Ramsdell Stauffer*, '35; program chairman, *Dorothy Inett Taylor*, '30; membership committee: *Marie Hammarstrom Seaton*, x-'43; *Joanne Bohaker Smith*, '38, *Nancy Smith*, '44, *Marjorie Olson Bjork*, '45.

It was voted that the club make a contribution to the Cancer Fund. We also voted to plan our meetings for the entire year and to arrange all programs in advance for the business year.

A "College Week End" was arranged, and club members accepted the invitation of Dr. and Mrs. Charles Stauffer (*Eleanor Ramsdell*, '35) for a family outing at their summer camp on Lake Quabaug, June 29.

Joanne Bohaker Smith was appointed general chairman of the semi-formal dance at the Wachusett Country Club on June 28 from nine till two. She will be assisted by the following: *Marjorie Sherman*, '40, *Marion Parmer*, '41, *Jane Maynard*, '44, *Nancy Smith*, '44, *M. Gladys Kenney*, '26-'27, *Elfreda Reck*, '44, *Barbara Peterson*, '41, *Doris Barry Ponte*, '40, *Marie Hammarstrom Seaton*, x-'43, *Barbara Wheeler Sampson*, '37, *Rosamond Lees Gow*, '45, and *Lucille LaRiviere Disbrow*, '40.

By *Joanne Bohaker Smith*, '38,
Corresponding Secretary

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WINTER 1947

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LASELL LEAVES

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IN REFERENCE TO THE EDITORS



MARCIA LANDICK

Sharing the position of co-editor of the *Lasell LEAVES* with me is my roommate and best pal at Lasell, Marcia Landick, who was a member of Cat's Alley on second floor Bragdon last year.

Marcia's interests vary a great deal from drawing to plays and concerts. She enjoys classical music and she wishes that she had more time for reading. She is also an enthusiastic hiker and cyclist as well as a football fan. Swimming and dancing are two of her favorite sports. Second rate movies and baseball are her principal dislikes along with any form of mathematics.

During the past three years Marcia has been an active member of the Order of the Rainbow for Girls, Lynn Assembly No. 6. A member of the Dean's list last semester at Lasell, she also participated in the Orphean Club, Vesper Choir, the International Relations Club and she was on the bowling team.

Since English is tops in Marcia's choice of subjects, she has high hopes of transferring to a senior college and majoring in English. Her only regret is that this year is going by so rapidly and before long we will have to leave our delightful double in Chandler.

Margaret Leary



MARGARET LEARY

Let me tell you about one of the co-editors, Margaret (Midge) Leary, who is my roommate on second floor in Chandler.

Her home town is Springfield, Massachusetts, where she graduated from Classical High School. While in school she worked on the school newspaper and the year book. She was also active in the Y.W.C.A., and for two summers she acted as a counselor at the Springfield Girl Scout Day Camp.

Last year "Midge" lived in Bragdon "Cat's Alley", worked for the "Workshop Players", and played on the volley ball and bowling teams. She also was a member of the International Relations Club and the Dean's List.

Her main concern is sleeping, but she has other interests. Skating, dancing, bowling, swimming, reading, concerts, and plays are among her favorite pastimes. As far as her dislikes are concerned, "Midge" can't tolerate a cold, gym, or Latin.

"The nicest thing that can happen to me," says "Midge", "is to be accepted at Mount Holyoke College." And if her wish comes true, she will major in social work. But at present "Midge" is looking forward to many happy and eventful days at Lasell.

Marcia Landick

Miss Rothenberger

AS LASELL girls came back to campus this fall, they were greeted with the cheerful smile of our new dean, Miss Ruth Rothenberger. Those, who did not meet her during registration or have not talked with her in her office, have seen her sitting in assemblies and eagerly acquainting herself with other school activities.

Miss Rothenberger hails from Pennsburg, Pennsylvania, where she lived until she entered college. Her family lives in Pennsburg now except for her younger sister who is working as an occupational therapist in the veterans' hospital in West Roxbury.

Our new dean received her Bachelor of Science Degree from Ursinus College which is located in Collegeville, Pennsylvania, and her Master of Arts Degree from Columbia University. After completing her studies, Miss Rothenberger taught health and physical education in public and private schools in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. For two years she maintained the position of Field Advisor for the National Girl Scout Organization, as representative for the New England states. Her work consisted of interviewing, organizing, supervising, and instructing. In this position, Miss Rothenberger had an opportunity to travel throughout New England which she has come to like as much as the native New Englanders do. She claims that New England reminds her of the countryside of Pennsylvania.

As Field Advisor, Miss Rothenberger lived in Boston in the Back Bay section. She enjoyed this because it was in a central location and she was able to reach the theater and concerts easily. The Esplanade concerts attracted her many times, as she was able to walk to the concert from her room and there could listen to her favorite pieces.

She was also impressed with Beacon Hill and the quaint atmosphere of Boston.

For several summers, she did work in private and Girl Scout camps throughout Maine, New Hampshire, New York, and Pennsylvania. However, this past summer Miss



RUTH ROTHENBERGER

Rothenberger took a short trip to Bermuda by boat, where she spent her time touring the island. She was impressed with the friendly people, the quaint streets, and the colorful surroundings. When asked about the sports in Bermuda, Miss Rothenberger related that swimming, sailing, tennis, biking and dancing were most popular.

As for Miss Rothenberger's likes and interests they are varied. You have probably guessed that she is a great enthusiast for sports in general, but she enjoys swimming most. She is interested in planes and flies whenever possible while traveling. Among other sports, Miss Rothenberger receives pleasure from walking, hiking, and camping. Also, she is interested in flowers, and classical, semi-classical, and popular music. Miss Rothenberger plays the saxophone and has played in two symphony orchestras in the vicinity of her hometown. She also plays the piano. Like many people of our modern world, Miss Rothenberger has a desire to travel. Some of the places she would like to

see are the West, South America, Alaska, and Europe—when conditions have improved. When asked what qualities she liked to find most in college girls, Miss Rothenberger stated friendliness, co-operation, and dependability.

Her office is in Bragdon Hall, and students will find her eager to help them on problems of a social nature or advise them about campus activities. We welcome Miss Rothenberger to Lasell and wish her the best of success in all her endeavors. *Marcia Landick*



G.I. Jane Goes to College

THIS year Lasell has its place in the post-war plans of eight young women recently discharged from the service. These five ex-WAVES, two ex-SPARS and one ex-WAC are taking advantage of the government's G.I. Bill of Rights in furthering their education. Here, they are taking such varied courses as Home Economics, Retailing, Social Work, Secretarial Training, Medical Technology and Liberal Arts.

In conversation with these girls, one quickly learns how much they all enjoyed their part in the service. Their remarks about the war years all have the spirit "... absolutely mad about it ... fulfilled a 'must' in my life ... a marvelous experience ... wouldn't part with what I've been through." It is apparent that life in the service was a unique and wonderful experience which demanded amiability, stability of character, and competency.

Living on campus are Bobbie Newkirk, House-President of Woodland, and Madeleine Koempel, Vice-President of Woodland. Bobbie, who was a Specialist TR 3/c in the SPARS and lives in Erie, Pennsylvania, is quite a remarkable young woman. She has lived in thirty-five states and attended twenty-one different schools. Her two years in the Coast Guard began at Palm Beach, Florida, and her work shifted from the Transportation Corps, where she was assigned as a driver, to a "Meet-the-Public Job" where she worked for Military Information. A former Lasell girl in 1941, Bobbie has returned as a Liberal Arts Sociology Major, and "... un-

less marriage rears its ugly head" she hopes to transfer to a senior college.

Madeleine Koempel, a former Yeoman 2/c in the WAVES, hailing from Montclair, New Jersey, is better known to us as Johnnie. Johnnie went through Hunter College, Yeoman School in Cedar Falls, Iowa, and climaxed her Naval career as the only feminine "pencil pusher 'n' keypecker" (secretary) in a radar school in Corpus Christie, Texas. With over five hundred men around constantly, she was spoiled, but definitely. Johnnie is majoring in Home Economics at Lasell.

The remaining six ex-servicewomen are day-hops, and during lunchtime you can usually find them in the Barn.

Lasell's one ex-WAC, with a year and a half of overseas duty in Sydney, Australia, is Florence Domenichella. Domy came up the hard way, finally attaining a Corporal's rank after a period of three years. She was in the first group of WAC's to train at Ft. Devens, the first group to land in the Pacific and the first group to leave the Pacific. She is mighty proud of the Women's Army Corps. Domy had previous schooling at the Fay Secretarial School in Boston, and right now she is majoring in Interior Decoration. She is also a member on the staff of the *Lamp*.

Constance Barry from Cambridge, Massachusetts, was a Yeoman 2/c in the SPARS, with twenty months of duty to her credit. Connie trained at Palm Beach, Florida, where she occupied the bridal suit in the Biltmore with five other girls. "... Not too

romantic . . ." says Connie. She was secretary to the Operations Officer in Boston Harbor and lived at home. Connie is taking Liberal Arts, and she is a ski enthusiast.

Marianne Sinclitico was another WAVE, Yeoman 2/c, who had her basic training at Hunter College, New York. Tico is a resident of Lawrence, Massachusetts. She was stationed at Alameda, California, and she enjoyed the West Coast to such a degree that she hopes to return again some day. Tico is planning on one year at Lasell and then on transferring to Simmons for further work in retailing.

Another ex-servicewoman at Lasell, with a year of overseas duty in Honolulu, is Seaman 1/c Helen King who was in the WAVES. Jerry, a resident of Cambridge, comes from a Navy family, and if the WAVES hadn't been organized, she had intended to join the WRENS in Canada. Ambition plus! Jerry is following a Liberal Arts course at present and is extremely interested in doing settlement work.

Betty Hendry, Pharmacist 2/c in the WAVES, spent nearly two years in service. Betty's home is in Springfield, Massachusetts,

but she's boarding out in Newton Centre. Her basic training began at Hunter College and included hospital work with stress on practical work in surgery. Betty joined the service on her twentieth birthday and still has a sister in the Navy. She plans to major in chemistry in the future, but meanwhile, she is deep in a combined Medical Technician and Medical Secretarial course.

The one "Mrs." among the eight ex-G.I.'s is Mrs. Virginia Lindsey who was a Pharmacist 3/c in the WAVES. She says everyone calls her Ginny, so when a stray "Mrs." is thrown at her, it seems strange. A former Neuro-Psychiatric Technician in St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington, D. C., Ginny is now pursuing a Home Economics course. Very practical! Ginny was married while in service in August, 1944. She and her husband (who is studying at Babson) are living in Auburndale. Her pet hobby is—you guessed it—talking about Mr. Lindsey.

Lasell feels honored that these eight "G.I.'s" have enrolled here to further their educations, and we hope that they will be successful in all their studies and will fully enjoy life on campus with us. *Carol Birath*

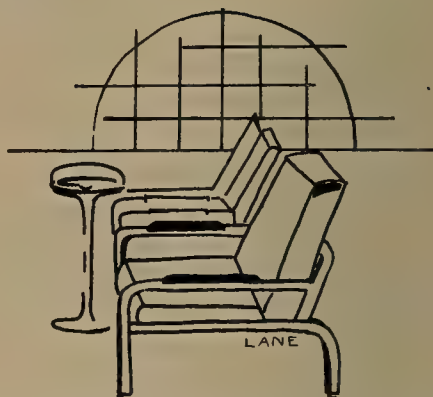


Campus Changes

EACH year there are numerous changes on the campuses of colleges large and small. Lasell is no exception and each change is a step towards making our school a pleasanter place in which to live and an institution of which all the students and faculty can be proud.

We find that one of the biggest changes (which is a result of the ending of the war), is the opening of the dining room at Woodland. Now that help is more plentiful and the equipment can be obtained, this dining room accommodates the juniors living at Woodland and the few seniors who live in the Casino. The students serve as waitresses, taking turns for a period of two weeks during each semester. The cafeteria style, which is still in use at Bragdon, is replaced by more formal service in the other hall. The tables are set up with white cloths and a faculty member sits with each group of girls. This new dining room saves the "Woodlandites" extra trips to Bragdon each day and it also considerably relieves the congestion in the meal service at Bragdon.

Last year the Casino was occupied by juniors, but, because of the large senior class this year, a few seniors are living there and they assure us that it is wonderful and they are contented with their small group. A few seniors can also be found in the pleasant rooms of Blaisdell which was previously re-



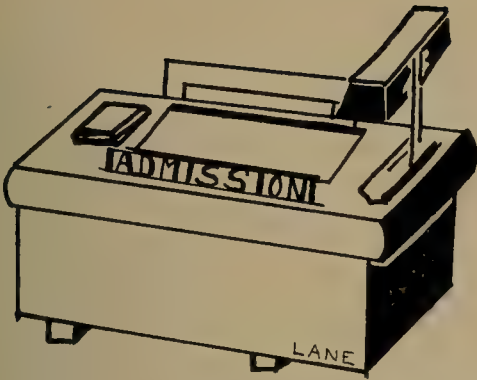
served for faculty exclusively. Another change in residence is the dean's abode. Miss Roth- enberger, our new dean, resides in Carter Hall where four juniors lived last year. Miss Williams, the Lasell housekeeper, also now lives in one of the rooms there.

In glancing at Woodland once again, we are pleasantly surprised to find a remarkable change in one of the students' favorite spots. The smoker is now newly equipped with about two dozen modern metal chairs, cushioned with comfortable leather seats and backs of various colors. During lunch hour and after classes the smoker is always crowded with juniors and seniors alike. There is a marked change in the hours during which the Bragdon smoker may be used. In past years students were not allowed to use this smoker until after four o'clock, while this year it is open all day. The girls are asked to use the outside entrance while classes are in session and we hope that they will heed this request to insure this privilege for the future.

Between seven-thirty and ten in the evening, which is the period of quiet hour in the houses, the girls are allowed to spend their time as they wish, as long as they keep order. As the members of the senior class and those who have spent their junior year at Lasell in past years know, this is a new privilege.

As we amble about the first floor of Bragdon we find that Mr. Wass can now be seen at the other end of the front corridor where





a classroom used to be, and his office of last year is now occupied by Miss Atwater, a new addition to Lasell's guidance personnel.

Before leaving Bragdon, we must take a look at the library which is brightly illuminated by fluorescent lights, which were installed last year. At the librarian's desk we no longer see Miss Loud, who resigned last year. She has been replaced by Miss Strang and Mrs. Jewett, who are our new librarians although they are not newcomers to Lasell.

It doesn't take much effort to discover the changes which have taken place between Bragdon and Woodland. While descending Bragdon hill we can see, to the right, the tennis courts which are familiar to all "Lasell-ites", but this year they are outstanding in having a new red surface.

The dark brown house on the hill, which is known as Plummer, is used for storing books and two rooms on the first floor are available for studying in order to relieve the crowded and sometimes too busy library.

Another very noticeable change is found just a short distance down the road from Plummer. The small senior house which we all know to be Cushing no longer is hidden among tall evergreens. These trees have been removed and the house has received a fresh coat of white paint.

We must not finish our tour of Lasell's campus without making a visit to Winslow Hall. It is true that there are no evident changes in the building itself, but upon careful observation we discover that the paths leading to the gym and assembly hall have been widened and extended. It is much

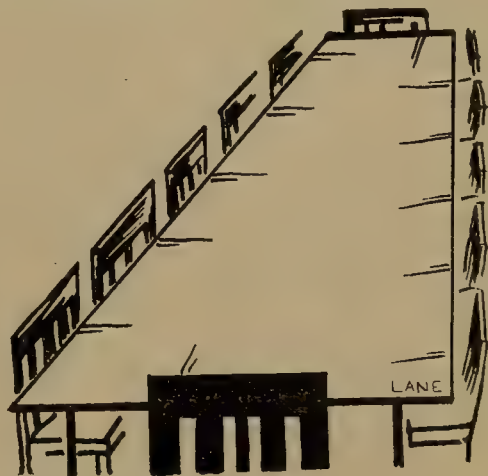
easier to walk along in groups and our well-cared for lawns ought to profit by this improvement.

The students will occasionally gather at eleven-thirty on Thursday mornings to hear Mrs. Sypher, who is a member of Lasell's faculty as a history instructor, speak on current events. Mrs. Sypher will speak once or twice a month while in previous years she gave weekly talks. We can also look forward to the addition of a monthly assembly presented by the L.C.C.A.

Last year, steps were taken to adjust the time of Sunday Vesper services to the convenience of all the students. Several times during the year Vespers were omitted at the usual hour (six-fifteen) following Sunday evening tea, and were held during assembly period on Monday morning. This year a plan has been presented under which vespers will be held at seven-thirty on two Sunday evenings of each month and one week on Monday morning, while the service will be omitted the remaining week of the month. It is hoped that this plan will comply with the desires of the majority of students.

From the above changes, it can be seen that Lasell is continually adjusting itself to the new demands placed upon it by current conditions. And as this year progresses and others follow there will be added alterations to make the existence of the people living and working on the campus more comfortable and pleasant.

Margaret Leary



Coming Back

THE famous 42nd Rainbow Division was the 'fightingest' outfit of the war, the first to enter France and to pave the way for invading troops into Germany." Yes, it seems that everyone has heard of this great organization, but what has become of it? The 42nd Division is now in the United States discharging its members as quickly as possible. Many new faces have replaced the vacant places in the original ranks; in fact there are few left who can say they have been with the organization since its start three years ago. Among these few original members is a young man of twenty-one whose name is Jerry Gale. He represents many of the heroes of World War II who are adjusting themselves to the routine of civilian life, for he is a typical American boy who went to war and returned with peace—for his country.

Jerry is a lanky, blond, blue-eyed young man of German descent. He finds it hard to fit his 6'4" frame into the average room with comfort. His long legs have a way of finding their way to a chair and stretching out to full length. He is often found seated with his feet up, chair tilted back, turning his class ring round and round his finger, deep in thought. He is a person of moods of deep depression, but also a young man with a sense of humor. His voice is deep, and he speaks in a slow, deliberate way that is becoming to him. He has the average American good looks—the clean cut features and outstanding smile.

Born in Troy, Ohio, he moved with his family at an early age to New England. The youngest of four children, he was considered the baby of the family and treated as such. His father was rather strict and believed in dominating the home. As a result of this early influence on his life, Jerry led a sheltered existence until he entered high school. When he was about sixteen he became a member of the neighbor-gang of boys. They purchased an old car for ten dollars and spent many afternoons taking it apart and

putting it together again. Girls were seldom allowed in it, but occasionally some brave "tom boy" would be honored with a ride in the old car, a ride full of thrills—something she could laugh about in later years.

It was just two weeks before graduation that Jerry began his career as an enlisted member of the United States Army. He was a member of the Military Police and later asked to become a member of the 42nd Rainbow Division, which to him was one of the biggest thrills of his life.

Perhaps it is more vivid for Jerry to tell his own story, so, now for a few minutes, picture yourself in a small room. There is a young man wearing a discharge emblem on his khaki uniform. He seems anxious to talk, although nervous, so you wait. He lights a cigarette, but you smile and say, "Let's hear your story, Jerry. I am interested." So he relaxes, puts his feet on the chair and starts to talk.

"When I arrived overseas, I was appointed to work under General Patton and was promoted to the rank of sergeant. During the invasion of Germany, I was cut off from all lines of communication for a week, but I obtained a 'walkie-talkie' radio from a dead buddy and kept my outfit informed as to the enemy's whereabouts for another week." Then he remarks self-consciously, "for my work I received a citation."

He goes on, "It was only a week later that I was knocked into my foxhole headfirst by a concussion which killed my commanding officer and several enlisted men. Some one pulled me out and I was okay except for a nagging headache. Within a few weeks I was again knocked down from a bomb burst, but I didn't recover from the effects until I awoke in a hospital in France. I had been out for forty-eight hours. For weeks both night and day I relived the horrors of war; the horrible things I had done never left my sub-conscious mind. I remember one incident that came back again and again, until I couldn't stand it any longer, I passed out,

mumbling my experiences. It seemed I was what they call 'kill crazy' for I would kill on impulse. You know," he says, lighting another cigarette, "you can fight so long, and then the only way to make you go on is to get you mad, fighting mad; then you kill. I remember clearly the day we were doing house-to-house fighting in Germany. It was a nice day. Things were pretty quiet and we thought it was almost over. Most of the fellows were having a long deserved smoke, when we heard someone running down the street. We turned to see a person in Nazi uniform, running and shooting like crazy. As he came nearer, one of the fellows remarked, 'Gee, he sure runs funny, doesn't he, almost like a girl.' One of our fellows was hit, so we opened fire. I shot three volleys and he crumpled in the street. We ran over to drag the body away, and then stopped in our tracks. We stared from one to another in amazement, for from under the helmet the long blond hair of a girl fell onto the bloody street. I closed my eyes to shut out the sight; she was only eighteen and pretty . . . and I had killed her. I guess by this time," he says, "I was pretty nearly insane. Whenever I started to read a book, the dead face of a comrade would appear. It grew clearer and a voice spoke to me. It sounded as if it were at the distant end of a long tunnel; it became louder and louder, until I couldn't stand it. I would jump to my feet and run screaming from the ward. Some days when I felt better, I would climb the stairs to the church, and sit for long hours trying to get hold of myself, trying to forget, and trying to tell myself it was over. It was at such times I cried like a baby. The Doc said it was good for me, 'a form of release,' but it seems sort of silly to me.

"Months went by and I didn't seem to improve. I stuttered and had psychoneurotic attacks, which made war-hardened nurses weep. I never knew what I had said during these attacks, but it seemed strange to open my eyes and find a crying nurse taking my pulse. I really was worried," he continues. "I

guess I was in pretty bad shape, for they moved me to a mental ward, tagged me insane and treated me as such. But for once they were wrong; I applied a little will power and in three months showed great improvement. I was sent back to the states as a nervous case.

"When I arrived, I was sent to another hospital. I continued to improve, my attacks grew milder, and I no longer stuttered. For hours I sat reading poetry trying to control my speech; I guess that is the only way I got it back.

"Any poems you would like to hear?" he remarks sarcastically. His face grows tense for a moment, but he smiles and continues his story. While we have been talking, the lights have gone on. I have had no recollection of time. Only the presence of this young man and the sound of his voice have any meaning to me.

"Well, I was discharged and met a girl, just like in the movies. She changed my whole outlook on life, I told her everything, and she wasn't afraid. She gave me confidence, and from then on things looked brighter. No, I didn't marry her and live happily ever after," he exclaims, "—but she did help me."

As we talk, the expression on his face changes, although he is unaware of the alteration. He looks older, the muscles contract, and he seems hard and cruel. Suddenly he slumps over in his chair, and mumbles something about a splitting headache. I stand there unable to move. He talks. I can't hear him at first and bend down closer, but the words don't make sense to me. "I am going to kill myself," he says. "If I don't kill myself, will it be all right if I kill someone else? I'll kill someone else; then will you go away and leave me alone. Please go, please!" I look at him; I shake him and call his name, but he is rigid. Suddenly I become alarmed and afraid. I think, what if he tries to kill me and doesn't know who I am? I am the *someone else*. Then I move towards the door, but I stop, for he says, "Where are you go-

ing?" I turn and say, "Nowhere." I stand there paralyzed. Footsteps sound along the hall and three people come in, pushing me aside. "Just an attack," one says. "He will be all right in a minute." Three people are now holding him down. He thrashes madly, and his breath comes in short gasps as if he is choking. He grows rigid and passes into unconsciousness. Someone suggests I leave, but I can't.

Here is someone you know and can't help. He is fighting in his subconscious mind to come back to you, and all you can do is sit there helpless, unable to reach him, or tell him he is not alone—that you are there.

In about fifteen minutes the muscles in his face relax; he returns. He looks as if he were sleeping. Then he slowly opens his eyes, looks around and sees you. He smiles and says, "Gee, I'm sorry. I guess I fell asleep. Not very good company, am I?" You say,

"That's all right," and hand him a cup of hot coffee. You try to smile through the tears that blind your eyes and trickle down your face uncontrollably. He sees them and looks hurt and suddenly alarmed. You say something about too much cigarette smoke in the room. He shakes his head knowingly and smiles as he says, "What have we for supper? I'm starved." You bend and kiss him affectionately, and say you must go; it's getting late. He says, "Ah, Lady, what are you trying to do—break my heart" and blushes. His expression changes and he says anxiously, "You'll come again soon?" You say, "Of course." "I'll be a good boy next time," echoes in your ears as you walk down the hall. You can't see where you are going; tears blind you and you're not ashamed of them. You open the door and leave. The sign there makes you cry even more, for it reads "Mental Ward." *Lois Kenyon*

News Flashes

Sept. 19—Juniors arrive . . . are confronted with new surroundings, new faces, new friends, new roommates.

Sept. 20—Senior Stunt night. Take-offs on the new students.

Sept. 21—Seniors arrive to greet their old friends and to settle their new rooms. In the evening they escort their junior sisters to the annual student-faculty reception.

Sept. 22—First Vespers.

Sept. 23—Classes commence. Juniors lost and bewildered. Seniors ready for work.

Sept. 28—Junior-Senior Party sponsored by A.A. A good way to get acquainted.

Oct. 2-4—Junior Week! Juniors lose pride. Seniors recall their own humiliation of last year.

Oct. 4—Picnic. The end of Junior Week. All normal once again.

Oct. 10—Lexington-Concord trip. New-comers to region see famous spots for the first time.

Oct. 18—Junior Stunt night. It's the

juniors' turn. They give out with their talent.

Oct. 24—Plymouth trip. All-day excursion to review history.

Oct. 26—Halloween Party . . . L.C.C.A. Ghost walk, games and fun.

Nov. 1—Campus Chest . . . Blue Feather Drive. Let's put it over the top! Volunteers offer their services. The spirit of generosity is in the air.

Nov. 7—Salem . . . Marblehead . . . the last Autumn tour.

Nov. 16—Junior-Senior Dance. The first formal; we all have a wonderful time.

Nov. 22-23—Dramatic Production. "Hansel and Gretel". Another success for the Workshop Players.

Nov. 27 - Dec. 2—Thanksgiving Holiday. Home to see family and friends.

Dec. —Christmas Party . . . Workshop Players.

Dec. 20—It's homeward bound for Christmas. *Sarah Cross*

The Picture

IT WASN'T a pretty picture—just a picture of a man—but Tommy's teacher had told him about the man and Tommy liked him.

He liked him because, if he couldn't remember his geography lesson and he looked up at the man, then he would remember. If he couldn't do his arithmetic or his spelling, he would look up at him and the man would seem to say, "You know it, son. I know you can do it." Then, sure enough, Tommy could do it!

Tommy was looking up at the man in the carved wooden frame now. He'd just returned from the noon recess and his stomach was aching from the lack of any lunch. He just couldn't remember how to spell all these words today, and he did so want to get a good paper so he could imagine the man saying, "I'm proud of you, son!" Perhaps if he'd drunk some of that stale coffee at breakfast, he wouldn't be feeling so hungry now.

Tommy stared at the lines printed in gilt in the wood under the picture. His lips formed each word carefully. Now he knew he would remember his spelling. He would get another good paper today.

When the bell rang for dismissal, Tommy took his books and went out of the door into the schoolyard. The yard wasn't very big, but it was big enough for the tiny schoolhouse. He crossed the yard and went toward the railroad tracks. He shook his head when Joe Ponelli called to come on and go moochin' with him and the fellas. He wondered why Joe was in school today. He guessed maybe Joe's dad had gotten after him again. As he went down the tracks, walking carefully on the trestles, he stared over his shoulder after the retreating Joe with envy.

The sun shining on the metal rails made waves of what looked like steam rise up about Tommy's feet. The metal felt hot

through the thin spot in the sole of his left shoe. A granddaddy frog garrumped suddenly from the marshy field beside the tracks and reminded Tommy that it was a good day for fishing. He guessed he'd better go fishing this afternoon.

He reached the shack and went into the one main room. He laid his books on his bed, changed into his ripped overalls, and grabbed hurriedly for his rod and a can of worms. The afternoon seemed already gone. He ran most of the way to the brook. In his haste to bait his hook, he lost one of his precious worms and a small sunfish gobbled it before he could retrieve it.

By early evening he'd only caught two small bass, but he didn't dare stay longer. When he reached the shack again, the lamp was lit and his father was sitting on the bed.

The man surveyed the two fish, then the small boy. "Joe Ponelli caught eighteen big ones yesterday," he said. "They give him ten cents a pound for 'em at the market."

"But dad! Joe skipped school yesterday!" He'd said it before he thought.

The man got up, sullenness and anger showing in his face. "I don't give a damn for what Joe done 'cept he got five dollars for them fish, an' whatta you got! T'morra ya fish all day, see?" He stumbled out.

Tommy picked his books up from the floor where they'd been knocked and wiped them carefully with his grimy hands. His spelling paper fell out of one of his books and lay face up on the floor. He'd had every word correct.

"I'm proud of you, son!" he seemed to hear the man in the picture saying. "I know you can do it."

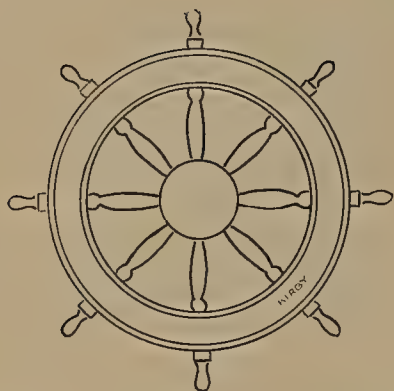
"The Father of His Country." Tommy's lips formed the words carefully.

He opened his books and began his studies for the next day.

Elaine Reed



New Faculty



Miss Inez Atwater of Somerville, Massachusetts, is the new advisor to day students and resident students of Gardner and Woodland. Miss Atwater, who is a graduate of Jackson College for Women, holds an A.B. degree from that college, and an A.M. degree from Boston University. She has taken additional courses at Harvard, Tufts, Massachusetts State Extension, Lowell Institute and the Boston Adult Education Center. She taught at Stoneham High School from 1921-1923 and later taught English at Somerville High School from 1923 to 1946. At Somerville High School she was very active in extra-curricular advisory activities, such as orchestra, graduation exercises, and the Boy's Debating Group. Her other activities have included the Presidency of the Alumnae Association at Tufts College, advisorship of Alpha Xi Delta, a National Fraternity for Women, and membership in the Alumni Council of Tufts College.

During the war she was a member of the American Red Cross First Aid and a member of Region V G2 Intelligence, Somerville, Massachusetts. Her other interests include adult education and education for cancer prevention.

Miss Atwater has an unusual friendliness and an amazing ability for making you feel at ease. She likes Lasell and feels "right at home", which in turn is the way she makes Lasell feel . . . "right at home".

Lois Kenyon

Mrs. French joined the Lasell faculty this year as an instructor in English literature, drama, and creative writing. Her southern accent leads one to believe that she is a native-born Southerner. Really, she was born north of the Mason-Dixon line, in Corydon, Indiana.

Mrs. French received her B.A. degree from Oberlin College in 1922. She then gained experience by teaching in the Middle West and in the South for twelve years. She returned to school and received her Master's Degree in English and French from Birmingham Southern College. She perfected her French by touring through France during the summers of 1936 and 1937.

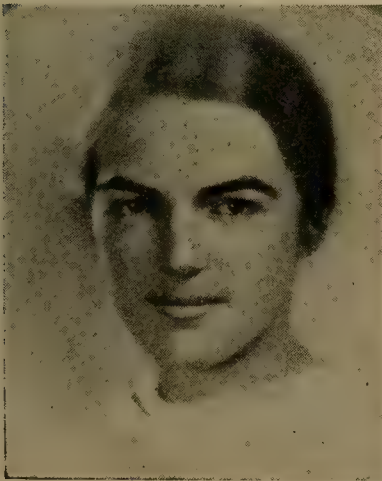
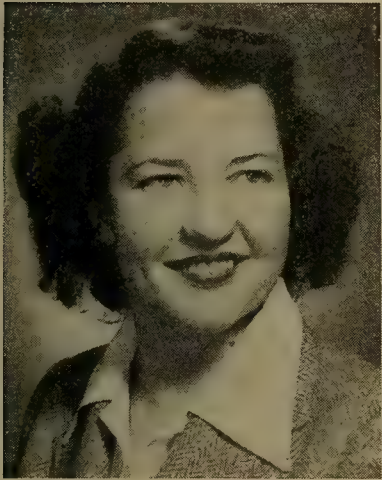
Mrs. French pursued her education even further by taking post-graduate courses at the University of Wisconsin, Middlebury College, Boston University, and Radcliffe College. She stayed in New England, then, and taught English at Brookline High School.

Her hobby is photography, but she says that she does not know as much about it as she would like to know. Another interest is centered in music, and she has studied at the New England Conservatory of Music.

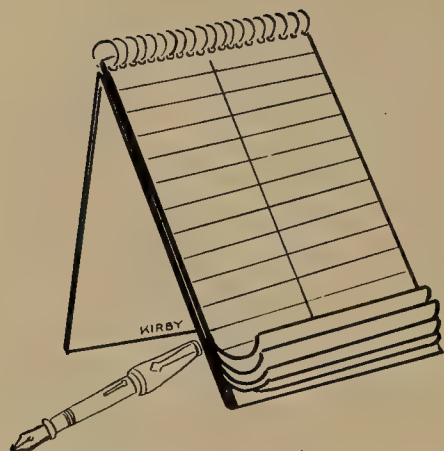
Her present home is in Jamaica Plain, and she commutes to Lasell. Mrs. French says she is enjoying her teaching at Lasell, and likes working with the girls because they are so cooperative.

Jean MacNeil





*Top row: Mrs. Krebs, Mrs. French; Middle row: Miss Watt, Miss Reed;
Bottom row: Miss Atwood, Mrs. Barry*



ONE of the many new instructors seen around the campus is Miss Harriet Atwood, who is teaching typing and shorthand.

Born in Boston, Massachusetts, Miss Atwood has her true home in New Hampshire. Temporarily, she is living in Brookline, and she commutes from there every day.

Miss Atwood attended the Brookline High School and the Oak Grove School in Maine. She also studied at Boston University where she received a Bachelor of Science Degree at the Practical Arts and Letters School. The following year she was awarded a Masters Degree in History for her graduate work.

Miss Atwood, who formerly taught the commercial course at the Plymouth High School in Plymouth, New Hampshire, spent the last four years in Washington working for the Air Transport Command. She did government work in Cincinnati and Nashville as well as in Washington.

As to her pastimes and hobbies, Miss Atwood enjoys canoeing, swimming, tennis and knitting. Hiking, especially in the White Mountains, is one of the firsts on her list of amusements. But above all other things, she enjoys working in her flower garden and painting her new home.

Also while in Washington, she held a part-time position with *Time Magazine*. Miss

Atwood really enjoys writing, but never seems to find enough time for it.

Miss Atwood thinks that Lasell is really wonderful, and she knows that, when she gets to know everyone, she'll like it even more.

Marilyn Heller

"NO SHE is not a student; she's the new gym teacher." That's the answer which is often given about Miss Jean Watt, the new physical education instructor here at Lasell. Miss Watt, who is small (five foot one and a half inches to be exact) has short, light brown hair, and lively hazel eyes which reveal her abundant energy. She graduated from Bowling Green State University where she received her Bachelor of Science Degree.

Miss Watt first became interested in physical education while in high school where she participated in every sport. All sports appeal to her, but softball is listed as her favorite. Like many other New Englanders, Miss Watt, who hails from Needham, is a rabid Red Sox fan. At Lasell, she is in charge of field hockey and sincerely hopes to form a good aggressive team which will be a credit to Lasell. Before she came here, she taught at Endicott Junior College in Beverly.

One of her many hobbies is collecting miniature animals, and at the moment she has quite a large collection. Miss Watt is interested in photography, likes to play bridge, and always enjoys a good drama. "I like the friendliness of Lasell," said she. "Both the faculty and the students are wonderful and make you feel very much at home."

Anne Scarlatos



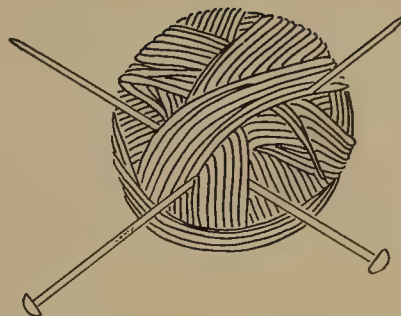
IF YOU happen to be a day hop, you've probably seen smiling, brown-eyed Ruth E. Barry commuting from her home in Boston to Auburndale. Mrs. Barry is the new art instructor at Lasell where she has classes in the History of Fine Arts, Fashion Illustration, Drawing and Painting.

A staunch New Yorker, Mrs. Barry was born in Staten Island. In 1940 she drove to California and back, covering the middle and northern states. The trip took six weeks in the summer, and during her western tour she visited San Francisco, the Redwood National Forest, and Yellowstone National Park. The place which impressed her the most, however, was the Grand Canyon in Arizona. According to Mrs. Barry, it is a sight you never forget, and one which grows more awesome and wondrous as time passes.

Mrs. Barry attended Syracuse University for four years, and received her master of arts degree from Columbia Teachers' College in New York City in 1945. Before coming to Lasell she taught at the New York Mills High School in Utica, New York.

In her spare moments Mrs. Barry likes to ride horseback and read, although she never seems to have enough time for books as she would like. She also admitted a great interest in raising tropical fish.

This November has marked the end of her first year of living in Boston. Until she came to Lasell Mrs. Barry had never really seen New England despite her various travels. Of both New England and Lasell she says enthusiastically, "I like it!" *Doris Smith*



Mrs. Ida G. Krebs, the new crafts teacher, fulfills the wish she made long ago for a home in New England. She is originally from Texas, where she attended Buckner Home Academy. Since that time Mrs. Krebs has traveled widely, making a tour of the States, Canada, Mexico and Bermuda. It was during the course of her travels that Mrs. Krebs first visited New England and learned to love the region. She is thrilled by the landscape, which she loves to sketch in pastels in her free time, and is stimulated by the hearty enthusiasm of the people.

Though she had no idea of ever teaching crafts, Mrs. Krebs' keen interest in the subject led her to study weaving at the University of Minnesota and arts and crafts at the University of Cincinnati.

With the outbreak of war she began knitting for the soldiers, and when the wounded started returning to this country, she entered the field of occupational therapy.

Mrs. Krebs believes that interest in handcrafts is steadily increasing. Old-fashioned stitchery, crewel and tapestry work is fast coming back in the public eye. It is her desire to stimulate an appreciation and interest for this work in her students, for she feels they will receive much happiness from the personal achievement it affords. Also, in later life, they may spend many hours of pleasure beautifying their own homes.

Now Mrs. Krebs is attending a series of lectures on plastics. She is anxious to be adept in their use and handling, because she wants her students to work with them as well as pottery, metal, leather and needle work.

Other than handcrafts, Mrs. Krebs' favor-

ite pastimes are golf and horseback-riding. She likes the out-of-doors and whenever time and weather permit, she goes out to draw the landscapes which she loves so much.

Melva Gonzalez

We have with us at Lasell this year Miss Jane Reed, a new instructor of typing and shorthand.

Miss Reed arrived back in the United States on October 4, 1945, after having served overseas with the Women's Army Corps for two years. During the first part of her army career, she was stationed at Fort Devens and Fort Oglethorpe in this country. Then after three months she was sent to Europe where she did clerical work with the Allied Force Headquarters.

While stationed overseas, she saw many

interesting places. When in Cairo, she and her friends climbed the famous pyramids. She also visited Palestine and the Isle of Capri, which stands out in her memory as a most beautiful spot.

Miss Reed is from Salem, Massachusetts, and is a graduate of the Salem Teachers' College. Before going into the army, she taught secretarial subjects at high schools in Mansfield and Boylston.

She recently received her degree as Master of Education from Boston University. Since her discharge from the service, she has also been a secretary at the Harvard Athletic Association and at the Beverly Hospital.

Horseback riding and sewing are among her many interests.

At Lasell, Miss Reed is living in Haskell House.

Genevieve Hurley

Faculty and Administration Notes

Miss Anita Rivers Wass, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond C. Wass of Auburndale, was married on Sept. 15, 1946, to Mr. Chandler Burpee, Jr. at Hanover, Mass. Mr. Wass is assistant to Dr. Guy M. Winslow.

Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln W. Fitts (*Florence Dudley*, teacher of home economics '21-'26) have sold their home in Waban, Mass., and moved to R.F.D. 1, Peterborough, N. H.

Miss Dorothy F. Johnson, science instructor at Lasell during the second semester, '31-'32, and in '41-'42, is teaching at Briarcliff Junior College, Briarcliff Manor, N. Y. During the last two years she was a member of the science department of the Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston, teaching anatomy and physiology.

Mrs. Margaret Andrews Winters, science instructor '37-'39, has moved from Arlington, Va., to New Jersey where her husband, Mr. Robert A. Winters, is professor of economics at Rutgers University. They have three daughters, Joan, Dorothy and Mary.

On Oct. 11, 1946, the wedding anniver-

sary of her parents and of her brother and sister-in-law, Miss Helen Mae Miley, faculty '40-'43, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Henry Miley of Winchester, Mass., was married to Mr. Ray Savage Braden, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Braden of Boise, Idaho. Mrs. Harrie W. Miley (*Lois Lapham*, '40), sister-in-law of the bride, was matron of honor. Mr. Braden, a mechanical draftsman with the Elliott Addressing Machine Co. of Cambridge, is attending Lincoln Technical Institute.

A son, Edward Shannon Watts, was born Aug. 6, 1946 to Mr. and Mrs. George F. Watts (*Mary Hughes*, faculty '42-'43) of Chicago, Ill.

Betty Schmidt Krause (Mrs. Paul Krause), instructor in art from 1942 to 1946, was a visitor at Lasell in September. She has gone to New York to study at Teachers College, Columbia University, from which she hopes to receive her M.A. degree next year.

Mr. and Mrs. Mack Derick of Orleans, Vt., have announced the engagement of their

daughter, *Miss Ilene Laura Derick*, '41, to Mr. Richard F. Whelpley, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Whelpley of Weston, Mass. Miss Derick is secretary to Miss Ruth Rothenberger, Lasell's dean. Mr. Whelpley, who attended Northeastern University, is the nephew of Mrs. *Florence Dudley Fitts*, faculty '21-'26.

Mrs. Elvia Spaulding Davis who was in-

structor in Secretarial Science is now living at home.

Dr. Neilson Campbell Hannay who was instructor in English is now head of the English Department at Suffolk Law School.

Miss Lillian E. Wychunas (Mrs. Al Davison) instructor in Secretarial Studies was married on September 28, 1946 and will live in Brockton, Massachusetts.



Incident on Luzon

ABOUT three weeks after V-J Day, I went by car, with three other girls and two enlisted men, into the mountains of Luzon. We had canteens of water and K-rations. After arduous roaring, climbing, and skidding, we made the top to find tucked into a well-protected gulley the last outpost of a guerrilla army composed of Filipinos, Chinese and a mixed composite of the Orient. Our 2½-ton truck was immediately surrounded by a mob of chattering, gesticulating, poorly clothed, but enthusiastic brown men. They were making so much noise as they fussed and milled about us that we frankly became worried. It was all very new and strange, and they were armed to the teeth with long knives, guns and such war-like paraphernalia. We were utterly weaponless. Besides, what could two men and four women do?

Subsequently, an American, clad only in running pants, came striding through the mob. Greetings were exchanged; we were assured all was safe, though he reprimanded us for being in the area at all.

At this point we decided to give these barbarians a touch of civilization and entertainment. So, in imitation of an USO troop, we began to render "Old Black Joe" in our best four-part harmony. There wasn't a sound until after we finished, and then the roar was like the Boston Garden. We all

felt like missionaries bringing the heathen a touch of refinement. I inwardly compared our two different ways of living, and my heart swelled with sympathy for them, these raw, uncouth examples of ignorant humanity.

In response to our concert four long-haired, wild-looking, unkempt, swarthy-skinned, ageless, Oriental males got together over a guitar, squabbled among themselves for a moment, and yelled "shaddup" to the milling audience until the area was breathless with expectation. Then suddenly they burst into song with "Saturday Night Is the Loneliest Night of the Week"! In English!

We were flabbergasted—to put it mildly. They made our "Old Black Joe" sound like the work of a moon-sick dog. A gnarled Ghandi-like gnome, less than four feet tall, pushed his way to the tailboard of our truck and grinned toothlessly up at us. He looked old enough to be a hundred, but the others propped him up on the truck, and with beguiling, flirtatious glances in our direction he squeaked, "En yo hesta bunnut, wi ul da feeils spon et." "Chattanooga Choo Choo" in the very best of enticing boogie woogie style followed next. We knew when we were beaten.

We teach them? Our self-made USO ego was deflated as a result of a new and elevated esteem for the Filipino people.

Virginia Amesbury



S. WHIPPLE



W. CARTER

The Modern Dance

ONE of the most popular organizations on the Lasell Campus is the Modern Dance Club under the excellent direction of Mrs. Jeanne Cousins. This group is made up of those students having outstanding ability in the art. Some of the girls have had years of ballet training, while still others have never done any dancing before. However, in spite of the varying degrees of experience, Mrs. Cousins is able to develop the club as a well organized and evenly constructed unit.

The officers of the club are: Doris Wemmell, president, and Sybil Frick, secretary. They, along with Mrs. Cousins and other old members, selected the new recruits for this year's group. The candidates for membership presented themselves for the tryouts, during which they were requested to do various simple basic dance techniques and one solo interpretation of a few bars of music. Those accepted were chosen because of their natural

rhythm and talent rather than previous training.

This year the club, in the role of hostess, is planning to hold a Dance Seminar with other junior colleges around Boston. The Lasell girls will present several selections consisting of Rounds, "Sweetly Raise the Donkey" and "Hi Ho"; technique, showing what basic methods the classes have included; other group dances, including a Russian dance, "It Ain't Necessarily So", and "I Got Rhythm"; and several solo numbers.

The second public appearance of the club will take place later in the year when the members will put on a program of dances for a Lasell audience. On this occasion, girls will try, through the medium of the dance, to interpret the emotions expressed in selected pieces of music.

The last dance program, presented at the annual June Fete before the Queen and her court, will be one of the highlights of graduation week.

Frances Oden



The War Years

THE richest and fullest years of my life were, oddly enough, the war years, a portion of which were spent serving in the Navy WAVES. When Pearl Harbor was attacked, I like millions of other Americans, was infuriated that any nation dare attack us. Also, like every one else, I wanted to do my share in destroying our enemies.

Because of illness I didn't receive any active duty orders for several months after I had been sworn into the Navy. However, in anticipation of the future, I had all my things in order—which was lucky because on September twenty-second my orders arrived, tell-

innoculations were no fun for our systems apparently didn't welcome the introduction of so many alien serums all at once. And it seemed as though we always had fire drills on the nights after our inoculations. To feel so miserable and to have to get out of our beds to go to a fire drill seemed unbearable.

Our lives had never before been so regimented, but at the same time, never had most of us enjoyed our days as much. We had had no idea that it was possible to cram so much into twenty-four hours.

After four weeks of the busy life, some two



V-J PARADE, HONOLULU

ing me to leave for Indoctrination Camp the next day.

Boot camp was about the hardest thing most of us had ever been through. It seemed as though we never had a spare minute to sit down and catch our breaths. We were aroused at the early hour of five-thirty A.M. From that moment until ten at night we were busy attending lectures, learning how to stow our gear and make beds Navy style, and trying to adjust ourselves to our new environment. Our physical examinations took about two hours, and of course we were given the famous "shots". The first set of

hundred of us took the train for Storekeepers School at Indiana University. We had been told that our life at school would be hard work, but we knew that it couldn't be more difficult than Boot Camp, so we felt happy about the prospect.

We were at the school just three months. During that time we learned how to make out Navy pay rolls, issue supplies to ships and shore installations, and order food to feed the hungry crews. However, the most important thing we learned during that time was how to live harmoniously with others and to respect their idiosyncrasies.

During the last week that we were in Indiana, an order of the day was posted telling us where we were to go from there. My heart was set on going to California, but to my sheer disappointment it was Boston—right back home. I felt like shedding bitter tears.

I was stationed at home for nine months, working in the Disbursing Office at the Harvard Navy V-12 Unit in Cambridge and later in Ship's Service at the Naval Frontier Base in East Boston. I liked my job and shipmates, but I still yearned to see more of the world, although there seemed to be no chance of it while in the Navy.

One evening as my mother and I were eating supper, we heard over the radio that a Congresswoman was introducing a bill that would send WAVES overseas. For two months I waited for this bill to be passed, and after what seemed like an eternity of suspense, our representatives in Washington decided that the WAVES should go. As soon as the bill became effective, I put in my application. Two weeks later I had orders to proceed to San Francisco for further assignment to Hawaii. My chance at last!

The trip to California was thrilling and the vastness and beauty of this country overwhelmed me. Although I shall never forget any of the trip, two incidents in particular stand out in my mind. When we reached North Platt, Nebraska, the train stopped and some Gold Star mothers were there with piping hot coffee and sandwiches for all service personnel headed for the coast.

We had a two-hour stop-over in Cheyenne, Wyoming. I started walking down the main street and as I looked up, I received the other great thrill. Ahead of me were stately snow-capped mountains reaching heavenward. No word picture or painting could describe the beauty of that scene.

We were in California only a short time, but while there we were busy getting "shots", attending lectures, and having our physicals. On Christmas morning, six of us with the Red Cross Field Director from our Distribution Center went to two Navy hospitals and

sang carols to the boys in the wards. The Director was dressed up as Santa Claus, and he carried a huge sack of cigarettes and candy for us to distribute to the patients. The visit was a surprise to even the hospital staff. Spending Christmas Day that way gave me a feeling of satisfaction, not only because we had brought comfort and cheer to those less fortunate than we, but also because it made us forget our pangs of homesickness.

Later on the same day we went aboard the SS *Matsonia* which was to take us to the "Paradise of the Pacific". We were on the ship seven days and nights and I didn't enjoy them. People at home had joked with me about sea-sickness but I only laughed at them. Little did I dream that they would have the final laugh on me. Sea-sickness is the most miserable feeling in the world.

Arriving at Honolulu was very exciting. Planes came out and circled above the ship to welcome us—the first draft of overseas WAVES. When we docked, the Royal Hawaiian Band was there to greet us. Indeed, every one was on hand, including our adored Admiral Nimitz.

I was assigned to the aviation warehouse and was the only WAVE on duty there. Being stationed at the largest naval air station in the world, our group was busy issuing out parts of planes, flight gear, and K-rations to flights going to Iwo Jima, Okinawa, Guam and places farther south. We soon learned to know the pilots and crews either by name or by sight, and so, of course, we always looked for their return home after a mission.

The flights usually left early in the evening and returned about dawn next day. Although I got used to the sounds of planes overhead, I would always wake up as soon as I heard the roar of the mighty fortresses arriving home after their missions. I don't know what made me wake up, but it invariably happened. We could tell by the loads if the missions were to be exceptionally dangerous, and on those occasions I'd get up, dress, and hurry over to the landing field at the first sound of return. Too often a few of the boys didn't come back from their mis-

sions. I never became "used" to that, as I was told I would. I kept thinking of their families and of the boys themselves—all so young and full of the joy of living. Watching damaged planes limp home, sometimes with an engine ready to ignite, was a common sight. There was never a moment in the day that we weren't conscious of war.

On Easter Sunday in 1945, the Protestants were holding a sunrise service in the outdoor theatre. All through the service our planes and those from Hickam Field flew over us. To me it seemed to be a direct contradiction of what our chaplain was saying about the meaning of Easter. It took the beauty out of the service for me and made war seem even uglier.

On the sea-plane side of the station, there was a passenger terminal where NATS and Pan-American planes landed. During the Iwo Jima and Okinawa campaigns, when our Navy was suffering such a terrific loss, NATS planes flew evacuee patients from "down under" to Honolulu. Until this time the terminal had been a noisy place, but when ambulance after ambulance was picking up these wounded boys, there was a hushed silence all around.

When our boys captured Manila, they also freed the internees at Santo Thomas prison camp. A few of the Navy families came to Honolulu by a NATS plane, there waiting for further passage to the mainland. As our WAVE barracks were not full, we turned the upper floor of our hut over to these people. One evening we had a meeting in the smoker and one of the Navy wives told us a little of the life in prison. She was a woman in her late sixties and for three whole years she had slept on a wooden desk, with nothing under her except a jacket as a pillow. Life had been very hard for these people. As she started to talk about the Japs, she'd look around the room to see if any were listening. She couldn't realize that she was free and among friends.

When the news of the surrender of the Japanese came over the radio, it was the middle of the night for us. The girl who

had night watch came running into the dormitory and shouted to us that the war was over. Everyone of us jumped out of bed and dashed into the smoker to listen to the radio. The reactions of the girls were many and varied. Some let the tears of joy and sadness flow—that for so long they had fought to keep back; a few were off by themselves thanking the God that they had so faithfully prayed to during the war; while still others were so stunned by the news that they couldn't do or say anything. An hour or so later we heard that the news had not been confirmed as yet, but that didn't dampen our spirits.

Later that afternoon the news was verified and we heard President Truman tell his fellow Americans that the war between the United States and Japan was over.

That night hundreds of searchlights played over the city that just a few years before had been attacked. We didn't do as much celebrating as the people at home did, for most of us showed our gratitude by attending the services prepared by our chaplains.

The next day twenty-five of us from my station were chosen to march in the V-J Day parade in Honolulu. It was the largest parade the Islands had ever seen. We were in formation for five hours under the hot tropical sun. There also was a gigantic air show and fifteen hundred planes went winging over Oahu. It was a spectacle that not many of us have the opportunity to witness in peace time.

In November I received my orders to go back to the mainland for discharge. It was wonderful to see San Francisco's Golden Gate and to be home again. As we stood on the deck looking out at the beautiful old city of San Francisco, most of us were speechless in our delight.

New England girls were separated in New York and stayed there only forty-eight hours. On November twenty-fifth, we gathered in the auditorium for the exercises. In order to receive our discharge certificates, we had to go up on the stage—one at a time. When we reached the stage, we saluted the flag and

most of us were filled with emotion, as we knew our Navy days were over.

It was wonderful to come home and be with my family and friends again, but I hated to leave the Navy. Even now I'm lonesome for the old life.

Yes, indeed, those years were rich and full. I made many friends, saw new places, and although the life was hard at times, I had never been as happy. And above all, I was a member of the greatest Navy in the world and in a very small way, I helped win the war.

Helen King



Lasell Relatives 1946-47

As in past years, the student body at Lasell includes many relatives of former graduates. Barbara Ashley has the distinction of being the first great-granddaughter in our midst; she is descended from Laura Haskell Judkins, '60-'62. There are also one step-granddaughter and one grandniece enrolled, as well as

ten daughters. The largest group consists of cousins, there being twenty-seven in all, and twenty-four sisters of alumnae and four pairs of sisters are attending classes this year. The list of Lasell relations is completed by the presence of eight nieces and one sister-in-law.

Ahner, Elizabeth G.
Ashley, Barbara
Ayres, Jane
Barry, Mary C.
Bolster, Bettylou }
Bolster, Sallyann }
Brady, Elizabeth J.

Brown, Brenda B.

Buffum, Cora L.
Burns, Ada B.
Caulfield, Rosemarie
Clay, Helen }
Clay, Phyllis }
Collett, Nancy
Collignon, Jean
Corbin, Susan M.

Cross, Olive L.
Culver, Betty J.

Cummings, Evelyn
Davis, Mary
Demirjian, Norma
Diamond, Olga J.
Dillon, Jeanne L.
Edsall, Jane
Fallon, Margaret A.

sister of June Ahner, '45
great granddaughter of Laura Haskell Judkins, '60-'62
daughter of Esther Alden Ayres, '13-'14
sister of Margaret M. Barry, '41-'42
{ sisters at Lasell
{ cousins of Nancy Weber
sister of Margaret A. Brady, '45
cousin of Elizabeth Clark Fryling, '32
daughter of Thelma Bills Brown, '22-'24
niece of Eleanor Bills Rickard, '25-'26
cousin of Jayne Jewett, '40
daughter of Roxana Stark Burns, '18
sister of Marguerite V. Caulfield, '41-'42

sisters at Lasell

daughter of Ethelle Cleale Collett, '22
cousin of Florence Mallgraf, x-'47
step-granddaughter of Alice Hillard Smith Corbin,

Trustee and former faculty

step-niece of Barbara Smith Huntington, '22
sister of Miriam Cross Rowell, '40
sister of Nona Culver Hanson, x-'46
cousin of Betty Allyn Beecher, '40
cousin of Marjorie L. Allyn, '42
daughter of Helen Pope Cummings, '12-'15
sister of Dorothy Davis Williams, '40
cousin of Gloria Martin, '43
cousin of Sophia Regas, '37
sister of Marjory A. Dillon, x-'45
cousin of Barbara Snook
cousin of Gretchen Yost

LASELL LEAVES

FitzGerald, Jean M. }
 FitzGerald, Joan M. }
 Gavitt, Betsey S.

Hanson, Margaret M.
 Harney, M. Elizabeth }
 Harney, Priscilla }
 Heagy, Jean E.
 Hinchliffe, Dorothy M.
 Hurley, Genevieve A.
 Jenks, Mary L.
 Jensen, Julia L.
 Johnson, Ann C.
 Johnson, Florence L.
 Keeney, Florence E.

Kesseli, Marcia I.
 Koempel, Madeleine

Lambert, Joan
 Lane, Janet

Maxson, Mary Starr

McLucas, Lois M.

Meyer, Mary J.
 Morss, Virginia B.
 Munro, Eleanor T.
 Murray, Mayanne
 Oden, Frances C.

Parker, Nancy A.
 Pierce, Lorraine G.
 Pinney, Barbara J.
 Post, Laura K.
 Quilty, Rosemary A.
 Redden, Ruth E.
 Secatore, Gloria A.
 Snook, Barbara
 Stone, Priscilla T.

Stupak, Nancy M.
 Thorndike, Doris E.
 Trott, E. Jane
 Ward, Muriel S.
 Weber, Nancy M.

Whipple, Sally A.
 Wilson, Alice A.
 Winslow, Dolores S.
 Yost, Gretchen

sisters at Lasell

cousin of Barbara R. Fales, '40
 cousin of Jane Fales Miner, '39
 sister of Harriet Hanson Nelson, '41

sisters at Lasell

sister of Dorothy M. Heagy, '41
 sister of Ritamae T. Hinchliffe, '38
 sister of Mary V. Hurley, '42
 cousin of Myrtie Marshall Cochrane, '34
 sister of Jane Jensen Bailey, '34
 niece of Jennie Johnson Brewster, '05-'06
 cousin of Miriam L. Ellsworth, '24
 daughter of Maude Hayden Keeney, '16
 niece of Ruth D. Hayden, '20
 sister of Carolyn A. Kesseli, '45
 cousin of Linda Koempel, x-'47
 cousin of Betty Polhemus Parker, '42
 niece of Ruth Beckley Brown, x-'29
 daughter of Pauline Rowland Lane, '11-'12
 sister of Wilmine Lane Humphreys, '33-'38
 sister of Marjorie Lane, '45-'46
 daughter of Mary Starr Utter Maxson, '12
 cousin of Nancy Chesebrough, x-'47
 niece of Doris Wilson Lehnors, '25-'27
 niece of Edith Wilson Akins, '23-'24
 cousin of Anita S. McAuliffe, '46
 sister of Marjorie Morss Smith, '41
 sister of Marion I. Munro, '45
 daughter of Maura McCarthy Murray, '22-'23
 niece of Carita Palmer Moffett, '14-'15
 cousin of Eloise J. Moffett, '43
 cousin of Jean Berry Yongue, '38
 cousin of Patricia Gunning Muller, '42
 cousin of Millicent Thomson Hammer, '33
 cousin of Helen Dermon Mertz, x-'33
 sister of Dorothy Quilty Flynn, '42
 niece of Virginia Dove Redden, '30-'31
 cousin of Marie A. Orsini, x-'47
 cousin of Jane Edsall
 sister of Dorothy Stone Faino, '41
 sister-in-law of Phyllis Atkinson Stone, '34
 sister of Virginia V. Stupak, '43
 daughter of Gladys Thorpe Thorndike, '14-'15
 sister of Marjorie Trott Locsin, x-'37
 sister of Janice Ward, Mar.-June '44
 cousin of Bettylou Bolster
 cousin of Sallyann Bolster
 grandniece of Esther Parker Billington, '05-'06
 sister of Jacqueline Wilson, '43
 sister of Patricia Winslow, x-'47
 cousin of Margaret Fallon



PERSONALS



Weddings

Corinne Cowdrey, '30, and Mr. Richard Fletcher Murray (Northeastern, '31), Sept. 28, 1946 at Needham, Mass. *Barbara Cowdrey Alexik*, '32, was matron of honor for her sister. Mr. Murray served with the Navy for three years.

Ruth Bee, '31, and Mr. Paul Edwin Jackson (Illinois, x-'25), Jan. 18, 1946 at Belvedere, Calif. Mr. Jackson is an engineer.

Eleanor Idler, '31, and Mr. Russell P. Johnson (University of Minnesota, x-'32), Feb. 1946. Eleanor met Mr. Johnson, an Army engineer, while serving with the Red Cross in India.

Evelyn Davis, x-'31, and Mr. Harold Russell Sullivan, Oct. 1, 1946 at Needham, Mass. Mr. Sullivan is a United States Deputy Marshal.

Marguerite Kennedy, x-'33, and Mr. Charles H. Tannenbaum, May 25, 1946 at Englewood, N. J.

Dorothy Ell, '36, and Mr. Judson Scott Strong (Dartmouth), Sept. 21, 1946 at Newtonville, Mass. *Priscilla Hay Nichols*, '36, was matron of honor, and *Deborah York*, '36, and *Virginia Johnston Loud*, '36, were bridesmaids. Mr. Strong, an insurance broker, served with the Navy four years, three of them in the Dutch West Indies.

Winifred W. Aldrich, '38, and Capt. Tom E. Chapoton, Jr., USAAF (Texas A. and M., '40), Aug. 17, 1946 at Washington, D. C.

Mary E. Irish, '38, and Mr. William N. Ludlum, July 19, 1946 at Bloomfield, N. J. *Gene Irish Fraser*, '43, was matron of honor for her sister. Mr. Ludlum is with the Special Division of Grand Union Co.

Mary P. King, '38, and Mr. Norris C. Andrews (University of New Mexico, '39; Yale Architectural School, '47), Jan. 12, 1946 at New Haven, Conn.

Lt. Edwina Kelley, NNC, '36-'37 Special, and Mr. Alden Richardson Taylor, Jr. (Colgate, '41), Aug. 3,

1946 at South Berwick, Maine. During the war Mr. Taylor served as a naval lieutenant in the European theater.

Nancy Allen, '39, and Mr. Paul W. Schmetzer (Rutgers, '34), June 1, 1946 at Newark, N. J.

Rachel V. Reed, '39, and Mr. Lloyd Wilfred Griffin (University of Maine, '41), Aug. 29, 1946 at Orono, Maine. Both Mr. and Mrs. Griffin are studying for a master's degree at the University of Maine, where Mr. Griffin is an instructor of English.

Helen C. Pappas, High School '38, and Mr. John Crane, Oct. 20, 1946 at Boston, Mass. Mr. Crane served four years in the Quartermaster Corps, and for a number of months was stationed in England.

Estelle Friedstein, '40, and Mr. Robert Philip Ratzkoff (University of Virginia), Oct. 27, 1946 at Brookline, Mass. Mr. Ratzkoff served with the Navy four years in the Atlantic, Pacific and Mediterranean theaters. *Adele Friedstein Schaye*, '40, was an attendant for her sister.

Priscilla Miller, '40, and Mr. Warren Charles Light (Tufts College School of Engineering), Aug. 24, 1946 at Medford, Mass. Mr. Light has re-entered Tufts after serving with the Naval Air Corps for three years.

Marjorie J. Talcott, '40, and Mr. James L. Johnson, Jr. (Millsaps College, '40), June 8, 1946. *Helen L. Keenan*, x-'42, was maid of honor. Mr. Johnson is an accountant for Texaco, New York City.

Marjorie L. Achorn, x-'40, and Lt. Col. John S. Gerety, USA, General Staff (Norwich, '37), May 25, 1946 at Fort Myer, Va. Col. Gerety's sister, *Elizabeth*, attended Lasell during 1935-36.

Hilda M. Cook, x-'40, and Mr. Edward H. Malouf, Oct. 12, 1946 at Montreal, Quebec.

Imogene Caney, '41, and Mr. Davis L. Fair, Jr. (University of Mississippi), Aug. 28, 1946 at New York City. *Dorothy Macomber*, '41, was an attendant.

Mr. Fair is in the lumber business in Louisville, Miss. *Kathryn P. Davis*, '41, and Mr. A. Robert Almeida (M.I.T., '44), at Brighton, Mass. Mr. Almeida is a chemical engineer.

Gage W. Titcomb, '41, and Mr. Arnold Fredrick Walden (Northeastern), Oct. 19, 1946 at Belmont, Mass. *Doris Wanless Stacey*, '41, was a bridesmaid. During the war Mr. Walden served overseas for 27 months as an Army captain.

Clara M. Voorhis, '41, and Mr. Richard Henry Coolidge (Brown, '21), July 12, 1946 at Oradell, N. J. Mr. Coolidge is superintendent of agents for Aetna Casualty and Surety Co.

Constance Courtois, '42, and Mr. F. William Gillen (University of Illinois), Sept. 17, 1946 at Waverley, Mass.

Yvonne A. Gardner, '42, and Mr. John Andrew Noël (Mt. St. Mary's College, '41; graduate student at University of Maryland), Sept. 2, 1946 at Middletown, N. Y.

Nancy N. Gorton, '42, and Mr. Austin Ross (Harvard, '43), Aug. 24, 1946 at Glastonbury, Conn. *Elizabeth Gorton Collier*, '43, was attendant for her sister, who is the daughter of *Laura Hale Gorton*, '16. Mr. Ross received his discharge from the Navy last March and has returned to Harvard to complete his senior year.

Elizabeth Terry Graham, '42, and Mr. Robert Joseph Lynch (Tufts, '44), Aug. 17, 1946 at Medford, Mass.

Katherine F. Nannery, '42, and Mr. Frederick James Carr, Jr. (Harvard; Boston University Law School), Sept. 11, 1946 at Swampscott, Mass.

Anne M. Locke, High School '40-'41, and Mr. Howard Haman, Jr. (Kalamazoo College, '42), Sept. 20, 1946, at Three Oaks, Mich.

Marcia R. Monaghan, High School '40-'41, and Mr. Edwin E. Schulz (Utah State Agricultural College), Apr. 28, 1946 at Wellesley, Mass. After he completes his course in sociology at Utah, Mr. Schulz will go into welfare work. During the war he was a staff sergeant in the Army.

Marie L. Good, '43, and Mr. Leland Eugene Ashman (University of California at Los Angeles, '43), July 14, 1946 at Dorchester, Mass. Mr. Ashman, a former lieutenant (junior grade) in the Naval Reserve, is a physicist at the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Clarice J. Lothrop, '43, and Mr. Robert W. Davin, July 19, 1946 at Brookline, Mass. *Frances Beebe*, '43, was the bride's only attendant.

Nathalie A. Monge, '43, and Lt. Morris Fraser Stoddard, Jr., Air Corps, AUS (Sacramento Junior College, x-'44), Aug. 3, 1946 at Wakefield, Mass. *Judy Morrison*, '43, was a bridesmaid.

Janet M. Reid, '43, and Mr. Bruce Mason Sherwin (Maine Maritime Academy, '44; Brown), July 20, 1946 at Bangor, Maine.

Barbara J. Scott, '43, and Mr. Richard Wilson (Dartmouth, '46), July 5, 1946 at Barre Vt. *Betty*

Walker, '43, and *Frances Beebe*, '43, were bridesmaids. Mr. Wilson entered the College of Law of Syracuse University in September.

E. Sue White, '43, and Mr. William Lawrence Wolfe (New York State College, '39), Sept. 20, 1946 at Portland, Maine. Mr. Wolfe is a foreman at General Electric.

Jean W. Bosché, x-'43, and Mr. Gordon Dillingham Boyd (Boston University), Aug. 24, 1946 at West Medford, Mass. Mr. Boyd, an insurance adjuster, served as an officer in the Air Transport Command in the Pacific for two years.

Gloria S. Boyd, '44, and Mr. Bruce Allen MacDougall (U. S. Merchant Marine Academy, '44), Sept. 27, 1946 at New York City. *Dorothy Nickerson*, '44, *Joan Seaman*, High School '42-'43, and *Enid Hughes*, '43, were bridesmaids. Mr. MacDougall is shipping manager for the Allen Industries, Linden, N. J.

Dorothy B. Carll, '44, and Mr. Donald A. Pickering (Tufts Dental School, '46), July 7, 1946 at Bay Head, N. J. *Betsy Maynard*, '44, was an attendant.

Elaine R. Curtiss, '44, and Mr. Arthur V. Dillon, Dec. 28, 1945 at Mobile, Ala. Mr. Dillon, a partner in Dillon Bros. Trucking Co., was discharged from the U. S. Navy in June after four and one-half years' service.

Shirley J. Haviland, '44, and Ens. E. Melvin Woody, USNR (Indiana, x-'44, Purdue V-12, '44-'45), July 6, 1946 at Asbury Park, N. J. Mr. Woody's terminal leave ended July 7; he is at present with Dun and Bradstreet, New York City.

Elizabeth Maynard, '44, and Lt. (jg) William Russell Staples, USNR, DC (Tufts; Tufts Dental School, '46), July 27, 1946 at San Antonio, Tex. *Dorothy Carll Pickering*, '44, was matron of honor.

Jane Mehaffey, '44, and Mr. Leonard Perry Wolfe, Jr. (University of New Hampshire, '48), Sept. 7, 1946 at Eden Park, R. I. Mr. Wolfe, a Navy veteran, is the son of *Priscilla Alden Wolfe*, '19, brother of *Virginia Wolfe Perkins*, '44, and nephew of *Priscilla Wolfe Scarth*, '23.

Elizabeth Rhind, '44, and Mr. Kenneth Walker Lee (Northeastern University, '43), Aug. 10, 1946 at Newtonville, Mass. Mr. Lee is a claims adjuster for Liberty Mutual Insurance Co., Boston.

June Trani, '44, and Mr. Robert Glenn Hyssong, USN, Aug. 17, 1946 at Lexington, Mass.

Marilyn G. Babbitt, '45, and Mr. Richard Lee Cooper (Lafayette; Georgia Tech.), Apr. 20, 1946 at New York City. *Carol Hauber*, '45, was maid of honor.

Jane Baringer, '45, and Mr. Maurice S. Price (Lehigh), June 29, 1946 at Ridgewood, N. J. *Shirley Phillips*, x-'45, was maid of honor, and *Jane Schalscha*, '45, *Pri Robbins*, '45, *Florence Loizeaux*, '45, and *Barbara Preuss*, '45, were bridesmaids.

Marguerite Hunting, '45, and Mr. Charles A. Dupuis, Jr. (University of Pennsylvania), Aug. 10, 1946 at Albany, N. Y. The bridegroom's sister, *Gloria Dupuis Conchar*, x-'45, was matron of honor, and

Joan Hunting, '43, sister of the bride, was a bridesmaid.

Jean E. Logue, '45, and Lt. George Byron Kaknes, USA, MC, Oct. 12, 1946 at Woburn, Mass.

Nancy L. Muzzey, '45, and Mr. Ralph Taylor Woodrow (Norwich, x-'46; University of Missouri, '47), Aug. 14, 1946 at Orange, Mass. *Elaine Macdonald*, '45, and *Priscilla Turnbull McGreevy*, '45, were attendants. Mr. Woodrow served with the Army in Europe.

Priscilla Peters, '45, and Mr. Howell Keith Cargile (Brown, x-'47), Oct. 19, 1946 at Mt. Vernon, N. Y. Mr. Cargile is an engineer with the American Locomotive Co.

Virginia M. Phillips, '45, and Mr. Richard Kimball Messier, Oct. 26, 1946 at Worcester, Mass. Mr. Messier was recently discharged from the Navy.

Priscilla Robbins, '45, and Mr. Richard Louis Stahl (Texas A. and M.; Southern Methodist), Aug. 10, 1946 at Ridgewood, N. J. *Berniss Coyne* was maid of honor. Mr. Stahl served for two and one-half years with the Army Transport Command.

Dorothea H. Kord, x-'45, and Mr. Ronald Flight Scott (Massachusetts Maritime Academy), Oct. 19, 1946 at Belmont, Mass. Mr. Scott served as a lieutenant (senior grade) with the Merchant Marine.

Joanne S. Leggett, x-'45, and Mr. Richard W. Miner (Duke), June 29, 1946 at Ashtabula, Ohio. Mr. Miner is a sophomore at Duke University, Durham, N. C.

Carolie J. Abrams, '46, and Dr. Frederick Urban Bowers, Sept. 19, 1946 at Dearborn, Mich. The bride is the niece of *Carolie Abrams Painter*, '17-'19, and *Thirza Abrams Arrowsmith*, '21.

Harriet L. Puffer, '46, and Mr. Francis Peter Canty, Sept. 26, 1946 at Manchester, N. H.

Elizabeth Reed, '46, and Mr. Robert Bruce Hanna (Worcester Tech., '50), Aug. 31, 1946 at Worcester, Mass. *Barbara Bowers Piplar*, '46, was an attendant.

Nan Somerville, '46, and Mr. John Sherman Blowney (University of Michigan, '45), June 22, 1946 at Isles of Shoals, N. H. Mr. Blowney attended the pre-midshipman school at Princeton and received his commission with the Twelfth Reserve Battalion from the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md. He was recently discharged as an ensign with the USNR after duty in the Pacific.

Anne Valentine, '46, and Mr. Newell Hamilton Foster, Jr., Sept. 1, 1946 at Newcastle, Maine. Mr. Foster, who served overseas with the Second Armored Division, is employed at Lincoln Industries, Brunswick, Maine. Anne is the granddaughter of Mr. Charles Valentine, Lasell trustee, and Mrs. Valentine.

Kathryn L. Woolaver, '46, and Mr. George Eugene Parsons, Aug. 3, 1946 at Belmont, Mass. Kay's roommate, *Joan Walker*, '46, was an attendant.

Meri Zanleoni, '46, and Mr. Charles Henry Goyette, Jr. (University of Vermont Medical School, '49; pre-medical at Middlebury and Bates), Aug. 26, 1946 at Barre, Vt. *Jean Hopkins*, '46, was maid of honor, and *Judith Greenough*, '46, one of six bridesmaids.

Joanne G. Burgess, '45-'46 Special, and Mr. Paul Bourget, USCG (Worcester Academy, x-'47), Sept. 20, 1946 at Brockton, Mass.

Lois A. Jennings, x-'47, and Mr. Oscar F. Falling, Jr. (Dartmouth), Aug. 24, 1946 at Waltham, Mass. *Patricia Martin*, '45-'46 Special, was an attendant. Mr. Falling, recently discharged from the Naval Air Corps, has returned to Dartmouth.

Florence E. Mallgraf, x-'47, and Mr. Walter Otto Scholkopf, Oct. 19, 1946 at Bayside, N. Y. The bride's cousin, *Jean Collignon*, '47, was maid of honor. Mr. Scholkopf served with the Army Air Corps for three years; is now in construction business with his father.

Louise G. McTague, x-'47, and Mr. Bruce S. Jewett, at Hanover, Mass. Mr. Jewett recently returned from 30 months' service with the U. S. Naval Reserve in the Pacific area.

D. Virginia Snow, x-'47, and Mr. Charles W. Ehmann, Jr., Sept. 21, 1946 at Bourne, Mass.

Barbara Somerville, x-'47, and Mr. Lee Broglio (Amherst), Oct. 26, 1946 at Plandome Manor, N. Y.

Engaged

Yvette Harrington, '37, to Dr. William T. Van Huyen; *Ruth A. (Kupe) Shepard*, '39, to Eugene L. Cushman, II; *Julia Rankin*, '40 to William W. Sprague; *Ilene L. Derick*, '41, to Richard F. Whelpley; *Jeanne Partisch*, '41, to William H. McCall, Jr.; *Madeline D. Vivian*, '41, to Howard E. Murphy; *Dorothy M. Quilty*, '42, to Peter L. Flynn, Jr.; *Marjorie E. Ray*, '42, to Eben Greenleaf Blackett; *Helen Raymond*, '42, to John A. Schwable; *Barbara B. Rockwell*, '42, to Arthur Tweddle; *Jean Wilkinson*, '43, to Cecil Earnest; *Norma Badger*, '44, to Howard T. Grant; *Gretchen Fuller*, '45, to Robert B. Beers; *Eleanor R. Murphy*, '45, to Herbert J. Casey, Jr.; *Ruth E. Secord*, '45, to Joseph D. Hayes, Jr.; *Carryll K. Donovan*, x-'45, to Kenneth E. Fulton; *Dorothy L. Holman*, x-'45, to Kelton O. Potter; *Shirley Phillips*, x-'45, to William N. Packard, Jr.; *Kathleen F. Ford*, '46, to Alexander H. Beaton; *Muriel A. Ross*, '46, to Richard Benshimol; *Virginia R. Terhune*, '46, to Frank S. Hersom; *Elaine M. O'Shea*, x-'46, to Donald A. McCarthy; *Ruth Worrick*, x-'46, to Robert H. Tillson; *Betty-Jane Anderson*, x-'47, to John R. Jaenike.

Births

Oct. 13, 1946—a daughter, Deborah, to Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Hitchcock (*Edith Follett*, WP '23-'26)
 Aug. 14, 1946—a daughter, Susan Leora Jane, to Mr. and Mrs. Dan Neal (*Tiny Adams*, '29)
 Sept. 28, 1946—a son, David James, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hasey, Jr. (*Pearl Thompson*, '31)
 Oct. 3, 1946—a son, Brian Wickham, to Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth L. Marquis (*Dorothy Wickham*, '31)
 July 27, 1946—a daughter, Florence Frederick, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry R. Macy (*Katharine Hartman*, '32)
 June 16, 1946—a second son, Jeffrey Dale, to Mr. and Mrs. Dale Currier (*Gloria Ward*, x-'32)

- Sept. 5, 1946—a daughter, Nancy Lou, to Mr. and Mrs. George J. Koeck (*Anna Mills*, '33)
- Sept. 29, 1946—a second child, H. Peter, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry P. Van De Bogert, Jr. (*Barbara Stover*, '33)
- Sept. 23, 1946—a son, James Fitch, to Mr. and Mrs. John M. Huggett (*Mary Fitch*, '34)
- July 31, 1946—a daughter, Lynda Jane, to Mr. and Mrs. Albert H. Holgerson (*Helen Schellenberg*, '34)
- Sept. 8, 1946—a second son, Robert Nye, to Mr. and Mrs. Howard N. Atwood, Jr. (*Maida Cardwell*, '35). The baby's grandmother is Mrs. Maida Cardwell Hicks, formerly of the faculty, now secretary to Dr. Guy M. Winslow.
- Apr. 12, 1946—a daughter, Suzanne Hall, to Mr. and Mrs. Waldo E. Stewart (*Jeanette Hall*, '35)
- Oct. 6, 1946—a second daughter, Louise Seaver, to Mr. and Mrs. John W. Ramsay, Jr. (*Barbara Heath*, '35)
- July 10, 1946—a daughter, Jean Louise, to Mr. and Mrs. John T. Kehoe (*Gertrude Heath*, '35)
- Aug. 28, 1946—a second child, Allan Gunn, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur C. Rodgers (*Phyllis Gunn*, '36)
- Sept. 16, 1946—a daughter, Carolyn Alva, to Mr. and Mrs. Frederick R. Henderson (*Audrey Smith*, '36)
- Sept. 24, 1946—a daughter, Glenna Rae, to Mr. and Mrs. Glenn A. Seick (*Caro Stevenson*, '36)
- Sept. 24, 1946—a daughter, Katharine Howe, to Mr. and Mrs. James B. French, Jr. (*Meredith Johnson*, '37)
- Aug. 9, 1946—a son, Roger Lee, to Mr. and Mrs. A. William Currier (*June Rogers*, '37)
- Sept. 28, 1946—a daughter, Sandra Lee, to Mr. and Mrs. Howard C. Redfield (*Louise Visel*, '37)
- May 22, 1946—a son, Randall Mark, to Mr. and Mrs. George D. Smith (*Barbara McNaught*, x-'37)
- Oct. 4, 1946—a son, Peter Sargent, to Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Neff, Jr. (*Priscilla Barker*, '38)
- Aug. 16, 1946—a daughter, Barbara Lois, to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert L. Cooper (*Lois Hein*, '38)
- July 12, 1946—a third son, Gary Leigh, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Skitt (*Florence Rawson*, '38)
- Aug. 1, 1946—a fourth child, Laura Jane, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stoughton (*Eleanor Skinner*, '38)
- Aug. 20, 1946—a son, Edward Lee, II, to Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Smith (*Faye Wadhams*, '38)
- Aug. 31, 1946—a son, John Furth, to Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Peachy (*Bernice Schanberg*, x-'38)
- Oct. 6, 1946—a daughter, Susan Ellen, to Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Nelson (*Carolyn Barron*, '39)
- June 12, 1946—a son, Charles Reginald, Jr., to Mr. Mrs. Charles R. Riordan (*Virginia Bowen*, '39)
- June 27, 1946—a son, James A., 3d, to Mr. and Mrs. James A. Blanchard, II (*June Peterson*, '39)
- Sept. 19, 1946—a daughter, Carol Ann, to Mr. and Mrs. Harold E. Van Hoesen (*Elizabeth Pfeiffer*, '39)
- Mar. 28, 1946—a son, Carl Columbus, III, to Lt. Col. and Mrs. Carl C. Hinkle, Jr. (*Shirley Shields*, '39)
- July 20, 1946—a second son, John Henry, to Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Isham (*Barbara Wells*, '39)
- July 21, 1946—a second child, a son, Donald Billinge, to Mr. and Mrs. Bernard F. Eames (*Mildred Billinge*, x-'39)
- Sept. 9, 1946—a son, Donald Britton, to Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Holden (*Frances Britton*, '40)
- Oct. 2, 1946—a daughter, Euphemia Elsie, to Mr. and Mrs. Francis W. Gardner, Jr. (*Euphemia Burr*, '40)
- June 12, 1946—a daughter, Cynthia Hutchins, to Mr. and Mrs. Morland A. Muller (*Elizabeth Carlisle*, '40)
- Sept. 6, 1946—a son, Joseph Robert, to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Cain (*Barbara Donohue*, '40)
- Sept. 3, 1946—a son, Samuel S., III, to Major and Mrs. Samuel S. Williamson, Jr. (*Dorothy Service*, '40)
- July 1, 1946—a son, Stevan Bishop, to Mr. and Mrs. Paul M. Richards (*Berna Bishop*, '41)
- June 3, 1946—a daughter, Susan Elizabeth, to Dr. and Mrs. W. Wood Nelson (*Harriet Hanson*, '41)
- Aug. 15, 1946—a son, Stuart Pollard, to Mr. and Mrs. August W. Hanson (*Elna Pollard*, '41). The baby is the grandson of Marian Owen Pollard, '19)
- Jan. 9, 1946—a son, Stanley Thomas, Jr., to Lt. and Mrs. Stanley T. Smith (*Betty Grant*, x-'41). The baby's grandmother is Mildred Snyder Grant, '10)
- Sept. 24, 1946—a daughter, Sharon Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur A. Wesley (*Alberta G. Webster*, x-'41)
- Sept. 18, 1946—a second child, a son, Robert Alexander, to Mr. and Mrs. Alexander M. Logan, II (*Peggy Wilson*, x-'41)
- Sept. 8, 1946—a son, Richard Beresford, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Callard (*Ruth Deremer*, '42)
- Jan. 7, 1946—a daughter, Keith Ann, to Mr. and Mrs. William B. McIntosh (*Teeta Dunbar*, '42)
- June 29, 1946—a second child, a son, Bruce Clark, to Mr. and Mrs. G. Clark Vogt, Jr. (*Eleanor Easterly*, '42)
- Apr. 7, 1946—a son, Richard Charles, to Mr. and Mrs. Warren G. Kreter (*Margaret Homan*, '42)
- July 31, 1946—a son, Herbert Ingersoll, 3d, to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert I. Buttrick, Jr. (*Elizabeth Hutchison*, '42)
- Sept. 19, 1946—a son, James Upshur, III, to Mr. and Mrs. James U. Edwards, Jr. (*Jean Jewell*, '42)
- Aug. 20, 1946—a son, Bradford Ernest, to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest L. Johnson (*Grace Johnson*, '42)
- Aug. 25, 1946—a son, Edward Dutton, to Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred D. Potter, Jr. (*Beatrice Lewis*, '42)
- Sept. 6, 1946—a daughter, Patricia Hope, to Mr. and Mrs. Bernard N. Abelson (*Elaine Robins*, '42)
- Sept. 23, 1946—a son, James Michael, to Mr. and Mrs. William M. Powell (*Norma Jeanne Rogers*, '42)
- Oct. 8, 1946—a son, Frederick Lamb, to Major and Mrs. Stanley M. Smolensky (*Clare Lamb*, x-'42)
- Oct. 30, 1946—a daughter, Dale, to Mr. and Mrs. Austin J. Bailey (*Nancy Leavis*, '43)
- July 29, 1946—twins, William Forest and Johanna,

- to Mr. and Mrs. William F. Sears (*Ruby Nichols*, '43)
- May 6, 1946—a daughter, Lauren Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. Richard M. Stuart (*Patricia Whiteoak*, '43)
- Aug. 7, 1946—a second son, Spencer E., 2d, to Lt. and Mrs. Spencer E. Robbins (*Elizabeth Anthony*, x-'43)
- Oct. 9, 1946—a second child, John Bowers, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. John B. Robinson (*Lee Osborn*, x-'43)
- Oct. 3, 1946—a son, Clovis Rafael, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Clovis R. Jugo (*Jessica Kennedy*, High School '40-'42)
- Oct. 4, 1946—a son, Shaun Edward, to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred J. Donnelly (*Barbara Thornburg*, x-'43)
- Apr. 22, 1946—a son, Dale Chipper, to Mr. and Mrs. Grover H. Roberson (*Dorothy Baum*, '44)
- Aug. 22, 1946—a daughter, Carol Ann, to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Brown (*Constance Arley*, '45)
- Aug. 18, 1946—a daughter, Wendy Susan, to Mr. and Mrs. Gerald M. Westberg (*Sue Ross*, '45)
- Oct. 15, 1946—a son, George Wallace, II, to Mr. and Mrs. Wallace T. Carr (*Sallie Brooks*, x-'45)
- Aug. 28, 1946—a son, Gordon H., Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Gordon H. Stanley (*Lee Gamble*, x-'45)

Necrology

Mary Alger Cramphorn, '80-'81. Died Aug. 2, 1946. Mary Laura Alger was born at Paris, Maine, Dec. 5, 1863, the daughter of Rev. William James and Frances (Lovell) Alger. She was married in 1889 to Mr. Frederick William Cramphorn, and had two sons. A charter member of the Women's City Club of Boston, she is survived by a son, Frederick A. Cramphorn; a grandson, F. Alger Cramphorn, Jr.; a granddaughter, Marion Cramphorn Graham; a niece, Dr. M. A. Hayden, professor at Wellesley College; and G. Eleanor Shaw, supervisor of art at Worcester Teacher's College.

Cora Putnam Hale, '80-'81. Died May 11, 1946.

Edith T. Kimball, '81-'85. Died Aug. 1, 1946 at Newton, Mass.

Annie Potter King, '83-'84. Died Sept. 21, 1946. Annie Elizabeth Potter was born at Greenfield, Mass., Nov. 2, 1865, the daughter of Waymes and Frances (Dickson) Potter. A prominent clubwoman in Greenfield, she formerly sang in St. James Episcopal Church choir and was a member of the Woman's Club, Dramatic Club and the Thursday Club. Surviving are two daughters, Mrs. Constance Hoover of Grosse Pointe, Mich., and Mrs. Adelaide Palmer of Los Angeles, Cal.; a brother, Lucius D. Potter of Greenfield, and nieces and nephews.

Ida Myrtis Barton Butler, '88-'91. Died May 11, 1946 at Northampton, Mass. The daughter of Stephen E. and Joyce (Willmot) Barton, Ida Myrtis Barton was born at Oxford, Mass., on March 23, 1871. She was a grandniece of Clara Barton, founder of the American Red Cross, and for many years during her child-

hood and young womanhood lived with Miss Barton and was closely associated with early Red Cross work. During the Spanish American War Myrtis Barton was secretary of the Red Cross Hospital in New York, and in later years spoke at many Red Cross anniversary meetings. After her marriage in 1900 to Mr. Stephen Lathrop Butler, she lived in Northampton, Mass., for 40 years, where she was very active in the civic and musical life of the town. She had studied voice and harmony in New York and was president of the Clef Club of Northampton for several years, doing much to foster the musical talent of the younger members. In 1940 Mrs. Butler and her husband built a home in Dunedin, Florida, where they lived most of the time until their deaths. She is survived by a daughter, Joyce Butler Hughes, and two grandsons, Jere Lathrop and Stephen Dwight Hughes.

Kate Pennell Chaney, '96. Died June 5, 1946 in Atchison, Kans., where she was visiting her sister. Death was caused by a recurrence of undulant fever which she first suffered in Texas three years before. She was my Lasell roommate and through fifty years a devoted friend. J. C. P.

Esther D. Blackstock, '04-'06. Died Oct. 16, 1945 at Moradabad, India. Esther Blackstock, born Mar. 27, 1888 in Romney, Indiana, was the daughter of the Rev. John and Lydia (Duncan) Blackstock. For 35 years she served as a missionary of the Methodist Church in Moradabad and Hardoi, India. She is survived by her sisters, *Isabel Blackstock Beardley*, '03, *Anna Blackstock*, '06, and *Constance Blackstock*, '09.

Doris Williams Schachne, '22-'23. Died July 24, 1946 at Columbus, Ohio. Doris Williams was born June 9, 1904 at Columbus, Ohio, the daughter of O. H. and Doris Jeanne Williams. She was married in 1925 to Mr. Richard Schachne, Jr., and had one daughter, Marianne. Besides her husband and daughter she is survived by her mother, Mrs. O. H. Williams; three sisters, Mrs. Tom Moorhead (*Alice Williams*, '22-'23) of Findlay, Ohio; Mrs. Everett Jones and Mrs. Marvin Wells; and a brother, John R. Williams.

Alta Smith Devoe, x-'32. Died Dec. 25, 1942.

We were pleased to receive a letter recently from *Louise Fisher MacDougal*, '78-'79, of Carmel, Calif., wife of Dr. Daniel T. MacDougal, botanist and author. Louise reports that her sister, *Anna Fisher Mosgrove*, '78-'80, lives alone in Urbana, Ohio, her husband, Dr. Samuel M. Mosgrove, a physician, and their two children having died.

Inez Bragg Johnson, '87-'89, is living with her daughter, Mrs. George W. Nicoll, at 59 Orient Avenue, Melrose 76, Mass.

Georgianna Adams McElfresh, '91-'92, whose late husband, Dr. William E. McElfresh, was formerly head of the Physics Department at Williams College, now lives at 40 Grace Court, Williamstown, Mass.

Her daughter, Mrs. William G. Perry of Boston, is a graduate of Connecticut College and has a diploma from the University of Lausanne, Switzerland.

Josephine Chandler Pierce, '96, reports that a class letter is making the rounds of the '96-ers. We hope there may be news forthcoming which we may share with readers of this column.

Bernice Cogswell, '95-'96, of Dayville, Killingly, Conn., keeps house for her brother and is active in church and D.A.R. work.

Anna Ampt Sunderland, '98, writes that she and Mr. Sunderland have sold their home in Dayton, Ohio, and will spend the winter in Arizona. Next summer they will be at Lake Placid Club, Essex County, New York. Anna hopes to see *Margie Schuberth*, '96, in Pasadena, Calif., this winter.

Frances Wood Willis, '97-'98, reports that her correct address is 245 Whitney Avenue, New Haven, Conn.

Louise A. Martin's ('00-'01) permanent address is 113 South Main Street, Wallingford, Conn.

Carolyn Kneeland Cratsley, '00-'02, of 675 Mahoning Avenue, N. W., Warren, Ohio, writes that her son, Mr. Edward Kneeland Cratsley, is comptroller of St. Lawrence University, Canton, N. Y. He has two sons, John Christopher, 5, and David Bruce, 2.

Lila Woodbury Stearns, '00-'02, announces an exhibition of Mexican handcrafts at Dombey's, Inc., 96 Brattle Street, Cambridge, Mass. Included are colorful pottery from Guadalajara and Oaxaca, basketry from Taxco and many other handmade gifts.

Lucy Miller Robotham, '03-'04, is living on South Farms Road, R.F.D. 1, Elmwood, Conn. She has three married children and three grandchildren.

1906

Life Secretary—*Edith Anthony Carlow* (Mrs. Harry), 60 Church Green, Taunton, Mass.

On July 28, 1946 appeared *Contact*, the 1906 Class Letter, compiled by *Lucy Wilson Errett*, and containing the fortieth reunion report and excerpts from letters from members of the class. It contains a list of addresses and 14 pages of news which we must condense into the space of a few paragraphs.

Edith Anthony Carlow was active in Civilian Defense work from early 1942 until its discontinuance, and was assistant controller of her district which included two cities and eight towns. In October, 1945, she took over the chairmanship of the Red Cross Volunteer Nurses' Aide Committee. There are about 35 aides who help in the local hospital. Edith's husband, Mr. Harry Carlow, retired several years ago. They have one daughter, Harriet, and two grandsons, Phil, 15, and Danny, 8.

The letters were supposed to be "extremely biographical," but *Maude Simes Harding* was "carried away" writing about commencement week end at the college, and sketched her biography in one phrase: "an overworked schoolteacher trying to meet college

freshman and veteran problems at Boston University and liking the challenge." In the same letter Maude wrote:

"You may be proud to be an alumna of Lasell. It grows. The old housekeeping rooms in Mrs. Loomis' apartment are now recitation rooms. There is urgent need for a new recitation building, and Dr. Winslow was most appreciative of the \$225 we added to the fund of '06. \$400 was taken, you may remember, when Winslow Hall auditorium was built. . . . The Congregational minister [Dr. Robert Clyde Yarbrough], who gave a memorable Commencement address, said that he felt privileged to be connected, even in a small way, with an institution of such high ideals."

Mildred Peirce Fuller wrote from Scituate, Mass., where she is active in the Library Association, Social Action Discussion Group (chairman of both of these), Garden Club (program chairman), Nursing Association Board, and other organizations. Both sons live near by. Peirce has two children, Michael and Kitty; Timothy has three, Susan, Mark and a month-old baby boy.

Sally Strong, of Ridgewood, N. J., writes that she often sees *Louise Morrell Nestler*, '08, who lives near her. Not long ago *Sue Gallup*, '03-'04, visited Louise, and they all got together for a very jolly time. Sally and *Ethel West Demarest*, '03-'05, may take a trip west this winter to see Ethel's daughter who is assistant psychologist in the public schools in Phoenix, Ariz.

Anna Blackstock, who arrived in the States from India in August, is studying at Hartford Seminary Foundation, Hartford, Conn., and will be here for a year. She wrote to the class before leaving India that she had had a good year, but "tinged very much with the passing of Esther [*Esther D. Blackstock*, '04-'06], who was my mainstay. . . . She was preceptress, bursar and all things thrown into one."

Mildred Johnston Parker and her husband, Col. George Parker, were still in Washington when she wrote. Col. Parker was to be retired in August. Their daughter, Pat, has composed a sonata in four movements, "Rhapsody of Youth" (dedicated to her brother, Phillip), which has been orchestrated for the Philadelphia Symphony. Music critics have been most complimentary, and she has been offered several scholarships.

For the last four years *Fanny Thatcher Sibley* has been a house mother in girls' schools, ending by being at Boston University. Her son, Tarrant, who was with the armed forces for a little over five years and came out a colonel in the infantry, has become owner of his father's machine shop. He and his wife have one son, six years old. Both daughters are married. Nancy lives in Boston and has a son and a daughter; Frances lives on Long Island and has one daughter. Edward, the youngest, is also married and lives in Providence.

Marie Cogswell Gelinsky, who travelled all the way from California to attend reunion, will move to Boise, Idaho, where her son is in business.

May Florine Thielens Peebles, x-'06, writes that her daughter, *Persis Jane*, x-'36, who, as a lieutenant (jg) in the WAVES was head of the Disbursing Department of the Harvard Business School, Navy Headquarters, at the time of reunion, is now out of service.

May Florine's family was together for the first time in seven years at the wedding of her eldest son, Edward. William, just returned from Japan and six years in the Navy, was released at 11 A.M. the day of the wedding. Cornelius attends the School of Speech at Northwestern University and did radio work during the summer. Richard, who was a front-line gunner in the Rainbow Division in France, was a prisoner of war and almost died from lack of food. He is doing exceptional work in architecture at the University of Illinois, and is learning to fly.

May Florine is president of the Austin MacDowell Club, Needlework Guild, president of the Chicago National League of American Penwomen, and first vice president of the Austin Woman's Club.

Meta Buehner Noble writes of her three children: The older son, Robert, was on a hospital ship in the Navy before being transferred to Bethesda Hospital. His home is in Riverdale-on-Hudson where he lives with his wife and three children. Young Ed was in Army service for two and a half years, mostly in public relations. At present he is in Mexico City where he lived for several years before his induction into service. He and his wife hope to settle in Mexico or South America. Margareta's husband was in the Army Medical Corps for more than three years. He went into Normandy on D-Day and later received the Silver Star for flying into Bastogne under fire during the Battle of the Bulge. He was the only surgeon there for days and operated day and night until Patton's army relieved the city. Meanwhile Margareta carried on at home, canning and freezing vegetables, caring for children, doing housework, in addition to war work in Greenwich. During this same period Meta ran a Red Cross Sewing Unit in her home. Her husband, Bob, is at present flying a hydroplane—not a new interest as he has been a pilot for 15 years, but naturally during the war he was not allowed to fly.

Sarah Caldwell, of Corpus Christi, Tex., is very busy serving parties as we noted from one week's schedule which she sent in her letter. During the war she served two nights a week at the U.S.O. and one night at the Red Cross Canteen. Every Sunday she invited six or eight service men to dinner. She is an active member of a literary club and also an Altrusan, one of a group of women executives. In August she planned to take a postman's holiday in Alpine, Texas, where she was to bake the cake and serve the reception at her cousin's wedding. After-

wards she planned to visit the Big Bend National Park, the quicksilver mines at Terlingua, and take a trip to the Glass Mountains.

Gertrude Graham Welch's husband, Mr. Charles D. Welch, is an outstanding corporation lawyer in Kansas, practicing in the U. S. Supreme Court as well. Her son, Harold, after an intensive six months at Princeton, was made a lieutenant commander in the Navy and spent about 18 months in the Pacific on a cargo ship. He is now an industrial engineer with Westinghouse in Philadelphia, anticipating a mission to China to supervise installation of a power plant on the Yangtze.

Elsie Young Hayden writes that their business was wiped out by fire in July, 1944; they hope to finish rebuilding this fall. Her daughter was married in 1943 and lived for two and a half years near the Army post in Montgomery, Ala.

Both of *Katharine Washburn Peyser's* sons were lieutenant commanders in the Navy during the war, Dick in service four and a half years, and Frank, three and a half.

Helen Carter Marcy spent the summer in New Hampshire where her oldest son, his wife and their five-year-old son stopped while on their way to visit their little girl at camp. Connie is secretary to Senator Leverett Saltonstall; has two darling little girls. Helen's youngest son and his wife are at the American Embassy in Athens, Greece, and the youngest daughter, Jeanne, was home with her family in New Hampshire for the summer.

Julia Potter Schmidt writes that her son has returned from three and a half years' service, spent mostly in India and Burma, and is working in Chicago. Her daughter, *Betty Schmidt Krause*, who taught art at Lasell from 1942 until last June, is doing graduate study at Teachers College, Columbia University, New York.

Lucy Wilson Errett enjoyed a pleasant afternoon with *Julia Potter Schmidt* and *Betty* in July when she visited her sister near Chicago. Lucy is very much interested in library work; is on the board of the Kewanee Public Library and the Illinois Library Association.

Elsie Davenport Hilliard, '04-'05, recently sent news of her family along with her correct address, 413 Main St., Oneida, N. Y. Her daughter, *Doris Hilliard Allen*, is a graduate of the Boston School of Occupational Therapy, and now lives in Concord, Mass. *Janis* (Mrs. F. H. Tichenor, Jr., of Peoria, Ill.) is a graduate of the Philadelphia School of Occupational Therapy, and *Phyllis* (Mrs. Richard W. Mosher) was graduated from Mandle School for Doctor's Assistants in New York City, and now makes her home in Washington, D. C.

Helen H. Heath, '07, of 60 Frontenac Avenue, Buffalo 16, N. Y., is keeping house for her 86-year-old mother.

Elizabeth Robinson Breed, '06-'07, returned to Del-

ray Beach, Florida, in the middle of October, after seeing her son, Allen, receive his B.S. degree from Worcester Tech. Allen, a member of Tau Beta Pi, will start work as a testing engineer at General Electric, Lynn, Mass., on November 1.

Irma Goldman Tedesche, '07-'08, was graduated from the University of Kansas in 1913 and did further study at Johns Hopkins Medical School 1913-16. She was married in 1916 to Mr. Sidney S. Tedesche, and has two daughters and one granddaughter.

Constance Blackstock, '09, spent the summer speaking at camps in Pennsylvania. More recently she has been guest speaker at church conferences in Laconia, N. H., and in Maryland. She plans to return to India in January.

Elsa Rheinstrom Kopald, '09, of Graves Road, Indian Hill, Cincinnati 27, Ohio, is personal representative for David Smith, talented young pianist of Cincinnati.

The Tilton, N. H., summer home of *Glenna Webb Tilton*, '05-'08, was the scene, on August 3, of the wedding of her daughter, Glenna, to Mr. Frederick Garfield Long, of Toronto, Canada. Mr. Long is assistant chief of the Bureau of Administration of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration.

We are grateful to *Olive Bates Dumas*, '10, for the address and news of *Ruth Emigh Masters*, '07-'08, of 89 Greenhill Parkway, Worcester 5, Mass. Ruth's husband, Mr. Elmer J. Masters, is with the Norton Grinding Co. of Worcester. They have three children: the eldest, who was in service in Europe during the war, is now married and living in Worcester; Grace works in an office in Radio City, N. Y., and the youngest boy is still in the service. Ruth works five days a week in a coffee shop in one of the Worcester hospitals.

After leaving Lasell Ruth did some work with *Ida Bailey Allen*, well known writer of cook books and daughter of *Ida Cogswell Bailey*, Lasell '79-'80. Through the courtesy of *Bernice S. Cogswell*, '95-'96, we learned that *Ida Bailey Allen* is now living at the Hotel Iroquois, 49 West 44th Street, New York City, and has been doing research work preparatory to writing another cook book. She has two children, both married and living in Hollywood, Calif. Her son, *Thomas Allen Chapman*, is a reader in one of the movie studios.

Lasell extends sympathy to *Lucy Aldrich Berston*, '10, whose husband, Mr. Neil J. Berston, died September 17, 1946 at Flint, Mich. Besides his wife he is survived by two sons, Neil J. Berston, Jr., of Flint, and McClellan Berston of Atlanta, Ga.; a daughter, Mrs. J. Kermit Carey; his mother, Mrs. Carrie E. A. Berston; and a grandson, John Kermit Carey, all of Flint.

Gertrude P. Farnham, x-'13, a graduate of Vassar in 1916, is now Mrs. Hubert A. Howson of 6 Summit Avenue, Bronxville, N. Y. Her sister, *Elizabeth R.*

Farnham, '09-'11, lives at 13 North Drive, Great Neck, N. Y.

Kathleen Moore Knight, '11, author of *The Trouble at Turkey Hill*, published this year for the Crime Club, was one of the speakers at the Boston Book Fair, held at Symphony Hall for five days in October.

After many years of silence, *Mabel Jones Carlton*, '14, recently sent a report of her activities since her graduation from Lasell in 1914. From her latest address, 4109 Walnut Street, Philadelphia 4, Pa., she writes:

"The fall after my graduation I started art school in Boston, planning to be a great designer, but World War I interrupted, so I put on a neat uniform and worked in the State House. Meantime I had met a man, so, the war over, I went to San Antonio, Texas, to marry my captain (Arthur C. Carlton, M.I.T. '17). We lived in Arizona, then Chuquicamata, Chile, for three years, and then in Baltimore, Md. In 1932 we moved to Chicago where Mr. Carlton was with the Museum of Science and Industry.

"When World War II came along he went into Army Ordnance, and I put in 40 to 50 hours a week with the U.S.O., Red Cross, and my favorite, Travelers Aid. Last July 1 Mr. Carlton was released from service, and we came to Philadelphia where he is in charge of the museum at Franklin Institute. We were fortunate in finding an apartment; any Lasellites near by or passing through, come over. I am starting in again as a Travelers Aid volunteer, for I like meeting and helping people. The poise and confidence that goes with being a 'Lasell girl' has been my greatest asset in the great variety of places and circumstances in which I have lived these 30 or so years."

A December wedding is planned for *Charlotte McCorkindale* of Holyoke, Mass. and Mr. Richard Hemingway of Montclair, N. J. Charlotte is the daughter of *Ruby Newcomb McCorkindale*, '14, niece of *Ruth Newcomb*, '18, and sister of *Rosamond McCorkindale*, '45.

Susan E. Tiffany, '15, Lasell Junior College trustee, has moved to The Elmhurst, 539 State Street, Springfield, Mass.

On Wednesday, August 28, 1946, at New Hartford, N. Y., Miss Helena Frances Perkins became the bride of Mr. Peter Merrill Strohecker, son of *Helen Merrill Strohecker*, '16.

Elizabeth Stiles Tilson, '13-'16, lives with her mother at 18 Highland Street, Gardner, Mass. Her son is teaching English and literature at the American University of Beirut. Elizabeth has one grandson, four years old.

Gladys G. Fraser, '15-'16, of 4450 Marcy Lane, Indianapolis, Ind., is with the Coordinator's Office, Child Welfare Organizations for the State of Indiana.

A recent issue of the Boston Herald carried a photograph of Clara May Kenney, daughter of *Harriet Morris Kenney*, '18. Beneath the picture was printed

the following caption: "Clara May Kenney, direct descendant of William Bradford, first governor of Massachusetts Colony, currently appearing as featured professional skater in a team with her sister, Harriet, at the Hotel New Yorker, New York City, is to wed Mr. Harold Frances Atkinson, Jr., in historic King's Chapel, Boston, next Sunday, Sept. 22."

Helen Eager, '16-'17, has been drama editor and critic for the *Boston Traveler* since 1933. After her year at Lasell, Helen studied at the Pierce School, Boston. She worked with Marjorie Mills on the *Herald-Traveler* in 1925; was beauty editor for the same papers in 1926, and has been motion picture editor and critic for the *Traveler* since 1927.

Ruth Malley Bristol, '15-'17, writes from her new home, 12 Liberty St., Montpelier, Vt.:

"Moved here in December 1945. Our older daughter, Rosemary, is a junior at the University of Vermont, majoring in zoology. Ruth Bill is a sophomore at the Montpelier High School, taking the college course. I see or hear from *Beulah Coward Boardman*, '15-'18, frequently, and about once a year hear from *Margaret Ufford Black*, '15-'17, of Carmel, Calif.

Fannie Elizabeth Ball, daughter of *Ruth Cody Ball*, '16-'18, has entered Mount Holyoke College. She was graduated from Dana Hall last June.

Marion Eaton Gumaer, '20, and her husband, Mr. Elliott W. Gumaer, of Rochester, N. Y., called at Lasell in August. They have a daughter Claire, 16, and a son, Elliott, Jr., 13.

Leonora Conklin Babcock, '21, and her daughter, *Joan*, '46, have moved from 36 Oakwood Avenue, Glen Ridge, to Green Hill Road, Madison, N. J.

Grace Warner Strickland, '21, wrote recently to the college:

"I am sure you will be happy to know that Lasell was recommended to Mr. and Mrs. ——— by one of the leading Boston hospitals as having one of the finest pre-nursing courses in the East.

"I was sorry to miss my twenty-fifth reunion last June. My twentieth was such fun that I had looked forward to this one."

Emily Blanchard Hope, '19-'20, attended Wellesley College after completing one year at Lasell, and received her B.A. degree from there in 1924. She later studied at Columbia University, earning the M.A. degree in 1926. Now married to Mr. Theodore S. Hope, Jr., she has one son, Peter Blanchard Hope, born in 1935.

Dorothy Hayward McDonald, '18-'20, of Flanders Road, Westboro, Mass., plans to send her daughter, *Joanne*, to Lasell in 1948.

Helen Earl Hodgdon, '19-'20, of 126 Powers St., Needham 92, Mass., is married to a Boston dentist, Dr. Alby E. Hodgdon, and has two sons, Robert Earl, a student at Belmont Hill School, and Theodore Emery, who attends Noble and Greenough School. While visiting in Camden, Maine, Helen saw *Priscilla Ingraham Lamb*, '19-'20, whose daughter,

Olive, is married and has a six-months-old baby girl. Olive was graduated from Westbrook Junior College in 1944, and now lives in Joliet, Ill. Priscilla's husband, Mr. Elden Harold Lamb, passed away two years ago.

Mabel Vernon Eidner, '19-'20, called at Lasell in August. Her daughter, Eileen, attends Michigan State, and Alice is at the University of Michigan. Mabel's address is 1127 West Berry Street, Fort Wayne, Ind.

There came to the editor's desk recently a most interesting program of the Yonkers Women's Celebration of the Tercentennial, held on Sept. 19, 1946. Executive chairman of the celebration was *Ruth Hopkins Spooner*, '23, who has long been active in the civic affairs of Yonkers. She is one of two alumnae counselors for the Mount Holyoke Club of New York, a member of the junior committee of the Yonkers General Hospital, and president of the women's auxiliary for St. John's Church of Yonkers.

Frances Angel Levenson, '22, gives her new address as 305 West End Avenue, New York City. She plans to return for her twenty-fifth reunion this June.

In the list of members of the National Association of Teachers of Singing, Inc., we found the names of *Barbara Hillard Smith Huntington*, '22; Mr. Albert Edmund Brown (father of *Doris Brown Ranlett*, '21); *Mrs. Marguerite Neekamp-Stein*, Lasell faculty '16-'19; and *Persis Blake Kempton*, present instructor in voice at Lasell.

Elizabeth Breneman, '20-'21, of 246 Elm Street, Lancaster, Pa., writes that she had a private kindergarten for eight years, and is now working as stock clerk for Berks Optical Co. in Lancaster.

Katherine Foster Vernon, '19-'21, of Route 3, Ottumwa, Iowa, has a daughter, Ann, who was recently graduated from Katharine Gibbs School in Boston. Her son has just returned from the Pacific where he was for two years on the battleship, *Idaho*.

Helen Sellers ('20-'21) correct address is 44 Grand Boulevard, Shelby, Ohio.

Dr. Oliver Perry Wolfe, retired Boston dentist and a teacher for 45 years at Harvard University's dental school, died August 8 at Laconia, N. H. He was the father of *Priscilla Wolfe Scarth*, '23, father-in-law of *Priscilla Alden Wolfe*, '19, and grandfather of *Virginia Wolfe Perkins*, '44. Lasell extends sympathy to his family.

Frances Bliss, '24, and her sister, "Joey," from Buffalo, N. Y., had dinner with *Dorothy Barnard*, '24, recently. Frances is still working for Dr. Green, noted heart specialist of Buffalo, and is active in church work and in the Business and Professional Woman's Club. She entertained *Frances Badger*, '24, one evening in May when the latter was in Buffalo attending educational meetings.

Mildred Ketola, '24-'25, a graduate of Barnard College in 1930 and of the Columbia School of Library

Service in 1933, is librarian in the Financial Library of The National City Bank of New York.

Sallie Whitis Price, '24-'25, of 900 East Gambier Avenue, Mt. Vernon, Ohio, writes that her husband, Mr. Charles S. Price, formerly director of the agricultural school at Berea College, Ky., is now associated with Philip R. Park and Co. of California and Chicago. They have two children, a son, 14, and a daughter, 8. Sallie is busy directing young people's work, teaching swimming to 125 youngsters in the summer, and doing public welfare work in Mt. Vernon.

Mary D. Horton, '24-'25, of 15 Dearborn Street, Salem, Mass., received her B.S. degree in Education from Boston University. She has done settlement work in Boston and Minneapolis, and was director of the Girls Club in Bennington, Vt.

Marieta Howland Bloom and *Margaret Anderson Gage*, '26, called at the college in August.

Gertrude Powdrell Games ('26) husband, Mr. Frank S. Games, a junior high school principal, was in service in the Pacific for two years. They have two sons, ten and twelve years of age.

Peggy Hitt Perkins, '27, paid Lasell a visit in October and saw Dr. Winslow and Senora Orozco. She has three sons.

Since her husband's death in July, *Anna Rodier Curtis*, '27, has been living with her mother, Mrs. Ernest O. Rodier, and her sister, *Isabel Rodier Ringland*, '25, at 2039 Second Avenue North, St. Petersburg, Florida.

Ella Loewe Hooper, '23-'26, of Danbury, Conn., writes that she has two daughters, Ella Elizabeth, born March 20, 1934, and Caroline Mallory, born the same day in 1937.

Ruth Griswold, '25-'26, is now Mrs. George B. Vermilye of 1435 Main Street, Marinette, Wis., where Mr. Vermilye is affiliated with the Ansul Chemical Co. They have a son, John Griswold, 10, and a daughter, Barbara Jean, 7.

Marjorie Parker Simonds, '25-'27, is living on Linebrook Road, Ipswich, Mass. (Post office address, Rowley, Mass.)

Martha Ann Ridgely, '26-'27, is now Mrs. J. G. Martin, 11369 Gladwin Street, Westwood, Los Angeles 24, Calif.

Through the courtesy of their niece, Lois McLucas, an undergraduate at Lasell, we have the addresses of *Doris Wilson Lehnars*, '25-'27 (4245½ Cahuenga Boulevard, North Hollywood, Calif.) and *Edith Wilson Akins* (5461 Encino Avenue, Encino, Calif.).

Barbara Wilson Horton, '29, wife of the late Col. Herbert P. Horton, ex-army flier who was tragically killed in a plane crash last April in Wichita, Kans., has assumed her new duties as parish secretary at Christ Church, Fitchburg, Mass. Barbara was previously employed there as secretary from 1929 until her marriage in 1938.

Marjorie Allen Hall, Woodland Park School, '26-'28,

sculptor, was recently awarded the commission of designing and sculpturing a national award for the Sphinx Temple. The trophy will be awarded each year to the Shrine Temple giving greatest support to Shriners hospitals for crippled children.

Ruth Beckley Brown, x-'29, of Hillcrest Road, Watchung, N. J., has two children: Caroline Dudley, 13, and Truman Beckley, 9.

Alice Fearnley, x-'29, is secretary to the Executive Officer, Public Works Department, U. S. Navy, Naval Base, Newport, R. I.

Dr. and Mrs. Harry J. Pettapiece (*Irene Murray*, x-'29) and their daughter are living at 22 Forest Park, Portland, Maine, where Dr. Pettapiece is an eye, ear, nose and throat specialist.

Charlotte Oram Bengert, x-'29, is the mother of three: Cecily, 9, Tony, 7, and Kathy, 2. They are at home in Briardiff Manor, N. Y.

Adelaide Reed Conner, x-'29, formerly of Beaumont, Texas, is living in Charleston, S. C., where Mr. Conner is instructor in mathematics at The Citadel. They have a son, Guy Reed Conner, born February 9, 1944.

1931

Life Secretary—Karin Eliasson Monroe (Mrs. Henry S.), 1705 North 17th St., Arlington, Va.

Kathleen Comstock Lavis recently moved to 2939 East Manor Drive, Phoenix, Ariz., after a year in Seattle and three and one-half years in Washington, D. C. She has three sons: Frederick, 6½, and the twins, Paul and Timothy, 4½.

Mildred Fischer Langworthy wrote to the Personals Editor in September:

"At long last we have found a permanent residence, and it is with great pleasure and relief that I herewith give you my new address: 265 Marguerita Lane, Pasadena, Calif.

"During these hectic days of house-hunting and uncertainty I have kept myself busy teaching in a nursery school, or child care center. Found the work most interesting and absorbing, and the children so responsive. The psychology courses I took at Lasell under dear *Miss Irwin* have stood me in good stead.

"My young son, Teddy, will be eight years old this month; it hardly seems possible that time could fly so fast. He is a sturdy boy, already up to his mother's shoulder. He has been studying the violin for the past year, already plays quite creditably and is a source of endless pleasure—and I might add, surprise—to his fond parents.

"I'm still looking forward to the day when I may make that anticipated visit to Lasell. I hope it won't be in the too distant future."

Lasell extends sympathy to *Amelia Bridgeman*, WP '28-'30, whose father, Mr. Philip R. Bridgeman, passed away in October.

Constance Keene Carse, x-'31, is attending the University of Wisconsin Extension at Racine.

Cathryn Ball Caywood's (x-'31) husband, Mr. Clay W. Caywood, is attached to the office of U. S. Senator Ernest W. McFarland of Arizona. They are living at 2092 East Moreland, Phoenix.

Evelyn Davis Sullivan, x-'31, attended the College of William and Mary from 1931 to 1933, and was graduated from the University of New Hampshire with a B.S. degree in 1934.

1932

Life Secretary—Katharine Hartman Macy (Mrs. Henry R.), East Main St., Oyster Bay, N. Y.

Helen Fitch Foley and *Margaret Hrubec* called at the college in August. Helen, whose husband, Thomas P. Foley, Jr., is a sergeant on the Portland police force, has four children.

The class extends sympathy to *Edith Parsons Booth*, whose husband, Joseph A. Booth, died in August of infantile paralysis after five days' illness. Born in Carlisle, Mass., he was a life-long resident of the town. He had been engaged in research work for the Navy at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Besides his wife he leaves a son, Dana; a daughter, Diane; his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Booth; a sister, Mrs. Laurence A. Donavon, and a brother, Francis A. Booth, all of Carlisle.

1933

Life Secretary—Ruth Stafford Clark (Mrs. Emerson M.), Box 83, Wesleyan Station, Middletown, Conn.

Thanks to *Eunice Andrews Brooks*, x-'33, of North Haven, Conn., for the new address of *Enid Jackson Giles* of 42 Mansfield Street, New Haven.

Marguerite Kennedy Tannenbaum, x-'33, called in September. She is living at the Carlton Hotel in Malden, Mass.

1934

Life Secretary—Roberta Davis Massey (Mrs. R. A.), 1371 Hampton Rd., Grosse Pointe Woods 30, Mich.

Jane Jensen Bailey was at the college registration day when her sister Julia entered Lasell as a member of the junior class.

Helen Allen Follett has moved from Westwood to Elm Street, Canton, Mass.

Ruth Ayres, x-'34, was married in 1940 to Mr. Gordon T. Wilder, a graduate of the University of Michigan. They are living in New Canaan, Conn., where Mr. Wilder is a teacher.

Barbara Bowlen, '31-'33 Special, overseas with the Red Cross for 14 months in England, France and Germany, returned to the States last November. In August she was in Denver, Col., working for the Blue Cross Hospital Service. She plans to continue Red Cross work, and will probably go to the Pacific.

Alma Dunlap, x-'34, paid Lasell a brief visit in August. She served in the W.A.A.C. and the W.A.C. during the war; now lives in Larchmont, N. Y.

Nina Keppler Dusenbury, x-'34, moved into her new home at 128 Woodbury Ave., Springdale, Conn., in

June. She sees *Ruth Ayres Wilder*, x-'34, often. Mr. Dusenbury works for Westinghouse in New York City, and they have one son, James III, who will be two years old in December.

Bernice Loveland, x-'34, was married in April, 1940, to Mr. Urban F. Megargel. They are living at 366 Grove Street, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

1935

Life Secretary—Barbara King Haskins (Mrs. E. D.), 111 Wilcox Ave., Meriden, Conn.

Jeanette Hall Stewart's latest address is 4337 Westway Place, Dallas 4, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest K. Dockstader (*Margaret MacNaughton*) and their three children, Robert, 6, Donald, 5, and Margy Lou, 1, are living at 4027 School Lane, Drexel Hill, Pa.

Rachel Whittemore Hawes is working as financial secretary at Walnut Hill School. Her daughter, Suzanne, now in the first grade, will be six years old in December. Lt. Hawes, U.S.N.R., was killed in a plane crash, January, 1945, in Istanbul, Turkey.

Priscilla Winslow is happily situated as secretary to the dean of the Graduate School at the University of Utah, Salt Lake City. She writes with enthusiasm of the beauty of the country, one of the high spots of her trip to the west being several days spent in Grand Canyon National Park.

Ruth Waterman Trevithick's (x-'35) husband, Mr. Jack Trevithick, is associate professor of English at the University of Vermont. They have one daughter, Mary Jane, who will be four years old in February.

1936

Life Secretary—Carolyn Young Cate (Mrs. H. F., Jr.), 130 Temple St., West Newton 65, Mass.

Dr. and Mrs. Norton G. Chaucer (*Dot Paine*) are living at 250 Everit Street, New Haven, Conn., where Dr. Chaucer has opened an office for the practice of general medicine. Their son, Norton, Jr., was born in January, 1945, when Nort, Sr., was in California in a unit to go overseas. The day after the baby's birth, Dot received word that her husband was being transferred to Corvallis, Ore. When "Chips" was eight weeks old, Dot and he joined Dr. Chaucer in Oregon where they were stationed for a year.

Marjorie Stuart Olds and son, Robbie, had a brief stopover in Boston in August while en route to their new home at 4702 22d Street North, Arlington, Va.

Charlotte Weitzman Rogers called at Lasell late in the summer. From her we learned that *Alma Stanetsky Golov* now has three children, Suzanne, Marjorie and James, and that *Arlene Kerr Levine* is now Mrs. Leo Sonnabend.

Adelaide Shaffer, x-'36, and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Louis W. Shaffer, of Hackensack, N. J., visited Lasell on August 1. "Babe" is still with Bendix Aviation Corp.

Bobby Warland, '26-'35, now Mrs. Richard C.

Moore, is living in New York City at 610 West 116th Street, Zone 27.

Jeanne Woods Cleff, x-'36, of 7208 Oak Avenue, River Forest, Ill., writes that she received her B.A. degree from Denison University in 1938. The following year she was married to Mr. Jack Cleff, an attorney. They have one daughter, Virginia, born in August, 1941.

1937

Life Secretary—*Louise Tardivel Higgins* (Mrs. Charles A., Jr.), 23 Oxford Rd., Newton Centre 59, Mass.

Marian Sleeper Hall moved in October to Apt. E-2, 47 Manchester Road, Interlaken Gardens, Tuckahoe 7, N. Y., where she and Bob were lucky enough to find a six-room apartment for themselves and their two daughters, Nancy and Susan.

Evelyn Towle Blaisdell wrote from Bermuda late in the summer giving her new address for after Labor Day: 13 Gloucester Street, Boston. Since her husband's return to the States early in the year they have been on the move, to Havana and Mexico City among other places.

Eleanore Whiting Pitt has changed her address from Great Neck, N. Y., to 80 Wood Cut Lane, Strathmore at Manhasset, N. Y.

Laurina M. Wilson is in Japan with the American Red Cross.

In reply to a request from the alumnae secretary for her address, *Patricia Hart Gregg*, '35-'36 Special, wrote in September:

"My husband, Bill, is a representative for the F. S. Webster Co., Cambridge, Mass., his territory being western Massachusetts and Connecticut. We were married in June, 1940, in Hartford, Conn., and have a daughter, Linsley Hart, nearly four years old.

"I could hardly believe my eyes when I met *Betty Brainard*, x-'37, in the Suffield Pharmacy this summer. She is living at home in Thompsonville and is employed in the office of C. H. Dexter and Sons, Windsor Locks.

"At the 1946 Flower Show in Boston I ran across *Dottie Acuff Stone*. Her husband, George V. Stone, had just returned from service, and they were living with his family in Newton until they could find a place in Springfield."

Mr. and Mrs. George D. Smith and their two sons, Kermit and Randall, are living at 838 Beech Street, Manchester, N. H. Mrs. Smith is the former *Barbara McNaught*, x-'37, a graduate of the Rhode Island School of Design in 1940.

Rosina Morris, x-'37, attended the School of the Worcester Art Museum after leaving Lasell, receiving a scholarship in her third year. She was married in May, 1941, to Mr. Richard W. Mauke. They have two children, a son, Richard Henry, and a daughter, Rosina "Carol."

From her sister, Jane Trott, an undergraduate at Lasell, we have news of *Marjorie Trott Locsin*, x-'37, who is living at 79 Perry Street, New York City.

Hope E. Reeves, Feb.-June 1936 High School, was graduated from the Walkill, N. Y., High School in 1938, and from Eastman Dental School, Rochester, N. Y., in 1941. She is a dental hygienist, registered in both New York and Pennsylvania.

1938

Life Secretary—*Virginia Wilhelm Peters* (Mrs. R. R.), 2316 Dixwell Ave., Hamden 14, Conn.

Lois Hein Cooper wrote in September from Lakewood, Ohio:

"Herb was discharged from the Army Air Corps last November after serving three and one-half years, two of them in England and France. Like a great many others we were unable to find a place to live so have been staying with my family. We are building a home which we hope to be in by Christmas. It will be a brick colonial house with three bedrooms at 20074 Bonniebrook Boulevard, Rocky River, Ohio. I hope any Lasell-ite passing through Cleveland, especially any member of our class of '38, will pay us a visit.

"I see *Bobbie Clarkson Moody*, x-'38, occasionally. It is good to have her so near, and we enjoy talking over old times at Lasell.

"*Martie Welch Sotak* stopped for a very brief visit in July when she and her husband were passing through Cleveland."

The Personals Editor recently enjoyed a delightful visit at the lovely new home of *Elizabeth Leland Kibbe* at 197 Farmington Road, Longmeadow 6, Mass. Libby's husband, Gordon (brother of *Miss Hope Kibbe* of the Lasell faculty) returned from overseas service with the Army in December, 1945.

Ruth Meighan has returned to the States after a year overseas with the American Red Cross. After completing the training course for Red Cross personnel in Washington, D. C., Ruth sailed from the Pacific coast on March 22, 1945, landing at Calcutta, India, on April 26. She was first assigned to a Red Cross club in Bhamo, Burma, which she described as the "jumping off place for all planes going over the 'Hump' to China."

In September, 1945, she was assigned to the Fifth Replacement Depot between Dinjan and Chabua in northern Assam, where she was in charge of a staff of five girls who operated a club through which passed thousands of G.I.'s on their way to the ports of Calcutta or Kurachi to sail for home. From there she wrote to her family:

"Our living quarters are something out of this world, in comparison with Bhamo, Burma. We live in a tea planter's bungalow right in the middle of a tea plantation. There are nine of us living together with seven servants. Pete, our head bearer, looks like the maharajah himself with turban, mustache and all. He looks after us and sees to it that we're taken care of properly. The dobbie comes for our laundry twice a week. Two ayahs wash all the

extras. Pete's son is a cobbler and keeps our shoes looking like new, while the ponti walla looks after the water and sees that we have hot water for our baths . . . the first hot baths I've had since I left Washington way back March 12.

"The dharsy does our tailoring. I'm going to have him make me some blouses out of my nice white parachute. One girl had her wedding dress made out of hers. These dharsies copy everything beautifully, and they're quite reasonable—seven rupees for a blouse, which is only about \$2.25."

Later Ruth wrote of their Christmas celebration:

"We put on a chicken dinner Christmas eve for all permanent personnel, officers and enlisted men alike, 200 in all. Our place was elaborately decorated, thanks to all the boys. A 'stateside' Christmas tree made the room pretty much like home. Of course our home-made decorations didn't compare with the ones Mr. Woolworth sells, but they were a good imitation. For days we had people dipping 25-watt light bulbs, painting ping pong balls, cutting balls and diamonds out of tin cans, and cutting tinsel out of saved gum wrapping.

"Abdul, our cook, outdid himself with a delicious tomato soup, fried chicken, potatoes, peas and carrots, cranberry sauce, rolls; chocolate ice cream with nuts and fruit cake topped it off. Every man present received a Red Cross gift package with cigarettes, candy, address book, pencil, world atlas, pocket novel and tobacco pouch. . . . When we dressed up Pete, the head bearer, as Santa Claus, he had to keep on his red turban."

Ruth arrived in San Francisco April 19, 1946, and was released from the Red Cross soon after. She is now manager of the College Shop at Bonwit Teller, Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York City.

From *Betty Jackson Dunning* we learn that *Dorothy Keyes* is an assistant dietitian at Quincy Hospital.

Carole Myers Lowe's husband, Philip L. Lowe, received his discharge from the service last May. They and their two-year-old son, Philip, are living at the Myles Standish Hotel, Boston.

Marty Sill Wolstenholme and her husband, Albert K. Wolstenholme, of Massena, N. Y., called at Lasell in September.

Kaye Bartlett Mosher and Jack have moved into their new home at 76 Fenway Drive, Springfield, Mass. Jack is with the Gordon Graham Optical Co. in Springfield.

Jane Black Lynde, Jan.-June '37 Special, and Charles are looking for a place to live in Hartford. They have a five-month-old son, Donald, and are staying with Jane's mother in Newton, Mass., for the present.

Phyllis Cavanaugh, '36-'37 High School, formerly of Midland, Mich., is now Mrs. Joseph Walsh, 4212 North 143rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

In March, 1945, *Bernice Schanberg Peachy*, x-'38, received her discharge from the W.A.C. with the rank

of captain. Her husband, Mr. Frederic S. Peachy, is an instructor at Brown University.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Cubley (*Virginia Stewart*, x-'38) are living at 6 Chestnut Street, Potsdam, N. Y. Mr. Cubley is a lawyer.

1939

Life Secretary—Meredith Prue Hardy (Mrs. Meredith P.), 48 Mendon Street, Hopedale, Mass.

With the newspaper clipping announcing her engagement to Mr. Eugene L. Cushman, II, *Kupe Shepard* sent the following note to the Alumnae Secretary:

"A year ago last spring at the meeting of the Southern California Lasell Club I met *Mary Morgan Yarnell*, '31, who used to live in Connecticut. We had a wonderful time talking about New England and Lasell. Later she invited me to her home at Balboa Island, Los Angeles for a weekend, and I had a 'super' time. Her husband, Col. Hubert P. Yarnell, U.S.A., was overseas then, and after his discharge from the service in June, they and their two children came east to visit her family in Connecticut. While here they looked me up, and we had a very nice time together. It gives you such a good feeling to know that wherever you may go in the United States; you'll almost always find a Lasell girl who can't do enough for another Lasell-itel!"

Lt. Col. and Mrs. Carl C. Hinkle, Jr. (*Shirley Shields*) are at Quarters 41-22, West Point, New York.

Ruth Weymouth, formerly of the SPARS, has been admitted to Boston University's College of Practical Arts and Letters where she is majoring in secretarial and allied subjects.

Nancy Allen Schmetzer and her husband, Paul W. Schmetzer, called at Lasell in September. They were married last June and are living in Newark, N. J.

Virginia Bowen became Mrs. Charles R. Riordan on April 7, 1945. *Eleanor Martel* was an attendant at the wedding which took place in Wallingford, Conn. Mr. Riordan, assistant production manager for Insulation Products Co., Willimantic, Conn., attended Choate School and received his degree from Wesleyan University in 1941. He, Virginia and their small son, Charles, Jr., are living at 90 Windham Street, Willimantic.

After two years in the American Red Cross, *Ruth Bull* joined the Civilian Intelligence Service and is now located in Tokyo, Japan, under Army jurisdiction. She was formerly a Red Cross club director in Manila, Kyoto and Tokyo.

Elinor Campbell is still in the Red Cross and will probably be overseas until the spring of '47.

Marjorie M. Dow has moved to 32 Kimball Terrace, Newtonville 60, Mass.

Catherine Myers was married to Mr. Richard Bruce Crowe, March 2, 1944 in the Dwight Memorial Chapel at Yale University. They are living at 258 Madison Avenue, S. E., Grand Rapids, Mich. Mr. Crowe was an officer in the Army Air Corps during the war.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Blanchard, II, have moved from Worcester to Old Sudbury Road, Wayland, Mass. Mrs. Blanchard is the former *June Peterson*.

We are grateful to Mrs. De Weese H. Fuller of Urbana, Ohio, for news of her daughter, *Eleanor*, x-'39, American Red Cross worker in Japan:

"Eleanor returned from the European Theater of Operations on the *Queen Elizabeth* in August, 1945, after 14 months in the 34th General Hospital in Stockbridge, England, directing hospital recreation work. Late the next month she left for the Philippine Islands where she served for two months in the hospital at Fort McKinley and at the Roosevelt, finest American Red Cross Club in the world. Later in the year she transferred to club work, and on December 27, 1945 flew from Manila to Japan. She and three other Red Cross girls accompanied General Bowen and staff on the trip.

"She was assigned to Nagasi Hotel on Sagami Bay, not far from Yokohama. It is a leave hotel for enlisted men. Early in April she was transferred to the beautiful modern Kawana Hotel on the Peninsula of Izu, a leave hotel for officers and enlisted men, where she is hostess and program director.

"Gen. Robert Eichelberger, commander of the Eighth Army in Japan, is a life-long friend of Mr. Fuller and has been wonderful to Eleanor during her stay in Japan. She loves her work and has had many interesting experiences and met many notable people. We expect her home this fall after three years with the Red Cross."

Wilmine Lane Humphreys, '33-'38, is living at 15 Bacon Place, Newton Upper Falls 64, Mass., and has promised to bring her little daughter, Gayle, over to Lasell some day soon.

Betty Park Carter, x-'39, and her husband, Mr. William W. Carter, III, have just bought a new home at 1902 Vassar, Houston, Texas.

1940

Life Secretary—*Priscilla Sleeper Sterling* (Mrs. R. D.), 55 Woodmere Rd., Bristol, Conn.

Ruth Bowman Burroughs, her husband, Mr. Arnold H. Burroughs, and their two daughters, Mary and Nancy, are living at R.F.D. #1, Falmouth, Mass. *Mary Bradshaw McDonald*, of New York City, spent Labor Day weekend with them.

Frances Britton Holden moved recently to 1472 Rockaway Street, Akron, Ohio.

Elizabeth Carlisle Muller writes that she sees her former Lasell roommate, *Ruth Fulton*, often, as Ruth is a dietitian at United Hospital, Port Chester, and is able to spend some of her week ends with the Mullers.

Jean Hale is a member of the fashion and beauty department of the *Boston Herald*.

In August *Pat Hitchcock Griffin* moved from Ramsey, N. J., to 53 Mountain Avenue, Maplewood. Another change of address has come from *Florence*

Ross Summerhays of 40 Riverview Heights, West Henrietta, N. Y.

Dorothy Service Williamson and her young son will fly to Germany in December to join Major Williamson. They will live at Nuremberg.

Doris Somerville received her discharge from the WAVES last February with the rating of SK 2/c.

The Class of 1940 extends sympathy to *Marjorie Talcott Johnson*, whose father, Mr. O. S. Talcott, passed away last April.

Barbara Lee Woodward Hall and her son, Douglas, were waiting at Fort Hamilton, N. Y., in October to sail for Lechfeld, Germany, to join Major Hall of the Army of Occupation.

Madeline Perry, '36-'39 High School, has returned to her home in Torrington, Conn., after 32 months service with the WAVES. She was a pharmacist's mate, second class at the time of her discharge in November, 1945.

In July, Life Secretary *Priscilla Sleeper Sterling* wrote to the Personals Editor:

"Bob was discharged from the Army in April and started work for New Departure Division of General Motors, Bristol, Conn., in May. We were fortunate in finding a house in Bristol at 55 Woodmere Road.

"Before leaving New York I saw *Dorothy Welch Taylor*, '41, and her daughter, Nancy, several times. Also spent the day with *Betty Bell Barry* and *Anne Appleton Anderson*, x-'40, in Westport, Conn. If anyone from Lasell is passing through Bristol, I hope she will stop in to see us."

Priscilla Miller Light has two more years at Jackson College where she is majoring in psychology. Her husband, Warren, is studying at Tufts College for the degree in electrical engineering.

1941

Life Secretary—*Janet Jansing Sheffer* (Mrs. John W., Jr.), Old York Road Country Club, Jenkintown, Pa.

Ruth Brady McCarthy is employed as supervisor of the Reservation Department of Eastern Air Lines, Boston. She and Walter W. McCarthy, a teacher and coach, were married in April, 1944, and now live at 35 Claffin Road, Brookline 46, Mass.

We'll have to correct a statement made in the last issue of the LEAVES to the effect that *Betty Davenport Bailey* saw *Mary Corliss* in Panama, as Mary informs us she has not been in Panama. She is a very busy social worker in Pasadena, Calif., and is writing a thesis for her M.S. degree.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Bailey (*Betty Davenport*) are settled in Glen Cove, N. Y., on Viking Road.

The class extends sympathy to *Betty Dungan Norden*, whose infant daughter, Deveney Anne, died July 23, 1946, when only three days old.

Marjorie Mead Carlson has moved to 333 Maryland Avenue, Erie, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. August W. Hanson (*Elna Pollard*) have bought an old colonial house in the country in

Littleton, Mass. Elna informs us that *Peg Goodrich Hoffman* has moved to Squantum, Mass., and that *Sue Paisley Hansbury* is in Florida for the winter.

We are grateful to *Miss Marion Macdonald* of the Lasell faculty for news of *Tex Weatherby* who was discharged from the WAVES last March. Tex started school in Dallas, July 1, and will get further laboratory training in a hospital.

Dorothy O'Neil Brown, x-'41, and *Virginia Wilde Chase* called at the college in August.

Mildred Grant Smith, x-'41, is living at home in New Orleans where Stan is on the staff of the U. S. Naval Hospital.

Since December, 1945, *Frances Ramsdell*, x-'41, has been running a Red Cross clubmobile in Korea.

Doris Young Meyer writes that, effective October 18, her address is 30 Oak Street, Waterloo, N. Y.

Jack Sheffer, husband of *Janet Jansing Sheffer*, is now manager of the Old York Road Country Club, Jenkintown, Pa. They get a furnished apartment and all their meals with the job, a big item these days.

D. Barbara Mitchell is secretary to a lawyer in Boston.

1942

Life Secretary—*Mary V. Hurley*, 41 Linden St., Schenectady, N. Y. Assistant: *Anne Lynch*, 1784 Washington St., Auburndale 66, Mass.

Barbara Berkman has been admitted to Boston University College of Practical Arts and Letters where she is majoring in secretarial and allied subjects.

Louise Freeman Coombs has moved to 1762 Commonwealth Avenue, Brighton 35, Mass.

Mary Jane Goodman Miller, of 400A South Hanley Road, Clayton 5, Mo., writes that she was pleasantly surprised to find *Teeta Dunbar McIntosh* living only ten miles away in St. Louis. Teeta's daughter, Keith, was born in January, 1946; Mary Jane's daughter, Mary Lou, is three months younger.

Margaret Homan and *Warren G. Kreter* were married February 27, 1944 at Rockville Centre, N. Y., with *Betty Heckel Hoff* and *Dorothy Coffin*, '43, as attendants. Mr. Kreter, a graduate of Dartmouth in 1942, is with the U. S. Industrial Chemical Co. They have a son, Richard Charles, born in April, 1946.

Mr. and Mrs. *Herbert I. Buttrick, Jr.* (*Elizabeth Hutchison*) have moved from Groton School, Mass., to the Loomis School, Windsor, Conn.

Virginia Porter Kerrigan, '42, is living in Montreal, Canada, at Apt. 11, 3295 Ridgewood Road, Zone 25.

In Augusta, Maine, *Helen S. Sullivan* is a private secretary for the Central Maine Power Co. She received her discharge from the WAVES in November, 1945, with the rank of Specialist (x) 1/c.

Anne Witney's permanent address is 642 Manoa Road, Havertown, Pa.

1943

Life Secretary—*Nathalie Monge Stoddard* (Mrs. Morris F., Jr.), 80 Greenwood St., Greenwood, Mass. Assist-

ant: *Elizabeth A. McAvoy*, 93 Hillcrest Rd., Windsor, Conn.

La Verne Atno Olson called in July. She is copy writer for a department store in Morristown, N. J., and does some sketching in connection with her work.

Barbara Birch was discharged from the Marines as a corporal in December, 1945, and is now in the Life Insurance Dept. of the Cambridgeport Savings Bank, Central Square, Cambridge, Mass. She has seen *Nan Leavis Bailey*, *Mike Dernier Epps*, *Betty Walker*, and *Doffie Bentley Grant*.

Virginia Jewell Harris, her husband, *Charles W. Harris*, and *Ruth Davenport*, called at Lasell in August. Jinny and Charles are living at 4115 Hamilton St., Hyattsville, Md., while he attends the University of Maryland. Ruth enjoys her work as office secretary for the Old Colony Council, Inc., Boy Scouts of America, in East Walpole, Mass.

Dot Rosien Roberts writes that she is secretary to the head of the astronomy department at the Van Vleck Observatory, Wesleyan University.

Congratulations to *D. Anne Streeter*, who received her S.B. degree from Radcliffe in June, and is now teaching 7th and 8th grade English and first year biology at the Mary C. Wheeler School, Providence, R. I.

Christine Turnbull Jensen has moved to Ogden, Utah. *Nancy Wells Harris's* correct address is 631 South Fancher Avenue, Mt. Pleasant, Mich.

Jean Wilkinson is working in the business office of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Co. in Southbridge, Mass. Her fiancé, Mr. Cecil Earnest, is with the American Optical Co.

Mr. and Mrs. *Anthony P. Cardoza's* (*Jane Cook*, x-'43) new address is 200 Franklin Street, Bloomfield, N. J. They were married June 15, 1946.

June Homan Bricker, x-'43, is finishing her fashion-illustrating course at the Massachusetts School of Art, Boston.

In July *Nancy Nettel*, x-'43, received her discharge from the WAVES with the rating of chief petty officer.

Barbara Thornburg Donnelly, x-'43, and Al recently moved into their apartment on the campus of Culver Military Academy, Culver, Ind. Barbara writes that *Anne Locke*, High School '40-'41, is married and lives only 40 miles from Culver, in La Porte, Ind.

1944

Life Secretary—*Norma Badger*, Echo Ave., Portsmouth, N. H. Assistant: *Barbara Coudray*, 76 Halsted St., East Orange, N. J.

Anne Calder was graduated from Colby College, Maine, last spring.

In June, *Jean Campbell* received her A.B. degree from Pembroke College, and on October 1 began her duties as Acting Field Director of the Girl Scouts in Waterbury, Conn. During the summer, "Soupie,"

her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elwyn G. Campbell, and her brother, Duncan, travelled by car to California.

Jessie Doig is living at home after her discharge from the WAVES. She received boot training at Hunter College, N. Y., and from there went to Great Lakes for Hospital Corps School. She was stationed at Corvallis, Ore., and Seattle, Washington, before her discharge in June as a hospital apprentice first class.

Marion Gooding Christiansen and her husband, Mr. John H. Christiansen, called at Lasell in October. They have a baby son, Carl, born last February.

June Trani Hyssong has been admitted to Boston University College of Practical Arts and Letters as an unclassified student majoring in secretarial and allied subjects.

Elisabeth A. Waterhouse, High School '42-'43, is with the foreign department of International Business Machines Corp., New York City.

Nancy Williams received her B.A. degree from U.C.L.A. in June, with a major in psychology and a minor in Spanish. She writes:

"Through a recommendation from my psychology professors, I secured a most interesting position as interpreter and executive secretary for a family from South America. My Spanish studies at Lasell have given me a fine background for the position."

Nancy's address is 431½ North Palm Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Dorothy Carll Pickering was graduated from Maryland College for Women in 1946.

1945

Life Secretary—*Emma Gilbert*, 589 Prospect St., Maplewood, N. J. Assistant: *Louise Long*, 60 Lorraine Ave., Providence 6, R. I.

Jane Baringer Price called in September and told of a 1945 class reunion of New York girls, held at the Hearthstone on Friday, September 13. Twenty-three members were present.

Peggy Clark, a member of the senior class at Jackson College, where she is majoring in biology, called at Lasell in October.

Jeff Fuller finished the executive training course at Bloomingdale's Department Store in New York, and is now in charge of inner-store publicity. This includes editing a house organ, making up bulletin boards, and organizing various activities to further the workers' interest in their jobs. Her marriage to Mr. Robert Boyd Beers will take place next spring after his graduation from Tufts College.

Jane Dittrich, who is majoring in English literature at the University of Michigan, visited the college in August. She will receive her degree in 1947.

Marilyn Lichtner is a junior at the Boston University School of Education.

Elaine McQuillan Marston writes from Wurzburg, Germany, where she and Bud have an apartment—and a maid! There is no fenced-in compound for army families in Wurzburg as in most military com-

munities. Elaine writes that they can go anywhere they please and do not have to wear arm bands. She and Bud are hoping to get to Switzerland, England, Scotland, and Paris, France before returning to the States.

Nancy Muzzey Woodrow is a dental hygienist in Missouri where her husband, Mr. Ralph T. Woodrow, is attending the university. She was graduated from Forsyth Training School for Dental Hygienists in Boston last June.

Mr. and Mrs. Harlan Taylor (*Saunda Pease*) have moved to 56 Home Terrace, East Hartford, Conn.

Mary Elizabeth Hammill, x-'45, was graduated from Tobe-Coburn School for Fashion Careers in 1945, and has been working in New York City since. During August, 1946, she worked for an airline in Saranac Lake, N. Y., and will return to New York City late this fall.

1946

Life Secretary—*Louise Pool*, 9472 Byron Ave., Miami Beach 41, Florida. Assistant: *Mary Jane Magnusson*, 29 Westwood Ave., New Rochelle, N. Y.

Peggy Coleman and *Mary Elizabeth Paul* are living at the Student Union, Boston, while attending Chamberlain School.

When she called at the college in October, *Scotty Rayfuse*, who is majoring in English at Boston University College of Liberal Arts, informed us that *Lucy Clark* is studying at Emerson College.

On July 1, *Rose Emer* started work for the Lederle Laboratories in Pearl River, N. Y., as ediphone secretary.

Kathy Ford, who will work for an advertising agency this fall, tells us that Carol Buck is in the Hartford reservations office of American Airlines, and that *Barbara Grove* is secretary to the beauty and fashion editors of *Miss America* magazine in the Empire State building, New York City.

Joan Hodgdon is studying secretarial and allied subjects at Boston University College of Practical Arts and Letters. *Jean Hopkins* entered Syracuse University in September.

Congratulations to *Eleanor McFetridge*, recently appointed assistant buyer of girls' and children's accessories.

Mrs. Andros informs us that *Anna Nelson* is a copy writer for Vincent Edwards and Co., Boston.

Clare O'Connor is working for the New England Telephone and Telegraph Co. in Boston.

Kay Woolaver Parsons is a junior clerk at the Third District Court, East Cambridge, Mass.

Meri Zanleoni Goyette, '46, is a secretary at the Vermont State Laboratory, Burlington.

During the summer *Shirley Conn*, x-'46, was head of riding at Beenadeewin Camp, Lake Fairlee, Vermont. She has returned to her studies at Mary Washington College of the University of Virginia, where she is majoring in physical education. She is adver-

tising manager of the college paper, member of several clubs, and teaches riding.

Jean Davis, x-'46, is a second-year student at the Nurses' Training School of the Mary Hitchcock Memorial Hospital, Hanover, N. H.

Helen M. Mabbs, x-'46, is a junior at Ohio State University, and *Nancy Rounds*, High School, '45, attends Wellesley College. Down in Virginia *Prudy Welch*, x-'47, is an undergraduate at Blackstone College.

New Placement Office

Lasell announces the opening of a placement office at the college for the use of all alumnae seeking aid in locating jobs. If you want employment now, or if you are satisfied with your work only temporarily and want to be kept on our list for possible advancements, get in touch with Miss Ruth Forsgren, director, Lasell Junior College, Auburndale 66, Mass. Telephone LASell 0630.

Midwinter Reunion — March 8, 1947 Hotel Sheraton, Boston

At its annual fall meeting in October, the Board of Management of the *Lasell Alumnae, Inc.*, decided to change the date of the Midwinter Reunion, ordinarily held early in February, to March 8, 1947, at the Hotel Sheraton, Boston. Notices will be sent to members about the middle of February. It is thought that in March there will be less likelihood of our usual Midwinter Reunion inclement weather which has so often in the past forced many a member to give up her reservation.

Another change to take place at the 1947 reunion will be the elimination of a toastmistress and long list of speakers, instead having only one chief speaker and greetings from the college president, *Dr. Winslow*, and *Mrs. Winslow*. *Marjorie Bassett Mac-Millan*, '36, vice president of the *Lasell Alumnae, Inc.*, is reunion chairman, and will be assisted by members of the Board of Management and class representatives.

Lasell Alumnae, Inc.

Correction: In the autumn issue of the *Lasell LEAVES*, under the slate of officers for 1946-47, the married name of *Celia Kinsley Percival*, '34, was omitted.

The following girls have recently taken out life memberships in the *Lasell Alumnae, Inc.*: *Elsinor Prouty*, '43, *Althea F. Taylor*, '45, and *Grace Gates Brown*, '22.

Connecticut Valley Lasell Club

The fortieth annual meeting of the Connecticut Valley Lasell Club was held on Saturday, Oct. 5, 1946 at the City Club, Hartford. Forty-six members and guests were present for the luncheon meeting at 1:00 P.M.

The business meeting was called to order by the president, *Faye Wadhams Smith*, '38, at 2:00 P.M. The secretary's and treasurer's reports were read and accepted.

Helen Wahlquist Wolcott, '25, of the Honor Roll Committee, reported the deaths of *Mary Lincoln Clark*, '72, *Ethel B. Hook*, '01-'03, and *Fanny L. Mac-Kenzie*, '03-'04.

The meeting was then turned over to *Mr. Raymond C. Wass*, assistant to *Dr. Guy M. Winslow* at Lasell, who reviewed his three-year stay on campus. He noted that new buildings will be needed in the future to supplement those already there, and that a financial plan, about which we will hear more later, is being formulated now to make them possible.

Mr. Wass introduced *Miss Ruth Rothenberger*, the new dean, who graciously spoke of the friendly spirit she found at Lasell. She told us of the faculty and student houses which have been added during the past year, and concluded with a cordial invitation to all to visit her when on campus.

The club president, *Faye Wadhams Smith*, presented the following slate of officers for the coming year: president, *Betty McAvoy*, '43; vice president, *Lois Wadhams Anderson*, '38; secretary-treasurer, *Priscilla Spence Hall*, '43; Honor Roll Committee, *Mabelle Hamlin Barby*, '15-'16; Executive Committee: *Florence Kent Flynn*, '38, *Maxine Williamson*, x-'44, and *Marjorie Allyn*, '42; Publicity, *Mary Ramsdell*, '44; Nominating Committee: *Shirley Wolcott Wells*, '43, chairman; *Janet Stevenson Gill*, '44; and *Dora Scoville*, '44.

The secretary cast one ballot for the election of these officers.

The meeting was adjourned at 3:30 P.M.

Priscilla Spence Hall, '43,
Secretary-Treasurer

New Haven Lasell Club

The first fall meeting of the New Haven Club was held at the home of *Eleanor Pfaff*, '41, West Haven, on Monday, Oct. 21, 1946.

Lasell Club of New York

The Lasell Club of New York will hold its annual luncheon at Midston House, New York City, on January 25, 1947.

Worcester County Lasell Club

Elsie Bigwood Cooney, '17-'19, presided at the Oct. 9 meeting of the Worcester County Lasell Club. Following the business meeting at 7:30 P.M., 'Mrs. Clarence R. Barrington played selections and gave a talk on the history of the French horn.

The club will hold a tenth anniversary dinner meeting in Worcester on Tuesday, Nov. 12, with *Esther Sosman*, '36, alumnae secretary, as guest speaker.

Life Members of Lasell Alumnae, Inc.
October 15, 1946

- | | | | |
|---------|--------------------------------|---------|------------------------------|
| 1854 | —Rose Heywood Brown* | 1906 | —Edith Anthony Carlow |
| 1857 | —Fannie Sykes Davis* | | —Anna G. Blackstock |
| 1861 | —Caroline. Hills Leeds* | | —Helen Carter Marcy |
| 1863 | —Ida Capron Cook* | | —Corinne Krag Klages* |
| 1869 | —Catharine Ames Ide* | | —Mildred Peirce Fuller |
| 1870 | —Ellen Clark Gill* | | —Irene Sauter Sanford |
| 1873 | —Ella Richardson Cushing* | | —Maude Simes Harding |
| 1871-75 | —Ellen Nelson Stevens* | | —Dorothea Turner Moulton |
| 1874-77 | —Florence E. Tower | | —Elsie Young Hayden |
| 1878 | —Alice Dunsmore Van Harlinger* | 1907 | —Fern Dixon Leahy |
| | —Alice Linscott Hall* | | —Lilian M. Douglass |
| 1880 | —Annie Kendig Peirce | 1908 | —Lela Goodall Thornburg |
| | —Lillie R. Potter | | —Grace T. Griswold |
| | —Amelia B. Watson | | —Louise Morrell Nestler |
| 1882 | —Carrie Wallace Hussey | | —Anna Smith Floyd* |
| 1883 | —Lillian M. Packard* | 1909 | —Annie Crowe Collum |
| | —Lydia F. Wadhams* | | —Louise B. Paisley |
| | —Annie Wallace | 1910 | —Lucy Aldrich Berston |
| 1882-83 | —Sarah Buck Proctor | | —Nell Carneal Drew |
| 1884 | —Nellie Kidder Cutter* | | —Julia Crafts Sheridan |
| | —Ida Sibley Webber* | | —Julia DeWitt Read |
| 1884-85 | —Gertrude Early Winegar* | | —Mildred Goodall Campbell |
| 1880-87 | —Mabel T. Eager | | —Susan Stryker Brown |
| 1888 | —Bertha A. Simpson* | | —Josephine Woodward Rand |
| 1891 | —Effie M. Prickett | 1908-10 | —Grace Douglass Schindler |
| 1892 | —Mary P. Witherbee | 1911 | —Elizabeth Bradow Trumbull |
| 1894 | —Mabel Case Viot* | | —Margaret Jones Clemen |
| | —Jennie M. Rich | | —Gladys Lawton Bullock* |
| | —Harriett G. Scott | | —Marion Ordway Corley |
| | —Rebecca C. Shepherd* | 1912 | —Florence Jones Allen |
| 1895 | —Alice Andreesen Dietz | 1913 | —Mildred Westervelt Warner |
| | —Harriet L. Freebey | 1914 | —Dorothy Canfield Cheseldine |
| | —Elizabeth Stephenson Morgan* | | —Ruth Davis Giller |
| 1896 | —Annie J. Hackett | | —Ruth Thresher Jenks |
| 1897 | —Edith Howe Kip | 1915 | —Myrtle Brix Spangler |
| 1898 | —Helen Abbott Bucknam | | —Bess E. Emerine |
| | —Emma Aull Duncan | | —Ada F. Patterson |
| 1899 | —Evelyn Ebert Allen | | —Susan E. Tiffany |
| | —Alice Jenckes Wilson | | —Nell Woodward Collins |
| | —Alice R. Kendall | 1916 | —Naomi Bradley Reed |
| 1900 | —Blanche Gardner Peeler | | —Ruth Griffin McDonald* |
| | —Elsie B. Reynolds | | —Laura Hale Gorton |
| 1901 | —Bessie M. Lum* | | —Helen Merrill Strohecker |
| 1902 | —Bessie Fuller Perry | 1917 | —Florence Bell Merrill |
| | —Annie Mae Pinkham Allyn | | —Fannie Gates Frey |
| 1900-02 | —Mabel Shields Woods | | —Helen M. Saunders |
| 1901-03 | —Bertha Manchester Perkins | | —Jessie Shepherd Brennan |
| 1904 | —Jennie Hamilton Eliason | | —Mildred Strain Nutter |
| | —Katharine Jenckes Knox | 1918 | —Lydia A. Adams |
| 1905 | —Ida Jones Hayden* | | —Dorothy Barnes Paine |
| | —Edna Rogers Carlisle | | —Gail Wilson Boynton |
| | —Laura Weaver Buxton | 1914-18 | —Katherine Moss Shriner |
| 1904-05 | —Mabel Martin Parker | 1916-18 | —Ruth Cody Ball |
| | | 1919 | —Mary Hopkins |
| | | | —Sarah Hopkins |
| | | | —Mercie V. Nichols |

- 1920 —Anna Crane Sherwood
—Doris Crawford Clovis
—Isabel M. Fish
—Marjorie V. Hussey*
—Katherine Rice Brook
- 1919-20—Dr. Ruth Emery
- 1921 —Helen L. Beede
—Celina Belle Isle Forman
—Lilian Doane Maddigan
—Gladys V. Lucas
—Ruth Rawlings Mott
—Julia Russell Robertson
—Ruth Smith Coates
—Esther H. Story
- 1919-21—Helen Jacobs
- 1920-21—Dr. Mary C. Shannon
- 1922 —Iverna Birdsall Lutze
—Marian Brown
—Harriette Case Bidwell
—Ethelle Cleale Collett
—Sarah F. Crane
—Florence Day Wentworth
—Grace Gates Brown
—Cornelia Hemingway Killam
—Josephine Holbrook Metzger
—Elizabeth Madeira Campbell
—Phyllis Rafferty Shoemaker
—Mabel Rawlings Eckhardt
—Jean Woodward Nelson
- 1923 —Ethel Cole Charters
—Carolyn Colton Avery
—Ruth Hills Livermore
—Ruth Hopkins Spooner
—Antoinette Meritt Smith
—Mercedes Rendell Freeman
—Adrienne E. Smith
- 1924 —Dorothy Ballou Collier
—Edith Clendenin Stahl
—Katharine Knox McClaren
—Lucile Norris Leyda
—Helen B. Perry
—Maude A. Wilcox
—Alice Wry Anthony
- 1925 —Eva-May Mortimer Riffe
—Elizabeth Nowell Croft*
—Helen Wahlquist Wolcott
- 1924-25—Gertrude Bicknell Harvey
- 1926 —Margaret Beck Hamlin
—Dorothy Hale Brown
—Sarah Mackay Roblin
—Mary Witschief Wood
- 1927 —Alice L. Crawford
—Esther T. Josselyn
—Lucy MacLeod Helm
- Madalyn Patten Hoberg
—Madeline Robinhold Leinbach
—Janette Smock Allen
- 1928 —Margaret H. Behrens
—Marjorie Blair Perkins
—Mary Pryor Dickson
—Marjorie Winslow MacCuspie
- 1929 —Dorothy Hayward Sutherland
—Marion Kingdon Farnum
—Alice Pratt Brown
—Ruth E. Richards
—Marion Simpson Lunt
—Helena Willson Hanson
- 1930 —Clara Dietz Rosenberg
- 1931 —Sarah B. Fletchall
- 1932 —Julia C. Case
- 1931-32—Laura Dietz Rudginsky
- 1933 —Virginia Ogden Hayes
- 1934 —Mabelle Hickcox Camp
—Celia Kinsley Percival
—Virginia Leahy Berwick
- 1931-34—Miriam Nichols
- 1935 —Barbara Iris Johnson
—Barbara King Haskins
—Sophia D. Latchis
—Mary-Jane Selby Guerry
—Mary E. Upham
—Priscilla Winslow
- 1936 —Margaret Pearl Ide
—Muriel Ray Hunt
—Esther B. Sosman
- 1937 —Eleanor Kenney Barthold
—Louise Tardivel Higgins
- 1936-37—Eleanor Dresser Gross
- 1938 —Jean Berry Yongue
—Mildred Birchard Pentheny
—Constance Hatch Pilgrim
- 1939 —Marjorie Dietz Jacobs
- 1941 —Ilene L. Derick
—Marian E. Fitts
- 1942 —Nancy Gorton Ross
—Mildred C. Slaunwhite
- 1940-42—Jean Barnes Dunn
- 1943 —Elizabeth Gorton Collier
—Martha Maddock
—Elsinor Prouty
—Jeanne Revene
- 1944 —Eleanor Del Bianco
—Norma Dietz Tarlow
—M. Shirley O'Connor
—Virginia Wolfe Perkins
- 1942-44—Elizabeth D. Knox
- 1945 —Althea F. Taylor
- 1944-45—Bertha C. McNerny

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LASELL LEAVES

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Editorial

I would like to introduce the attractive Art Editor of the LASELL LEAVES, twenty-year old Helen Marie Widenor, who is commonly known as "Bunny". This small light-haired "Lasellite" proudly informed me that she hails from Dover, New Jersey, and that she has two older brothers, both engineers. Previous to entering Lasell she attended Dover High School.

Last year "Bunny" was a resident of the fourth floor front in Woodland, and now as a senior she can be found in Clark, where she shares the triple with Gretchen Yost and Janet Stearns.

Art seems to be "Bunny's" chief interest, with oil painting a favorite pastime along with knitting and music. As for other activities, dancing heads the list and she also finds pleasure in playing soccer and basketball. She enjoys watching football games. With a smile "Bunny" assured me, "I have no dislikes worth mentioning".

"Bunny" is an art major and although her plans for the future are indefinite, she intends either to continue her schooling or to take a job where she can make use of her training and talents.

On campus she is the president of Clark and she has done some art work for the Workshop Players. "Bunny" deserves loads of thanks and praise for the fine covers and illustrations which she organizes for the LEAVES.

* * * *

Another important member of the staff of the LASELL LEAVES you should meet is Anne Scarlatos, the Business Manager. She is that short dark-haired day-hop from Jamaica Plain, who is always full of pep and ready to do a good turn for her pals.

No interview with Anne would be complete without mentioning the fact that she is



ANNE SCARLATOS

of Greek descent and very proud of it. She is taking the Liberal Arts course and majoring in journalism. Her main ambition is to become a journalist and secondly to "settle down eventually and perhaps write short stories while the children are in school".

Anne's hobbies are chiefly found in the sports field. Through her enthusiasm she gained recognition as captain of the junior softball team and she received an "L" as an outstanding athlete. This year the senior volley ball team and the Blue Team were both lucky enough to claim her. As all who are acquainted with Anne know, baseball is her favorite sport.

In addition to her job on the LEAVES, she writes various articles for it and she is also the Business Manager of the *Lasell News*. The senior class elected Anne as a member of the Executive Council to represent the senior day-hops.

Whether she carries out her plans to continue her studies in journalism at Columbia or accepts a position with the sports department of the *Boston Globe*, she will, without a doubt, be successful and do her work well.

Margaret L. Leary

LEAVES STAFF FOR 1946-47

Co-Editors— { MARGARET LEARY
 { MARCIA LANDICK
Art Editor—HELEN WIDENOR
Business Manager—ANNE SCARLATOS
Advisor—MISS MARION JAMES

Staff Members—JEAN MacNEIL

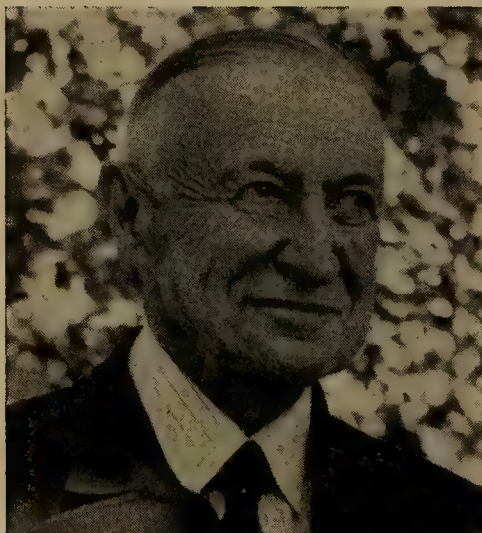
MELVA GONZALEZ
MARILYN HELLER
DORIS SMITH

GENEVIEVE HURLEY
LOIS KENYON
HELEN KING



MORRIS

Mr. Plummer's Gift



MR. FREDERICK PLUMMER

Can you imagine the days when an orchard and grape arbor faced Caroline Carpenter Hall—or when stables once stood on the spacious grounds in back of the Nellie Plummer Library? Undoubtedly all of this sounds strange to you. But the man who remembers it all is Mr. Frederick Plummer, donor of the Nellie Plummer Library to Lasell.

"Oh, my, yes", says Mr. Plummer, "times have certainly changed." He remembers the days when Gardner Hall, a senior house at Lasell, was owned and lived in by his uncle, Mr. Frederick Johnson. Then, too, he remembers the days when Christmas carols were sung in the entrance hall of Bragdon by the village string and voice group of which he was a member.

The growth of Lasell has been of great interest to Mr. Plummer. His mother was a member of the first class of the Lasell Seminary in 1851 and his aunt, youngest sister of Mrs. Plummer, also became a student two years later. No doubt it is this fact that first stimulated his enthusiasm for the school.

Mr. Frederick Plummer, a graduate of Harvard in the class of 1888, is also devoted to the welfare of Auburndale. His many do-

nations toward educational advancement include among others the village library to which he, his sister Annie Plummer Corey, and his brother William were the largest contributors. The ceremony in which he laid the cornerstone is one Mr. Plummer remembers with pleasure and pride. This building is known as the Plummer Memorial Library, a tribute to his mother and father. He has now established a fund which he hopes will eventually result in the erection of an annex to the library to be called the Annie Plummer Corey Children's Room.

The Plummer house, located on Woodland Road and now known as the Nellie Plummer Library, was donated to Lasell by Mr. Plummer as a tribute to his older sister. An interesting memorial of Miss Plummer is the portrait of her painted when she was a child. It now hangs in the front room of the library.

Not apparent to the casual glance of the passer-by is the spaciousness within this library. It is very pleasant to walk in and view the bright, cheerful rooms. A student looking for a place for quiet study will find it



NELLIE PLUMMER AS A CHILD



LASELL GIRLS STUDYING IN THE NELLIE PLUMMER LIBRARY

ideal. This is the first year the library has been opened to the students of Lasell. It offers two large rooms and one small room on the first floor for study and conference, and two other rooms upstairs, to be used as stack rooms.

Wonderful for those assignments requiring magazine data are the rows of reference magazines set up according to year and month on the second floor. Bound volumes for the same purpose can be obtained on the first floor where daily newspapers and current monthly magazines are also available for those who wish to read them. Lasell has completed extensive repairs in this library. It has new heating, plumbing, and lighting

systems, and interior painting on the second floor is now being completed.

In charge of this library is Miss Helen Goodrich, the lady with the warm smile that tells you there is no question or work too trivial to warrant her attention and help. Miss Goodrich taught voice at Lasell for many years. She studied in Europe and in this country.

We here at Lasell wish to extend our thanks to Mr. Plummer for a fine contribution to our college. There is no doubt that the Nellie Plummer Library is a valuable addition to the campus and will grow increasingly important as Lasell develops in the coming years. *Florence Domenichella*

Mattey

NEW HAVEN wouldn't be New Haven without Mattey! Maybe you ask, "Who is Mattey?" Well, although to you he may be unknown, to thousands of celebrities he is famous for his culinary skill. Yes, Mattey is a chef, but not an ordinary chef, for, aside from being named among America's ten best chefs (and if you've tried his dishes, you'll agree), Mattey possesses an unbelievable knowledge of music and the arts.

His appearance, alone, I am sure would attract you. With his curly white hair, his twinkling eyes, his laughing dimples, and his deep chuckle, he is indeed a colorful figure. Day and night Mattey loves to walk. No matter what the weather is, he sets out, minus hat and coat, for his little restaurant in the heart of the city.

To Mattey come the greatest opera stars, stage stars, writers and musicians, all asking him to prepare their favorite dishes in his own special way. These celebrities enjoy not only his superb cooking, but also his vivid personality. They delight in carrying on a lively conversation with him, too, for he can speak English, French, Italian and Spanish equally well. However, Mattey doesn't cook for famous people only. Regardless of who

or what you are, if you enjoy Mattey's cooking—and who doesn't—then you are his friend.

Of course, to eat in Mattey's restaurant is a wonderful event, but, to eat in his home—that is just about perfection. There, in a true Bohemian atmosphere, which is the talk of the town, one is welcome at any hour of the day or night. Mattey cooks and Mattey entertains and you spend an evening long to be remembered. Mattey, generous, happy, vigorous, and delightful, loved by all, has one ambition: to own a home in the country, surrounded by a little brook. There he would cook to his heart's content and entertain his many friends.

Joanne Bossi



The Charm

"THIMBLE, thimble, who's got the thimble?" She smiled to herself, twirling the charm bracelet between her fingers. It was just another version of "Who's got the button?" Someday the child sitting in the pen beside her would play that game, just as she had played it as a child, just as Barry had, too.

Oh, Barry! Her thoughts turned toward that familiar maze she had wandered in for months. And today, the first time she had been with the baby during those months, she should be playing with him—laughing with him, getting to know her child—their child. But she couldn't quite bring herself to it. She loved him—but she had loved Barry more. Now the baby was all she had left. The baby, the charm bracelet, and her memories. She almost cared more for the bracelet than she did for her baby because it held so many more poignant memories of Barry, of places they had been together. She admitted this was unfair, but that's the way it was. That was why she had been so long recovering from the shock. There was nothing left that arrested her interest except the bracelet.

She had discovered the gold charm bracelet in her jewel box on her return from the sanitarium this morning. It would be lovely, even devoid of all its charms. The little gold links twined together so softly. Barry had given it to her for a wedding present. It had been completely plain then.

"We'll collect the charms as we go along, honey," he had said. Her mother was the first contributor.

"Something old," her mother had said, handing her a tiny gold thimble, the first charm for the bracelet. The thimble was a family heirloom. A local jeweler, while they waited, attached it to the bracelet and inscribed their names on one side. She had worn it down the aisle as a bride and out of the church as a wife.

"Thimble, thimble, who's got the thimble?" And now it was missing. She fingered the remaining charms slowly. There was the

little gold barrel they had bought at Niagara Falls on their honeymoon. True, everyone went there, but they were just ordinary people, and they loved every minute of it. There was a tiny gold can-opener that she had received at their housewarming party. It was just a small affair, but so was the house, just a cottage for the two of them. For her birthday Barry had found a dainty gold heart for the bracelet. She tapped it tenderly. On their first anniversary they celebrated by a trip to New York by plane. To commemorate the occasion they hunted around until they found a tiny gold airplane to attach to the bracelet. The next charm held nothing but bitterness for her now. It was a miniature gold anchor. Barry had gone—his country had claimed him. He had brought it back from his first trip across. After that trip they had a beautiful second honeymoon. Shortly, after he had gone back again, the last charm had arrived by mail. It was a sturdy gold baby's shoe, done in perfect detail on a small scale. When it came, she had been so happy, waiting for Barry to come home, waiting for the ship that came without him.

The bracelet dropped to her lap. Only the thimble was missing. The thimble was the symbol of the beginning of her happiness and now even that was gone. And for the past few months everything had seemed shattered—all her life had been extinguished with that of another. Nothing meant anything to her now.

She sat musing, staring unconsciously at the baby in the pen. He smiled at her happily, a perfect picture of round, rosy radiance. Getting no response to his grin, he laughed good-naturedly, clutching one tight pink fist over his head. The mist cleared a little from in front of her eyes and she saw the child—the image of Barry. As she watched, really seeing him for the first time, he waved his clenched fist at her and suddenly opened it. Something tiny and gold dropped at his feet—the thimble!

Barbara Woods



SCENE FROM THE ANNUAL SNOW BALL

Left: Snow Queen, Carolyn Lewis and escort; right: other candidates, Joanne Eaton and Mary Young and their respective escorts.

On Staying in a Hotel

THE doors open wide to disclose a freshly waxed floor, comfortable lounge chairs and dimmed lamps. The new-comer is greeted by an impersonal air which is very pleasing as a change from his usual every day surroundings. In all probability, the enjoyment derived from a sojourn in a hotel results not from the reason for the stay, which is usually business, but from the fact that, as soon as you enter the spacious lobby, your past life is forgotten and a new horizon unfolds.

While the preliminaries of registering are being accomplished, you find time to obtain a glimpse of your aloof companions of the next few hours. At last the key is handed to you—an introduction to a new experience. You turn to the elevator which bears you upward and cross the corridor to stand before your door. A slight tremor passes through you as you anticipate your lodging for the night. What will the room be like? Will it be sober and formal, or light and gay? Will the sun warm the bed as you awaken in the morning? Will it overlook the green velvet of a lawn and rainbow splendor of a garden, or concrete sidewalk and flashing metal of busy automobiles? But enough with your contemplations—you must enter the room and get settled.

After a few minutes spent emptying your suitcase, you find that the entire strange aspect of the room changes. How quaint it looks with familiar clothes in the closet, slippers that hold the shape of your feet at the bedside, a cherished photograph on the dresser, and also a brush and comb looking as comfortable as if at home?

It is then while musing that you ponder on the worn spot before the dresser, a cushion faded from use, a path in the rug to the bed; all these things indicate the presence of another person—the former occupant of the room. It seems as though you were waiting for that person to reappear and continue a conversation that had been interrupted—a

companion to share a new experience with you. No ties of your past life exist, only the excitement of the present and immediate future. With a start you come to the realization that it is time for dinner.

While dressing the same feeling of anticipation returns; it promises to be a delightful evening. The best is not too good for you and so none of the little luxuries you cherish are spared in your preparation—a dab of cologne, a favorite pin or special bracelet. At last you are ready—and so to the lobby and dining room.

As the head waiter receives you, a feeling of belonging fills you and you realize that you are as much a part of the exciting atmosphere as the others. The service is yours to command; the evening is at your disposal. Mellow candles glow on your table as you prepare for your feast—a plate heaped with Virginia ham baked in raisin sauce, vegetables glowing with garden colors, an ice-cream éclair swimming in rich, chocolate sauce. After concluding the meal with a savory demi-tasse, you enter the lobby once more, feeling very contented and settle in one of the comfortable chairs.

A pageant is enacted before your eyes, for every person that passes is an interesting study and your mind delights in fitting each one into a pattern of your own design. Snatches of conversation float your way; each one is a jewel to be fashioned and set by the artful fingers of your imagination. Such diversions continue as long as you wish, because, you remember, your leisure is to be disposed of as you wish.

Later you ascend to your room which looks familiar now. In a short time you are ready for bed and can relax once more. Now is the time to read that favorite book which you brought along for diversion, the well-worn book that especially appeals to you—perhaps a novel or a collection of poems. This is the book that in a strange room seems to be a good investment even though you have read

it again and again. You have no limitations on your time to be spent on reading now and only after you are satisfied and have received enough pleasure from your reading do you turn out the light and relax. The unfamiliar sounds seem to be a symphony. They become more familiar as time passes and finally lull you to sleep. When you awaken it is with a pang of regret for you are nearing the end of your adventure. You must rise and prepare for your departure.

Then the closet is emptied; slippers are packed; picture, brush and comb and book are placed once more in the suitcase. The

room slowly loses you as you remove your personal items. It returns to its original state as you close and lock the door.

You cross the lobby for the last time; probably you will never see it again. Your passport to adventure, the key, is surrendered and you face the doors to the street. Your bags are lined up along the sidewalk with your automobile calling you with each catch of the motor.

A last glimpse of the lobby and you must pass on. There is no reason for lingering; you have completed that much of your life.

M. Jeanne Meyer

Paula

SHE is a typical teen-ager in every sense of the word and a distinct problem to those who share her home. She is my sister Paula, who is fifteen years old or "going on sixteen" as she would have herself known. Living with her is enough challenge for any calm and normal person, but sharing her room is a test of human endurance and one I have suffered.

"Hello, Pat? What are you wearing to school tomorrow . . . oh? The answers to the biology questions. . . . Who asked you out? What did he say!! Oh you lucky! That dumb Dickey. . . . I can't stand him, but it's a way to get there. . . . Oh, did you think she looked cute? Well . . ." Just as Monday follows Sunday, so will this telephone conversation invariably occur every evening. Mother and Dad stand by in helpless rage as business calls bow graciously to the teen-ager's social necessities. June, my older sister, and I glare at the form tangled around the chair and telephone wire, and resolve that this will be our last turn at drying dishes. Paula is apparently oblivious of all tactful suggestions that she cut the call short. Finally, she is torn by force from her post and a much ruffed and enraged girl slams the door to the bedroom crying out the unfairness of "understanding parents!"

Another tribulation one must endure is

the steady, suspicious disappearance and disintegration of one's wearing apparel. There are no clean socks in the drawer; one's favorite blouse is torn at the elbow; an aqua suit is spotted with Waterman's permanent ink, hastily camouflaged by a dab of soap and water; sweaters are stretched by constant hauling at the waistline to shorten the distance between skirt hem and sweater hem. No one except a teen-aged sister could do such damage to a wardrobe.

As for appearance, she has the typical bright red lips, the stringy hair, the short skirt, baggy sweater, collapsed loafers, and lumpy socks. This appearance, which is seemingly the result of carelessness, is obtained by hours of labor.

Her life centers around her inseparable gang of girl friends and their hero-worshipped boy acquaintances. Her dates, diets, athletics, and never-sufficient supply of clothes complete her interests. These items require every spare moment, and the suggestion that she do homework or housework will bring an expression of contempt to her face and another muffled reference to ". . . understanding parents!"

She is as vivacious as a live wire and is continually rushing into someone or something in her haste. She refuses to relax, even at night. Then in true delight she chatters

to Pat in her sleep or stumbles around the room playing a somnambulist's game of hockey. At each of her birthdays, Mother gives June and me falsely hearty promises about "Paula's turning over a new leaf now!" The new leaf never does come, nor even the sign of one. The same old Paula remains and probably will for some time.

She is a typical American girl and is suffering joyfully through the usual period preceding maturity. It is a happy but selfish period when one lives in complete self-absorption and is unconscious of any world activity. Though June and I do not care to admit it, we see in her our past.

Betty Ahner

Aunt Lizzy

AUNT LIZZY had a heart of gold. She was an old lady in her late eighties when she came to live with us. Instead of being a "little old lady", as the song goes, she was rather large in stature. Her skin was wrinkled, but the wrinkles helped to reflect kindness from her sweet, pale face. Aunt Lizzy used to sit with the family by the hour, although she was unable to understand a spoken word. You see, she was stone deaf. Since she was unable to arouse us with cheery conversations, she turned to other ways of communicating with us. She devoted many hours of her time to sewing and making dainty laces. These she proudly gave to members of the household as small tokens of her appreciation for a place in which to live. Although we could seldom use these articles, we always politely accepted them, for no one wanted to hurt Aunt Lizzy's gentle feelings. Scuffling around the house in her ragged purple slippers (with which she wouldn't part), she hummed and chattered to herself. Whether she was able to understand her own words, we shall never know.

Every morning, rain or shine, Aunt Lizzy got up early, dressed in her neat, black woolen skirt, pulled a soft felt hat over her tightly drawn hair, and silently set out for church. She was faithful to her religion, the very center of her soul. This devotion to her church was as much a part of Aunt Lizzy as was her golden heart. Passers-by and neighbors often gazed in wonder at this elderly woman, so physically handicapped, yet so reverently sincere. "She certainly has courage!" they would remark. After leaving

church, Aunt Lizzy, without fail, slowly turned her footsteps toward one of two small stores. Once inside, she opened her small bag, took out a few coins, and purchased two or three candy bars, perhaps a card of jackstones, or possibly a package of chocolate cookies. These she proudly brought home to the children of the household. Her face lighted up, her blue eyes sparkled, and her shriveled lips smiled, as we exclaimed over her purchases. Each day she made this thoughtful gesture and each day she beamed with radiance upon our acceptance of these humble gifts. This thoughtfulness was her way of showing us that, in spite of her outward physical indifference, she really had a soul filled with kindness and love.

Aunt Lizzy's death came after much suffering. She suffered in silence, though, and was deeply grieved when she realized that she might be inconveniencing the family. She was never a bother; she couldn't be. She was just a sweet, old lady with a heart of gold.

June Smith



A Little Bit of Norway

AS I knocked on the door of room 32 at Bragdon, a small calling card decorated with Scandinavian figures introduced me to Janecke Naess, Lasell's new junior from Norway.

Upon opening the door to a friendly "Ya", I had my first glimpse of Miss Naess. Strangely enough Janecke looks like an average American college girl with long brown, wavy hair, sparkling brown eyes and a sweet smile.

As she sat in her desk chair chatting with me, I noticed Norwegian flags decorated her bureau and chair back, and a bright red graduation cap rested jauntily on her mirror which housed pictures of Norwegian girls and boys.

Janecke was born in London, the daughter of Norwegian parents. At seven, she moved to Oslo, Norway, and was brought up in the Scandinavian way—which is really very similar to our American way of going to school, having parties and playing games.

Then, in April of 1940, a dark period in Janecke's life descended upon her. The Germans seemed to be everywhere. They took over the schools, the food and the government. Each night after the sun went down there was a curfew and black-out. Each house had to have black-out curtains to conceal all light and Janecke's home, where she lived with her mother and brother, was no exception. No one was allowed out on the streets after dark. At different intervals on different days, Janecke and her brother attended a combined school where all the children in the city went.

As the food supplies were taken over by the Nazis, everyone was issued coupons for his food. Janecke had three meals a day—breakfast, dinner at midday and supper of bread and milk. Paper was mixed with the flour in the brown bread and, although we Americans would turn our noses up at this combination, Janecke admitted the bread was good. Small children up to sixteen years of age were allowed milk, but although Janecke was fifteen, she said she had very little.



JANECKE NAESS

Since all radios were taken and no patriotic Norwegian would attend a Nazi-controlled movie, the younger-set's only recreations were home parties. Fourteen or fifteen girls and boys danced at these get-togethers to the music of old American records.

Some of Janecke's older friends (17 and 18 years old) didn't care about going to school but worked for the Underground.

While Jan (as the Lasell girls call her) talked gaily with me about these war-time hardships, her face suddenly became grim and she told me the worst impression the Nazi regime had left upon her.

One day while Jan was playing in the school-yard, she and her friends became frightened upon hearing gun-shot very near the school. A Norwegian had killed a German. A few days later ten Norwegians, young men, were taken out of their homes to prison. Not long afterwards they were shot as hostages for the one German that had been killed. One of the boys had been a very dear friend of Jan's. The Nazis were setting an example to the Norwegians. Jan will never forget that example.

Jan had always wanted to come to the United States to go to college and her dream came true this summer when she sailed for New York on the *Stavangerfjord*, a Norwegian ship. Jan shyly admitted she did not

speaking English aboard ship, but, when she reached her father's summer home on Fire Island, she tried to improve the meager vocabulary of the difficult language she had been taught in school. Her success is apparent in the natural tone of her conversation.

Through friends of her father's, Jan heard about Lasell. She expected American college girls to be sophisticated and rather unfriendly, but her Lasell acquaintances have changed her mind. She says, "American girls

are very kind and cordial; I have received so many invitations that I am overwhelmed"

What will she do when she finishes her secretarial course at Lasell? Jan plans to go home to Oslo once more to work for the foreign service, a newspaper or maybe at the Norwegian-American Embassy. In the meantime, we all wish her the best of luck at Lasell and hope that the knowledge and friends that she finds here will be of value to her in the future.

Lois Seidel

News Flashes

Jan. 7—Reopening of school—classes are resumed after Christmas Holidays.

Jan. 18—Snow Ball Dance—the big dance of the year.

Jan. 27-30—Mid-year exams—This is a time when most students wish they had never decided on college.

Jan. 31-Feb. 3—White Mountain Trip—the ski enthusiasts head for New Hampshire and the winter sports.

Jan. 31-Feb. 3—Mid-year recess—we certainly all need a few days off.

Feb. 28-Mar. 1—Shubert Alley—annual spring play is put on by Miss Morrill.

Mar. 7—M.I.T.—Orphean Concert in Winslow Hall—it's our turn to be hostess to M.I.T.

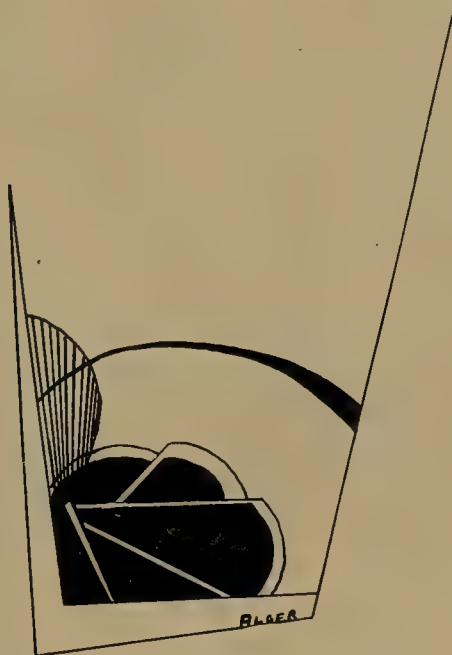
Mar. 8—Alumnae mid-winter reunion at the Hotel Sheraton in Boston—old friends get together.

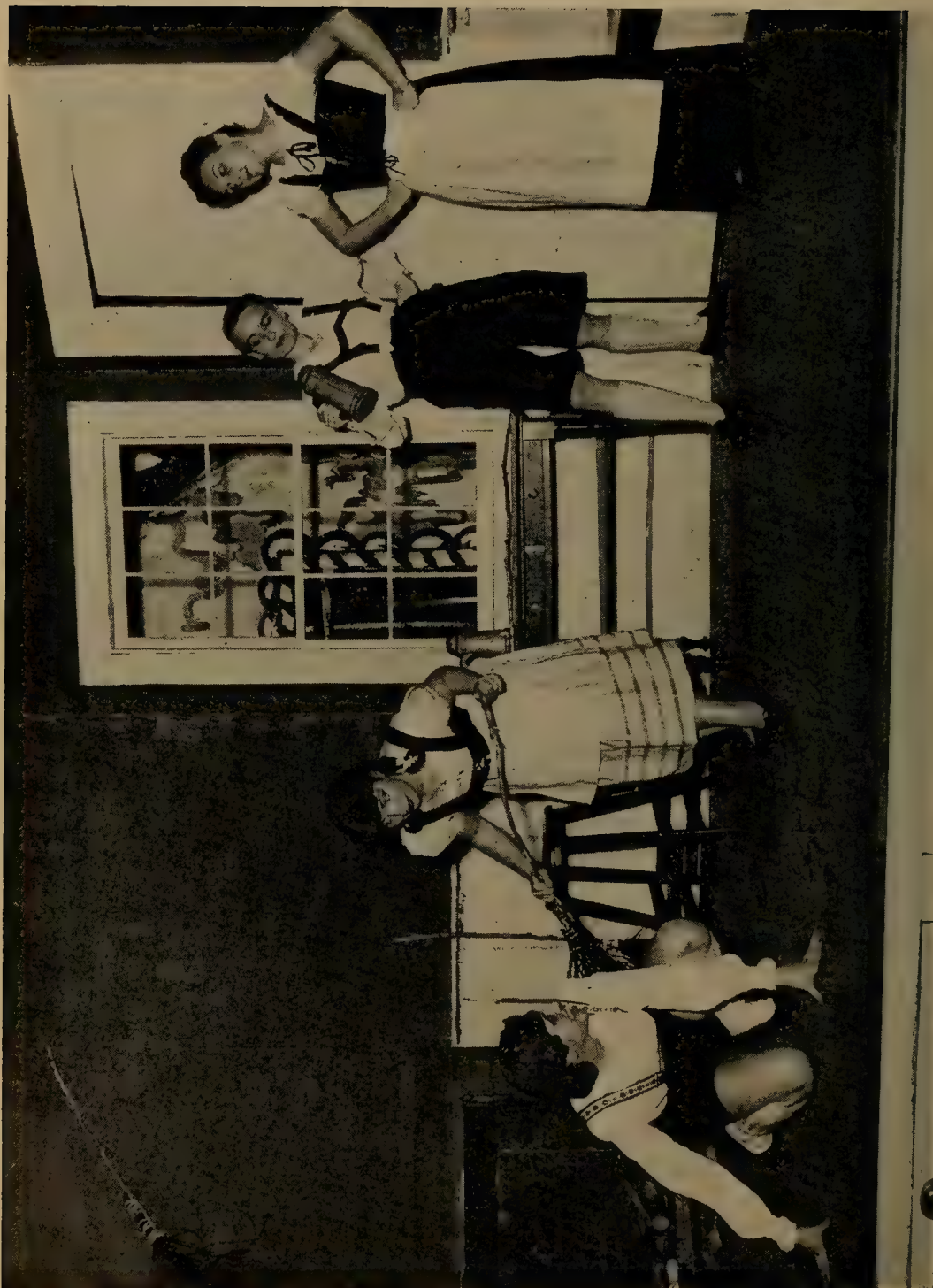
Mar. 14—German Club Party in gym—Mrs. Rinks and the German Classes entertain.

Mar. 22—Junior Prom—it's the juniors' turn to put on a dance.

Mar. 26—Evening Recital—William Hacker, pianist.

Mar. 28—Easter Vacation—homeward bound before the last stretch.





HANSEL AND GRETTEL

Left to right: Audrey Tracey, Gloria Sylvia, Jean Alexander, and Virginia Morss

Hänsel and Gretel

By E. Humperdinck

Staged by Roberta Morrill

Vocal Direction Dance Arrangements

Persis Blake Kempton Elizabeth Winslow

Stage Design

Virginia Carter

CAST

(in order of appearance)

Gretel Gloria Sylvia
Hänsel Audrey Tracey
Mother Virginia Morss
Father Jean Alexander
Sandman (dancer) Betty MacNeil
Sandman (singer) Joan Warriner
Dew-Fairy (dancer) Sybille Frick
Dew-Fairy (singer) Anita Healey
Witch Rosalie Doucette
Cookie Children and Willowisps

Barbara Rich, Joanna Lamb, Betty
Ann Williams, Joanne Bossi

Angels ... Mollie Kendrick, Joan Familton,
Dorothy Davis, Doris Wemmell,
Jane Ayres, Jean Collignon, Ger-
trude Powers, Mary B. Young,
Barbara Fenstermaker, Helen
Bowser, Corinne Bergen, Jean
Place, Marian Smitherman, Nancy
Parker.

Witches .. Virginia Smith, Doris Wemmell,
Julia Jensen, Jean Meyer.

Cuckoo Meredith Olson
Choir Marian Grant, Doris Trefeny,
Eleanor Munro, Phyllis Allen,
Jean Nelson, Bianca Mahfood,
Audrey Cooper, Dorothy Papani,
Barbara Smith.

Echoes Joan Hanson, Margaret Herzog,
Rosada Marston.

Accompanist Mrs. Franklin E. Leland

Assistant Accompanists Janice Bickford,
Laura Jane Pascoe

THE STAFF

President Virginia Morss

Secretary-Treasurer Frances Oden

Business Manager Gloria Sylvia

Publicity Manager Virginia Smith

Production Manager Joan Scott
Stage Lighting Elaine Burrell
Wardrobe Barbara Taber
Makeup Patricia Newman
Ushers Nan Alger, Mary Ida Hanson,
Margaret Leary, Marcia Landick,
Valerie Reynolds, Dorothy Maher,
Jean Morgan, Frances Lake, Nan-
cy Hayner, Eleanor Cowley, B. J.
Cnossen, Agnes Sheridan, M. Starr
Maxson, Estelle Hollingworth,
Betty Ahner, Mabeth Hires.

Assistant to Miss Morrill ... Virginia Morss

Assistants to Miss Scott . Beryl Groff, Lucille
Melton, Cora Lou Buffum

CREDITS

Our thanks to Miss Colton for loaning the
caldron used in Act I.

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Reynolds, Cora Lou Buffum.

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productions would not be possible, we extend
our appreciation and thanks.



I'd Like to Reserve . . .

I T ALL began with one of my occasional spurts of ambition. I was seventeen that summer and wanted a job. Everyone else in my crowd was working (mostly in the Crop Corps as was true during the war) and I wanted to work also. But I had a prime requisite. My job was going to be different! None of that dull bean picking for me! The prospect of running around looking like a very unreasonable facsimile of a boy in a pair of dirty dungarees and a cast-off shirt of my father's didn't appeal to me. I had bought some "sharp" cotton dresses and was dying for a chance to wear them. What better place than at a hotel? True, I couldn't type or even take shorthand, but I could speak English and I thought I had the brains to run a switchboard, so why not try? Now came the problem of deciding just where I should do all these things.

For all my life I have been spending my summers in a certain part of Maine, the Rangeley Region to be exact. Perhaps you have heard of it, as there have been several books written about the section: *We Took To The Woods*, *Nine Mile Ridge*, and the latest, a biographical novel, *The Islanders*. If anything was in my favor, it was the knowledge of the region and its people, and where could I better apply that knowledge than there? I knew—slightly—the office manager of a set of ultra camps—Maine's version of the summer hotel—so I decided to write to him. My letter went off in the middle of April without much hope on my part and when I thought of the possibility of a very dull summer sans car, gas and friends, I was dragged down to the very depths of whatever you experience when you felt as I did. I already knew that our family wasn't going to take our annual jaunt to Maine, so I had absolutely nothing to look forward to if I didn't get a favorable answer to my letter. If you have never spent a summer on the flat south shore of Long Island without

any means of transportation except overcrowded busses, you have no idea how awful it can be.

Finally I received an answer, and a favorable one at that! I was all set, my summer was accounted for, and it wasn't wound up in beans either!

Mother and I started off on a hot sultry day for Boston, where she was to leave me and where I was to continue on alone. We stayed in a hotel that night, and in the morning I took a train for Maine. I was off, a career woman at last!

I arrived at the camps about four, tired but with the excitement of my first job showing all over me. That night I ate like a horse (which I was to do at every meal all summer) and literally fell into my bunk. The next morning I was to get up at six to help open the office. Six o'clock! I fully expected the stars to be shining at that hour.

The alarm came all too soon, and I tumbled out of bed, wondering where I was. I soon realized, and dressed in fifteen minutes, something I hadn't done before (or since). I went down the wooded path which smelled delightfully of pine and balsam to the main office in the lodge. Upon entering I helped get out the various keys, remove the night plugs from the switchboard, throw on the buzzer and the power, and generally prepare for a new day.

During one week out of three, one of us office girls had to rise at six and go through this ritual. The other weeks we revelled in the pleasure of sleeping until seven o'clock. After breakfast we took a look at the incoming guest list, noticing how all were arriving, and at what time. It always helped if we were able to greet the guests by name. When they did arrive, we helped them unload their baggage and called for a chore "boy" (they were all over fifty) to take the luggage down to the camp assigned them. We walked along with them, pointing out the various spots of interest. "There were

some deer eating from that salt rock there yesterday. Mr. Sheridan, who's in the camp next to you, got some very good shots of them." Upon arriving at the cabin we'd show them where everything was, and usually wind up by saying, "That phone connects with the switchboard in the main office, so if there's anything you want, just call."

The boss of this establishment was quite a character, and what made it funnier was that he tried to be more of one. I would say that he was fairly typical in character and philosophy of the Maine hotel men who make their living from the "sports" (summer guests). In physical aspects he resembled Neanderthal man; large head, coarse features, bull neck, long arms and big hands very much out of proportion with his body and short bowed legs. He heightened the charming effect by shaving every three days and wearing loudly plaided shirts, tucked inside disreputable pants which were slung about his hips. His walk was something like that of an ape, and all in all he presented a most unusual picture, fascinating to the guests who had heard so much about backwoods Down Easterners and funny to those who had been coming to Maine for years. He hid the fact that he was a graduate of the University of Maine and that his real name was Roderick and not the "Gus" by which he was generally known. It took a new guest a few days to realize that he was the owner of this log village in the pines and not a chore boy.

Gus' clientele was very carefully selected, and there was trouble if the New York or Boston representatives slipped up and made a reservation for a party of which Gus did not fully approve. One time such a thing did happen, and the place was a madhouse (to the office staff, certainly not the guests). He tried everything with these people, giving poor service in the dining room, raising the cabin rent, having the chore "boy" forget to fill the woodbox, doing anything that would possibly annoy them—but they stayed. One day, Gus started telling bear stories. Accord-

ing to him the bruins out at the garbage dumps were getting a little over-friendly, many times just plain rough. He warned all his guests that they had better not venture too far from the usual paths when returning to their cabins from the main lodge. That night the guests for whom Gus had taken a special "interest" had a visitor. Growling, crashing, rolling against the house, it made the most awful noises and very obviously had the occupants scared out of their wits. The next morning they decided to leave. We couldn't understand it until we heard the tale of the growling animal and saw Gus smirking outside the office with a bruise on his forehead. He admitted that he'd been visitin' the night before.

There was a strike of kitchen help that summer for a period of about a week. For all he could cajol and threaten, Gus couldn't make the odd assortment of Negro and Indian dishwashers stay on the job. The usual plan of eating in the dining room couldn't be continued since obviously there wasn't anyone to take off the dishes. Gus hit upon the novel idea of having "Cook Outs" on the large community fireplace and letting the "Sports" take care of themselves. It appealed to the guests to be able to "rough it" in such luxury, and not knowing the real reason for the pioneering meals, they praised Gus for his idea. During the rest of the summer these meals were so popular that Gus was forced to have them frequently to satisfy his guests and save his face.

Many of his employees were school students from neighboring communities and they had to be back at school earlier that year. That meant that Gus would lose much of his help soon after or even during the Labor Day week-end while reservations were still being made. Taking his natural gall and Yankee horsetrading ability in hand, he called the town fathers and attempted to postpone the opening of the local high school. The state and education be darned! Needless to say, he met with no success, which surprised him no end, as he was used to having his own way.

That failure didn't bother him, however, as I heard that he tried the same thing this summer. Things similar occur every season at this log village in the Maine woods, but the guests miss them. For the price they pay,

I think that they certainly don't get their money's worth. To them, Gus' place is a quiet, refined resort, the perfect spot to spend a restful vacation. I know differently!

Doris Smith

Troop Trains

BEHOLD one of the few persons who ever enjoyed a ride on an Army troop train! Yes, and it was a six day haul in an old style Pullman, too, not in a streamlined luxury car. Here is the way that I, though never a WAC nor a WAVE, happened to get on a troop train and why I enjoyed it.

My husband, an Air Corps Second Lieutenant, had been ordered to the West Coast from Langley Field, Virginia, in preparation for going overseas. He was pilot of one of the air crews which was being sent, and, after much urging on my part, he decided that I should go along as far as St. Louis. So we bought a ticket, fully expecting that the troop car would be hooked on to a civilian train.

Down to the station we went, all packed and ready, and climbed into the Pullman car assigned to the crew. I would, I thought, go back later and find myself a seat in the civilian coach if the conductor insisted.

After much confusion in getting all the men on the train, we pulled away from the station, and soon were rolling merrily through the night. Then the conductor arrived!

"Young lady, what are *you* doing in here?" he demanded, completely flustered.

I hastily explained that I would go back to the coach, and had picked up my suitcase to go when the trainman exploded, "There ain't no coach on this train, lady! Your train was switched to another track, and now you're on a troop train—the only woman on it!" He got a little bit purple and mumbled something else, but after a while, calmed down and decided that I could stay. He even gave

us the drawing room, and instructions as to how to lock the door.

I would have stayed in that haven of safety for the entire trip, but hunger drove me out. Naturally, the diner was at the other end of the train, so we set up a marching order. Ten men went first, yelling, "Lady coming through!" Then came my poor, embarrassed husband, and then *me*. I felt like Cleopatra that first time, and loved it!

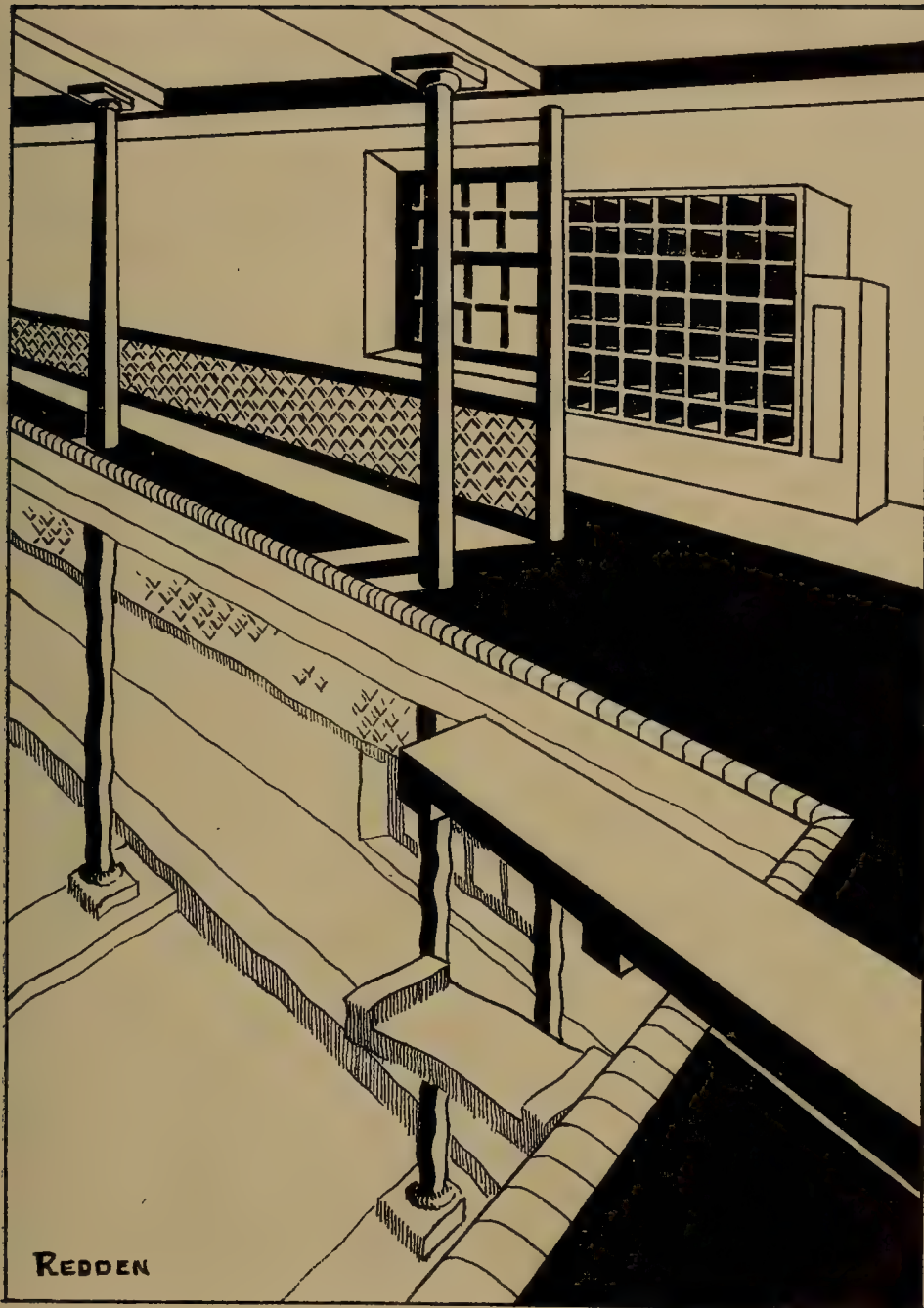
We went through this procedure three times a day until most of the boys got to expect it, and cheered when I came into each car. I loved that, too; but the nicest occasion of all was the evening I arrived in the diner to find all the men there standing, and the mess sergeant bowing us to a table with a white cloth and flowers. I tried to smile and thank them, but cried instead.

My husband either hid me, or wheedled or bribed the conductors so that I didn't get off at St. Louis or Kansas City or Cheyenne or Ogden. We had a birthday party one night, and the members of the crew gave us another party to celebrate our "three-monthiversary." I administered a few aspirin tablets, and listened to some of the tallest tales imaginable.

We had several adventures, too, like just missing being in a train wreck, and running into a snowslide in the mountains.

When we finally got to the state of California, we were tired and bedraggled, but happy. To top off the whole wonderful trip, we had a marvelous two weeks in San Francisco, before Scott left for the Pacific.

Marion Smitherman



LASELL SWIMMING POOL

New Faculty

MR. NEWCOMB

[From the *Lasell News*]

Near Littleton, Massachusetts, there is a large, white house, one wing of which is a music room. In his spare moments, this room is occupied by one of Lasell's music teachers, Mr. James F. Newcomb. Distracted by the fascinating life of New York City, where he lived for about twelve years, Mr. Newcomb decided that in the peacefulness of the country he would spend more time on his music.

At the present time he is in the process of writing a piano concerto, which he is thinking of entering in a contest in late spring. Mr. Newcomb has also written songs, and anthems for church services.

Born in St. Louis, he was "whisked away, while still in the cradle." After attending the Roosevelt School in Michigan, Mr. Newcomb continued his studies in the Michigan State Conservatory of Music. Here, he studied piano, organ, and theory. One of his teachers played in the Detroit Symphony Orchestra.

Furthering his education in New York, he studied piano at the David Mannes School, as well as the Juilliard School of Music. Choral direction, organ and theory were among Mr. Newcomb's other studies.

A visit to Paris occupied two years of his life, but he did no extensive studying while there.

Wednesday is Mr. Newcomb's day for teaching here at Lasell. He likes to teach, "especially when the pupils are interesting and show cooperation."

Patricia Newman



MRS. LUCE

A NEW member of the faculty merchandising department is Mrs. Richard W. Luce, who came to Lasell this last September. She is teaching both merchandising psychology and salesmanship.

Mrs. Luce is a native New Englander coming from Southport, Connecticut. She attended the Prince School of Retailing at Simmons College in Boston. For a while she did department store work which gave her much practical training for her present teaching post at Lasell.

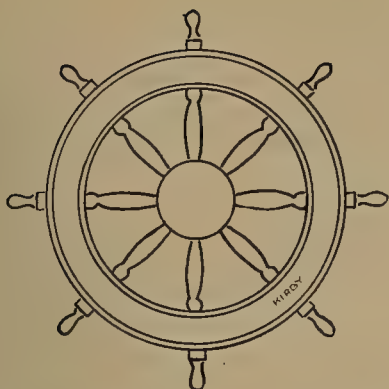
When she and her husband have time, they like to visit their farm in Vermont, but at the present time they are living in Natick, Massachusetts, and spend any spare moments attending concerts in Boston. It was through her husband that Mrs. Luce developed a fondness for symphonies and operas. She particularly likes Wagner's and Beethoven's works. Both she and her husband play the piano, but she considers her husband the musician of the family while her main talent turns toward swimming. At one time she was a swimming instructor at a private beach in Connecticut.

Mrs. Luce expects her stay at Lasell will be very pleasant and interesting, for she likes the students and hopes to make her own experience profitable to them.

Melva Gonzalez

MISS FORSGREN

ONE of the busiest offices at Lasell this year is that occupied by Miss Ruth Forsgren, whose official title is Placement Director.



Miss Forsgren is a native Bostonian and received a B.S. degree in commercial education from Boston University. She also did graduate work at the same institution.

For some time she attended the Academy Moderne, studying human relations and culture in the field of art and fashion.

Her first business experience was gained at the Brighton Five Cents Savings Bank. She has also taught commercial subjects for two years at the Woodsville High School in New Hampshire. "This is just West of 'The Old Man of the Mountain'," she reminded me. "I loved the lakes and the mountains."

Miss Forsgren's interests are varied. She enjoys traveling, and when she was a junior in High School she had the good fortune of spending the summer in Sweden. She has also vacationed in Bermuda, where she stayed in a waterfront cottage. "Two things I noticed about the natives were that they never ride up hills—they walk, and they never carry umbrellas. Also the Bermuda moon really does seem larger than our New England moon."

She is also interested in music which she says "is in my family." She was very thrilled when her cousin, who is a composer, dedicated a number to her upon her graduation. The theater is a source of enjoyment to her, but she thinks that many plays are a waste of time.

Miss Forsgren says Lasell reminds her of Tufts. She loves her work and is anxious to become acquainted with all of the girls.

She says they are doing well in gaining marketable skills. Also she is pleased to see that each one has tentative plans for the future, in spite of possible changes.

Her last words to the visitor are always "Come in and see me often."

Jean MacNeil

MR. ADAMS

[From the *Lasell News*]

Life is a glorious adventure!

This is the philosophy of Mr. Walter Adams, new instructor of mathematics here at Lasell this year, and one which he has believed and practised since his college prep days.

Both Harvard and Wesleyan have given him degrees.

Upon going to South America Mr. Adams found that all the drilling and studying of declensions and conjugations in Latin stood him in good stead, and he feels that much of his success at that time was due to his early training.

Of his forty-odd years as a teacher in public, private and graduate schools, Mr. Adams says, "It has been great fun." Being with us here at Lasell is a "new, wholly different adventure", however, and one which we all hope will prove to be as pleasant and satisfying as previous ones.

Mr. Adams, who lives in Newtonville, belongs to the regular professional societies, and also to the Beta Theta Pi fraternity. Mrs. Adams is a Wellesley graduate, and their son, Jack, is in radio laboratory research.

Another adventure that Mr. Adams looks forward to with much enthusiasm is being able to spend his leisure time going into the woods, hunting, and being in the out-of-doors.



Faculty and Administration Notes

Dr. and Mrs. Winslow have had as their house guest Dr. Winslow's sister, *Miss Inez Winslow*, of Orleans, Vermont, who for many years was Lasell's publicity agent.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert R. Amesbury of Wellesley have a second son (their third child), Richard Elwell Amesbury, born Nov. 26, 1946 at Phillips House, Boston. Grandparents are Mr. and Mrs. Walter R. Amesbury (*Jane Ford*, '01-'03) of Auburndale, and Mr. and Mrs. Clinton W. Elwell of Exeter, N. H.

Miss Constance Blackstock, '09 (faculty '24-'36), sailed for England aboard the *Queen Elizabeth* early in February on the first lap of her return trip to India after a year and one-half in the United States. She received her M. Ed. degree from Boston University last summer.

Mr. Harold Schwab, music instructor at Lasell '24-'42, at present on the faculty of the New England Conservatory of Music and organist at the Newton Highlands Congregational Church, gave a pianoforte recital Monday evening, January 13, in Brown Hall at the Conservatory. Many of his Lasell friends were in the audience which enjoyed a very fine program of Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, DeFalla, Pick-Mangiagalli, Debussy, Scott and Brahms.

"Kay Peterson Parker, water colorist, is a gifted artist who applies her talents in a very practical way and feels that art is of immense value in a work-a-day world because it provides an opportunity to develop creatively through self-expression, whether one paints, sculpts, writes or plays a musical instrument. . . ." So writes Natalie Gordon in her Gracious Ladies column in the *Boston Traveler* of Nov. 6, 1946. Mrs. Parker, who was instructor in art at Lasell from 1927 to 1938, and 1939 to 1941, is director of the art department at the Garland School, Boston, and director of textile decoration and crafts for the Boston Metropolitan Chapter of the Red Cross. Samples of the work done by hospi-

talized veterans under her instruction were on display at the Christmas Bazaar of Polish Arts and Crafts at International Institute, November 24.

Early in the war Mrs. Parker volunteered as a Red Cross nurse's aide at Massachusetts General Hospital. During the summer she does volunteer work with the arts and skills corps of the Red Cross.

At present she is working on a sequel to her book, *What and Whatnot*, which will deal with animals.

Edith Eastman, instructor in home economics '27-'37, called at Lasell one afternoon in January. We were pleased to see her and to inspect her fine display of delicate handmade pins and earrings which she has fashioned out of tiny sea shells.

Karin Eliasson Monroe, '31 (faculty '33-'43), and *Elvia Spaulding Davis*, faculty '28-'46, paid an all-too-brief visit one evening shortly before Christmas. Karin and her two small daughters, Ann and Sally, were on their way to visit Mr. and Mrs. Eliasson at the Black House, Ellsworth, Me., for the holidays.

Emilie Berkley, faculty '35-'43, now a captain in the W.A.C., wrote in December that she expected to be sent overseas before Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl F. Burling (*Ruth Wilmot Burling*, faculty '37-'41, and Feb.-June '46) are parents of a daughter, Judith Wilmot Burling, born Dec. 29, 1946.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Roberts (*Myra Sawyer*, faculty '37-'46) are at home at 4 Lincoln St., Sanford, Me.

Dr. Berta Hamilton, faculty '38-'39, is an instructor at Keuka College, Keuka Park, N. Y.

Lasell extends sympathy to *Lois Nelson Winslow*, faculty '37-'43, whose father, Mr. Harmon O. Nelson, passed away suddenly in February. Mr. Nelson was a Whitin Machine Works executive and widely known textile twister machinery expert.

On Jan. 11, 1947 a son was born to Mr.

and Mrs. H. F. Patterson of Columbus, Ohio. Mrs. Patterson is the former *Virginia Roberts*, faculty '43-'45.

Lorraine I. Anderson, '45, daughter of Mrs. Harry Lloyd Anderson of Waltham,

Mass., was married on Dec. 29, 1946 to Mr. Paul Blaisdell Crabtree, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Paul Crabtree of the same city. Lorraine is assistant to *Helen L. Beede*, '21, Lasell's Recorder.



"I'll Try -- But"

I THINK that the main flaw in my character is my big mouth. It seems as though I constantly say the wrong thing at the right time, and the right thing at the wrong time.

I've been tactless ever since as a child I blurted out in front of our guests, "Why Daddy, I don't think that Mrs. Koester's mouth is so big!" (Mrs. Koester and I have a great deal in common.) As a matter of fact, I think that my father thought this mannerism was cute, but it used to embarrass my mother to tears. As I've become older, my father has found that this lovely little habit is neither cute nor becoming.

When Mom and Dad had company, I used to enjoy sitting at the top of the stairs and listening to their conversation; of course, they thought that I was sound asleep. The next day I would announce to my grandmother, my aunt and my girl-friends any juicy bits that proved the least bit exciting. We had a young girl working for us at one time. She had spoken to me about quitting, but she didn't know quite how to approach Mother. One night I overheard Mom and Dad talking about firing her, but they hated to do it because she was an orphan and hadn't any place to go. I didn't know what to do, but I finally went downstairs and straightened things out. This was the only incident in my life in which my big mouth proved to be of some value. The only difficulty was the trouble I had explaining how I overheard their conversation.

I never thought before I spoke; I always

spoke spontaneously . . . and was frank in my speech. I'll never forget the time that my father came home from hunting and left his rifle on the hall table. I immediately picked it up and followed him with the ejaculation, "Stick 'em up, big boy!" You'd have to know my father to appreciate this sudden outburst, for he's quite precise and even a bit old-fashioned. I felt horrible after realizing what I had said; I was upset over the fact that I'd disrespectfully called him "big boy"; apparently he hadn't even heard what I'd said, but was quite perturbed over the fact that I had pointed his gun at him with my finger on the trigger. I knew that it wasn't loaded because I'd seen him take the bullets out, but I was given definite orders never to touch his rifle again.

I find that talking parallels my moods. I always jabber on in a berserk manner when I'm extremely happy or excited. I used to talk glibly at the dinner table when I wanted something from Dad or when I knew that Mother was going to bring up an unpleasant subject; quite often this proved rather helpful.

When I came to live with my brother and sister-in-law, Dad suggested that they not mention anything personal in front of me which they didn't wish to have broadcast all over the town of Weston. I think that I've improved immensely in the last couple of years, though. I can actually keep a secret, although at times it seems as though it were going to explode inside me.

Carol Kronenberg

Dull Mission

GREG was doing around sixty-five miles an hour on the main highway in Derry, N. H. We had to reach Manchester by noontime and it was already 11:15 A.M. Everything came so suddenly that there was little time to think about our dull mission. Greg and I had been in the choir room peacefully addressing postcards to the Youth Club members, when Father James had burst into the room with the news that some man was donating \$1000 for the new Greek Theological School.

"Imagine, kids, a farmer donating \$1000." . . . Within twenty minutes Greg and I were on our way to a farm in Manchester with a banquet ticket for the generous donor. The banquet was to be given the following day for the benefit of the new theological school and the presence of this worthy farmer was necessary. The only information we had on this man, Mr. George Karkanias, was that he owned a farm and had recently inherited \$600 from a relative. His address was even more vague—Route 4, Box 289, Manchester. This wasn't much to go on. However, Father James had called the post office in Manchester and spoken to a Mr. Nakos, who was going to tell us how to reach Mr. Karkanias' farm. We were to meet him at 12:00 A.M. outside the Manchester Post Office and here we were, still in Derry.

"Imagine spending a hot August day like this delivering a banquet ticket to an unknown farmer," Greg remarked bitterly.

"Isn't it exciting," I answered sarcastically.

"And we were going to go swimming today," Greg said.

We seemed to be driving through Derry for hours, but finally we reached Manchester proper. It was exactly 12:15 by the railroad station clock. We found the post office and were relieved to see that Mr. Nakos had waited for us. He gave Greg specific details and, to our delight, informed us that there was a lake near the farm where we could go swimming.

After driving through dust on a rocky, dirt, mountain road, we finally reached Mr. Karkanias' farm only to find that he was not in.

"Maybe he's milking cows," Greg said.

"They don't milk cows at noon," I answered.

"Well anyway let's find the lake and go swimming. Maybe he'll be back by the time we return."

"And if he isn't back, we'll leave the ticket and a note explaining things and start for Boston," I said.

We found the lake, which, strange as it seems, was located on the top of a small mountain, one of many which surrounded the farm. We had a good time swimming but after a while I decided to take a sun bath and stretched out on a large flat rock near the edge of the lake. The sun felt good and I dozed for a few moments. Suddenly I was awakened by Greg's calm but stern voice.

"Anne, don't move—there's a snake about ten feet away from you."

I was stunned. I knew from the tone of Greg's voice that he was not kidding and my fears were verified when I heard a strange rattling noise. I knew it was a rattle snake. My muscles tensed, the blood rushed to my face, but I dared not move. I closed my eyes and waited. Suddenly I felt something on the bicep of my right arm—a queer, light touch, clinging for an instant—and then the smooth gliding of an oily body. I could feel the muscles of the snake's body slowly contract, then relax, as it slid smoothly across my naked arm. Again and again the body contracted and again and again it relaxed. At last I saw it—its V-shaped head with two glistening, black, protruding eyes, a thin pointed, sickening, yellow tongue which slipped out, then in, accompanied by what looked like escaping steam.

Slowly, slowly the snake advanced. When it reached the middle of my chest it paused. Once more I felt the leisurely contracting—relaxing, contracting—relaxing. Finally it

moved forward. The body began to narrow; the spots grew smaller; the cracks on its revolting greenish-white stomach appeared closer together and more minute. At last the slender whipping tail rose on my chest and then slid along until I don't know. I felt no more. I had fainted.

As soon as I had revived, we started for Boston. I don't know how Greg had carried me down to the car and I didn't ask. Later, I realized that the man who waved to us as we left the farm was the generous donor.

I know that Greg must have talked to him and learned quite a bit about him but I was too shaken to ask any questions. Greg understood my condition and didn't say a word until we had passed the New Hampshire State Line.

"Annie, how do you feel?" he asked softly. I gave no answer.

"Well, it wasn't such a dull trip after all, was it?" I did manage to say, "Definitely not."

Anne Scarlatos

The Old and the New

I HAVE a difficult time deciding between the old and the new. Some days I love old books, sat-in chairs, and plaid shirts with transparent elbows. I can relax and be at ease with these things. I read my book with its bent-over corners for refreshing my memory; I fold up in the chair and put my feet over the back; and I bend any way I please in the old shirt without worrying about the wrinkles.

Other days I want everything new. When I go to parties I like to wear new shoes, a new dress and a coat that's not worn down to

the lining. A new dress does wonders for my state of mind. I stand straight and walk proudly and never sprawl in chairs, at least not until someone drops a sandwich in my lap.

I think that old things are best as long as they are usable. The newness of everything wears off in a short time, but anything can be old for years. In other words a new book or dress or piece of furniture cannot be newer, but when they are old they can still become older.

Ellen McFarland

Patterns on the Wall

WHEN I was quite young, people often tried to amuse me by making shadows on the wall. They would hold their hands between the light and the wall, twisting their fingers in such a way as to throw a shadow which resembled a cat, or a barking dog, or an alligator.

As I lie in bed at night many inanimate objects achieve the same effect—shadows and patterns on the wall. The street lamp outside the window serves as the light. Leaves beckon and wave with their shadows. The sash and the window frame make geometric designs. The curtains part slightly in the night air like those of a theatre opening for a performance. The panes of glass even make

shadows. The impurities in the glass create a design like the rippling waves over a calm sea. When the rain beats against the window, it gives the appearance of so many teardrops rolling down a smooth cheek.

Objects within the room also throw their shadows on the wall. The corner of a mirror juts into the light area like a sharp rock into the ocean. The curtain-pull swings back and forth—the shadow of a pendulum. A plant in the window is seen against the wall as an ivy portrait of black and white—a silhouette. The . . . I get so interested in the patterns on the wall that I forget to go to sleep—almost.

Barbara Woods

The Lost Chance

THE wind blew wildly across the mist-covered moor; the rain beat heavily on the thick window-panes of the old house. Inside, candles burned dimly in the large drawing-room; a fire smoldered sluggishly in the open fireplace; and a chilliness surrounded the empty rooms. Voices coming from the other end of the house could be heard now and then. In the long hall they became clearer; the maids were having their afternoon tea, sipping from chipped cups and munching on stale biscuits left over from breakfast.

In one corner of the large kitchen an older woman sat rocking in a chair, talking in low tones, mumbling to herself. At the other end of the room a pretty young girl, dressed in homespun garments, sipped her tea, never letting her eyes leave the rim of her cup. The old lady murmured on, "New maid! Thinks I'm getting too old." She put down her cup and picked up her knitting. "She's young and pretty enough, but not a brain in her head." She stared gloomily across at the girl, who carefully evaded her glance. Then the young girl stood, brushed the crumbs from her lap, and, after carefully washing and drying the cups, she put them in the cupboard. She thought, "That old battle-axe! How I hate her! She never speaks a kind word to anyone. I might just as well go to bed and read, for the mistress won't be back till late."

Rapidly she walked from the room, her skirts sweeping the floor as she went. "The young snip! All she does is sleep," echoed in her ears as she climbed the winding staircase.

Upstairs, she walked quickly through the long halls, at first not looking one way or the other. Then she chanced to glance into her mistress's room. Though the hall light blinded her for a moment, she suddenly noticed disorder.

The drawers were open and clothes were strewn around. "Must have left in an awful hurry," she thought, as she replaced the clothes and shut the drawers. Her eyes by

chance strayed to the dressing table. "Why, the jewel box is open!" she gasped as she moved the candle nearer. She turned the box upside down in panic, spilling the contents on the dressing table. "The diamond necklace—where can it be?" After searching the drawers of the dresser, she turned to the window, but it was locked.

She heard the trees outside swaying in the wind; the mist from her rapid breathing clouded the window-pane. "Did something move, or did I imagine it?"

Frantically she ran to her room and snatched up her heavy cloak. Down the stairs she ran and out of the back door into the night . . . along the river path: "Someone is running ahead," she said, gasping for breath. Around her muddy feet her skirts were entangled; bushes pulled at her dress; but she ran on like a mad woman. Afraid of falling, she slowed down near the bank of the river.

Suddenly she stopped. There in the mud gleamed the necklace! Fascinated, her eyes dilated as she picked it up, rubbed the mud from the glittering jewels, and then walked as if in a daze to the river which was just below her.

"Ah, wait till I show that old bat," she said to herself again and again. Suddenly she slipped, and though her feet struggled for a secure foothold, down the river bank she tumbled into the whirling black waters. She tried bravely to swim. "Don't get panic stricken," she told herself. "You can swim; you can swim." Weakening for a moment, she gulped water and went down, colors shooting before her eyes like big balloons; then blackness as she struggled and disappeared.

* * * * *

The morning papers read: "Young maid found in river, jewels clasped in hands; believed suicide. Jewel box reveals fingerprints."

In the kitchen the old woman rocked contentedly in her chair, sipping tea from a cracked cup.

Lois Kenyon

Simple Things

THERE are always incidents in life that are later responsible for either our actions or our thoughts. I don't think I would have the same sensitivity concerning my surroundings if it hadn't been for a particular summer's walk in the country. This memory will always be with me as a time when I had the feeling that all the world was wonderful, people were good and generous, and I had a lifetime ahead of me in which to do what I wanted.

That perfect and memorable evening began with shelling peas and husking corn. We sat around a large bushel basket, filling it time and time again. We talked and joked and sang old songs, and everyone seemed happy and contented. These simple farm people didn't need the luxuries that the city people required to make them happy. All they asked for was a good crop, enough helpers to get it in, cooperative neighbors, and the ambition to continue their year-in and year-out chores.

The farm boy and I, after we'd finished, decided to go for a walk. He took his gun, and I the lantern. Paul wasn't the intellectual type nor was he stupid. He was pleasant to talk to and to be with. All his life he'd lived in that small town and on that same farm. He was happy and at peace with the world.

As we walked, we heard and saw nothing that hadn't been there for hundreds of years. The night was bright from the moon, and the stars took on extra brilliance. The brook, winding in and out of the worn rocks, had a gleam playing on it, as if thousands upon thousands of little fire bugs were dancing on the bubbling water, making it shimmer and shine.

Paul walked slowly and with his head up. Maybe he wasn't conscious of it, but he was looking up at the sky and the mountains and breathing deeply. I had no need for the lantern; the dirt road, with its deep ruts from ever passing hay wagons, was clearly visible.

We passed the corn and wheat fields. "We'll have real good crops come this fall," was all he said. The self-satisfied expression long remained on his face. He had worked hard to be able to say that. A lot of sweat and toil had gone into that field, and to honestly be able to say it was "good" was gratifying, and well worth the work.

We sat on a low board bridge over a rushing, rocky stream. Dangling our feet in the water and letting it splash on our legs sent invigorating tingle up our spines. The stream came from nearly the top of the mountain, and was crystal clear and delicious to drink. If you gazed slowly up the stream you would see everything that gave these farm people reason for staying here: on one side a farm, situated between rolling mounds covered with wheat; a field, here and there spotted with cattle; mountains with good lumber; and nearby farms to add that intangible something called friendliness.

We started back, not talking. To him, I guess talking about all we'd seen and felt was something he'd rather not do. You couldn't put into words what mountains, wheat, and brooks did or meant to you. It's hard to put deep feelings into words without making them sound trite and hackneyed.

That night for the first time in my life, I realized what complete pleasure, peace, and happiness one can get from simple things that cost nothing at all.

Louise Miller



PERSONALS



Boston, Mass.
February 15, 1947

DEAR LASELL GIRLS:

With the New Year has come a new idea to your officers. We hope it will meet with your approval at the annual meeting in June. Being Alumnae of an outstanding Junior College such as Lasell, we should be happy to subscribe to this new venture. It marks a forward stride in our efforts to uphold and advance the traditions of our Alma Mater.

The Alumnae are planning to take over the Personals department of the LEAVES as a separate Alumnae Magazine. This will necessitate an increase in your annual donation to the Lasell Alumnae Fund next year. Meanwhile, with the payment of your annual dues, you are a member in good standing through June 1, 1947.

Once again the entire graduating class joined the Alumnae on Commencement day. Congratulations—1946-ers!

We are happy to extend a special greeting to the members of the Alumnae who live too far away to join us in our various activities. Since this is not a local Lasell club, but a national organization, let us continue to *work* together, even though we cannot *be* together. Our growth depends on you.

Louise Tardivel Higgins '37, President
Lasell Alumnae, Inc.

Dr. and Mrs. Winslow gratefully acknowledge your Christmas and New Year greetings and wish it were possible to send a reply to each one of you. They wish for you all the very best possible of New Years.

Weddings

Christine E. Chamberlin, '25, and Mr. George Philip Kenney (St. Mary's College of California, x-'19), Nov. 23, 1946 at Monterey, Cal.

Birgit Aspegren Philipson, '25-'26, and Mr. Edward Engestrom (M. E. Chalmers College, Goteborg, Sweden, '16), Oct. 29, 1946 at New York City.

Alice B. Hamlin, '29-'31 Special, and Mr. Chester Milo Geyer, Dec. 31, 1946.

Elizabeth Schuller, '33, and Mr. John Hutton Stark (Univ. of Colorado), Nov. 13, 1946. Mr. Stark, owner of the Stark Lumber Company of Denver, Col., was overseas with the 8th Air Force for three years.

Sophia D. Latchis, '35, and Mr. A. C. Lyras (New York Univ., '36; Univ. of Pennsylvania, '38), Nov. 3, 1946 at Brattleboro, Vt. Mr. Lyras is an architect.

Persis-Jane Peeples, x-'36, and Mr. John Frenzel Cline (Princeton, '39), Mar. 8, 1947 at Chicago, Ill. Mr. Cline, a former lieutenant commander, USNR, was a deck officer and aviator in the Navy for five years. He is now in the advertising business in New York. Persis-Jane, recently released from the WAVES as a lieutenant (jg) after duty as disbursing officer at the Naval Supply Corps School, Harvard, is the daughter of *Mary-Florine Thielens Peeples*, '04-'05, and niece of *Elizabeth Thielens Miller*, '04-'05.

Yvette W. Harrington, '37, and Dr. William T. Van Huysen (Yale Univ.; Tufts Medical School), Dec. 6, 1946 at Sudbury, Mass. *Frances Stephan*, '38, was maid of honor. Dr. Van Huysen, who served as a captain with the 67th Evacuation Hospital Unit for three years, is a practicing physician in Weston and Waltham, Mass.

E. Jane Sherman, '38, and Mr. John Frederick O'Brien, Jr. (Sewanee, Tenn. Univ., x-'42), Oct. 12, 1946 at Tuxedo Park, N. Y. Mr. O'Brien is with the La France Industries in St. Louis, Mo.

Ruth A. Shepard, '39, and Mr. Eugene Levatar Cushman, II (Univ. of Virginia, '38), Nov. 30, 1946 at New London, Conn. Mr. Cushman, who served in the Army four years, two of them in the Pacific area, is president of Cushman-Burke Motor, Inc.

Jean Bohacket, '41, and Mr. John Bement Pegram (Columbia Univ. School of Mechanical Engineering, '41), Nov. 23, 1946 at Rochester, N. Y. Mr. Pegram is projects engineer with Thompson Products in Cleveland, Ohio.

Jean A. Cooney, '41, and Mr. Roger Willard Leitch (Univ. of Virginia, x-'40), Nov. 16, 1946 at New York City. Mr. Leitch, a buyer for the Castor-Knott stores, Nashville, Tenn., served as an officer in the Army for five years, much of that time in the China-Burma-India Theater.

Norma L. Forsberg, '41, and Mr. Warren Leonard Burman, Nov. 27, 1946 at Worcester, Mass. *Helen Forsberg Powers*, '39, was matron of honor for her sister. Mr. Burman, veteran of four years with the Army Air Forces, three of them in England, is studying at an engineering school.

Ellen F. Marron, '41, and Mr. Alfred Edward Hochmuth, Jr. (Boston College), June 29, 1946 at Stoughton, Mass.

Jeanne Partisch, '41, and Mr. William H. McCall, Jr. (Brown Univ.), Dec. 21, 1946 at Scarsdale, N. Y. *Marian Timpson*, '41, was a bridesmaid. Mr. McCall served as a captain in the Army Field Artillery, 85th Div., in Italy.

Ruth Mosher Keathley, '42, and Mr. Euclid Porter (Southwestern Univ.), Nov. 16, 1946 at Memphis, Tenn. Mr. Porter served with the Navy for four years.

Dorothy M. Quilty, '42, and Mr. Peter L. Flynn, Jr. (Holy Cross, '42), Nov. 11, 1946 at Auburndale, Mass. *Rosemary Quilty*, '47, was a bridesmaid for her sister. Mr. Flynn is a buyer for Peter Flynn's, Boston.

Marjorie E. Sperl, '42, and Mr. Edward W. Krummel (Fordham College and Graduate School, '41), Sept. 7, 1946 at Yonkers, N. Y. Mr. Krummel is a research chemist.

Annabelle Viles, '42, and Mr. Roy F. Leaf (Colby College, '48), Dec. 20, 1946 at Waltham, Mass. Mr. Leaf is studying at Colby College, Maine, after 43 months' service overseas.

Virginia E. Weeks, '42, and Mr. Frederick Tasker Hatch (Dartmouth, '45; Dartmouth Medical School; Harvard Medical School), March 3, 1946 at Meredith, N. H.

Grayce M. Woodward, '42, and Mr. William Albert Tedeschi (Wilson School of X Ray, Boston, '41), Sept. 22, 1946 at Rockland, Mass. Mr. Tedeschi served four years in the Army as an X-ray technician, with two years of duty in the Pacific. He is owner of the Firestone Auto Supply Store in Rockland, Mass.

Esther V. Billingham, '40-'41 Special, and Mr. John Walter Leaf, Jr. (Northeastern Univ.; Texas Chiropractor College), Dec. 27, 1946 at Jamaica Plain, Mass. *Virginia Weeks Hatch*, '42, was an attendant.

Marion E. Falck, x-'42, and Mr. H. Arnold Rich,

Jr. (Univ. of Utah, '41), May 1, 1946 at Salt Lake City, Utah. Mr. Rich, an agent for the Travelers Insurance Company, spent three years in the European Theater as an Army captain.

Helen L. Keenan, x-'42, and Mr. Robert E. Centlivre (Univ. of Notre Dame, '40), Nov. 23, 1946 at Fort Wayne, Ind. *Nan Fishing Feuling*, '38, was an attendant. Mr. Centlivre is with the Wayne Knitting Mills, Fort Wayne.

Muriel A. Humphrys, '43, and Mr. Paul Jones Harriman, Jr. (student at Boston Univ. Law School), Dec. 28, 1946 at Sudbury, Mass.

Marilyn O. McKendry, '43, and Dr. Myron Joseph Keyes (Kansas City College of Osteopathy, '42), Dec. 25, 1946 at New Canaan, Conn. *Jane Tarbutton*, '43, was a bridesmaid. Dr. Keyes, an intern at Osteopathic Hospital, Providence, R. I., served with the Navy in the Pacific.

Eloise J. Moffett, '43, and Mr. Thomas Harper (Eastern Illinois State Teachers College, '48), Dec. 21, 1946 at Oakland, Ill. *Betty McAvoy*, '43, was maid of honor. Eloise is the daughter of *Carita Palmer Moffett*, '14-'15, and granddaughter of *Agnes Aldrich Palmer*, '91-'92.

Evelyn M. Popper, '43, and Mr. Harry Hirshbein (student at Sampson, N. Y., College), Feb. 8, 1947 at Forest Hills, N. Y.

June M. Carew, '44, and Mr. Winthrop Everett Mange, Jr. (Cornell, '45), Dec. 23, 1946 at New York City. *Ruth Blaisdell Simmons*, '44, was matron of honor. Mr. Mange is studying electrical engineering.

Suzanne M. Lange, '44, and Mr. Edward C. Schuberth (Indiana Univ., '45), recently, at East Orange, N. J. *Betty Lange*, '42, was maid of honor for her sister, and *Betty Fleer Cooper*, '44, was matron of honor. Mr. Schuberth is a law student at Indiana University.

Louise McLaughlin, '44, and Mr. Albert Wilbur Baker, Oct. 20, 1946 at Farmington, N. H. Mr. Baker, a World War II veteran, is with the Public Service Company of New Hampshire.

Nancy J. Morse, '44, and Capt. Charles M. Stanfield, Jr., March 10, 1946 at Windsor, Conn. Nancy is the niece of *Helene Sweney Jensen*, '17-'20.

Ruth H. Perkins, '44, and Mr. Roscoe H. Goodwin (Univ. of Alabama), July 28, 1946 at Franklin, N. H. Mr. Goodwin is studying aeronautical engineering.

Lorraine I. Anderson, '45, and Mr. Paul Blaisdell Crabtree, Dec. 29, 1946 at Waltham, Mass. Mr. Crabtree is attending Huntington School, Boston. He served with the Navy in the Pacific during the war.

Marilyn H. Lucey, '45, and Mr. Edward Woodward Richardson (M.I.T. Feb. '46), Dec. 14, 1946 at Framingham, Mass. They are living in Dover, Del., where Mr. Richardson is associated with Richardson and Robbins Company.

Jean A. Mitchell, '45, and Mr. C. Wilfred Hunter,

Jr., Dec. 27, 1946 at Medford, Mass. *Priscilla Dow*, '45, was a bridesmaid. Mr. Hunter is studying at Springfield College, Springfield, Mass.

Roselyn Schambach, '45, and Mr. Henry Francis Hekker (Columbia Univ.; Notre Dame Univ.), Nov. 16, 1946 at South Orange, N. J. *Arline Crean*, x-'45, *Charlotte Huber*, '46, and *Mary Garneau*, x-'45, were attendants. Mr. Hekker, treasurer of Nutley Dye Works, Nutley, N. J., was formerly a cadet in the air service of the Navy.

Elsie M. Simonds, '45, and Mr. Benjamin Branch Follett, III (Rhode Island State, '49), Dec. 16, 1946 at Burlington, Vt. *Priscilla Otis*, '45, and *Elaine MacDonald*, '45, were attendants. *Carolyn Quance*, '45, was soloist.

Frances C. Starr, '45, and Mr. Lloyd Robinson (Norwich Univ., '43), Jan. 1, 1947 at Culver Lake, N. J. *Gretchen Fuller*, '45, was maid of honor. During the war Mr. Robinson served with the First Cavalry Division in the Philippines. He is now employed by Bates Manufacturing Company, New York City.

Carryl K. Donovan, x-'45, and Mr. Kenneth Earl Fulton (Dartmouth, '48), Jan. 4, 1947 at Newtonville, Mass. The bride's sisters, *Janice Donovan Neal*, '40, and *Polly Donovan Hoover*, x-'42, and the bridegroom's sister, *Marion Fulton*, x-'45, were attendants. Mr. Fulton is also the brother of *Constance Fulton Griffin* '41, and *Ruth Fulton Griffin*, '38.

Shirley E. Phillips, x-'45, and Mr. William Nelson Packard, Jr. (Lehigh Univ.), Nov. 9, 1946 at Ridgewood, N. J. *Jane Baringer Price*, '45, was a bridesmaid. They are living in Bethlehem, Pa., where Mr. Packard has resumed his studies in industrial engineering at Lehigh after three years in the Army Air Forces.

Ann B. Caruso, '46, and Mr. Charles W. Short (Hiwassee College), Dec. 27, 1946 at Norton, Va.

Audrey E. Day, '46, and Mr. Leon Jack Greenbaum, Jr. (Loyola College, '47), Dec. 21, 1946 at Baltimore, Md. Mr. Greenbaum is a pre-medical student at Loyola.

Kathleen Ford, '46, and Mr. Alexander H. Beaton (Yale Medical School, '47), Dec. 21, 1946.

Janice R. Mortensen, '46, and Mr. William H. Hoyerman (Northwestern Univ., '48), Jan. 1, 1947 at Winchester, Mass. Mr. Hoyerman has resumed his studies at Northwestern after serving with the Navy.

Suzanne D. Nolan, '46, and Mr. Horace Young, Jan. 4, 1947 at New Britain, Conn. *Beverly Handlin*, '46, was a bridesmaid. Mr. Young is a salesman.

Shirley J. Coburn, x-'47, and Mr. Robert Charles Vebber, Aug. 3, 1946 at Delmar, N. Y. *Joan Dappert*, x-'47, and *Dorothy Hoopes*, x-'47, were bridesmaids.

Jean A. Trombley, x-'47, and Mr. Herbert Raymond Tschummi (Univ. of Connecticut, '50), Nov. 30, 1946 at Broad Brook, Conn.

Engaged

Helen M. Hall, '34, to B. Dexter Streeter.
Edith C. Fitzgerald, '37, to Robert Howard Arnold.
Margaret G. Smith, '39, to Robert P. Wolcott.
Winifred Trudeau, '39, to Paul F. Foskett.
June B. Peters, '38-'39 Special, to Warren Wiley.
Peggy Baldwin, '41, to Robert G. Cosgrove.
Nancy G. Burnham, '41, to Willard E. Henderer, 2d.
Marion F. Parmer, '41, to Russell Arthur Wheeler.
Alberta Carson, '42, to Lincoln E. Artz.
Bernadette L. Finn, '42, to Walter John Dudash.
Helen S. Sullivan, '42, to Frederick P. Stearns.
Barbara Birch, '43, to Albert W. Manning.
Ruth Davenport, '43, to James Francis Walker.
Ruth C. Dempsey, '43, to Carlton R. Liddane.
M. Pauline Keefe, '43, to Robert James Callahan.
Anita D. Scott, '43, to Richard Lewis Wanner.
Barbara Ann Smith, '43, to Richard Pierce Babbitt.

Jane Tarbutton, '43, to Thomas Roper Travis.
Elaine D. Towne, '43, to Lieut. (jg) Roland Russell Batson, Jr.; USN.

Anne Fisher, '44, to John M. Stewart.
Emily L. Vazza, x-'44, to Charles C. Souza.
Sarah A. Atwater, '45, to John Anthony Mesmer.
Betty Ann Curtin, '45, to Bruce Edward Crowell.
Marilyn D. Ford, '45, to Harold Baker Sampson, Jr.
Harriet E. Klebenov, '45, to Harold Wilson Canavan.

Nonie C. Lederman, '45, to Everett P. Grossman.
Nancy G. Overton, '45, to David Burr Smith.
Barbara Phelan, '45, to Alex Hugh MacLean.
Laurelle E. Temple, '45, to Donald T. Leyland.
Jeanne B. Towne, '45, to Edward Philip Reavey, Jr.
Margaret A. Brickett, x-'45, to Harvey G. Sawyer.
Jeanne Chessman, x-'45, to Warren Stevens McLeod.

Marjorie A. Petersen, '43-'44 Special, to Wilbur Tripp Cahoon.

Dorothy A. Crathern, '46, to Arthur Willard French.
Arlene M. Dutt, '46, to Fulton W. Smith.
Betty L. Johnson, '46, to Charles W. Moody.
Beverly Armstrong, x-'46, to Lester Franklin Anderson.

Barbara W. Lambert, x-'46, to George Anthony Ward.

Elizabeth I. MacDonald, x-'46, to Robert M. Anderson.

Marjorie E. Campbell, x-'47, to William J. Clark.
Jean J. Russell, x-'47, to Samuel William Keavy.
Anne Waldron, x-'47, to John Robert Inman.

Births

Nov. 30, 1946—a son, Herbert Todd, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert T. Wadsworth (*Dorothy Aseltine*, '26)

- Nov. 13, 1946—a son, Ronald Paul, to Mr. and Mrs. Albert E. Bourgeault (*Isabelle Thompson*, '24-'25)
- Dec. 20, 1946—a son, Fraser, to Mr. and Mrs. Harold W. Gruchy (*Preble Borden*, '29)
- Feb. 6, 1947—a daughter, Marianna, to Mr. and Mrs. A. Austin Wildman (*Annamelia Paxton*, '32)
- Sept. 7, 1946—a son, Russell Howard, II, to Mr. and Mrs. Russell H. Bacon (*Mildred Sears*, x-'32)
- Nov. 15, 1946—a daughter, Judith Murphy, to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph R. Aneda, Jr. (*Jean Murphy*, '33)
- Jan. 29, 1947—a second son, their third child, Paul Douglas, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Fred Kalbach (*Bettina T. Cook*, '34)
- Jan. 2, 1947—a son, David Bruce, to Major and Mrs. William Foster, Jr. (*Dorothy Weeks*, '34)
- Sept. 17, 1946—a daughter, Susan Emily, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Thompson (*Harriet Petz*, '35)
- Sept. 7, 1946—a third son, John Coolidge, to Mr. and Mrs. George A. Colley, Jr. (*Marjorie Reed*, '36)
- May 12, 1946—a second son, James Timothy, to Mr. and Mrs. David K. Auten, Jr. (*Mary W. Smith*, x-'36)
- Dec. 25, 1946—a daughter, Carol Jane, to Mr. and Mrs. Edwin F. Meaney (*Jane Eldridge*, '37)
- Dec. 26, 1946—a daughter, Roslyn Vail, to Mr. and Mrs. James F. Richards (*Rae Salisbury*, '37)
- Feb. 20, 1947—a third son, Stephen Thayer, to Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop A. Wells (*Betsy Bassett*, '38)
- July 8, 1946—a son, their second child, Alfred Herman, 3d, to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred H. Gledhill, Jr. (*Marjorie Furbush*, '38)
- Dec. 6, 1946—a son, F. Sherburne, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. F. Sherburne Carter (*Shirley Hanson*, '38)
- Nov. 26, 1946—a son, Douglas Alan, to Mr. and Mrs. Eric H. Foster (*Dorothy Schwarz*, '38)
- July 27, 1946—a daughter, Terrie Lynne, to Mr. and Mrs. Rudolf P. Custer (*Evelyn R. Smith*, '38)
- Nov. 5, 1946—a daughter, Roberta Elaine, to Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood E. Collins, Jr. (*Betty Yeuell*, '38)
- Jan. 16, 1947—a daughter, Patricia Lamoreaux, to Mr. and Mrs. Philip L. Pillsbury (*Patricia Gilbert*, '35-'37 H. S.)
- Dec. 26, 1946—a daughter, Joan Maybelle, to Mr. and Mrs. Gifford N. Hartwell, Jr. (*Virginia Allen*, '36-'37 Special)
- Mar. 19, 1946—a son, John Stewart MacDonald to Mr. and Mrs. John Davies (*Florence MacDonald*, '39)
- Jan. 10, 1947—a son, Richard Armstrong, to Mr. and Mrs. Richard W. Wilson (*Janice Rogers*, '39)
- May 26, 1946—a daughter, Leslie Ann, to Mr. and Mrs. John O. Crum (*Marian Traxler*, '39)
- June 15, 1946—a son, Leslie Atwood, to Mr. and Mrs. Carl A. Wiley (*Jean Bunnell*, x-'39)
- Dec. 26, 1946—a son, Robert Barr, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. Kinnach (*Betty Foxwell*, x-'39)
- Oct. 28, 1946—a son, James Austin, to Mr. and Mrs. James Nolan (*Arline Austin*, '40)
- Nov. 21, 1946—a son, Michael James, to Mr. and Mrs. James W. Wright (*Nancy Brown*, '40)
- Jan. 18, 1947—a daughter, Carol Louise, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur T. Henderson (*Patricia Taylor*, '40)
- Dec. 12, 1946—a daughter, Deborah, to Mr. and Mrs. Paul R. Dunn (*Patricia Merrill*, x-'40)
- Nov. 12, 1946—a son, Arthur Louis, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur L. Fischer (*Ann Buckle*, '41)
- Nov. 12, 1946—a daughter, Johanna Mayne to Mr. and Mrs. Frederick F. Hoffman (*Peggie Goodrich*, '41)
- Dec. 10, 1946—a son, Douglas Henry, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. De Vries (*Louise Lorion*, '41)
- Dec. 25, 1946—a son, Christopher Bruce, to Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Bundy (*Shirley Lyons*, '41)
- Sept. 13, 1946—a daughter, Deborah Anita, to Mr. and Mrs. Carroll N. Colby (*Anita Monge*, '41)
- Feb. 6, 1947—a son, Kendall Lawrence, to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert R. Smith (*Marjorie Morss*, '41)
- Jan. 5, 1946—a second son, Stephen Whittemore, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert O. Willey (*Betty Poore*, '41)
- Nov. 5, 1946—a daughter, Marguerite Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. H. Lloyd Philpott (*Mary Sawyer*, '41)
- Nov. 23, 1946—a daughter, Sally Greene, to Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. Davis, II (*Betty Sayles*, '41)
- July 13, 1946—a son, Martin Elwin, to Mr. and Mrs. John W. Hughes (*Dorothy Walker*, '41)
- Nov. 8, 1946—a daughter, Carol Touran, to Mr. and Mrs. Carrell H. Johnian (*Arax Zulalian*, '41)
- Jan. 18, 1947—a son, William Joseph, to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph F. Staebell (*Verne Brown*, x-'41)
- Jan. 27, 1947—a son, Benjamin Franklin, 3d, to Lt. and Mrs. Benjamin F. Robertson, Jr. (*Celia Henderson*, x-'41)
- Jan. 3, 1947—a son, their second child, Earl Clinton, to Mr. and Mrs. Earl L. Pangborn, Jr. (*Louise Cook*, '42)
- Dec. 17, 1946—a son, Edwards George, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Edwards G. Steinhope (*Nancy L. Hayes*, '42)
- Dec. 21, 1946—a daughter, Patricia Leigh, to Mr. and Mrs. Lee H. Lewis (*Jean Macdonald*, '42)
- Dec. 10, 1946—a second daughter, Martha Ellen, to Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Williams, Jr. (*Sally Nolan*, '42)
- Nov. 5, 1946—a daughter, Karen Jane, to Mr. and Mrs. Gerard A. Gaffney (*Jayne O'Rourke*, '42)
- Jan. 17, 1947—a daughter, Karol, to Mr. and Mrs. F. Warren Kennedy, Jr. (*Patty Patten*, '42)
- Oct. 8, 1946—a daughter, their second child, Jane, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bramley (*Carol Payne*, '42)
- Dec. 27, 1946—a son, Barry Mellin, to Mr. and Mrs. Julian Hawes (*Anne Mellin*, x-'42)
- Apr. 27, 1946—a son, Paul Brice, III, to Mr. and Mrs. Paul B. FitzGerald, Jr. (*Virginia Nestler*, x-'42)

- Aug. 23, 1946—a son, William Bentley, to Mr. and Mrs. Melville W. Grant, Jr. (*Dorothy Bentley*, '43)
- Oct. 19, 1946—a daughter, Susan Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. Llewellyn B. Terry (*Carol Burns*, '43)
- Dec. 6, 1946—a daughter, Nancy Ann, to Mr. and Mrs. Philip H. R. Cahill (*Rosemary Countie*, '43)
- Nov. 22, 1946—a son, David Chilton, to Mr. and Mrs. Bernard J. Warren (*Jean Dewar*, '43)
- Feb. 5, 1947—a son, William Oliver, III, to Mr. and Mrs. William O. Barnes, Jr. (*Marilyn Isenberg*, '43)
- Aug. 5, 1946—a son, Craig Weldon, to Mr. and Mrs. George V. Brim (*Shirley Weldon*, '43)
- July 27, 1946—a daughter, Nancy Ann, to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred J. Kinnucan (*Mary P. Hoyle*, x-'43)
- Dec. 21, 1946—a daughter, Diane Weston, to Mr. and Mrs. Warren A. Wood (*Elizabeth Weston*, x-'43)
- Oct. 8, 1946—a son, Steven Eugene, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Gifford (*Gloria Clifford*, '44)
- Nov. 5, 1946—a son, James J., Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. James J. Barry (*Joan Mills*, '44)
- Sept. 9, 1946—a daughter, Drucilla Breck, to Mr. and Mrs. Richard I. Mitchell (*Priscilla Breck*, x-'44)
- Nov. 26, 1946—a son, William Gregory, 3d, to Mr. and Mrs. William G. Doherty, Jr. (*Marilyn Moore*, '45)
- Jan. 7, 1947—a daughter, Carla Soule, to Mr. and Mrs. John P. Hansel (*Frances Soule*, x-'45)
- Nov. 16, 1946—a daughter, Carol Sue, to Mr. and Mrs. Roger O. Dunham (*Susan Aube Dunham*, Feb.-Apr. '46 Special)

Necrology

Annette McDonald Davis, '86-'88. Died Dec. 1, 1946 at St. Joseph, Mo. Annette McDonald was born at St. Joseph, Mo., March 12, 1868, daughter of the late R. L. McDonald, a pioneer wholesale merchant in St. Joseph, and Mrs. Mary (Wilson) McDonald. On May 6, 1896 she was married to Mr. Marvin Middleton Davis, and they had three children. Mr. Davis died in 1907. Surviving are a son, Marvin M. Davis; two daughters, Mrs. James K. Dabney and Mrs. Charles F. Strop, Jr.; a brother, Robert W. McDonald, and one sister, *Marie McDonald*, Lasell '90-'94.

Annie Cushing Mayo, '96. Died Nov. 15, 1946 at Dover-Foxcroft, Me. Foxcroft Academy and the public schools of the town, where she was greatly esteemed, were closed on the afternoon of the funeral.

Josephine Milliken Roth, '99. Died suddenly of a heart attack on Oct. 20, 1946 at Peoria, Ill. Widely known in Peoria, Mrs. Roth was active in club circles, a past regent of Peoria Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, and one of the first members of the Garden Club. She also held membership in the As You Like It Club.

Josephine Milliken was born in Saco, Me., July 19, 1876, daughter of Charles H. and Mary (Edgecomb) Milliken. She was graduated from Thornton Academy, Saco, before entering Lasell Seminary in the fall of 1895. She was president of the Class of 1899 at Lasell as well as its valedictorian.

After her graduation she spent some time studying in France, and in 1902 was married to Mr. John Roth at Saco. With him she traveled extensively throughout her married life, and some years ago she, Mr. Roth and their daughter made a trip around the world. Vitally interested in Peoria and all that pertained to its progress, before her illness Mrs. Roth served on various civic committees. She made friends easily and was devoted to her family and her home.

Surviving are her husband; a daughter, Mrs. Herbert B. White (*Madeleine Roth*, '26); one son, John H. Roth, Jr., and five grandchildren.

Miss Mary W. Blatchford, Lasell's registrar, called on *Miss Lillie R. Potter*, '80, dean emeritus and former Personals Editor, in Portland, Maine, during the Christmas recess. She found her comfortable and happy and being well cared for by *Caroline Lindsay Haney*, '20, at the latter's home, 74 Deering St. Miss Potter will celebrate her eighty-eighth birthday on February 24.

Hattie Robbins Reeve, '87, sold her home on Wendell Terrace, Syracuse, N. Y., a few months ago, and is living at the Truax Hotel until an apartment is available.

Mr. J. Parker B. Fiske, pioneer in electric refrigeration and inventor of the decorative "tapesty" brick for building, died at his home in Auburn-dale in November.

Born in Medfield, Mass., Mr. Fiske was graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1899. After several years as research engineer for the Thompson Houston Company, which later merged to become the General Electric Company, he joined his father's brick manufacturing firm, Fiske & Co.

During the World War he served as president and general manager of the Standard Roller Bearing Company in Philadelphia. Later he joined the General Motors Company and became president and general manager of the subsidiary firm that developed refrigeration.

In the 1920's he pioneered in the sale of household oil heating equipment in the New England area as New England representative of the Nokol Corporation. Six years ago, at the age of 75, he developed a fuel compound to produce multi-colored flames in open fires, which was sold under the name of "Fire Magic." Lasell Junior College extends sympathy to Mrs. Fiske, the former *Lucie Johnson*, '85-'87, in her great loss.

Myra L. Davis, '95-'97, weaver and spinner, formerly at 673 Boylston St., Boston, has moved her business to Room 52, 603 Boylston St.

We were pleased to receive a visit recently from Carol Case Dennison, '99, of Manchester, Conn., formerly of Montclair, N. J.

Alice Taylor Potter, '98-'00, wrote early in January: "It is with pleasure that I renew my subscription to the Lasell LEAVES and News. It is interesting to know what is going on at the college and to have news of my old friends of '98-'00. The LEAVES recalls my two years at Lasell where I made some very dear friendships that have lasted through the years."

Col. and Mrs. George Parker (Mildred Johnston, '06) have announced the marriage of their daughter, Patricia Mildred, to Col. Grayson Headley, A.U.S., on Dec. 30, 1946 at Washington, D. C.

Lasell enjoyed a brief but very pleasant visit from Betty House McMillan, '05-'06, of St. Paul, Minn., her daughter, Mrs. Richard Rodgers, and granddaughter, Christie, age two, early in December. Betty was visiting her daughter in Newton Centre, where the latter is living while her husband, Dr. Richard Rodgers, is at Massachusetts General Hospital, where he has a fellowship in urology.

Josephine Fish Pendergast, '05-'07, writes from Conway, N. H., that she sees Lois Blaisdell Baker, '05-'06, occasionally and that Georgia Lamb Morrison, '01-'02, exchanged visits with her recently.

We extend sympathy to Louise Morrell Nestler, '08, on the death of her mother, Mrs. Richard Morrell, last July.

Anne Crowe Collum, '09, called at Lasell in February before returning to her home in Winnipeg, Canada, after visiting her cousin, Dorothy Alexander Windatt, '21-'22, in Plainfield, N. J. Ann came to the States to attend the New York debut of the talented 19-year-old violinist, Donna Grescoe of Winnipeg, whose Town Hall recital on February 3 brought fine notices from New York music critics.

Anne's classmate, Constance Blackstock, sailed from New York aboard the *Queen Elizabeth*, February 5, on her return trip to India after a year and one-half in the United States, during which time she completed work for her master's degree in education at Boston University.

Upon her arrival in London, Constance wrote to Miss Grace Williams of the Lasell staff:

"We sail from Liverpool on the twenty-second and won't get to Bombay until the middle of March. However, I am enjoying these days in London very much and am not sorry to have them.

"Life seems very different here in England. Fruit is almost non-existent. Little measly oranges sell for two shillings (40 cents) a pound; plums, 1sh. 6d. each (30 cents), and peaches for 1sh. 9d. each (35 cents). I've had to go in search for salad and finally found a place yesterday. The diet is very monotonous and starchy.

"Today in a restaurant a man objected to cabbage, and the waitress saucily replied, 'You'd better be thankful for anything you can get these days.' I don't object to the bread because I like the dark bread. No white bread is served. You are allowed to have it with only one course. No meal over 5 shillings (approximately \$1.00) may be served, and it can't exceed 9 shillings (\$1.60) and must include at least six oysters if it is to cost that amount. The price does not include beverages. This is of course done to conserve food, and isn't a bad idea except for one's palate.

"The fuel shortage is no joke. No power is available between 9:00 A.M. and 12 M., 2:00 and 4:00 P.M. I go for breakfast at 9:00 and we eat by candlelight. People work in offices by candlelight or kerosene lamps. I went to Cook's this morning and actually had to feel my way upstairs to the mail room. People say it's worse than during the war. Last night there was a dim-out, but tonight it's a blackout except at dangerous intersections. People in the U. S. A. can have no idea of the situation. This is the second Battle of Britain. If anyone uses electricity when it is restricted, the fine is to be \$500, and the police have a right to search premises that are suspect.

"I gave a sweater to the maid on my floor and you might have thought I had given her gold.

"The City Temple (Leslie Weatherhead's church) is completely destroyed, and the services are being held in the Friend's House not far from here. . . . How St. Paul's survived with so little damage is really miraculous. Buildings all around it are completely gone.

"Today in the National Gallery I saw a man with PW painted on the back of his coat and on his sleeve. It gave me quite a turn to see a marked man. I suppose these prisoners of war are quite used to it because he appeared oblivious. He was a young lad, not even 25, I'm sure.

"Please share this letter with any of my friends who might be interested. Much love to all, Connie."

Julia Crafts Sheridan, '10, and Ella Steenman Bryant, '07-'08, called on Dr. and Mrs. Winslow on a Saturday afternoon in November. Their Lasell classmate, Ruth M. Kelsey, wrote recently that she spent last summer with her roommate, Nell Carneal Drew, while studying for her doctor's degree at Columbia University.

Mabel Straker Kimball, '16, kindly sent changes of address for two of her classmates: Dr. Carol M. Rice, 28 Breese Terrace, Madison 5, Wis., and Charlotte Whiting Clark, Willow Grove Road, Stony Point, N. Y. Mabel's daughter, Florence, a former lieutenant commander in the WAVES, finished her terminal leave in October and after an auto trip to the west coast and Florida has started work at Harvard Law School.

Col. and Mrs. Paul J. Black (Margaret Ufford,

'15-'17) are at Fort Bragg, N. C. While Col. Black of the Regular Army, was in Europe, Margaret lived in Carmel, Calif.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Ellwood Allen (*Dorothy Stewart*, '17) have purchased a farm in Bennington, Vt., and their daughter and son-in-law, *Jean Allen Bird*, '38 and Dr. Kenneth T. Bird, have taken over their Manhasset home. Dr. Bird is chief resident at Bellevue Hospital.

Dorothy's younger daughter, Barbara, is a senior at Manhasset High School and wants to attend Lasell. Her older son is at home after two and one-half years in the Army, and the younger boy entered George School last fall.

Anita Hotchkiss Scott's ('18) daughter, *Anita*, '43, became engaged in October to Mr. Richard Lewis Wanner, son of *Lucinda Obermeyer Wanner*, '18. Nita received her bachelor's degree from Mount Holyoke last June. Dick was a first lieutenant in the Air Corps and spent 15 months overseas.

Emily Ehrhart Hamm's ('18) present address is 49 Templar Way, Summit, N. J. Her sister, Mary (*Mary Ehrhart Goldsmith*, '24) is living at 120 Alapocas Dr., Wilmington, Del.

From *Senora Orozco* we learn that *Rosenda Cabre-ra Matheis*, '19, is working at the Mexican Embassy in San Jose, Costa Rica.

Isabel M. Fish, '20, a nurse in the Air Corps during the war, is at present nursing at George Washington University Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Isabelle Adams Baker, '19, is living in Marstons Mills, Mass., on Cape Cod.

Priscilla Alden Wolfe, '19, has a new grandson, born December 28, Alden's first child. Our sympathy to Priscilla on the death of her father, Mr. Arthur H. Alden, the day before Christmas.

Cynthia Ranlett, attractive daughter of *Doris Brown Ranlett*, '21, is teacher of skating at the Ice Arena in Fresno, Calif. Only 19 years old, Cynthia has been skating since she was 12. She roller skates as well as she operates on ice; placed second in the U. S. novice pairs competition in 1944, and was third in the U. S. senior pairs in June of this year.

Margaret B. Morris, '20-'22, was married in 1943 to Mr. Harold F. Greene and is living at 25 Summer St., Bristol, R. I.

From 45 Church St., Montclair, N. J., *Virginia T. Gross*, WP '20-'23, writes that she is teaching physical education at Montclair High School. She spent the last two years as a WAVE lieutenant on Treasure Island, Calif.

Mary Saunders Houston, '22-'23, wrote to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow at Christmas:

"We are staying here in our atomic bomb town [Richland, Wash.] where George continues to manage the village of 15,000 people for the General Electric Company. It's a grand country and a marvelous experience, though we miss the family and our ties back East."

Our thanks to *Helen McNab Willand*, '25, for several news items which have been incorporated into this issue of the LEAVES.

Dorothy Biggin, '23-'24, is now Mrs. L. Trevor Sample of 609 East State St., Sharon, Pa., and has one daughter, Dorothy Anne, age 15. After her year at Lasell, Dorothy attended Ohio Wesleyan University.

Blanche D. Avery, '25, received her M.S. in Education from Syracuse University in August, 1946, after her discharge from the W.A.C.

Dr. and Mrs. H. Walter Baum (*Gertrude Moeller*, '26) were finally able to find a house in Elkins, W. Va., at 317 Davis St.

Mariesta Howland Bloom, '26, wrote early in January:

"The Lasell LEAVES just arrived and served as a reminder of the fact that '26 news was—as so often—scarce, and that perhaps I should again speed some news eastward.

"*Margaret Anderson Gage's* husband, Dr. Dan Gage, is swamped with work with veterans at the University of Oregon where he is a professor.

"*Nadine Strong James* still lives in Brooklyn Heights, and her sub-deb daughter, Claire, has become a very grown-up young lady.

"*Minerva Damon Ludewig's* ('27) husband was made a rear admiral during the war; has now retired from the Navy and is teaching at Carnegie Tech. They may be addressed at Middle Road, Glenshaw, Pa.

"*Catherine Worrall Clarke*, '28, is advisor to senior women at Principia College, Elsah, Ill. To my great delight, Kit and her son and daughter, both Principia Prep pupils, drove the 200 miles north to Peoria to spend the holiday week end with me at 307 Crestwood Drive. *Madeleine Roth White* invited us all to her home for dinner one evening, and you can imagine how we talked about Lasell!

"*Virginia Amos Farrington* has a lovely old Colonial home called 'The Hedges' in Villanova, Pa., and she keeps busy with civic projects and her two delightful children.

"*Sally Foster Farnsworth* and her lieutenant-commander husband Dick, are back in Janesville, Wis."

Betty Oppel Morris, '26, writes from 149 Chestnut St., Bridgeport 4, Conn.:

"Not too much in the line of news; am still employed by the Bridgeport Housing Authority where I have been in charge of one of the housing projects. We moved from our big house into a small apartment this spring after my father's death, and find it much easier. My son is a junior in high school and fast growing up."

Mary Penfold Draper, WP '24-'25, Lasell '25-'26, married Walter Scott Draper and had four children, Judy, Susan, Scott, and John. She is now advertising manager of Kay's Newport shoe stores. Her sister, *Julia*, '24-'25 Special, married Theodore Ferry in

1926 and had one son, Ted, Jr., and three daughters, Joan, Julia and Sara. In 1940 she was married to Mr. Peter Burnett, and they have adopted two little boys, Peter, Jr., and Rodney. Ted Ferry, Jr., has been in the Army for two years.

Virginia Hight Wilder, '27, has a new home on Shippan Point, Stamford, Conn., address—207 Stamford Ave.

Tommy Holby Howze, '27, and the children have gone to Wiesbaden, Germany, to join Col. Howze, U.S.A.

Minnie Remick Dandison's ('27) husband, Mr. Basil G. Dandison, departed from La Guardia Field, New York, Jan. 4, 1947, via Pan-American World Airways Clipper, on the first leg of a round-the-world flight which will cover 34,000 miles. Mr. Dandison, of the International Division of McGraw-Hill Book Company, will spend the next five months visiting educational institutions in Europe, the Near and Far East, and South Pacific. His trip probably will be the most comprehensive postwar trip which has been attempted by a businessman.

The purpose of Mr. Dandison's trip is to provide the McGraw-Hill Book Company with a first-hand report on the new world-wide war-born expansion in technical education and industrial developments in England, France, Greece, Iraq, Iran, Turkey, Syria, Lebanon, India, China, Japan, Burma, Philippine Islands, Australia, Egypt, New Zealand and Hawaii. He will investigate distribution problems in connection with the international use of McGraw-Hill books, and will confer with prominent educators, businessmen and book sellers.

Mr. Dandison's globe-encircling trip of five months would have taken approximately three years in the old time sailing Clipper ships, but the use of the modern flying Clippers will allow him eighty days free for business purposes.

Birgit Aspegren Philipson, x-'27, was married in October to Mr. Edward Engestrom. They sailed on the *Gripsholm* in December, to return to Sweden where Babs has two daughters, 19 and 14 years old, whom she hopes to some day send to Lasell. Her first husband, Mr. Martin Philipson, died several years ago.

While she was in the States Babs saw *Nadine Strong James*, '26, and *Sallie Belle Cox*, x-'27, who is currently writing the movie column for *Woman's Day* magazine. Her fiction stories have appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Colliers*, *Ladies Home Journal*, *Woman's Home Companion*, *Good Housekeeping*, *Cosmopolitan* and *McCall's*.

After her graduation from the University of Illinois, *Margaret L. Leach*, x-'27, was married to Mr. Norman J. Williams. She is living at 4100 Dover Rd., Pasadena 2, Calif., and has two daughters, Manette and Dorothy.

Doris Eitapence MacDonald, '25-'26 Special, called at the college in December, her first visit to Lasell

since she left over twenty years ago. She attended Jackson College for one year, after which she was married to Mr. E. L. MacDonald and had two children, Samuel Ellis, and Sally Fairbanks. Doris does relief sculpture, specializing in portraits. Her present address is 41 Albert St., Agawam, Mass.

Virginia Coons Harbison, '25-'26, has three daughters, Sandra, Sue, and Sally, 16, 15, and five years old, and lives at 655 Lincoln Ave., Winnetka, Ill. in the winter, and on their farm in Wisconsin during the summer.

Evelyn Ladd Rublee, '28, paid Lasell a surprise visit early in February while in Boston with her husband, Mr. William E. Rublee. Their home is in East Berkshire, Vt., and they have two sons, William and Raymond, and a daughter, Cynthia.

Marion Roberts Dyer, '29, was an after-Christmas guest of the resident office staff members at 222 Grove St. It was a real treat to welcome Robbie back home, to learn of her busy doings in Dover-Foxcroft, Maine, and to have "proof positive" of her culinary accomplishments.

Robbie showed us a photograph of the recent wedding of *Mary McAvey Miller's* ('28) eldest daughter. The bride's three younger sisters were attendants.

From Route 1, Elkton, Md., *Sally McKee Cooke*, '29, wrote to Dr. Winslow in February:

"While I was living in Chappaqua, N. Y., *Edith Glendenin Stahl*, '24, moved there, and we became very good friends.

"Two years ago John started work in the Industrial Engineering Department of du Pont in Wilmington. We moved our family down here on a farm, and I'm the farmer! We aren't sure where our two sons will go to college, but certainly hope to send both girls to Lasell."

A few days later this letter arrived from another member of the Class of '29, *Julia Clausen Bowman*, of Oswego, Ore. Julia writes:

"Dear Twenty-Niners:

"Every time a new issue of the LEAVES arrives I immediately turn to the Personals with eager anticipation for news of our class. More often than not I can find absolutely nothing about any of us. What in the world seems to be the matter? Have we ALL got writer's cramp? Or did Miss Witherbee fail utterly to instill in any of us the desire or ability to turn a phrase? Whatever it is, it has gone far enough, and I, for one, am out to break the TERRIBLE SILENCE.

"Here it is almost time to be thinking about our Twentieth Reunion. . . . I believe according to the new plan we will celebrate in 1948 rather than in 1949. Are any of us even thinking about coming? I surely would like to see someone start planning for that, as now that the war is over we should have some sort of a turn-out. I happened to be in Boston at the time of our Fifteenth, and we were only seven

at the time, but of course the war had quite a bit to do with that.

"My only regret is that having gone to school in the East, I should marry a Westerner and promptly move as far as possible away from all my old school-mates, since with every issue of the LEAVES it becomes more apparent that most of you live in New England, New York or New Jersey. However, no doubt you have all heard of our glorious western country, and I shall live in hopes that some of you may decide to take a vacation out this way—to Portland, Oregon, to be more exact. I can recommend it highly, and as a matter of fact, have become more enthusiastic on the subject than any Californian ever was! If you do come, be sure to buy your ticket on the Canadian Pacific, as of all the train trips 'cross country, the one up through the Canadian Rockies beats all for honest-to-goodness grandeur of scenery. From Vancouver, B. C., through Banff and Lake Louise, or farther north through Jasper National Park, is something everyone should take in at some time in his life. (For further particulars on western travel please enclose stamped addressed envelope, etc. . . .) I can think of nothing more wonderful than a letter from some member of our beloved '29 saying that she is arriving in town on such and such a date!

"Clyde and I have taken up our lives where the war interrupted us, and our three-year separation seems only a dream, thank goodness! We have a little house in the suburbs of Portland and manage to keep busy fussing around that. Clyde is the gardener, and he does have good luck with his flowers! This is the country for choice roses, and we love them. Also our tuberos begonias and camellias are worth commenting on. However, other parts of the country grow these same flowers, I realize! We spend a good deal of time out-of-doors, weather permitting, and love to drive down to the Oregon beaches. That's one thing about this country—one doesn't just go to the beach in the middle of the summer—our nicest weather there comes in the fall, from September till the middle of November. This was hard for me to get used to when I first came out West. Portland is only 80 miles inland on the Columbia River, so a drive to the beach is accomplished very easily. On the other hand, we have Mount Hood, where the skiing is wonderful all winter, and this is just 50 miles the other way, so when we get hungry for some snow, we take off up there.

"The reason we can do these things is because we have no children, and I realize a lot of you who are tied down raising families won't appreciate the above. Let me say, here and now, I'd give anything to BE tied down because of some little Bowmans pattering around!

"Please, won't some of you send in a contribution

to the LEAVES once in a while, so there will be a familiar name to catch the eye of a member of our Class? I am assuming that most of us do read the LEAVES and share my feeling on this subject.

"After having made this rather eloquent plea, I shall now crawl back into my hole for another year, but not without giving my address just in case any of you should stray west of the Rockies this summer. . . . Box 395, Oswego, Oregon. *Julie (Julia Clausen Bowman, '29).*"

Elizabeth Griffith Vessey, x-'29, is living at 18 Fairway Dr., White Plains, N. Y., where her husband, Mr. Clifford H. Vessey, is pastor of the Community Church. They have two sons, Philip and Stephen.

Eleanor McKenney Black, '30, has moved to Egypt Road, Bar Mills, Maine.

Charlotte Sherman Weiss, '30, spent the last two years, while Capt. Weiss was at sea, working in California. In June, 1946, she went to Tokyo to join him. They left there in August and are now at 1421 Locust Rd., N. W., Washington, D. C., where Capt. Weiss is with the Bureau of Ordnance.

Word has been received of the death of Mr. Arnold Whittaker in November, 1946. Well known in banking circles, Mr. Whittaker was a former vice president of the Atlantic National Bank of Boston. Surviving are five children including *Janice Whittaker Sandberg, '30*, of Westfield, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Topper (*Marguerite Ekdahl, '27-'30 H. S.*) have moved to Atlanta, Ga., where Mr. Topper has accepted a position in the psychology department of Emory University. Marguerite is serving as clinical psychologist in the Mental Hygiene Clinic of the regional branch of the Veterans Administration.

1932

Life Secretary—Katharine Hartman Macy (Mrs. Henry R.), East Main St., Oyster Bay, N. Y.

Fifteenth Reunion, June 7, 1947

Lasell extends sympathy to *Natalie E. Park*, whose father, Mr. Kennedy Park, died in November at his home in Belmont, Mass. For 37 years he was engineer at the John P. Squires branch of the Swift Packing Company, Cambridge.

It is nothing short of envy that we register as we look at *Babe Whitney Lenzi's* latest picture taken with her three daughters on the Fort Lauderdale beach. Babe writes most enthusiastically of their new home and surroundings and promises to see us all in June. Her present address is 840 N. E. 17th Terrace, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell H. Bacon (*Mildred Sears, x-'32*) are living at 163 Foxon Rd., East Haven 12, Conn. Mr. Bacon, a graduate of New Haven Junior College of Commerce, is foreman, Division of Olin Industries of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company.

Mary Whitaker Briggs, x-'32, of 472 South Main St., Crown Point, Ind., has two children, a son, William Briggs, and a daughter, Mary Elizabeth.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene F. Coracci (*Barbara Hunt*) adopted a baby boy last June. Barbara writes:

"Hunt, our adopted son, is 19 months old and adorable in every way. I have seen *Vesta Black Bradeen*, *Rachel DeWolf Herzig*, and *Barbara Gould Whittredge* recently. Vesta has two adorable girls; Rachel and her husband are living in Greenwich Village, New York, and Barbara has recently been in Miami for the air show.

Betty Parrish Newman writes from her new address, 1517 Parkway, Austin, Texas:

"We moved down here in August and like it a lot but miss Chicago. Our oldest little girl, Georgia, is six, Patricia, $3\frac{1}{2}$, and Thomas a year old this week. Needless to say I keep busy."

1933

Life Secretary—Ruth Stafford Clark (Mrs. Emerson M.), Box 83, Wesleyan Station, Middletown, Conn.

Fourteenth Reunion, June 7, 1947

According to the new reunion schedule published in the Summer, 1946, issue of the LEAVES, the Class of 1933 will have a fourteenth reunion this June instead of a fifteenth in 1948. Members of the Class of 1932 will be having their reunion at Lasell at the same time.

1934

Life Secretary—Barbara Davis Massey (Mrs. R. A.), 1371 Hampton Road, Grosse Pointe Woods 30, Mich.

Helen Hall has had a position with Lord and Taylor, New York City, since September. She announced her engagement to Mr. B. Dexter Streeter, in November. They plan to be married March 15, go to Guatemala for a three weeks' honeymoon, and then return to Detroit where Mr. Streeter's business is located. I hope to see Helen often as we are only 13 miles from Detroit.

Sally Day Meyers has moved to 34 Wardman Road, Kenmore 17, N. Y.

1935

Life Secretary—Barbara King Haskins (Mrs. Barbara K.), 111 Wilcox Avenue, Meriden, Conn.

Catherine Vargas is an instructor at Williams Memorial Institute, New London, Conn.

Lasell was pleased to have a call in November from *Nina Williams Newton*, her mother, Mrs. William Williams, and a cousin from England, visiting in the United States.

Pauline Kelly, of Waltham, received her discharge from the WAVES as chief yeoman, last August. She is now working as a bookkeeper.

Howard N. Atwood, Jr., husband of *Maida Cardwell Atwood* has recently taken a position with United

Farmers' Cooperative Dairy, Inc., of Charlestown, Mass.

Harriet Petz Thompson, Wes, and the baby have moved into Apt. 22, 160 Gordonhurst Ave., Montclair, N. J.

1936

Life Secretary—Carolyn Young Cate (Mrs. H. F., Jr.), 130 Temple Street, West Newton 65, Mass.

Em Hubbel Weiss wrote on her Christmas card:

"When at Lasell I certainly never expected to be living in Berlin, Germany, in 1946, but here we are. John goes to kindergarten in the American School here via Army truck. Berlin is a shambles, but we're fortunate to be billeted in Dahlem, one of the least damaged suburbs. We have a housekeeper and a cook, and so far have had plenty of heat and plenty of food from the American commissary."

Phyl Gunn Rodgers is living near by at 84 Spring Street, Melrose Highlands 77, Mass.

Jay Tift Jeffcock and her two daughters, Pam and Janet, are in Arizona for Pam's health. Address: Navajo Courts, 3300 East Van Buren Street, Phoenix.

Deb York is with Overseas Corporation, 52 Wall Street, New York City.

Out in Port Washington, Long Island, *Dot Ell Strong* is a housewife, and a very capable one, too, from all reports. She may be addressed at 1 Sandy Hollow Road.

Margaret Pearl Ide and her younger son, Bill, will be guests of *Marjorie Bassett MacMillan* in Auburndale for a few days at the end of February.

1937

Life Secretary—Louise Tardivel Higgins (Mrs. Charles A., Jr.), 23 Oxford Road, Newton Centre 59, Mass.

Tenth Reunion, June 7, 1947

EY Cummings Mileikis saw *Meredith Johnson French* and *Nancy Edmonds Oburg* in Providence recently.

Irene Dreissigacker Brimlow has moved to Lee Place, Frederick, Md., where Brim is credit manager for Sears, Roebuck and Co.

Jane Eldridge Meaney also has a new address, 1125 West Fourth St., Plainfield, N. J. Her daughter, Carol, was born on Christmas day.

Margery Fothergill went to Germany in October to work in a Red Cross recreation club in Bavaria.

Tillie Parmenter Madden and Tap Tardivel Higgins are busy with Lasell Alumnae, Inc. duties, planning the new alumnae magazine, and working on Midwinter Reunion arrangements and publicity. Tap's husband, Charlie, is sales engineer for R. S. Robie, Inc., U-Dryvit Cars, of Cambridge and Boston.

Barbara Wheeler Sampson is living at 6 September St., Worcester 2, Mass.

The class extends sympathy to *Mary Randazzo*, '35-'37 Special, whose father, Mr. Antonio Randazzo, died in November.

Elizabeth York, '35-'36 H. S., is with Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers, in New York City.

Winifred Kelley Mitchell, '27-'36 H. S., and her small daughter, Judy, are living with Winifred's parents on the Cape.

Glennys Preston Allicon, '37, has gone to Austria to join her husband.

1938

Life Secretary—*Virginia Wilhelm Peters* (Mrs. R. R.), 2316 Dixwell Ave., Hamden 14, Conn.

Dr. and Mrs. Kenneth T. Bird (*Jean Allen*) are living at 17 Vanderbilt Ave., Manhasset, N. Y. Dr. Bird is chief resident at Bellevue Hospital, New York City.

Lee Shepard, formerly a vocational counselor for veterans, is doing lettering and layouts for comics in New York City.

Arlene Wishart Sylvester and her daughter, Carolyn, joined Emerson, a captain in the Army Medical Corps, in Tacoma, Washington last October. They hope to return to Auburndale this spring.

Betty Yeuell Collins recently moved into her new home at 27 Virginia Road, Reading, Mass.

Edwina Kelley Taylor, '36-'37 Special, is living at 4522 Spruce St., Philadelphia, Pa.

1939

Life Secretary—*Meredith Prue Hardy* (Mrs. Meredith P.), 48 Mendon St., Hopedale, Mass.

Helen Coniaris McGinnis, her husband, Mr. Robert E. McGinnis, and their three children, Robert, Nancy and Richard, have moved to 34 Medfield St., Boston. Mr. McGinnis reached the rank of major in the Army before his release from service.

Florence MacDonald Davies writes that she has been living in London, England, but is now back in the United States with her ten-months-old son for a two-year stay. Mr. Davies, formerly a commander in the Royal Navy, is a writer, and divides his time between Britain and the U. S. A. They were married in 1945 at Edinburgh, Scotland, and at present are living at Holiday Farm, Medfield, Mass.

Janice Marr Demer, her husband, Comdr. Walter J. Demer, USN (DC), and their small daughter, Jane, have recently been transferred from Miami to Washington, D. C.

Jean T. Bunnell, x-'39, was married in September, 1942, to Mr. Carl A. Wiley, and now lives near Dayton, Ohio, where Mr. Wiley is Radio Engineer with the Aircraft Radio Laboratory at Wright Field.

Another x-'39-er, *Anna Maron*, transferred to Beaver College, Jenkintown, Pa., after her year at Lasell, and received her B.S. in Home Economics from there in 1941. She was married to Mr. Robert J.

Smith in December, 1942. They have one son, Robert, Jr., born in January, 1945.

1940

Life Secretary—*Priscilla Sleeper Sterling* (Mrs. R. D.), 55 Woodmere Road, Bristol, Conn.

Jean B. Adams is working in New York as secretary in an export-import firm. She received her discharge from the WAVES in August.

Nancy Brown Wright's present address is 231 West Maple, Birmingham, Mich.

Elizabeth Carlisle Muller moved recently from Port Chester, N. Y., to 66 Woodcut Lane, Roslyn Heights, Long Island, N. Y.

Betty Ellis Purdy and *Grace Roberts Gummersall* called at Lasell in February, and both reported changes of address. Betty is at 998 East Glen Avenue, Ridgewood, N. J., and Grace has moved to 9 Avon Lane, Westbury, Long Island, N. Y.

Dorothy Dayton Morgan's husband, Dr. Thomas W. Morgan of the Army Medical Corps, is stationed at the Army War College, Washington, D. C., where they may be addressed at Quarters 2-B, Apt. 3.

Pat Kieser is enrolled in general studies at Margaret Morrison Carnegie College for Women of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, Schenley Park, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Marjorie Midgley Delano was a Red Cross social service worker in various hospitals from May, 1945, until last fall.

June Peters, '38-'39 Special, called at the college recently. A graduate of Boston University, she now has a responsible position as head of the Child Center at Gloversville, N. Y.

1941

Life Secretary—*Janet Jansing Sheffer* (Mrs. John W.), Old York Road Country Club, Jenkintown, Pa.

We are again greatly indebted to *Gertrude Fischer* for many of the items which appear in this column. May we take this opportunity to congratulate her, *Grace Sheffer* and *Virginia DeNyse* on their recent election to offices in the Lasell Club of New York. Gert is the new president; Grace, the second vice president, and Ginny, the secretary-treasurer.

Buck Bishop Richards' husband, Paul, received a promotion to lieutenant colonel before his recent discharge from the Army. They are living at 24 Main St., Caribou, Me., and plan to open a men's clothing store in Fort Fairfield.

Eldora Anthony is a dentist's assistant in Newport, R. I., and active in Girl Scout work.

Dorothy Green Braeger is living out on the west coast at 2607 76th Avenue, Oakland, Calif.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster M. Newcomb (*Emily Morley*) recently moved into their new home at 42 Bartlett St., Malden 48, Mass.

Nat Zimmermann Haggerty's new address is 8321 Lawton Ave., Detroit 6, Mich.

The Robert O. Willeys (*Elizabeth Poore*) are living in Bristol, Vt., where they have bought Bob's grandfather's 300-acre farm.

Mildred Jones Luse's husband, Lt. James D. Luse, USCG, has finally been given a shore assignment after four years of sea duty. They have found a place to live on Staten Island, N. Y.

Evangeline Lobdell, x-'41, writes that her latest occupation is teaching dancing at Arthur Murray's in New York City.

1942

Life Secretary—Mary V. Hurley, 41 Linden St., Schenectady, N. Y.

Fifth Reunion, June 7, 1947

Barbara Edwards Percival sent the following change of address in November: American Consulate, Bremen, Germany, A.P.O. 751, c/o Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

Virginia Weeks Hatch recently started to work for Fawcett and Smith, trustees and investment counselors, of Boston.

Polly Donovan Hoover, x-'42, has a 16-months-old son, James Ellis Hoover.

Marion Falck Rich, x-'42, recently sent the following newsy letter to the Alumnae Secretary from her home in Salt Lake City, Utah:

"I have seen Dr. Winslow's daughter, *Priscilla*, '35, as she is working at the University here, and in that way have kept up with goings-on at Lasell.

"Yes, I was graduated from Stanford University in June, 1944. Afterwards I worked as a reporter on the Salt Lake *Telegram* and then as a secretary in the Adjutant General's office at Fort Douglas, Utah. Have been just keeping house since my marriage last May.

"Recently received an announcement of the birth of a second child to Mr. and Mrs. Earl L. Pangborn, Jr. (*Louise Cook*). They are living at Cedar Tree Point, Apponaug, R. I.

"*Laura Kuykendall McGehee*, x-'42, has a baby boy, William Clay McGehee, born last August 3. Her address is 214 South Victoria, Cleveland, Miss.

"*Barbara Kelly Morell's* husband, Charles A. Morell, is attending the University of Maryland. Their son, Christopher Charles, was born in September, 1945.

"*Nina Hobson* is a newspaper reporter in Southbridge, Mass."

Virginia Nestler FitzGerald, x-'42, writes that her son, Paul, is now 8½ months old and a handfull Fitz is with Grace Lines, Inc. *Jeanne Nestler*, x-'42, enjoys her work with the Texas Company.

1943

Life Secretary—Nathalie Monge Stoddard (Mrs. Morris F., Jr.), 80 Greenwood St., Greenwood, Mass.

Fourth Reunion, June 7, 1947

Mr. and Mrs. Melville W. Grant, Jr. (*Dorothy Bentley*, '43) are living on Crooked Lane, Nantucket Island, Mass.

Olga Costes Urban wrote from Norfolk, Va., before Christmas:

"My husband has been on tour of the Supply Department here in Norfolk since October 28. On January 3 he reports to the Supply School at Bayonne, N. J., for an 18 weeks' course."

We are grateful to *Ruth Davenport* for several items used in this issue of the LEAVES.

Our thanks, too, to *Emma Perley Dewar*, '19-'20, for sending her daughter's (*Jean Dewar Warren's*) new address, 44 Powder House Terrace, Medford 55, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Gant, Jr. (*Jimmie Hickman*) are living in Sayreville, N. J., while Charles works for E. R. Squibb Company in New Brunswick.

Mrs. Harry G. McLean very kindly telephoned Lasell to give us the new address and news of her daughter, *Mary-Louise McLean Koeniger*, who sailed with her two sons on November 16 to join her husband, Lt. Peter J. Koeniger, in Germany. Lt. Koeniger, a surgeon in the Army Medical Corps, has been overseas since last June. They are living in an eight-room house near Stuttgart.

Marian Rushton is now a full-fledged dietitian, having received her degree from Colorado University in June, 1945, and interned in Chicago for the past year.

Shirley Weldon Brim is living at R-5 Richmond Terrace, Richmond, Calif., while her husband, George V. Brim, attends the University of California. Their son, Craig Weldon Brim, was born last August.

Mary Hoyle, x-'43, was married in November, 1945, to Mr. Alfred J. Kinnucan, a sales engineer for the Timken Roller Bearing Co., Steel and Tube Division. They are living at 1242 Waverly Place, Elizabeth, N. J.

Another 1945 wedding, news of which has just reached us, is that of *Yvonne Rossman*, x-'43, and Robert D. Schwarz, which took place July 25, 1945 at Asheville, N. C. A graduate of Bowdoin in 1946, Robert is now studying at the Boston University Law School. He was a pilot in the Army Air Forces for four years. Yvonne was in the SPARS for two years.

After her discharge from the WAVES in August, 1946, *Harriet Sheets*, x-'43, returned to the U. S. Naval Hospital, Dublin, Ga., to take over, as a civilian, the same position she had as an officer in the WAVES, director of Occupational Therapy. She hopes to continue study at the University of Pennsylvania this fall.

Mary Ledbetter, formerly of the WAC, is now an airline stewardess.

1944

Life Secretary—Norma Badger, Echo Avenue, Portsmouth, N. H.

Assistant: Barbara Coudray, 76 Halsted St., East Orange, N. J.

Ruth Blaisdell writes that she was married in August, 1944, to Mr. Sumner E. Simmons, Jr., who was then in the Air Corps. They are living at 17 State St., Warren, R. I.

Congratulations to *Anne Fisher* who received her B.A. degree from Syracuse University in April, 1946.

Pat Frangedakis, in her last year at Wheelock College, Boston, reports that she recently saw *Jackie Campbell*, hostess with American Airlines, at present stationed in California.

Carol Hill has a secretarial position with the Columbian National Life Insurance Company, Boston.

In Wellesley *Eleanor Laing*, who was discharged from the WAVES last April, is working for Gross Strauss, Inc.

Joan Mills Barry writes from her new address, 184 Morris St., Morristown, N. J.:

"Jim was released from the Air Corps as a captain last May, and we have returned to New Jersey where he is the advertising manager of the *Madison Eagle*.

"*Virginia (Virginia Mills, x-'46)* has been home for a week and left Sunday for Willard, N. Y., where she will work for three months in a mental hospital as part of her nurse's training. She will be graduated in February, 1948."

June Trani Hyssong's husband, Mr. Robert Hyssong, will receive his discharge from the Navy soon, after which he and June will attend the New York Institute of Photography.

In Worcester, Mass., *Freda Reck* is handling a "man-size but fascinating publicity job for a new fur storage plant," and *Nancy Smith* is working for the Thompson Wire Company.

Marjorie Wing has her own decorating business in Providence, R. I. She has had experience in other firms, and we predict a glorious future for her.

Jean Campbell writes a glowing account of her work in Girl Scouting:

"It's more than a 9:00 to 5:00 job, but my time is my own. The duties are varied: troop visiting, radio, bulletins, etc. I work specifically with the program committee and do a lot of song-leading and teaching."

Joe Leroy and her mother, Mrs. Louis Leroy, are spending several months in Nassau, now that Joe has completed her studies at the University of Tennessee from which she received her degree in December.

1945

Life Secretary—Emma Gilbert, 589 Prospect St., Maplewood, N. J.

Assistant: Louise Long, 60 Lorraine Ave., Providence, 6, R. I.

Second Reunion, June 7, 1947

Pat Otis journeyed up to Burlington, Vt., for *Elsie Simonds'* marriage to Ben Follett, and reports that "Blondie" was truly a beautiful bride.

Judy Hackman Igleheart and husband, Bill, are making Fort Devens their temporary home while Bill studies at Harvard Business School.

Jean Mitchell Hunter is living at 23 Sherman St., Springfield, Mass., while her husband attends Springfield College: Jean expects to go to work for one of the local banks. She has seen *Eleanor Bradley*, *Sue Ross Westberg* and *Jerry King*, '44.

June Ahner wrote to *Señora Orozco* in December that she, *Barb Preuss*, *Corky McCorkindale*, *Jeanne Towne* and *Carol Hauber* had visited *Sue Ross Westberg* in Longmeadow in November.

Congratulations to *Betty Bagnall*, recently made an executive in *Filene's*. She is assistant merchandise counselor in charge of supervising the flow of merchandise throughout the eight branch stores in the following departments: cosmetics, linens, lingerie, jewelry, gloves, bags, hosiery, umbrellas and handkerchiefs.

Catherine Chappell is a stenographer with the Grainger-Rush Company of Boston, and *Ruth Jenness* is working for *Dickie-Raymond*, Boston advertising firm.

Marilyn Moore Doherty's present address is 28 Pelham St., Newton Centre 59, Mass.

Barbara Phelan has been secretary for a specialist on Marlborough St., Boston, for the past year. *Louise Smith* has a similar position for a psychiatrist in a Federal Civil Service position.

1946

Life Secretary—Louise Pool, 1740 Que St., N. W., Washington 9, D. C.

Assistant: Mary Jane Magnusson, 29 Westwood Ave., New Rochelle, N. Y.

First Reunion, June 7, 1947

The holidays have come and gone, and in the few days of relaxation we have had time to check up on the doings of those newcomers to the world, the Class of '46. Many and varied are the reports from all parts of the country about these well-scrubbed young ladies with the undying energy.

In November former Gardnerites *Jackie McFetridge*, *Barbara Rudell*, *Jean Bohlen*, *Betty Morris*, *Joan Babcock*, *Janet Garland*, *Midge Brady*, '45, *Nancy Peterson* and *Jackie Darcy* gathered for a reunion in Maplewood, N. J. Over a turkey dinner they compared notes and careers: Jean and Joan finished training Dec. 9 and are now full fledged service representatives for the Bell Telephone Company in Morristown, N. J. *Jackie McFetridge* was at

Sak's 34th in New York, and shortly after our reunion was promoted to fashion coordinator; more recently she has moved to Lynn, Mass. Peter has been made a section manager at Hahne's Department Store in Newark, where *Virginia Westerdale* is an assistant buyer in the Sportswear Department, and *Arline Koppel* is in the Junior Miss Department. Janet is working for the American Broadcasting Company in New York, in the office of Nancy Craig, heard daily on Station WJZ. Betty does secretarial work for an automobile agency in Morristown, N. J., and Rud is with Swedish Exports in New York City. Jackie Darcy is still beating the deadline for the *Boston Traveler*, and recently had a feature article on the front page of that newspaper.

Believing their future to be in the sky, *Jane Sherwood* and *Carol Buck* have been working for United and American Airlines. *Valerie Pertsch* is putting her merchandising training to good work at Lord and Taylor's in New York as a personal shopper. *Dot Nelson* has been selling in Stearns in Boston.

Pursuing a higher education while carrying on a career is *Barbara Grove*, who attends night classes at New York University while working for *Miss America* magazine. Also continuing with their schooling are *Dot Morris* and *Marilyn Dickson*, roommates and fellow nursery-school trainees at Wheelock College, Boston, and *Marge Mosher*, studying art at the Cleveland (Ohio) Art School. *Nicky Ducharme* is learning the technique of taking shorthand in Holyoke, Mass., and *B. J. Weltner* attends college in West Hartford, Conn.

Medical secretarial graduates, *Jean Thiel*, *Muriel Ross*, *Rose Emer*, *Edith Avery* and *Lee Pool*, have all followed their favorite subject and now consider themselves members of the medical profession. Jean is a medical assistant for a pediatrician in Montclair, N. J.; Moo works for Dr. Egon E. Kattwinkel of West Newton, Mass., and Rose for Dr. Jules C. Abels of New York City. Edee and Lee have ventured south to our nation's capital where Edee is secretary to Dr. Wallace M. Yater of the Yater Clinic, and Lee waters the plants for a chest specialist. Due to graduate after a year's training as lab technician at Mary Hitchcock Memorial Hospital in Hanover, N. H., is *Lynn Lerch*. Dartmouth is right around the corner, so, needless to say, Lynn loves her work.

Bev Briggs is here in Washington as a reporter on the *Evening Star*, covering such historic events as the John L. Lewis trial. Looking to the future, *Rusty Anglim* is taking a course in nursery school training at Boston University while her roommate, *Clare McCarthy*, is well established with an automobile club in Lawrence, Mass.

Quite a Carpenter reunion was held at *Kay Woolaver's* wedding, guests including *Joan Walker*, *Bev Andres*, *Ginny Westerdale*, *Arline Koppel*, *Peggy Hale*, *Connie Wilbur*, *Lynn Blodgett* and *Evie Hillis*. Evie has since returned to Colorado Springs where

she is secretary to the manager of the Broadmoor Hotel.

Lee

On January 25 many of our classmates were reunited at the luncheon of the Lasell Club of New York, held at Midston House, New York City. There were repeated inquiries, "What are you doing now?" and exclamations, "It's been so long since I've seen you!" Some of the bits of information gathered are:

Barbara Bickley is a student medical technician at Presbyterian Hospital, Newark, and *Raemary Chase* is working for a dentist in New York City. *Kay Woolaver Parsons* came down from Boston for the luncheon and stayed with *Bev Andres* who is really studying hard at Tobé-Coburn School for Fashion Careers. *Joan Walker* and *Janey Schultz McDonnell* are secretaries at Babcock and Wilcox in New York City. Also working in the city is *Grace Schwarz*, with the Equitable Life Insurance Company. *Barb Harris* commutes to Long Island City to the Parsons School of Design.

Doris Leinbach Frederick is busy as a housewife and nursery school teacher. *Corkie Schlegel* attends Berkeley Secretarial School, White Plains. *Arlene Dutt*, newly engaged, works at Hahne's in Newark, along with *Ginny Westerdale*, *Nancy Peterson* and *Arline Koppel*, whom Lee has already mentioned.

Florence Lewis has been vacationing in Florida with her family.

Betts Kendall works for Kendall Mills, Walpole, Mass., and attends evening classes at Boston University. *Norma Treiberg* is a stenographer at the American Broadcasting Company, Radio City, New York. *Debbie Newton* and *Carol Cooley* are both working in Boston.

Naomi Kahrmanian is studying at Adelphi College; *Jean Schultz*, at the University of Miami (Florida), and *Carol Benel* at Pennsylvania College for Women. *Jerry Kuhns* is a stenographer in the accounting department of General Chemical Company, New York.

In Worcester, Mass., *Lynn Blodgett* is secretary to the sales manager of the Refractories Division of the Norton Company.

There are still many of you not yet heard from, so drop a card our way to let your Life Secretaries know what you are doing.

Mickey

And here are some items which have come to the Lasell Placement Department and the Alumnae Office:

Peg Campbell is working for the Redmond Company, Inc., on Lexington Avenue, New York City. *Marie Duprey* writes that she is a clerical worker for the Appellate Tax Board, Boston.

Sheila Finn worked for the Massachusetts Hospital Service until August—now has a position with two doctors in Framingham. In Gardner, Mass., *Beverly Handlin* is private secretary to the president of the Simplex Time Recorder Company.

Peg Harman is a personnel stenographer for an insurance company in New York City, where *Bobbi Smith* is a secretary for *House and Garden* magazine, a Condé Nast publication.

Down in Connecticut *Pat Marland* has a secretarial position with the Wallace Barnes Division of the Associated Spring Corporation of Bristol, and *Margie Norris* is a private secretary at Aetna Fire Insurance Company, Hartford. Also in insurance work is *Claire Stolzenberg*, secretary to a special agent in New Haven.

Nearer home, in Boston, *Helen Richter* is with the law firm of Ely, Bradford, Bartlett, Thompson and Brown, on Federal Street; *Priscilla Scruton* is a stenographer for American Casualty Company, and *Phyllis Warburton* a clerk for C. W. Whittier and Bros., real estate firm. *Kathleen Wilson* is working for Miller Associates, and *Constance Wilbur* does secretarial work for the superintendent of nurses at Massachusetts Memorial Hospital, as well as some typing and filing for the X-ray department of the same hospital.

Also in hospital work we find *Aileen Parrish*, medical secretary for Dr. R. Plato Schwartz, head of Orthopedic Surgery at the Strong Memorial Hospital, Rochester, N. Y. *Bette Reed Hanna* works for Dr. Gordon Berry of Worcester, Mass.

Nancy Mattoon is employed at the Berkshire County Courthouse in Pittsfield, Mass.

Audrey Reeman writes that her family has moved into a new home on Lake Michigan: Cedar Trail, Box 806, Ogden Dunes, Gary, Ind. She is doing secretarial work in Chicago.

Jane Bergwall, x-'46, who transferred to Simmons College after her first year at Lasell, recently had a leading role in the Harvard Dramatic Club's presentation of "Adam the Creator." Elinor Hughes, critic of the Boston *Herald* who reviewed the play, wrote that Jane's part was nicely done.

Natalie Gordon, whose column "Gracious Ladies" is a nightly feature of the Boston *Traveler* wrote:

" Appearing in a leading role will be a talented young Simmons student, Jane Bergwall, who is as refreshing as a four-year-old's opinion of the atomic age, and as appealing as the kitten that appears in a railway advertisement. Although Jane's ambitions are definitely slanted footlightwise, she is approaching her goal with great strategy, adhering to the philosophy that an artist should have a trade to follow in addition to his art. Therefore, she is now a junior at Simmons College School of Business and, incidentally, is the first Simmons girl to be chosen for a part with the Harvard Dramatic Club."

At Simmons Jane is active in the Business and Dramatic Clubs, and as a member of the latter has entertained at Halloran General Hospital, Camp Devens. During the summers she has worked in Boston offices and as a waitress at a summer hotel in Vermont.

x-'47

Joine Collins visited some of her former classmates at Lasell a few weeks ago. She is in nurses' training at Beverly (Mass.) Hospital, and is now the proud possessor of a cap and bib — no longer "on probation!"

Jane O'Connor is also training to be a nurse, has her cap and is president of her class at Faulkner Hospital in Jamaica Plain.

Joan Dappert continues her studies at St. Lawrence University, and *Elaine Toop* is taking the executive secretarial course at the Auburn, Maine, School of Commerce.

Elizabeth Weidner Ham is living in Strong, Maine, where Merrill is a mechanical engineer at the Forster Manufacturing Company.

Buffalo Lasell Club

The Buffalo Lasell Club met on Oct. 28, 1946 at the home of *Marjorie Keller Mayer*, '30. Plans were discussed for future meetings.

The officers of the club are as follows: *Audrey Kaiser Handy*, x-'31, 489 Delaware Ave., Buffalo, president; *Marguerite Virkler Roberts*, '22-'24, 21 Courier Blvd., Kenmore, secretary; *Bettie Smith Scolton*, '28, 130 Olean St., East Aurora, treasurer.

Lasell Club of New York

One hundred and nine Lasell girls and our two guests, *Miss Ruth Rothenberger*, Lasell's dean, and *Miss Roberta Morrill*, '35, instructor in drama at the college, met at the fifty-third annual luncheon of the Lasell Club of New York, held at Midston House, New York City, on Saturday, Jan. 25, 1947. *Louise Paisley*, '09, presided in the absence of our president, *Margaret Schneider Thieringer*, '39. *Mabel Taylor Gannett*, '95, and the girls of the *Class of 1946* made a span of 51 years of representation from Lasell.

After the secretary's and treasurer's reports were read, a moment's silent tribute was paid to those Lasell girls who had passed away since our last meeting.

Our two guests gave a delightful picture of the changes at the college. We were sorry to learn of Dr. Winslow's decision to retire this June, but feel that he and Mrs. Winslow will always stay in close touch with Lasell.

The nominating committee presented the following slate of officers who were elected to serve for the next two years: *Gertrude E. Fischer*, '41, president; *Barbara J. Preuss*, '45, 1st vice president; *Grace R. Sheffer*, '41, 2d vice president; *Virginia DeNyse*, '41, secretary-treasurer.

Members voted to send another United States Savings Bond to the *Lasell Alumnae, Inc.* for the Building Fund.

Submitted by *Sarah A. Moore*, Secretary-Treasurer

Omaha and Council Bluffs Lasell Club

The Omaha and Council Bluffs Lasell Club continues to meet once a month at the homes of members for luncheon and to sew for charity.

Worcester County Lasell Club

Two skits, "The First Meeting of Lasell Club" and "Our First Tea" were presented by members of the Worcester County Lasell Club at the tenth anniversary banquet, Nov. 12, 1946. Taking part in the first skit were *Elsie Bigwood Cooney*, '17-'19, and *Frances E. Wright*, '14-'15. In the second skit were *Joanne Bohaker Smith*, '38, *Doris Barry Ponte*, '40, *Eleanor Ramsdell Stauffer*, '35, *Marion Parmer*, '41, *Marilyn Blodgett*, '46, and *Elfreda Reck*, '44.

The past presidents presented a bouquet to *Elsie Bigwood Cooney*. Her gift to the club was a tenth-anniversary cake. Each member received a corsage of pompons and a leather engagement book. Decorations were brown and yellow chrysanthemums. *Esther B. Sosman*, '36, alumnae secretary, was guest speaker from the college, and *Dorothy Inett Taylor*, '30, was chairman of the meeting.

Those present were: *Dorothy Inett Taylor*, '30, *Elsie Bigwood Cooney*, '17-'19, *Frances E. Wright*, '14-'15, *Barbara Ordway Brewer*, '35, *Eleanor Ramsdell Stauffer*, '35, *Barbara Wheeler Sampson*, '37, *Louise Cenedella Kidd*, '33, *Joanne Bohaker Smith*, '38, *Marion Kingdon Farnum*, '29, *Rosalie Winchell Cutler*, '37-'38 Special, *Jeanette White Eaton*, x-'36, *Elfreda Reck*, '44, *Marilyn Blodgett*, '46, *Marjorie Olson Bjork*, '45, *Virginia Phillips Messier*, '45, *Eleanor Smith Cutting*, '26-'27, *Margaret G. Smith*, '39, *Marie Hammarstrom Seaton*, x-'43, *Jane L. Maynard*, '44, *Barbara R. Peterson*, '41, *Nancy L. Smith*, '44, *Marion Parmer*, '41, *Doris Barry Ponte*, '40, *Barbara Hamilton Putnam*, '35, *Betty Smith*, '43, and *Marjorie Sherman*, '40.

The club is planning a tea for undergraduates during Lasell's spring vacation.

The following tenth-anniversary report was presented by *Barbara Ordway Brewer*, '35, at the November meeting:

"It all began ten years ago at the Hotel Bancroft in Worcester, March 14, 1936. After weeks of hard work and telephoning by *Dorothy Inett (Taylor)* and *Marion Kingdon Farnum*, 21 Lasell alumnae were rounded up and met to form the Worcester County Lasell Club.

"Dean *Lillie R. Potter*, '80, from Lasell, and *Joséphine Woodward Rand*, '10, representing the *Lasell Alumnae, Inc.*, were present to lend a hand and conduct the election of officers. Those elected were: *Dorothy Inett*, '30, president; *Marion Kingdon Farnum*, '29, secretary. Appointed by the president were: Constitution and By-Laws Committee: *Violet Comley Peirce*, '22, chairman, *Gertrude Kendall Lund*, '25, and *Elsie Bigwood Cooney*, '17-'19; Activities Committee: *Ruth Berg Lindquist*, '15-'16, chairman, *M. Gladys Kenney*, '26-'27, and *Dorothy L. Quinn*, '27.

"It was a struggle at first, for although enthusiasm was high, cash was low. But the club grew and prospered until it was no longer possible to hold the meetings in private homes, and larger meeting places had to be found.

"Ten years have quickly passed, and as we casually look back we may think that little has been accomplished. But read over our years' records as I did, and you will find, perhaps with some astonishment, that the Lasell Club has done its full share, during both peace and war years, in helping our community.

"It has been our custom to contribute each year to the Santa Claus fund for Christmas gifts for orphaned children. We have regularly supported the Golden Rule fund and the Red Cross, and last year we gave to the fund for cancer research.

"Before the war and rationing overtook us, each year we filled a substantial and gratefully received Thanksgiving basket. In 1943 we entertained the children in the wards at City Hospital with an ice cream party.

"Every year we set aside a sum of money for the scholarship fund. Although this has been used only once to help a Worcester County girl, the fund remains available and continues to grow.

"During the war our social events were curtailed, but our time and thought were turned to contributions toward the well being of veterans: We packed several boxes of games, books and cards for the men at Lovell General Hospital; raised money, through a war bond raffle, to buy a record player for the hospital; gave a flag to the Worcester U. S. O. lounge at Union station; raised money for two wheel chairs for Cushing Hospital; collected and packed books for the soldiers; sent records to the Worcester U. S. O., and appropriated money with which to buy presents for veterans at Lovell General Hospital.

"We have raised money in our treasury in several ways besides through our yearly dues. Nearly every year we have held a bridge—either one large one or a series of several small parties in members' homes. Except during the war years our annual dance came to be an important social event of each year. With the exception of one or two financial casualties the dances helped greatly to increase our treasury. But whatever the monetary outcome, from the standpoint of sociability and good times every dance was a crashing success.

"In December, 1943, we sponsored a lecture by Prof. J. Anton DeHaas of Harvard, which also sent the money rolling into our coffers.

"Recently our meetings have been enlivened by money-making white-elephant sales and penny socials. We have also run two very successful rummage sales.

"The regular monthly meetings have been quite evenly divided between those with a purely social flavor and others when we have had speakers of interest. Many good times have been enjoyed at our

Halloween and Christmas parties, our summer picnics and our annual tea to welcome and become acquainted with the undergraduates.

"Ten years have flown; many more are to come. May we go on with renewed vigor, increasing our friendships with each other and our loyalty to Lasell."

Lasell Alumnae, Inc.

As this issue of the LEAVES goes to press, our alumnae vice-president, *Marjorie Bassett MacMillan*, '36, and her committee are busy with plans for the annual Midwinter Reunion, being held in March this year with the hope that the later date may bring more favorable weather than have the February dates of the past. We are looking forward to hearing from our new dean, *Miss Ruth Rothenberger*, who will be guest speaker at the luncheon, to be held at the Hotel Sheraton, Boston, Saturday, March 8.

At this moment there are but three new names for our Life Member list: *Frances Angel Levenson*, '22, *Betty Schmidt*, '43, and *Josephine H. West*, '91-'93. We welcome them as Life Members #218, #219, and #220. No doubt by the time this issue is off the

press and in your hands, there will be many more added to this rapidly growing group.

Antoinette Meritt Smith, '23, our very capable alumnae treasurer, is in charge of sending out the Midwinter Reunion notices and bills for alumnae dues. If you did not receive yours, better get in touch with her (Mrs. Wilder N. Smith, 393 Broadway, Cambridge 39, Mass.) or with the Alumnae Secretary, Lasell, to see if your dues are paid up to date.

Reunions, June 1947

In the Summer 1946 issue of the LEAVES a new reunion schedule was published, and we asked for comments on it from alumnae. The majority who replied had one request to make: let us have our tenth, twenty-fifth, and fiftieth reunions as usual. As a result, the schedule has been changed so that each class will have a first, tenth, twenty-fifth, and fiftieth reunion; otherwise it remains the same. **Therefore the following classes are scheduled to have reunions in June, 1947: '97, '02, '03, '12, '13, '22, '32, '33, '37, '42, '43, '45, and '46.** Many of the classes already have plans under way for luncheons on Saturday, June 7, Alumnae Day.

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Dr. Guy M. Winslow

IT IS with deep regret that the LEAVES announces the resignation of Dr. Guy M. Winslow, President of Lasell Junior College. Dr. Winslow has served as principal and president for thirty-nine years and was associated with the school for the ten years preceding that time. He will still continue this long association as a member of the Board of Trustees.

Dr. Winslow graduated from Tufts College in 1895, and thereafter worked for his doctorate which he received in 1898. In that same year he came to Lasell Seminary to teach science. He was assistant to Dr. Bragdon, the principal, from 1902 until 1908 when he purchased Lasell and became the principal. In May, 1921, the ownership and control of Lasell was transferred to a Board of Trustees. When, in 1932, Lasell Seminary became Lasell Junior College, his title was changed from principal to president.

In addition to his Lasell duties, he has participated in many community activities. He has also served Tufts College both as instructor of histology at the Medical and Dental Schools (1908-1913) and as Alumni Trustee since 1913.



Mr. Raymond C. Wass

MR. RAYMOND C. WASS, who came to Lasell July 1, 1944, as assistant to Dr. Winslow, has been appointed as President of the college.

Mr. Wass graduated from Washington Normal School and the University of Maine. He received his master's degree from Boston University and did graduate study at Harvard.

For a few years, Mr. Wass acted as principal and taught in Maine high schools—first in Standish, where he coached athletics and taught public speaking, dramatics, science, mathematics, and English as well as carrying out his administrative duties. He was also principal of Machias High School and later the Dean of Boys at East Maine Conference Seminary for three years. He also served twelve years as headmaster of the Hanover High School, Hanover, Massachusetts, and held joint positions of principal and superintendent of schools in Hamilton for the three years before coming to Lasell.

Mr. Wass is greatly interested in many sports such as boating, fishing, skiing, mountain-climbing, and canoeing, and he spent fourteen summers as headmaster of counselors in boys' camps in Maine.



Mr. Walter R. Amesbury

WE REGRET that another member of Lasell's administrative staff, our Treasurer, Mr. Walter R. Amesbury, is leaving the college this year.

For fifteen years Mr. Amesbury was an instructor at the Bryant and Stratton Commercial School in Boston, and it was during that time he became affiliated with Lasell. In 1909, at the suggestion of Dr. Winslow, he established the secretarial courses at Lasell and he carried through a part-time teaching program in that department until 1919. When Lasell was changed over from private ownership to a new corporation in 1921, Mr. Amesbury was employed to do the accounting and set up the present bookkeeping systems. In 1923, when he was appointed Treasurer of Lasell, he moved his family to the Lasell Campus. His various duties as Treasurer include collaboration with the Dietitian in ordering supplies and organizing personnel, as well as supervision of the Bookstore and Food Bar.

During his period of residence in Newton, Mr. Amesbury has acted as Chairman of the Newton School Committee, and served with various groups in connection with civic and public welfare programs.

Mr. Harrison G. Meserve

MR. HARRISON G. MESERVE has been appointed as Treasurer of Lasell Junior College and will assume his duties on the first of July.

Mr. Meserve graduated from Harvard College in 1911 and received his master's degree in education from the same institution in 1923. He taught mathematics at Bacon Academy in Colchester, Connecticut, and then at Melrose High School in Melrose, Massachusetts, until January, 1918, when he entered the army for thirteen months of duty.

Since 1919, he has taught mathematics at the Girls' Latin School in Boston. For the past twenty years he has served as Treasurer of the school.

From 1942 to 1944 he took a leave of absence for active duty with the rank of Captain, Corps of Engineers, in the Army. During this period he was engaged in administrative work at Fort Williams in Portland, Maine, where he was in charge of rations and supplies and a great many other assignments. In 1945 he received a promotion to rank of major. With his return to civilian life, he has continued with his work at the Girls' Latin School.

Commencement Activities

FRIDAY, MAY 16—8:30 P.M. LASELL NIGHT AT THE POPS, Symphony Hall,
Boston

WEDNESDAY, MAY 21—8.15 P.M. COMMENCEMENT CONCERT, Winslow Hall

WEDNESDAY, MAY 28—2:00 P.M. CANOE RACES, Charles River

THURSDAY, JUNE 5—3:30 P.M. JUNE FETE—Crowning of the Queen, Bragdon
Lawn; Style Show, Winslow Hall;
Dance Pageant, Recreation Field

SATURDAY, JUNE 7—3:30 P.M. ALUMNAE DAY

3:30 P.M. ALUMNAE MEETING, Bragdon Chapel

5:30 P.M. ALUMNAE SUPPER, (Tickets Necessary)
Bragdon Hall

5:00 P.M. SENIOR SPREAD, Winslow Hall

7:45 P.M. CLASS NIGHT EXERCISES (Cards Necessary)
Recreation Field

9:45 P.M. INFORMAL RECEPTION, Woodland Hall

SUNDAY, JUNE 8—4:00 P.M. BACCALAUREATE SERMON, Winslow Hall
Bernard T. Drew

MONDAY, JUNE 9—8:30 A.M. LAST CHAPEL, Winslow Hall

10:45 A.M. COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS, Winslow Hall
Boynton Merrill, D.D.

12 M. FAREWELL AT THE CROW'S NEST, Bragdon Lawn

12:30 P.M. COMMENCEMENT LUNCHEON, Bragdon Hall

Peg Beach

EVERYONE at Lasell knows Peg Beach, the President of Student Government, to be an all 'round girl and one of the best. Christened Margaret Isabel "eighteen short years ago", she is a striking person about whom strangers ask at once.

If we wish to look for her on campus, we must pursue our way through a maze of corridors in Carpenter, until on the third floor back we come to a room that is as distinctive as Peg is herself.

Her desk is set in a recess which also houses a dormer window. On either side of the curtains is hung a ski pole. On the desk a squatty loving cup claims a place of honor. It was won for swimming. So, already, two facts can be deduced: Peg likes swimming and skiing. Of the former sport, she says, "I was four when I began." "Four," we exclaim. "Well, maybe not four, but I was young. It was definitely in my younger days. Anyway it really was because I made the biggest splash."

We don't know whether to believe this or not, but there's a mischievous twinkle in Peg's eyes that leads us to consider the report that Peg very often has a lot of fun exaggerating, either unconsciously or with the intention of seeing just how much her audience will believe.

And there again, we notice that usually where there is a group, Peg may be found in the middle of it. People are attracted by her enthusiasm and diligence, and by her positive 'I know this is best for us' attitude. Not often is she wrong, and if so, she will admit it and work harder in order to make the thing right.

In the opposite corner of the room we are attracted to a bulletin board and walls covered with evidences of a varied, active life. There are once-lovely corsages and their accompanying cards, snapshots galore of friends, excursions, and one of home on a hill in Meriden, Connecticut. There are programs from football games, college banners (with one from Harvard occupying a particularly



conspicuous place), dance cards, and many other mementoes, any of which may be found on the bulletin boards of other typical Lasellites.

But there is one item that is different, and not usually included among the sometimes giddy, nonconsequential articles seen in such collections. It is a card (one of the yellow Prom permission ones), that has printed on the back these words: "The keynote of all life is happiness—not an occasional thing, the result of chance or circumstances, but a heroic thing, to be won, as we should win any other success, by Work and Patience."

The duties and responsibilities involved in her presidency of the Student Government would be enough for almost anyone else, but Peg also finds or makes the time to sit with the Executive Council, sing, with Orphean, belong to the Speakers' Bureau, take part in the Dance Club performances, and write a column for the *News*. Of this last she says, "My assignment slip is the only thing that disturbs the dust in my mail box!" Here we can definitely say, "'Tain't so."

Attached to a large Lasell banner are the three letters Peg won last year for her athletic prowess. There is a "B" for basketball. an

"S" for soccer, and a "C" for crew. At this writing, she is eagerly awaiting this year's practice on the river.

Over a chair is thrown a large-checked black and white skirt. In the closet one may get a glimpse of her favorite "orange" corduroy suit, and in the corner is a pile of scuffed loafers and beloved ballets. The loafers look a little unusual and at close inspection we discover that they have reached the stage of disintegration that she likes best—the soles are off, leaving only the soft leather underpart.

Another familiar object is her typewriter, and often we can find her in her favorite position on the floor, typing with the old two-finger method.

For a girl who says, "I was an awful tomboy, still am," Peg presented a very pleasing and feminine self when the May Cotillion came along and she, as chairman of the affair, was in the receiving line. This all brings to mind the story of a phone call that was made by a band leader about this same spring formal. First he asked to speak with Miss Peg Beach. This not being possible, he then asked, "Well, then, is May Cotillion there?"

Peg, who loves, when possible, to catch

forty winks between classes, is usually rushing about and doing something. Her usual system for getting from place to place is running and it is amazing how she can take stairs at three steps a jump. Peg likes to read poetry; write (she just completed a three thousand word story on race prejudice); argue ("three-fourths of the time in life" is spent this way, declares Peg, who recently upheld her opinions about combining a career and marriage during a radio program along with three other representative Lasell students); knit, both socks and mittens; and meet other young people to exchange ideas and learn.

As for this summer, first of all, Peg is going to attend the Red Cross Aquatic School in Hyannis on the Cape for a couple of weeks, as the result of winning a scholarship from her home city. Then she will take up her duties as a swimming instructor at a day camp in Meriden.

Now comes the "biggest news", for in the fall, it has been decided that Peg will return to Boston and go into nurses' training, probably at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital. As is characteristic of Peg, she is very excited, eager to get started on this new project, and "to be out in the world and a part of it".

Gloria Sylvia

THINGS ENGLISH

Being an American, perhaps I should not say
I like the men of England and their quiet courteous
way.
Being an American, I should not long to see
The neat old-fashioned gardens, and the quaint
antiquity
Of rustic, little cottages, thatched-roofed on country
lanes;
I know I'd love the London mist, the early morning
rains,
The castles and the market squares, the tardy summer
night,
The cliffs of Dover, steep and stark, and beautiful
and white.
I like them now, these English things—the sights I
never knew.
They must be very beautiful, for they are bred in you.
Being an American, I should be cold in part,
But since I've known and liked you so,
Things English steal my heart.

Beverly Watkins

Uncle Sherman

I CAN think of no more appropriate sign for the front door of the Hawkinson home on Allegheny Street than a simple "walk in." Everyone does. The doorbell is a mere formality for the door is always unlocked. The first thing to catch one's eye is a large ping-pong table in the middle of the hall. This is constantly used as a desk, a record stand, a hat rack, or occasionally its original purpose. At the left are the "big" living room and the "little" living room. Uncle Sherman is usually found in the latter, sitting in the big chintz-covered chair by the radio. He is always comfortably equipped with cigarette and newspaper. He is seldom alone, for he loves people and people love him.

The little living room is filled with things that Uncle Sherman likes and admires. The bookcases are filled with classic writings and modern literature pertaining to nearly any subject that you can mention. Although the room is not lavishly decorated, its furnishings are all of the best, for Uncle Sherman detests imitations. The four small tables are laden with various kinds of cigarette lighters, ash trays, and matches, for he loves gadgets. In the winter there is always a fire in the stone fireplace and a cup of hot chocolate or hot coffee for the chilled visitor. And there is always Uncle Sherman's warm greeting to put a stranger at ease.

Every day is "open house" at Uncle Sherman's. There is always someone calling on the telephone, knocking at the door, or just walking in. Whether any of the Hawkinsons are at home or not, we just go in and read the paper, play the radio or victrola or a fast game of ping-pong. Our ages range from sixteen to sixty and we are all part of the inner circle of Uncle Sherman's closest friends.

Uncle Sherman makes his own rules in regard to social activities, and he delights in doing things that are very unconventional by other people's standards. At the age of forty he bought a tandem bicycle and he and Aunt

Sally, his wife, rode gaily around town visiting all the people whom they knew would be shocked. This caused quite a hub-bub but none comparable to the commotion that swept town when it was rumored that Sherman Hawkinson was taking sunbaths in his back yard with nothing but a towel for covering.

It is general knowledge that he "never goes to bed." I have walked into the living room at seven o'clock in the morning and found him still reading, or listening to the radio, or occasionally talking with a member of his family who has stayed up all night to talk to him. Once, while spending the night there, I awoke at five o'clock in the morning to hear Uncle Sherman in the back yard playing with his two German shepherd dogs.

Uncle Sherman's thoughtfulness is one of the qualities that has endeared him to his friends. I remember the warm summer day that I rode out to visit him on my bicycle. It is a seven mile ride, most of it up hill, and by the time I reached my destination I was tired and overheated. As usual, I was welcomed cordially, and as I sat in the cool, dimly-lit living room, drinking ginger-ale and enjoying my rest, I refused to think of the long ride back. When I remarked that it was getting late and I had better leave, he must have guessed my feelings, for he insisted that I stay awhile and said that he would see that both my bike and I got home safely and on time. This he accomplished by strapping my bike to the back of his car and driving me home.

Aunt Sally, who has been in poor health since the death of her oldest child, John, in France during the war, is often confined to her bed by severe headaches and a pain in her heart. When Uncle Sherman finds that she is not feeling well, he will not allow her to leave her bed or to do anything but rest, while he takes care of the household chores. At mealtimes he appears with two trays and eats dinner with her in her room.

I have noticed many physical changes in

Uncle Sherman since John's death. His hair has turned nearly white and his eyes are too often sad and are becoming surrounded by tiny wrinkles. But he is still as cheerful as he ever was and takes even more interest in his remaining three children and their friends.

His children have inherited his characteristics, but no one of them is exactly like him. John had his well-disciplined mind and his eagerness to learn, Marie possesses his fondness for words and discussions, Janice inherited his love of people and his hospitality, while George is the heir to his versatility and ingenuity. But there is only one Sherman Hawkinson.

Everyone in town knows him and calls a friendly "hello" to him on the street. With his hat brim turned down and his shoulders erect, he makes an interesting sight and one as familiar to the residents of Hollidaysburg as the court house. He has not done a full day's work in the past twenty years, except to supervise occasionally the waterworks of which he is the owner. He spends his mornings in much the same manner every day. Starting at his house, he walks down the main street and stops at several shops where he converses with the proprietors about the affairs of the day. Then he stops at the law office of one of his closest friends and chats for an hour or so. The afternoons he spends in doing errands or odd jobs around the house. In spite of his lack of regular employment he is always busy and never bored. I think that he is one of the happiest people that I have ever seen. His happiness comes from doing things for people and from learning. He is delighted by new discoveries and new facts.

I like best the winter evenings when we sit up and talk until five and six o'clock in the morning. At this Uncle Sherman holds the throne. He can talk for hours on any subject fluently and accurately. He has acquired a vast store of knowledge from his beloved books which he has supplemented by reading current magazines and newspapers.

I am never surprised to hear him discussing religion with a minister or medicine with a doctor. Also I have ceased to be astonished when I find him delving into Egyptian architecture or recipes for cheese souffles. We, who belong to the "inner circle," have learned much from these enjoyable evenings in the little living room.

Not only is Uncle Sherman well informed on many subjects but he is also capable of putting his knowledge to work. His store of practical knowledge is inexhaustible and very valuable to Aunt Sally at times. His skills include mending raincoats, deciding the severity of his family's illnesses, and inventing cocktails.

Uncle is an intelligent and learned man. He is interesting to talk with and to be with. He is practical; yet he has his dreams. He is a good father and a thoughtful husband. But, most of all, he is just our lovable Uncle Sherman, dear to our hearts and beloved of everyone who knows him.

Martha Miller



GINNIE SMITH



CAST OF SHUBERT ALLEY

Left to right: Elizabeth Dewey, Joanne Boss, Jean Place, Barbara Taber, Virginia Smith, Barbara Woods.



The Day Students

A VERY important part of Lasell is represented by the Day Students and although these girls spend a great deal of time commuting, they are most interested in the activities here.

This year there are one hundred and twenty-three of them. This is the largest number enrolled since the beginning of the war. However, in 1940-41, there were one hundred and eighty-three—the largest enrollment of day students in the history of the school.

All of the girls come from homes in many parts of greater Boston, but there are some who deserve special mention for their tremendous efforts in commuting. For example, Joan Longo comes from Medford and she says that she gets up at five-thirty in the morning, leaves the house at six, and doesn't get home until six in the evening. Anita Healy from Lexington and Florence Domenichella from Lincoln both get up at six to get to classes by eight-thirty. Nancy Barbarossa from Revere gets up at five-thirty. From the beginning of school until the Thanksgiving recess, Marianne Sinclitico was actually commuting from her home in Lawrence which meant that she had to rise at four forty-five. But as this became too difficult, she moved to a private home in Auburndale.

In spite of their duties at home and their problems of commuting, the Day Hops have done well in participating in the activities of Lasell.

Twenty of them made the Dean's List for the first semester—Freida Alexander, Marion Andrews, Dorothy Andrews, Dorothy Azadian, Noreen Buckley, Anne Chapman, Phyllis Clay, Miriam Day, Ann Ellsworth, Alice Fitz, Patricia Ford, Virginia Hall, Dorothy Hayes, Lois McLucas, Cynthia Morrison, Phyllis Pagliarulo, Rosemary Quilty, Ruth Redden, Helen Sanasarian, June Sherter, and Marian Smitherman. Also among the group there are many talented girls such as Anita Healy, a member of the choir, who has entertained

the girls with many solos. Also, in the choir is Marian Smitherman. Cynthia Morrison, Ruth Maxted, Joan Fierimonti, and Linnea Kneller are all accomplished musicians. Ruth Redden and Rosemary Capone are very artistic and have helped with designing posters for the different activities.

The Executive Council includes four members for the Day Students, Anne Scarlatos and Barbara Adler representing the seniors and Peggy Abrahamian and Ruth Davison representing the juniors.

Anne Scarlatos is particularly active on the school publications as Business Manager for the LASELL LEAVES and the *Lasell News* and Assistant Editor for the *Lamp*. Florence Domenichella too has served as an Assistant Editor on the *Lamp* staff and reporter on the *News*. Several others also contribute to these publications, Jean MacNeil to the LEAVES, and Mary Brown and Nancy Quinn to the *News*.

The day students are very interested in sports. Virginia Butt from Belmont is one of the most active. She is captain of the basketball team, and next year she will be captain of the soccer team. Peggy Abrahamian, Priscilla Harney, Virginia Hall, Lorraine Pierce and Pat Greenhalgh have all participated to a large extent in sports, especially in basketball.

Basketball is the only sport where the girls have their own team. They have played three games, lost two and won one. Even although they have lost two, their spirits have not been daunted and they have showed great sportsmanship. The girls, who are not athletically inclined, have turned out for the games to cheer their teams on to victory. To help the girls cheer for their teams, there are two Day Hop cheer leaders who have done an excellent job. They are May Ann Murray and Jackie Abbott. The mascots for the Hops are Mrs. Lindquist and the gym teachers—the Misses Tri, Mac, Watt and Winslow.

On May second, the Day Hops held a dance in the Barn, their headquarters while at

school. The music was furnished by the juke box, which was recently installed in the lower level of the barn, and from radio recordings.

The Day Hops are to be greatly admired for all their initiative and school spirit. In spite of long hours of studying, commuting

and family obligations, they are getting the most out of their two years at Lasell by entering into the activities of the school. Moreover, most of them are doing a good job with their studies which is the important thing.

Helen King



Feast of the Moon Festival

Beulah Kwok, who has recently come to Lasell from China, submitted this charming essay for one of her first assignments in English.

AS HIS family sat eagerly at the wooden table, a warm and joyful smile spread widely on his face. The dinner was going to be served immediately by his woman. The children were speechless; their black round eyes stared at the empty china plate.

"Come, come, my children, the sweet sour meat!"

No sooner were the words spoken by Wang, than numerous small hands were gathered at the center of the round table. The red syrup which was spread over the fried meat was flowing leisurely down from the top of the heapful of square-cut meat. The odor of the oriental vinegar cast a magic spell on the delighted celebrators. They swallowed down their saliva instead of taking up the bamboo chopsticks. This feeling occurred only for an instant. The sweet sour meats disappeared into their mouths, with bites as precious as ruby jelly.

Then came the whale-fins stew. The children screamed for joy.

"Oh!" they cried simultaneously.

The noodle-like fins floated on rows of salted Chinese ham. Slices of abalone, with dots of green olives here and there, were on the very top. One could guess from the well decorated dish that it must be of great value. It had the taste of the most delicious mixed with the taste of the most tasteless. Wang petted his aged woman with an understanding wink. She had done a wonderful job.

"Mother, holy Buddha will surely guard you for this!" exclaimed the excited children.

Even the little baby girl put her tongue out, and it went round and round her lips. The bowl was emptied.

Wang's woman came out from the kitchen again, this time with a plate full of jumping shrimps and crabs and the master of the house poured black sauces down on those lively creatures. Silence reigned. All the household was amazed by the bouncing shrimps. It was hard to describe the wonderful taste of the sea food, but the children were overcome by its wonder. The unfortunate creatures were gone in a twinkling of an eye.

"More! more! Mother," shouted the baby girl.

Despite her pleading, the woman proceeded with her courses. Now came the Moon Cake. There were crushed baked beans, and skinless watermelon seeds, stuffed within the crust. The alluring hue of the cake was matched by the rosy cheeks of the weather-beaten children. Frostings of brown and white sugar formed the moon and the lady in the moon. Wang took the knife and with the greatest care he cut the cake into eight pieces.

Finally the Reunion Tea was served. The juice of the chopped almond, which the woman had worked on for days, was poured into the porcelain wine cups. The creamy tea with the taste of milk and almond flavor and the Moon Cake soon ended the feast.

"Thank you, all mighty Buddha for giving us this delicious food," the master prayed.

Beulah Kwok

Past Acquaintance

I FOUND the only vacant seat in the downtown rapid transit Saturday morning, and immediately began my favorite sub-way pastime—analyzing the people around me. My course in psychology had helped me to imagine what others were thinking by their actions, their expressions and conversation.

Beside me sat a very plain-looking woman, perhaps thirty-five years old. She was a study in brown, from her modest cuban-heeled walking shoes to her wool coat with a bit of muskrat trim on the collar, which buttoned tightly to her neck, and the small hat with a heavy veil that shrouded her features. The kidskin gloves fitted tightly over her hands, which were resting on a felt pocketbook. This broke the monotony of brown, with very outstanding gold lettering—M.H.S. These, I imagined, must be her initials.

"Mary Smith," I thought. "But this woman would not have that name—one more like Marcella Shrewsbury. She looks very reserved and conservative—English."

At the next stop my attention was attracted to a negro baby girl and her mother. The baby was wrapped in a pure white bunting, which accented her natural color. "That woman is proud of her race, too," I told myself.

When I turned again to M.H.S., she was talking to a man who was standing in front of her. He supported himself by holding on to the strap over me. I noticed that his fingers were long and white, and that his nails were well-kept. The only piece of jewelry noticeable was the veteran's button which was on the lapel of his tweed overcoat. I glanced down and saw that his shoes were those of an army officer, well-worn, but deeply polished. At a glance I could tell that the bit of the tan socks visible were hand-made.

The woman asked him just then of his brothers and sisters, and she learned that Marion had married, and that Tom had been

killed on Iwo Jima when he served with the 5th Marine Division.

"How sad," M.H.S. said. "I had no one in the war. No one. I did do volunteer work at the army hospital. Many of my friends met their husbands during the war." This was said thoughtfully, and longingly, I thought.

I looked at her face once again, and now the veil had been lifted back over her hat. Her face was entirely void of make-up, but she was handsome, in a womanish way. The grey eyes studied the man, but turned quickly away when he glanced her way.

I did not hear the question directed at her, but it was made obvious by her answer:—"I still live in Milton with my nephew and his family. That is all the family I have left, but they are considerate of me."

"I imagine your work is as interesting as ever; new situations must arise every day," said the veteran.

"Yes, you always did say that, and it is true. Remember when you would come to the house and help me correct papers, and then we would walk to the village for coffee and doughnuts? That was before you went away, though." She said this musingly, and during the next few minutes of silence, I realized that she was thinking back to the evenings they had spent together. She had thought then that someday they would . . . but that was four years ago. Now that she had met him, perhaps they could take up where they had been so abruptly forced to leave off in 1942.

"Do you still live on Orchard Street?" she asked, almost too anxiously. "I'm home every night, if you would like to come over. I still have the papers to do; after all four years isn't a very long time."

"You never married, then; Miranda!"

Miranda! That was her name! It suited her perfectly, and I was surprised at myself for not having thought of it before.

"No," she said with a wee bit of sadness

in her voice that only another woman would detect.

The man said jokingly, "I can't understand why one of the patients in that hospital didn't discover you!" Complete joy spread over her face. I knew she thought to herself—he does care! I will see him. She did not take the compliment as it was given. I imagined the happy thoughts that were humming through her head, but outwardly she controlled her emotions remarkably well. They continued reminiscing until the train came to Miranda's stop.

The man sensed, too, her feeling, which was not hidden as well as she had pretended—at any rate, had hoped it would be. Very quietly he said, "Miranda, I married while I was in service . . . an English girl from Gren-

shire. Isn't that right near your mother's county?"

She tried now to conceal her deep and sudden sadness as she said, "Married? Congratulations, Albert. I'm sure you will be very happy. This is my stop. Goodby." She got up then, and as she passed through the sliding door, I saw that those few moments of youthful ardor had passed, and she was again an old-maid school-teacher, forever with a veil over her face and with M.H.S. on her purse.

The door closed, and as the train rumbled from the platform I turned and watched Miranda adjust her coat, straighten her hat, and disappear through the crowd.

Jean MacNeil

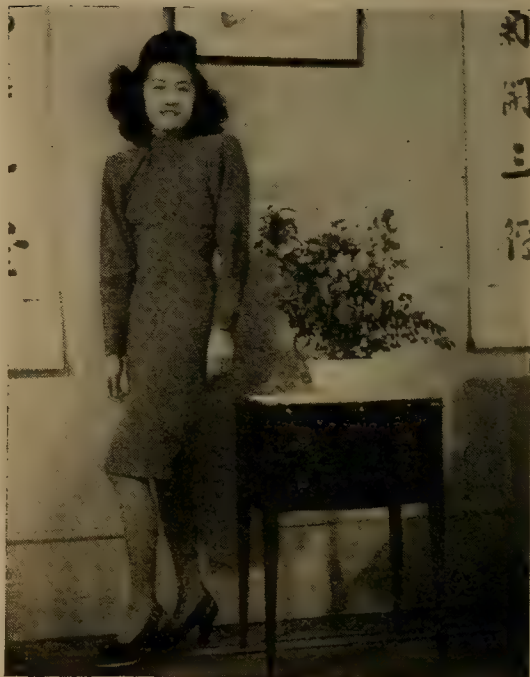
Students from China

MABEL EDE and Beulah Kwok are newcomers to Lasell this year from China.

Because they speak and act like any other Lasellite, it has taken them little time to adjust themselves to college life. However, although they do admire the latest American styles, they "feel more comfortable" in their colorful frocks of spun silk. Kerensky and lynx furs, purchased in Shanghai along with jewelry of pearls and jade, are among their favorite possessions.

When she received a Lasell catalogue from a relative living in Boston, Mabel, who had already completed a half year of college in China, decided to come here to continue her studies. Although her mother graduated from Boston University and her father from M.I.T., the United States was new to Mabel as it will be to her younger brother, who plans to enter the University of California next spring.

Mabel and Beulah, who were good friends in China, attended the regular Chinese schools together and when Mabel made arrangements to come to Lasell, Beulah decided to join her. Having studied English for six years, neither



MABEL EDE

of them find it a difficult language, but while alone in their cheerful room in Casino or



BEULAH KWOK

when walking to and from classes, they prefer to speak Chinese.

They are home economics majors and both take English, clothing construction, cooking and physiology. Mabel also studies childcare, while Beulah has typing as an elective. Although they have never gone into the water before, they are also learning to swim. Badminton, ping-pong and golfing are sports which interest Mabel, while Beulah favors golfing and horseback riding, in which she often participated with her eleven sisters and brothers in China. In the future, Mabel intends to continue her studies at Cornell, then join her parents in a tour through the United States and Europe.

This is Beulah's first trip to our country, but her family is well represented in the United States. She has uncles in New York and San Francisco, an uncle who graduated from California's Stanford College, and an aunt who graduated from Mount Holyoke. A talented piano student, she spends a large part of each day practising, and just recently she

began studying the organ. Some day she may devote all of her time to the study of music. It is classical music that she enjoys playing, but when it comes to listening, American popular music is her preference. One of Beulah's ambitions is to travel, particularly to Europe before returning to China to live.

Mabel and Beulah always correspond in their native tongue, and there are few students who receive the immense amount of mail that these two young ladies do, for numerous friends and relatives in China and throughout the United States keep them well supplied with news. To several girls at Lasell they have shown their friendship by presenting tiny animals, carved delicately out of ivory, which not only make attractive table decorations, but give that "oriental touch" to an American room. Even in the short time they have been here, they have made many friends and Lasell students will agree that they are very charming and delightful personalities.

Mary Tector

REFLECTIONS FOR A BUDDY

Last night together we watched the stars
 Forming a dome of little lights
 That looked like the inside of "Scotty's Pavillion" at home.
 Then all Hell broke loose, and you couldn't tell a star from a damned powder flash.
 They were beautiful too,
 But their cold calculating coolness,
 Their unfriendliness—it made you afraid.
 When morning came, the place smelled
 And looked like a pig hole.
 That's why I liked the night,—it was like God giving you another pair of eyes.
 I looked for you.
 I called your name.
 They said you'd gone out with a detachment, and None of you had come back.
 So I went off looking for you again—I found you,
 Your face in the mud,—a queer red-colored sort of mud.
 They'd sure made a mess of you,
 But you didn't have to worry.
 So fella', I'm watching the stars alone tonight.

Linnea E. Kneller

Why Editors Have Grey Hair

I WAS a working girl, sophisticated with tortoise-shell glasses, severe bob and tailored dress recommended in *Vogue* magazine; at least I thought I was the typical sophisticate found seated at a typewriter in a newspaper office.

The first day as an interviewer for the *Middletown News* found me up at five-thirty, combing my not-so-wavy hair, rubbing my definitely sleep-blurred eyes, and trying to down a breakfast which would satisfy my hunger and yet control my figure. I found that I was as hungry after breakfast as I had been before. At six o'clock I was standing on the damp sidewalk watching the sun burn through the morning mist. I tried to convince myself that it would not be another hot day. When my driver finally arrived, the only reply to his cheery "good morning" was a grunt and a pepsodent-ad smile on my part, which meant good morning in return. My fellow passengers were twenty years my senior, but very nice. My interests didn't include horse racing or politics, so I sat in my corner and counted brick buildings until I found myself bored stiff at six forty-five in the morning.

When we finally reached the city, the streets were bare except for an occasional milk truck. It made me feel good to know that other people did get up at the crack of dawn. We parked in the back of the great *News* Building and joined the mob of office workers, a mob in which I promptly got lost. As I walked along trying to give the impression of dignity and confidence, I noticed that my shoe felt odd. There was not the resounding click that high heels should make; in fact, there was only one click. Back through the thundering herd I ran with the gait of a lame horse; there in the dust the lost heel lay, dirty but still in one piece. I tried frantically to put it back on; I pounded it on the brick wall. Several workers stopped and tried to help me, but the nails were gone. I had no choice but to put the

shoe back on, and hobble self-consciously along. At seven o'clock I punched my time-card, upside down but nevertheless punched.

My desk proved to be a problem; it was too high, and to make matters worse the chair squeaked every time I moved. I was given an interview to type, but there seemed to be no typewriter! Not wanting to show my ignorance I pushed and pulled things until it popped up before me with a loud bang. I inserted my carbon upside down and carefully avoided the questioning glances of fellow workers. One of the women informed me that when the Boss wanted me, he would buzz three times. I never seemed to hear the buzzer, but his voice yelling "Miss Kenyon, will you please come here!" always came through to my sub-conscious mind. Then I would pick up my notebook and run. I would enter his office the efficient interviewer, despite my high coloring.

On the first occasion he informed me that I would be having an interview in ten minutes and asked me if I had any questions. I answered a doubtful "no" and hurried back to my desk. My victim was a Navy man, who blushed continually and had me blushing along with him. I asked him the routine questions about his home town, where he had been over-seas, and his occupation before the war, but he wouldn't talk . . . and I was stuck. Finally I asked him if he had been wounded, and he brightened up, telling me about the bombing of his ship and the circumstances of the wound. He asked if I would like to see the scar, and evidently didn't hear my "no" for when I looked up from my typewriter, I came face to face with his bare chest. He pointed to a scar and grinned from ear to ear. Before I could tell him that I wasn't interested and ask him if he would please put his shirt on, the office was in an uproar and the Boss came tearing out. After much explaining he went back to his den and the interview continued. We talked back and forth in short sentences,

evading each other's glances. When it was over, he grabbed his coat and left rather hurriedly. In fact, he didn't even turn around to say goodbye or ask when his article would appear.

By now it was ten o'clock and time to take my articles to the copy-room. I was told to use the elevator instead of walking up ten flights, but the trouble was I didn't know how to operate the darn thing, and managed to hit every wall between all ten floors before I landed somewhat dazed on the right one. I was glad I did not have to face the people who were patiently pushing the buttons on other floors and saying naughty things about the elevator.

When I returned to the office, my Boss noticed I walked rather strangely and wanted to know if anything were the matter. By this time I was used to the idea of hopping along with one heel. I told him the whole story and he laughed good-humoredly and said he would take the shoe at lunch time and get it fixed for me. I was delighted and, putting it in a paper bag, presented it to him at 12:30. At two o'clock I was still seated at my desk interviewing, with one shoe on, trying to avoid the inquisitive glances of G.I.'s. Evidently they compared notes and came to the conclusion I only had one leg, as they left shaking their heads sympathetically and nodding to each other. My Boss returned finally and dumped the bag on my desk. He didn't seem pleased at all. Later I found out through the "grape vine" system that he had taken my shoe by mistake to a press meeting and had to do a great deal of explaining.

I dreaded most of all going from one department to another; I always managed to get lost. Whenever people saw me coming, they immediately would offer directions. I later came to the conclusion they were having fun with the "new girl", as I usually ended up in the shipping room reporting for work. The workmen would scratch their heads in wonderment and call the main office

stating that a redhead was down in the shipping room and asking if they should let her load the truck. After about a two-hour absence, I would return to the office to resume mis-filing copy sheets and inserting my carbon copies incorrectly, which meant my reports had to be read with a mirror.

Yes I made many mistakes. I put badges together wrong and had to take them apart so that the guard wouldn't have to stand on his head to check them. I developed pictures that made everyone look a ghastly yellow. I forgot to punch my time-card and wear my badge. However, amazing as it may seem, toward the end of the summer I was asked to remain as a full-time interviewer. But college was coming and I wasn't quite ready for work.

So now two years later, I sit at my desk in my dorm, still wearing tortoise-shell glasses, and trying to appear as a somewhat sophisticated senior. Yet I lose some of my self-assurance when I remember why the editor of the *Middletown News* has grey hair and headaches.

Lois Kenyon

HERITAGE

A SONNET

The rose and silver spoon were not for me;
Nor sweet and simple faith, nor even peace;
Instead I love the thorn, the storming sea,
And cling to yearning that will never cease.
To be perhaps a poplar tree in spring
And feel the mighty winds' clean rough embrace,
Or listen to the violets whispering
Of early loves that have strange subtle grace.
They gave me much of temper, passion, sadness,
And taught me soon the young and aching pain
That no one shares—the poignant whirling madness,
Which comes when twilight skies dissolve in rain
And yet I feel my heart should be content,
Though fire and fears are all the gods have sent.

Lee Watkins

LIMERICKS

A pridz frub a notable kigdub
Had a code, and yet he tried to sig sub—
The warb weather was here
But id brought him no cheer,
For he said with a sigh: "Whed does Sprig cub?"

Patricia Kirby

Scrap Iron(y)

THEY were bosom buddies—anyone could see that. But cripes, how they irked some of the other guys. I guess the fellows were sorta' jealous of them. Me, I admired them. They were what you'd call real pals. Oh sure, they argued, they had their biffs, but when it came down to brass tacks they were true friends. They got in bad with the fellows from the start. Never mind they're fifteen minutes late in reporting to Parris Island, but to top it all they come all sharpened up in camel-hair jackets and gabardine pants like they were going to Hollywood or some place. They're what we guys from the Bronx call "shapers" you know, the fancy dan type.

But now to go on with my story. Well, it seems that these Joes came from a small New England town called Medfield. They were both twenty-one and both had gone to Brown University. Tom Carty was the larger of the two. He was a big guy, around six feet tall, 185 pounds, with hazel eyes, light brown hair, and a nice friendly smile. He didn't do much talking but we guys knew he was on the beam. It was his pal, Hank Brien, who never kept quiet. Cripes, watta' blabber-mouth he was. He was almost as tall as Tom but much darker and thinner. They were both smart guys—you know what I mean—intelligent. And they were crack athletes which they proved to all us guys later. The fellows thought they were just a bunch of "I, I," boys, the conceited type, but me, as I said before, I liked the guys. They went through the same boot training we did; they suffered as much as us guys did, but cripes, they never complained. I guess they're what physiology, I mean psychology (ain't it funny how I get those two *damn'* words mixed up), terms as the suffering but conquering hero type. Well anyway, they were proud, like all of us, to be marines.

They had gone to college for two years but then came Pearl Harbor and they joined the U.S.M.C. And brother, how they talked about Medfield and Brown. Why sometimes they'd talk for hours and not realize how fast tempus

fugit, hah, not a bad Latin phrase at all—if I may say so—oh yes, as I was saying, they'd talk for hours and never realize how late it was until the sarge would holler, "Lights out, you guys." Hank was the story teller. The boys used to say that he knew how to add a little pepper to all the stories. Why, all us guys knew the story of the great game between Medfield and Winston by heart and when Hank would say, "Gee, Tom, what a game that was," we all knew what was coming.

"Fellows," Hank would say, "we were down six points with less than eight minutes to go and the ball on our thirty-five yard line. Do you remember, Tom?"

"How could I forget," Tom said. "I was fullback and Hank the quarterback. We were both fast but Hank was the better receiver, whereas I was a sure spot passer. That was quite a play you called for, Hank. If it hadn't worked we would have been dead ducks."

"Ya," Hank returned cheerfully, "it was my super-duper fake statue of liberty play. We operated from a T formation. I got the ball from the center, passed it back to Gambon who faked giving it to me and instead passed it to you."

"Then I faded back and really chucked one—and brother—you were right there."

"I was on their twenty-nine yard line, to be exact," Hank said, "and when I saw that pigskin coming, I gathered it in and ran like blazes for the goal line."

"And how about Andy Gambon's perfect place kick. Wow, I'll never forget his coolness. He was one swell fellow. I bet we were the three happiest guys in Medfield that day." Etc., etc. Yup, we all know that story perfectly and for a time the fellows claimed they were just a couple of braggers, that is, until they showed us up so badly in baseball that we all shut up. One guy named them the "fallen arch twins" because they walked like the typical athlete, you know, as if they had fallen arches.

But what really burned the guys up was

the Bluebird. All we ever heard about was the Bluebird. What was it? Well, it may seem unbelievable but it was a car. Tom and Hank had chipped in and bought it when they were juniors at Medfield High. It was a '32 Ford convertible, four-door sedan. That's what they called it, but in reality—Cripes, just by hanging around those two guys my vocabulary is improvin'—it was a jalopy. Both Tom and Hank carried pictures of it and worshipped it like it was their own flesh and blood. The guys thought they were nuts. We all had pictures of dames, but those two guys, naw, they had pictures of that damn' Bluebird.

"I guess I can be given credit for the discovery of the Bluebird," Tom would say.

"Phooey," Hank would retort, "we both owned it and that's all that counts." Then they'd both fall into a trance and rave on about that old jalopy.

"Boy, how I hated to part with the ol' Bluebird," Tom said bitterly.

"You weren't the only one."

"I guess we both felt bad about it. If I recall correctly, we were almost twenty at the time and when we sold it, we cried like babies."

"We couldn't help crying. After all, the Bluebird took us everywhere."

"Yuh, whatta car. The body was light blue and the wheels bright yellow. Remember the victrola we had on top of the back seat," Tom piped.

"You bet I do—and gosh how those horns did scare the gals."

"Your sister, Mary, especially," Tom laughed. "Remember how she was ashamed to ride in it at first. She certainly changed her mind fast."

"So help me, that car was always jammed to capacity."

"Jammed to capacity, are you kidding, Hank? You mean it was overflowing with kids."

"Remember the high school prom? Still can't get it through my head how twelve of us squeezed in."

"From picnics to proms, that Bluebird took us every place."

"Honest, even though it frightened the pedestrians of Medfield, I think they grew to love it, too."

"Yup, you're right, Hank; they called that poor car everything from a jalopy to a four-wheeled crate, but, brother, it took us places."

"Just old man Casey disliked it. I guess the noise was too much for him."

— "Remember how he used to claim that 'it would be the death of us yet?' Well, he must have been relieved when we sold it."

"Don't remind me of that day. It was like losing a loved one. Remember how Willie, the junk dealer, laughed when we scraped our initials on the motor so that if we ever saw it again, we'd know it was ours." And if one of us guys didn't interrupt them, they'd be talking all night about that tin bus.

Anyhow, before we knew it we were on our way to the Pacific. Cripes, I gotta learn to concentrate if I ever want to finish writing this story. Who knows, maybe it will be published some day. I hear they're publishing a lot of servicemen's writings lately. Well anyway, we were on our way to the Pacific, but God knows where. The fellows by this time really liked Tom and Hank but we'd, at times, get fed up hearing about the Bluebird. An hour never passed when one of those guys didn't remember the Bluebird. Those guys were in love with the crate. Like I said before, I liked the guys but sometimes I wished they'd shut up about that damn' car. I had a funny feeling that it was a whammy, you know, bad luck.

Before we realized it, we had reached Guadalcanal and, as you know, that was one of the bloodiest battle fields. There was a whole boatload of us with full battle kit, invasion barges, and everything else needed for the big push. I happened to be in the same platoon with Brien and Carty on that horrible night, the night of the big beach drive. We were all scared as hell. You can't help being scared, but we weren't yellow. As soon as our barges

scraped sand, we leaped out and swiftly crept along the beach. The Japs were answering our fire by this time. Our platoon was instructed to attack from the right side, which was covered with those swaying tropical trees. Naturally we were afraid of Jap snipers. Maybe our preliminary bombardment hadn't cleaned out the first batch of those yellow rats.

We were very quiet. I guess when you're scared you don't feel like talking. Hank broke the silence. "If that fellow next to me doesn't stop clearing his throat and trying to cough, I think I'll go nuts. My throat is just as dry as his is."

"Take it easy, Hank," Tom said, "they're all nerved up. You can't help being nervous."

I guess I did some yelling myself because the fellows told me to keep quiet. After the guy further down in the line stopped sniffing, everything went quiet. We could hear our watches ticking away when suddenly Tom broke the dead silence.

"Hank, I have a hunch this is the end. Our number's up."

"You're nuts," Hank whispered but auto-

matically clasped hands with Tom and said, "Here's to our folks and everybody back in Medfield including the ol' Bluebird."

We separated into groups, but for a minute the whole platoon clasped one another. Then the horrors began. The Japs opened up from everywhere and it was hell for hours. Tom and Hank, because of their speed, were sent ahead for scouting purposes. They were about ten yards from me when they began picking up speed. Suddenly there was a big explosion—they had hit a land mine and were hurtled into the air full of flying shrapnel. That was the last I saw of them. But the story doesn't end here. Like I said before, our platoon was very close to one another and the next day we sadly discovered that half our men had been killed. But the shock was yet to come. Everybody felt the loss of Tom and Hank. They sorta' pepped us up when we were blue. Even the chaplain felt bad; in fact there were tears in his eyes as he handed us a large piece of shrapnel which was removed from the boys' bodies. On it, scraped very clearly, were the initials T. C. and H. B.

Anne Scarlatos

NOSTALGIA

We will never do these things again:
Gather the violets beside the stream
That rushes past the bank where once we sat
And talked of many a well-remembered dream;
Ride bicycles along a country road
That leads to cool, dark water where we swam;
Picnic by the tiny water-fall
On cake, potato chips, and cherry jam;
Cross hesitantly on stones, through swift brooks
And climb the hills beyond, adventure-bound;
Explore the darkening woods at even-tide
For some yet undiscovered eerie sound;
Keep notes within the hollow of a tree
And bury treasure in the summer dust
(A doll's valise all filled with beads and toys)
That in the fall was covered with thick rust;
Play hide-and-seek among the orchard trees.
We have forgotten dreams that we knew then,
And deep within our hearts we know so well
That we will never do those things again.

Frances Lee

TRIOLET

Deep down in the valley the little lights' twinkle,
And show off their beauty to those at a height.
When skies become rainy and threaten to sprinkle,
Deep down in the valley the little lights twinkle;
And pools of clear water do ripple and wrinkle,
And glistening, reflect all the lights gleaming bright.
Deep down in the valley the little lights twinkle,
And show off their beauty to those at a height.

Ann Johnson

TRIOLET

Writing triplets is work,
Don't tell me, my dear—I know!
In some minds what devils lurk;
Writing triplets is work
The kind that gladly I would shirk.
Wish I didn't feel so low;
Writing triplets is work,
Don't tell me, my dear—I know!

Jeanne Daley

Music Hath Charms—But

MANY people have asked me why I am not majoring in music at college. To this query I can only answer, "To Each His Own." It's true that for the past seven years I've practised the piano faithfully, sometimes not letting up for hours at a time. And it's also true that I have spent my last two summers as a music counselor at a children's camp in New Hampshire. Yes, with bent head, I admit that all this is authentic.

To be very frank, piano lessons were never my idea. Mom had the upper hand as far as they were concerned. She wanted her little darling to be an educated darling, and nothing I or anyone else could say or do would change her mind. And, I might add, for future reference, that what Mother said, went—or else!

At the age of nine, I was started at my piano lessons. Before long, and much to my disgust, Mr. K., my long-haired maestro of the eighty-eight keys, reported that I was his most talented, his most promising pupil. (I later learned that he said that about all his pupils. It promotes business, you know.)

As you can plainly see, Mom was more enthusiastic at that point than ever before. Of course, you could hardly blame her. It wasn't every family that had a child protege in its midst.

For four long years we argued, Mom with a stringent hair-brush and I, well I couldn't blubber much between weeping buckets of bitter tears and rubbing where it hurt the most.

I'll never know how I came to convince Mother to change my style from Bach to Boogie; nevertheless, she agreed. (I imagine she finally realized that I was quite hopeless.) "I'll give you one more chance," she said, "but just one more, mind you."

At first, Phil Saltman's method of modern music, his novel arrangements, were all new and wonderful to me. For the first time, I

not only enjoyed practising, but also made headway. Once again, Mother got her hopes up, but I soon sent them scurrying. This thrill of something new soon wore off, and there I was stranded out in left field (for a change) making as much progress as a turtle in a fish bowl. But Mom still wouldn't give up. She felt that, since she had invested so much money in my musical education and I had spent so many hours pounding at the keys she could not and would not let all our efforts go to waste.

Mr. Saltman took a special interest in my egregious case. When I think of it now, I can't help but feel flattered, for Mr. S.'s life was comprised of every-hour-on-the-hour appointments and frequent radio broadcasts. He had letters to dictate, music to compose, printers to instruct, auditions to give, and still there was time enough to devote to me.

I was instructed and preached to for months on end, and slowly, very slowly I began to build up a feeling of self-confidence. Now and then I would gather up enough courage to venture over to the piano of my own free will.

In a little over two years I had gained sufficient knowledge and experience to accompany singers and dancers. I even went so far as to get a job rehearsing with the entertainers from a USO show.

Then came the time to apply to college. My family took it for granted that the Boston University College of Music would be my goal. I did, too, until I found out the requirements of the course: "You are to practise from three to five hours daily acc—." That was enough for me. Music was no longer my field.

Mom took my sudden change of mind like a major. She was thoroughly convinced (and it was about time) that for seven long, hard years she had been barking up the wrong tree.

June Sherter

The Minor Thorn

THE ride through the green, mountainous country to the Elwell's lodge put even the overwrought Jan into a passive mood.

Jim Elwell drove easily, talking to his beautiful and recent wife most of the way. Jan was in the back seat, cuddling against a blanket-covered suitcase and watching the hills flow slowly past.

It was, Jan reflected, the first time she had relaxed in weeks. It hadn't been long after her father's remarriage that she had sensed a friction rising between her and her young stepmother—"so young to have such a grown-up daughter!" people would exclaim.

Maybe that was just why Marcia resented Jan. It could have been jealousy over her father's affection too, but Jan felt that more than that, it was sharing Elwell House, the glory in entertaining Midtown's notables. She had seen Marcia stiffen when she had come into the parlor and had received the praise of gowned women and the attention of tuxedo-clad men.

Not that Marcia had ever done anything tangible or that she had showed any dislike for Jan. After a honeymoon at Lake Placid Marcia came home and smiled at her daughter and decided that at seventeen, she should have the advantages of a boarding school. Jim had been all for it until he saw the desperation in Jan's eyes. After that, there was no mention of a private school, and Marcia had even taken to bringing Jan her breakfast in bed, and proposed teaching her to drive.

When Jim went back to work, Marcia ["and please just call me Marcia, dear," she had insisted] took Jan to a new musical one afternoon. Jan loved it, and repeatedly praised it as they drove home. Marcia lifted a perfect eyebrow and asked, "Did you like it? I thought it was quite poor. The plot was very weak."

"But Marcia, it was a musical," Jan laughed. "It was the music that counted."

"If you could call it music," Marcia ended.

Jan let it go at that, wondering why Marcia had not cared for such a completely enjoyable show. No, it was more than that; she had hated it.

That was the end of it, as far as Jan was concerned, but at dinner that night Jim asked them if they had enjoyed the musical.

"It was horrible!" Marcia shuddered. "But for some reason, our daughter loved it."

It was the first time Jan had resented being called her daughter.

Dinner with her father was one of the big events of Jan's day, but as time passed, it became more of an ordeal. She loved to tell her days' adventures, coloring them with exaggeration. It may have been adolescent but it was good to make her father laugh. Now, it seemed, he laughed at her, not with her. She watched them exchange close, adult glances, and Marcia would laugh softly but Jan could hear the undertones.

There were other things, too. Marcia seemed to wait for chances like the Sunday morning when Jan hurriedly changed from tennis shorts to a cotton dress, leaving her clothes scattered on the chair and bed.

"Really, Jan, you could grow up a little," Marcia had said with tired patience.

Most of all, Jan resented Marcia's trick of misstatement. In making remarks and in repeating them, Marcia was far from accurate.

"I'm so glad Jan has her license now," Marcia said to Jim at breakfast. "She had a wonderful time last night; took four or five girls over to Brookside to the roller rink."

"But Marcia, I only took three," Jan corrected.

"I know what you told me," Marcia said gently.

Even shopping became a problem, for Marcia always knew what Jan should buy. It was, "That's not very smart looking, dear," or "I don't see why you don't trade with Cromwell's; they're much more dependable."

Jan began to argue with Marcia, quietly, just to show her that she had a mind of her

own. Then arguing became a habit, and when Marcia began to speak, Jan's ire rose and she wanted to correct her, to prove that she was wrong. The strange part of it was that never did Marcia become angry or order Jan to stop.

There were arguments on the pronunciation of words like Tarawa, on the probable causes of diseases like infantile paralysis. Marcia seemed to be deliberately inaccurate to goad Jan on, till she was ready to scream.

Jan couldn't say when she began to realize why Marcia kept it up. Slowly, though, she saw that Marcia was trying to make her unhappy enough to leave home. She couldn't turn to her father, for he loved Marcia. Jan realized that she was no longer close to him, as she had been before.

So the anger grew in her and gnawed and multiplied. The differences became greater. Marcia thought Jan should go out with the Kimball boy; he was such a good catch, even though he was feared by most of the girls in Midtown. She should go East to Wellesley, although her heart was set on Northwestern. Marcia was in earnest about this, and Jan laughed that the shrewd woman should think she would agree to anything after months of bickering. It was a habit to oppose her, even an obsession.

Jan thoroughly despised Marcia by now. She hated her laugh and the loving gestures to Jim and the tolerant attitude she maintained.

But today, riding through the quiet country, Jan breathed deeply and her resentment seemed to leave her. Maybe things would be different at the lodge.

It was late when they arrived but the three of them stayed up until the stars began to fade, putting linen on the beds and finding extra blankets, setting the breakfast table to save time in the morning. They swept and washed out the coffee pot, dusted, and rearranged furniture. Jim got out his fishing tackle and tied on hooks and floats and spinners. He cocked and cleaned his rifle and loaded it. Then he hung it over the desk. He smoothed out a battered felt hat and set hip boots by the bed. Finally, enough was done to satisfy them and they turned out the lights just as the sun was coming up.

On the second day, Jim was off fishing early in the morning. Marcia had refused to go, laughingly telling him that she'd rather cook than catch.

The lodge seemed very empty after he was gone, and Jan looked to Marcia.

"I suppose you know we had to come up here because the whole town is talking about you and Kimball."

"Me?" Jan said, startled. "That's silly!"

"Silly? It's ruining your father's business. His friends don't seem to think it's silly."

Jan was ready for her now. "What shall I do?" she asked.

It was too easy, and it showed in Marcia's face. "Leave home," she said. "You'll have to."

Jan smiled. "All your work," she said slowly. "All your work."

Then the hunting rifle was in Jan's hands, and she was firing it straight ahead.

Darcy



Faculty and Administration Notes

Miss Caroline Fenno Chase, 76, long identified with the musical and general cultural life of Maine, and teacher of piano and organ, died recently at her home in Augusta after a short illness.

Born in Augusta, Nov. 30, 1871, the daughter of Henry and Emily Cheever Pitts Chase, Miss Chase had made her home in Augusta all her life with the exception of a few years while she was studying away from home and was engaged in teaching elsewhere. She was a member of the faculty of Friends School in Providence, R. I., and Howard Seminary, Bridgewater, Mass., for a short time, and later taught for two years at Woodland Park School. She was field secretary at Lasell Seminary for approximately 13 years.

Her musical connections were far reaching, and she always gave generously and willingly of her talent and her services. She delighted in "finding" new and recently arrived musicians in Augusta and central Maine, and introduced many singers and instrumentalists who later became prominently identified with the musical life of Augusta. She will long be remembered for her contagious enthusiasm and her joy and delight in bringing together groups of music lovers.

What a delight to have as a campus visitor for several days in April, our former dean, Miss Margaret Rand. She will spend the summer at Bradford Farm, Fracestown, N. H.

Miss Eleanor Lewis, instructor in science '28-'39, will teach at Mills College, Oakland, Calif., next year. She is on leave of absence from Plattsburgh (N. Y.) State Teachers' College.

Mrs. Marta Belcher and Rev. Ralph Hebard Rogers have announced their marriage on Friday, February 21, at Auburndale, Mass. Dr. Rogers, minister of the Auburndale Congregational Church, is well known to Lasell girls, and at one time served as substitute teacher on our college faculty.

Miss Ruth Goodwin, faculty '38-'44, head of the drama, speech and radio department at Westbrook Junior College, recently directed the play, "Hansel and Gretel," for the Children's Theater of Portland. The cast included members of the drama class at Westbrook. Miss Goodwin is a candidate for a Ph.D. degree at Boston University, where she is visiting professor of drama and theater. She is on leave of absence from Emerson College, Boston.

We were happy to have a call recently from Miss Phyllis Hoyt, former instructor and dean, who was visiting her family in Wellesley Hills during the spring recess of Western College, where she is assistant to the deans.

The Auburndale Methodist Church was the scene, March 12, of the wedding of Miss Ruth Fulton, '40, assistant dietitian, '40-'45, and Mr. James Rardin. Mr. and Mrs. Rardin are living at 101 Central Street, Auburndale.



PERSONALS



Weddings

Louise Brolin, '26, and Mr. Lawrence Snell, July, 1946 at Manila, Philippine Islands. Mr. Snell is manager of Kodak, Ltd., a subsidiary of Eastman Kodak Company.

Barbara Gould Locke, '32, and Mr. Lucius H. Whittredge, Jr., Aug. 30, 1946 at Nashua, N. H. Mr. Whittredge was a member of the Class of 1927 at Boston University College of Business Administration. He is superintendent at Whittredge Steel Manufacturing Company.

Barbara Beers McNally, '34, and Comdr. James Thompson Hodgson, Jr., U. S. N., Mar. 28, 1947 at New York City. Barbara is the daughter of *Berenice Lincoln Beers*, '12.

Helen M. Hall, '34, and Mr. B. Dexter Streeter (Pennsylvania Univ.), Mar. 15, 1947 at New York City. *Angelita Santiago Gebelein*, '33, was an attendant. Mr. Streeter is treasurer of a subsidiary company of R.C.A. in Detroit.

Annie Niden, x-'35, and Mr. Wilbur Gates Small, May 10, 1947 at Auburndale, Mass.

Alcine W. Rippere, '37, and Mr. Dwight Clark Gager, May, 1946. *Louise Kingsbury Schweinhaut*, '35-'37 Special, was matron of honor. The bride is the daughter of *Alcine Hotchkiss Rippere*, '03-'07.

Meredith Prue Hardy, '39, and Mr. Charles J. Yossick, Chief Warrant Officer, U.S.N., Oct. 16, 1946.

Ellen L. Stoll, '39, and Mr. Joseph E. Belbruno (Syracuse, '41), Sept. 5, 1946 at New London, Conn. Mr. Belbruno is employed by Street and Smith Publications, Inc., New York City.

Ruth E. Fulton, '40, and Mr. James Charles Rardin, Apr. 12, 1947 at Auburndale, Mass. *Elizabeth Carlisle Muller*, '40, was the bride's only attendant. Mr. Rardin served with the Coast Guard during the war.

Julia I. Rankin, '40, and Mr. William Wallace

Sprague (Harvard, '36; Hartford College of Law, '39), Mar. 21, 1947 at West Hartford, Conn.

Beatrice Bennett, '41, and Sgt. Donovan D. Ricks, U.S.A., Dec. 22, 1946.

Nancy Burnham, '41, and Mr. Willard Everett Henderer, 2d (Cornell Univ., '41), Feb. 22, 1947 at Wilmington, Del. Nancy's sisters, *Jane*, '45, and *Barbara Burnham Rice*, '37, were attendants. Mr. Henderer served with the Army Engineers during the war.

Josephine Caruso, '41, and Mr. Harry L. Kuchera, June 15, 1946 at Schenectady, N. Y. Mr. Kuchera was in service five years, one of them in India. He is attending night classes at Union College.

Alberta Carson, '42, and Mr. Lincoln Edward Artz (Cornell Univ.), Mar. 8, 1947 at Lexington, Mass. Mr. Artz served in the Mediterranean area with the Army Air Forces.

Dorothy H. Lutz, '40-'41 Special, and Mr. Donald S. Fowler (Univ. of Pennsylvania, '43), May 25, 1946 at East Orange, N. J. *Betty Lange*, '42, was a bridesmaid. Mr. Fowler is with the purchasing office of Western Electric, New York City.

Barbara Birch, '43, and Mr. Albert Wesley Manning (Tufts), Apr. 5, 1947 at Winchester, Mass. Mr. Manning, who served with the Army for three years, has resumed his studies at Tufts College.

Mary K. Ledbetter, '43, and Mr. Stephen Basteen (Univ. of Missouri, x-'44), Mar. 22, 1947 at Newton Centre, Mass. Mr. Basteen, a pilot for United Air Lines, served with the 8th Air Force in England.

Martha M. Maddock, '43, and Mr. I. Theodore Heffner, June 29, 1946 at New York City. Mr. Heffner, a machinist, served four years in the Coast Guard.

Elsinor Prouty, '43, and Mr. Howard A. Mallory, Jr., Feb. 15, 1947 at Burlington, Vt.

Elaine D. Towne, '43, and Lieut. (jg) Roland Russell Batson, Jr., U.S.N. (Brown Univ.), Apr. 19, 1947

at Summit, N. J. *Jeanne Towne Reavey*, '45, was her sister's only attendant. The couple will live in Providence, R. I., where the bridegroom will continue his studies at Brown University.

Helena M. Kattermann, x-'43, and Mr. James W. Cunningham (Univ. of Maine, '39), May 4, 1946 at Paterson, N. J. Mr. Cunningham is superintendent, Old Town Canoe Company, Old Town, Maine.

Joyce M. Sargent, x-'43, and Dr. H. Leonard Simmons, 1st Lt., U.S.A. (M. C.) (Univ. of Vermont; Boston Univ.), Feb. 24, 1946 at St. Johnsbury, Vt. Lt. Simmons is chief obstetrician at the Base Hospital, Hamilton Field, Calif.

Anne Calder, '44, and Mr. John Alexander Dick (Bowdoin, '47), Nov. 2, 1946 at Dedham, Mass.

Elizabeth A. Foss, '44, and Mr. Henry Charles Holden (Univ. of Vermont, x-'43), June 12, 1946 at Hyde Park, Vt. Mr. Holden is a store manager.

Edna L. Poli, '44, and Mr. Francis P. Holland (Boston College), Apr. 6, 1947 at Boston, Mass. Mr. Holland is a trainee at New England Telephone and Telegraph Company.

Louise Royhl, '44, and Mr. Donald Ebert (Univ. of South Dakota), Dec. 8, 1946 at Huron, S. D. Mr. Ebert served 26 months with the infantry overseas and is now continuing his education at the University of South Dakota.

Emily L. Vazza, x-'44, and Mr. Charles C. Souza, Jr., Feb. 13, 1947. Mr. Souza is attending Wiggins Flying School in Norwood, Mass., studying for an instructor's rating.

Helen B. Tracey, '42-'43 Special, and Mr. Daniel Joseph Kiely, Jr. (M. I. T.), June 10, 1946 at Providence, R. I. *Marie Ellis*, '43, was an attendant. Mr. Kiely attended Manhattan College for two years before enlisting in the armed forces. He will receive his degree from M. I. T. in September.

Sarah Ann Atwater, '45, and Mr. John Anthony Mesmer (St. John's Preparatory School, '42), Apr. 26, 1947 at Waban, Mass. Mr. Mesmer served with the Army three years, two of them overseas. He is with the Standard Duplicating Machines Agency in Worcester, Mass.

Edith P. Copp, '45, and Mr. James A. Carey, Jr., Apr. 11, 1947 at Westfield, N. J. Mr. Carey is mechanical inspector at Walker Turner Power Tools, Inc., Plainfield, N. J.

Marilouise Crosby, '45, and Mr. Richard Coolidge Buerhaus, May 3, 1947 at Wellesley, Mass. Mr. Buerhaus will enter Northeastern University on June 15.

Laurelle E. Temple, '45, and Mr. Donald T. Leyland, Apr. 6, 1947 at Wellesley, Mass. *Shirley Gleason*, '45, and *Geraldine Deal*, '45, were bridesmaids. Mr. Leyland was in service for six years.

Jeanne B. Towne, '45, and Mr. Edward Philip Reavey, Jr.

Elaine M. Bartlett, x-'45, and Mr. Christopher J. Kastner, Jr. (Yale), May 10, 1947 at New York City. Mr. Kastner served in the Naval Reserve during the war.

Ursula C. Feeney, x-'45, and Mr. Donald Hollister Davis (Loomis School; Yale, '37), Apr. 19, 1947 at Cheshire, Conn. Mr. Davis is assistant treasurer of Landers, Frary and Clark, New Britain, Conn.

Nancy Savage, x-'45, and Mr. Glenn E. Taylor, Jr. (Tulane, '42), Apr. 27, 1946 at Washington, D. C. Mr. Taylor is a statistician in the Navy Department. Both he and Nancy served in the Navy during the war.

Justine Brownstone, '46, and Mr. Joseph Segal, Nov. 10, 1946 at Lewiston, Maine. Mr. Segal, in service for three years, is now a store manager.

Jean A. Cosgrove, x-'46, and Mr. Harold E. Sargent, Apr. 5, 1947 at East Orange, N. J. *Jo Ann Devane*, x-'46, and *Doris Leinbach Frederick*, '46, were attendants. Mr. Sargent was a captain with the 20th Air Force during the war and completed 35 missions over Japan. He is a pilot for American Overseas Airlines.

Anne D. Waldron, x-'47, and Mr. John Robert Inman, Mar. 29, 1947 at Auburndale, Mass.

Engaged

Elizabeth Page Flemming, '32, to John C. Sealey, Jr.

Ruth M. Grover, '39, to Robert A. Jones.

Lucille M. Hooker, '41, to William A. Paterson.

Mary Kulos, '41, to Paul Tapulos.

Laura Pechilis, '41, to George J. Apostolu.

Alison L. Hatfield, '42, to Philip W. Gore.

Anne L. Patterson, '42, to Robert R. Twogood.

M. Victoria Muehlberg, x-'42, to Dr. Wilbur Dean Warner.

Alice K. Moran, '43, to William J. Leonard.

Margaret M. Argento, x-'43, to Charles D. Bonnano.

Millicent Gaieski, '44, to Edward McInerney.

Linda Ladd, '44, to Robert Frank Lovett (brother of *Jeanne Lovett Morris*, '41-'42 S).

Gloria Nichols, '44, to Jerry Wagner.

Constance M. Hill, x-'44, to Quentin O. Young.

Patricia R. Sweeney, x-'45, to Donald Fernland Anderson.

Beverly R. Feinberg, '43-'44 HS, to John B. Wind.

Raemary Chase, '46, to John Cortelyou Duryea.

Joan G. Hanson, '46, to John Blake (brother of *Anne L. Blake*, '46).

Elizabeth M. MacEwen, '46, to William House, Jr.

Mary Jane Magnusson, '46, to Pierre R. Megroz.

Marjorie Norris, '46, to Gordon Harris.

Jo Ann Devane, x-'46, to Louis Faust, 2d.

Births

Mar. 18, 1947—a son, Charles Andrew, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Ramstetter (*Emily Crump*, '29)

- Mar. 17, 1947—a son, Charles Brewster, to Mr. and Mrs. Marshall W. Brock (*Marjorie Kuehn*, '29)
- Feb. 18, 1947—a daughter, Nancy Jo, to Mr. and Mrs. David C. Kiefer (*Marjorie Hubler*, '30)
- Apr. 7, 1947—a daughter, Lorraine, to Mr. and Mrs. Guy H. Carter (*Alice Penny*, '31)
- Feb. 14, 1947—a son, Paul Norman, to Mr. and Mrs. Donald N. Price (*Barbara Thompson*, '26-'30 HS)
- Mar. 3, 1947—a daughter, Jeryl Andrea, to Mr. and Mrs. John A. Morhous (*Jacqueline Meyers*, '33)
- Feb. 26, 1947—a daughter, Sally Andrews, to Mr. and Mrs. Leslie R. York (*Bette Andrews*, x-'33)
- Apr. 12, 1947—a daughter, Catherine Ellen, to Mr. and Mrs. Orville Brophy (*Charlotte Newcomb*, '34)
- Jan. 22, 1947—a son, Frederick Sanborn, to Mr. and Mrs. Richard P. True (*Dorothy Foss*, x-'34)
- Nov. 14, 1946—a daughter and third child, Doris Anne, to Mr. and Mrs. John Davidson, III (*Charlotte Barnes*, '35)
- Feb. 28, 1947—a son, Howard Frank, to Mr. and Mrs. Herman Libowitz (*Mildred Frank*, '36)
- Feb. 7, 1947—a daughter, Meredith Lee, to Mr. and Mrs. George St. Cyr (*Leona Huegle*, '36)
- Mar. 2, 1947—a son, John Robert, to Dr. and Mrs. John S. Crawford (*Helen Cairns*, x-'36)
- Feb. 9, 1947—a second son, William Ira, to Mr. and Mrs. Walter A. Atherton (*Dorothy Abbott*, '37)
- June 2, 1946—a son, Robert Putnam, to Mr. and Mrs. Newton H. Hoyt, Jr. (*Barbara R. Fowler*, '37)
- Feb. 7, 1947—a daughter, Susan Kimberly, to Mr. and Mrs. Dwight C. Gager (*Alcine Rippere*, '37). Susan's grandmother is *Alcine Hotchkiss Rippere*, '03-'07.
- May 14, 1947—a second child and first son, Richard Paul, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Higgins, Jr. (*Louise Tardivel*, '37)
- May 1, 1947—a son, Charles Richard, to Mr. and Mrs. H. Lewis Stone, Jr. (*Ruth Tyacke*, '37)
- Apr. 7, 1947—a daughter, Leona, to Mr. and Mrs. Daniel E. Burbank, Jr. (*Irene Gahan*, '38)
- Feb. 21, 1947—a daughter, Nancy Adele, to Mr. and Mrs. Warren C. Scott (*Frances A. Haley*, '39)
- Feb. 6, 1947—a son, James Stuart, to Mr. and Mrs. Allan E. Lipkin (*Shirley Robins*, '39)
- Mar. 12, 1947—a son, Philip Holmes, 3d, to Mr. and Mrs. Philip H. Crowell, Jr. (*Jeanne Buse*, '40)
- Feb. 9, 1947—a daughter, Diana Alexis, to Mr. and Mrs. Edward P. Disbrow, Jr. (*Lucille LaRiviere*, '40)
- Mar. 6, 1947—a son, Alfred Morton, to Mr. and Mrs. William M. Hunt (*Barbara Wilkinson*, '40)
- Apr. 21, 1947—a son and second child, John Gustaf, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. John G. Sundborg (*Jane Ansley*, '41)
- Dec. 3, 1946—a second daughter, Mary Christopher, to Mr. and Mrs. George R. Hamburg (*Mary E. Hale*, '41)
- Mar. 5, 1947—a son, Mead Albert, to Mr. and Mrs. N. Albert Carlson, Jr. (*Marjorie Mead*, '41)
- Aug. 1, 1946—a son, Edward, III, to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Morey, Jr. (*Virginia Reynolds*, '41)
- Sept. 23, 1946—a daughter, Joyce Lee, to Mr. and Mrs. Alan Y. Daugherty (*Helen Savery*, '41)
- Apr. 27, 1947—a daughter, Helen May, to Mr. and Mrs. Homer H. Haggerty (*Natalie Zimmermann*, '41)
- Feb. 23, 1947—twin sons, to Mr. and Mrs. Bradford M. Baker (*Marguerite Agar*, x-'41)
- Dec. 5, 1946—a daughter, Janet Eunice, to Mr. and Mrs. William Bowker (*Winnifred Bender*, '42)
- Sept. 20, 1946—a son, Jack Chertof, to Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan R. Etkin (*Geraldine Chertof*, '42)
- Dec. 10, 1946—a daughter, Jeanne Louise, to Mr. and Mrs. Willard F. Salmon (*Jessie Dobson*, '42)
- Mar. 29, 1946—a second son, to Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Sprow (*Estelle Maguire*, '42)
- Sept. 28, 1946—a son, Everett Walter, to Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Stone (*Dorothy Mosher*, '42)
- Apr. 24, 1947—a second son, Robert Chase, to Mr. and Mrs. Gardner C. Reed (*Priscilla Swett*, '42)
- Apr. 27, 1947—a son, Rodney Wolcott, to Mr. and Mrs. Wolcott Ames (*Rebecca Cahoon*, x-'42)
- Jan. 13, 1947—a son, Harry Leonard, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Fincken (*Mildred Bond*, '43)
- Mar. 30, 1947—a son, Donald Edwin, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Donald E. Rawson (*Jean Burroughs*, '43)
- Mar. 6, 1947—a daughter, Carol Anne, to Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson (*Doris Kney*, '43)
- Apr. 29, 1947—a daughter, Meredith Guthrie, to Mr. and Mrs. Morris F. Stoddard, Jr. (*Nathalie Monge*, '43)
- Apr. 2, 1947—a son, Miles Beardsley, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Miles B. Olson (*Ann Preuss*, '43)
- Feb. 20, 1947—a daughter, Rebecca Louise, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Wall (*Barbara Seward*, '43)
- Apr. 25, 1947—a daughter, Mary Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Holden (*Elizabeth Foss*, '44)
- Feb. 18, 1947—a daughter, Suzanne Morse, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Stanfield (*Nancy Morse*, '44)
- May 13, 1947—a daughter, Carolyn Louise, to Mr. and Mrs. Richard L. Sheaff (*Harriet Sears*, '44)
- Dec. 17, 1946—a son, Robert Warin, to Mr. and Mrs. Douglas W. Bainbridge (*Lucille Duffy*, x-'44)
- April 29, 1947—a daughter, Cary Eaton, to Mr. and Mrs. John A. Maynard (*Janet Eaton*, '45). The baby's grandmother is *Mildred Cary Eaton*, '18.
- May 3, 1947—a son, William Stephen, to Mr. and Mrs. William C. Miller (*Dolores Reando*, '46)

Necrology

Elinor K. Chamberlayne, '74-'76. Died Apr. 25, 1947 at Montclair, N. J. Elinor K. Chamberlayne was born in Cazenovia, N. Y., and had lived in New York be-

fore moving to Montclair about 30 years ago. She was active in the work of St. James Episcopal Church and was a member of the National Board of the Church Periodical Club, doing an outstanding piece of work with the National Lending Library.

Nellie Henry Bergeron, '81-'82. Died Sept. 2, 1946.

Helen R. Gilbert, '89. Died Mar. 3, 1943.

Alice G. White, '90-'92. Died Nov. 11, 1946.

Louise Richards Bacon, '97. Died in 1944.

Mabel Martin Parker, '04-'05. Died Nov. 24, 1946. She was a life member of the Lasell Alumnae, Inc.

Marguerite Brandt Wilson, '34. Died April 3, 1947 at Flushing, N. Y. *Marguerite Brandt* was born Oct. 20, 1913, daughter of Walter R. and Valesca (Von Lenz) Brandt. During her two years at Lasell she was on the staffs of the LASELL LEAVES and the *News*, and was active in sports, a crew captain both years, and captain of the Blues and head of hockey her senior year. She was married to Mr. Webster Hill Wilson in 1939, and had two daughters, Joan and Lee. For the past year they had made their home in Little Neck, N. Y. Surviving besides her husband and children are her mother and a brother and sister.

We are happy to report that a number of alumnae and faculty have called on our dean emerita, *Miss Lillie R. Potter*, '80, in Portland, Maine, where she is living at the home of *Caroline Lindsay Haney*, '74 Deering St. She is always glad to see and hear from Lasell friends.

Clementina Butler, '79-'80, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. William Butler, founders of Methodist foreign missions in India in 1856; was honored recently at the meeting of the Northeastern Jurisdiction, Women's Society of Christian Service, held in Swampscott, Mass.

Nora Burroughs Dillingham, president, and *Lena Josselyn Lamson*, life secretary of the Class of 1897, are busy with plans for their fiftieth reunion in June. *Anne Warner*, *Emeline Carlisle Hill*, *Edith Howe Kip* and *Nora Burroughs Dillingham* will be present, while *Zella Robinson Hakes*, *Nellie Feagles Kattell*, *Grace Washburn Hoskins*, and *Edith Dresser* hope to attend.

Ethel Lasell Standish, '95-'97, was a welcome visitor to the college in April.

Katharine Jenckes Knox, '04, reports the following change of address for herself and her daughter, *Elizabeth*, x-'45: 375 Washington Rd., West Barrington, R. I.

In May Lasell's treasurer, *Mr. Walter R. Amesbury*, Mrs. Amesbury (the former *Jane Ford*, '01-'03) and their daughter, *Virginia*, '38, moved to their new home at 55 Silver Hill Rd., Weston 93, Mass.

Mary Willett Blackinton, '05, of Flint, Mich., has moved to 3627 Norwood Dr., Flint.

Lasell extends sympathy to *Alcine Hotchkiss Rippere*, '03-'07, and her daughter, *Alcine Rippere Gager*, '37, on the death of Mr. William H. Rippere in January.

Lucy Aldrich Berston, '10, has requested that her address be changed to P. O. Box 149, Flint 1, Mich.

Robert Corley, son of *Marion Ordway Corley*, '11, recently auditioned for the position of second trombonist with the Indianapolis Symphony, and passed with flying colors.

Mr. Bernard S. Hallberg of Park Ridge, Ill., district sales manager of the Trumbull Electric Manufacturing Company, died in April. Mr. Hallberg had been employed 30 years by the company, a division of General Electric, and had been a resident of the Chicago area all his life. Lasell extends sympathy to Mrs. Hallberg (*Margherita Dike*, '10) and their two children, Hope and Kenneth.

Esther Alden Ayres, '13-'14, of Dedham, Mass., has announced the engagement of her daughter, Jane, a member of Lasell's senior class, to Mr. Robert S. Winthrop of Dedham. Mr. Winthrop is attending Boston University College of Business Administration.

Mary Quick Dean, '14, reports a recent change of address: 14 Cooke St., Providence 6, R. I.

Through the courtesy of her mother, *Ethel Lasell Decker Standish*, '95-'97, we have news of *Ruth Decker McCulloch*, '12-'13, of 1160 Fifth Ave., New York City. Ruth's son, Robert McCulloch, Jr., attends Lawrenceville School.

Gertrude Baker Davis, '16, is living at Namloe Farm, Pomfret, Conn.

Mabel Straker Kimball, 1916 life secretary, reports that *Charlotte Whiting Clark*'s address is Willow Grove Rd., Stony Point, N. Y. Not far from her, in Scarsdale, N. Y., *Edna Christensen Beckwith*'s ('13-'15) home is at 33 Dorset Rd.

Through the courtesy of one of Lasell's future students, *Mary Lou Schurman*, we have located *Mary Jean Elder*, '16-'17, formerly of Beebe, Quebec, now Mrs. David M. Camp, 124 Wolseley Ave., Montreal West, Quebec.

Esther Murray Downs, '17-'19, of Route 1, Box 2, Springfield, Va., writes that her husband, Mr. Ernest W. Downs, is with the Engineer Board at Fort Belvoir. They have two fine sons, the older a sophomore in college.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick J. Ranlett (*Doris Brown*, '21) of Winchester, Mass., recently announced the engagement of their daughter, Cynthia, to Mr. William B. Dallas of Fresno, Calif. Cynthia is a graduate of the Academie Moderne and has been teaching skating at the Fresno Ice Arena.

Congratulations to *Helen G. Jacobs*, '19-'21, recently appointed head dietitian at the Garfield Memorial Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Helen L. Beede, '21, will be guest speaker at the May 24th meeting of the *New Haven Lasell Club*.

Dorothy Shove Kelloway, '21, has moved from 321 South 90th St., Omaha, Neb., to Atlantic, Iowa, where she can be reached in care of the Walnut Grove Products Company.

Marion Bodwell Lesher, '21, of Sanford, Maine, recently announced the engagement of her daughter, *Marion Helene*, to *Mr. Frederick Leighton, Jr.*, son of *Dr. and Mrs. Frederick Leighton* of Niagara Falls, N. Y. *Marion* was graduated from *Dana Hall* in 1942 and from *Smith College* in 1946. During the past year she has been research assistant in the biology department at *Wesleyan University*. *Mr. Leighton*, a graduate of the *University of Rochester* in 1941, will receive his master's degree in chemistry from *Wesleyan* in June.

Plans are under way for a big 25th reunion of the *Class of 1922*, with luncheon at the *Brae Burn Country Club* on Saturday, June 7. The following have already made reservations to attend: *Iverna Birdsall Lutze*, *Dorothy Caldwell Jordan*, *Harriette Case Bidwell*, *Vera Clauer Hans*, *Florence Day Wentworth*, *Grace Gates Brown*, *Cornelia Hemingway Killam*, *Jo Holbrook Metzger*, *Catharine Howe Thomas*, *Eleanor Knight Bowering*, *Helene Grashorn Dickson*, *Margaret Reid Perry*, *Theresa Thompson Osborn*, *Phyllis Rafferty Shoemaker* and *Marjorie Lovering Harris*.

Phyllis Hoyt, former *Lasell* dean, writes that she has met *Patricia Sue White*, daughter of *Thelma Schweitzer White*, '22, at *Western College*, *Oxford, Ohio*, where *Miss Hoyt* is assistant to the deans and *Patricia* is a member of the junior class.

Helen Hinshaw Toohey, '23, of *Kansas City, Mo.*, called on the *Winslows* early in May.

Florence Longcope, '21-'22, writes that she is *Night Supervisor of Kitchen* at *Beekman Towers Hotel*, *New York City*.

What a treat for *Lasell* students and faculty to have as assembly speaker recently, *Louise Woolley Morgan*, '23, *Director of Women's Programs* for the *Yankee Network*! An interesting article about *Louise* appeared in a recent issue of *Radio Mirror* under the title, "New England's First Lady of Radio." During her radio career she has interviewed many celebrities, including: *Jimmy Stewart*, *Sonny Tufts*, *Frank Capra*, *Margaret Lindsay* (who was a former student of hers at *National Park Junior College*), *Eva LeGallienne*, *Vaughn Monroe*, and a host of others.

Does anyone have the address of *Anna Hendee Sheehan*, '24, in *Seattle, Wash.*?

At the May meeting of the *Lasell Junior College Corporation*, *Priscilla Alden Wolfe*, '19, and *Helen Perry*, '24, were elected to the *Board of Trustees* of *Lasell Junior College*. Also elected were *Dr. John P. Tilton*, dean of *Tufts College Graduate School* and husband of *Ruth Dinsmore Tilton*, '23; *Mr. Raymond C. Wass*, new president of *Lasell*; *Mr. Harrison G. Meserve*, new treasurer of the college; and *Mr. Richard A. Winslow*, attorney in the *Legal Department* of the home office of *Liberty Mutual Insurance Company* and son of *Dr. and Mrs. Guy M. Winslow*.

1925

Several members of the *Class of 1925* gathered at the annual *Midwinter Reunion* and luncheon of the *Lasell Alumnae, Inc.*, held at the *Hotel Sheraton*, *Boston*, in March. Present were; *Martha Fish Holmes*, *Helen McNab Willand*, *Dorothy Keeler*, *Gertrude Kendall Lund*, *Catherine Beecher Wood*, and *Helen Black Sprague*. Telegrams were received from *Eva-May Mortimer Riffe* and *Barbara Cushing Jenkins*. We also had letters from *Peg Gordon Ferguson* of *Troy, N. Y.*, and *Barbara Bridgman McHenry* of *Chicopee, Mass.* *Peg* has two daughters, and *Barbara* a son. *Sylvia Solari* sent regrets that she could not be with us.

Martha's husband, *Dr. Edgar M. Holmes*, was recently appointed *Chief of Plastic Surgery* at *Boston Eye and Ear Infirmary*. They have two sons and a daughter. *Helen McNab Willand*, of *Belmont*, has one son and is active on the board of the *Lasell Alumnae, Inc.* *Dorothy Keeler*, a successful career girl, has a position in *Boston*.

Gertrude Kendall Lund came from her home in *Worcester* to attend the luncheon. She has two children. *Dr. and Mrs. J. LeRoy Wood* (*Catherine Beecher*), of *Methuen*, have three children.

My own two children keep me very busy. We live in *Dedham*, and hope our reunion in 1950 will bring many of you our way as we are near *Auburndale*. My husband and I leave in a few days for the *West Coast*, and hope to see some *Lasell* girls en route.

Helen Black Sprague, '25.

Because of the new reunion schedule the *Class of 1927* is not meeting this June, but will meet in June 1948 when the *Class of 1928* has its twentieth reunion.

Vera Hambleton Plunkett, '27, is assistant superintendent and head nurse at the *Maitri Chiropractic Sanitarium* in *Corona, Calif.* She hopes to complete her studies in the near future and become a staff doctor.

Also living in California is *Frances Flynn Witham*, '27, of 586 *Winston Ave.*, *San Marino 10*.

We have lost track of *Dorothy Quimby Faure*, '27, formerly of 29 *Clairidge Court*, *Montclair, N. J.*, and 2449 *East Fifth St.*, *Tucson, Ariz.* If anyone knows her present address, the *Alumnae Office* at *Lasell* would greatly appreciate receiving it.

Through the courtesy of *Evelyn Ladd Rublee*, '28, we have the new address of *Vera Studley Warner*: *Mrs. C. O. Warner*, 43 *Camp Ave.*, *Quonset Point*, *East Greenwich, R. I.*

Dorothy England was married two years ago to *Mr. C. Palmer Chester* of *Malden, Mass.*, and is living in *North Wilmington, Mass.* *Mr. Chester*, a graduate of *Browne and Nichols School* and *Tufts College*, is manager of the *Accident and Health Department* of *Field and Cowles*, insurance firm.

Mary Korper Steele, '29, returned for her first visit since her graduation, on April 19, and brought with her her two children, Carol and Billy.

Marjorie Schaller Schoonmaker's ('29) husband, Mr. Ralph I. Schoonmaker, is director of the newly organized Newton Community Chorus which gave a concert at the Totem Pole, Auburndale, in May. Among members of the chorus are Marjorie Schaller Schoonmaker, Miss Muriel McClelland of the faculty and staff, Esther Sosman, '36, and Ilene Derick, '41.

Several members of the Class of 1931 are planning to get together for a reunion in June. Clara Giarla Albani is in charge of arrangements.

Comdr. Henry S. Monroe, U.S.N., husband of Karin Eliasson Monroe, '31, has been transferred to New London, Conn., from Washington, D. C. They will move early in June.

1932

Life Secretary—Katharine Hartman Macy (Mrs. Henry R.), East Main St., Oyster Bay, N. Y.

Notices of the 1932 Fifteenth Reunion, to be held June 7, have been sent out by the life secretary, and a number of the girls have already replied that they expect to be present at the class luncheon: Babe Whitney Lenzi, Eldora DeHaven Wainwright, Agnes Metcalf Connon, Gert Hooper Ring, Mildred Munson, Marjorie Tarbell Adams, Natalie Park, Mary Elizabeth McNulty McNair, Leslie Barker, Eleanor Ronimus Dawber, Flora Marshall Mueller, Rhoda Mooney Herbert, Elinor Small Domina, Lib Page Flemming, Margaret V. Hrubec, Barbara Stanley Ulrich, Julia Case, Muriel Morse Henrich, Marjorie MacClymon, and Janet Kennedy Chapman, '30-'32. Ethel Buchanan Horner's reunion notice has been returned from 174 Crestwood Rd., Fairfield, Conn. by the postal authorities. Does anyone know her latest address?

Notice of Lib Page Flemming's engagement to Mr. John C. Sealey, Jr. appeared in the Boston Herald recently. They will be married in July.

1933

Life Secretary—Ruth Stafford Clark (Mrs. Emerson M.), Box 83, Wesleyan Station, Middletown, Conn.

Arthur V. Rogers, Jr., executive of Northeast Airlines, is the nation's only male supervisor of air hostesses. He is married to Barbara Erickson, '33, and they have two children, Stephanie, 5, and Arthur, III, 21 months.

Ruth Stafford Clark has made reservations at the Parker House, Boston, for the 1933 reunion luncheon on June 7.

J. Gertrude Hannigan, CY, USNR, '31-'32 Special, is still on active duty with the WAVES on Yerba Buena Island, San Francisco, Calif., where she does personnel work and has charge of several sections of

the large personnel office. Recently she was assigned to the chaplain's office as his assistant and yeoman-in-charge.

1934

Life Secretary—Barbara Davis Massey (Mrs. R. A.), 1371 Hampton Rd., Grosse Pointe Woods 30, Mich.

Eunice E. Harrington, formerly of Ware, Mass., is now Mrs. Pierce B. Rowland of 247½ Kings Highway, Shreveport, La.

1935

Life Secretary—Barbara King Haskins (Mrs. B. K.), 111 Wilcox Ave., Meriden, Conn.

Marjorie Bouvier Reed writes from her new address, Rolandvue, Lake Station, Ruxton 4, Md., that her husband, Mr. Raymond C. V. Reed, has accepted a position with Liberty Motors and Engineers in Baltimore. They have three children, Barbara, 10½, Richard, 6, and Sandra, 3½.

Pauline Linaberry Wilcox, x-'35, of Exeter, N. H., hopes to join her husband, Capt. Albert M. Wilcox, Jr., of MacArthur's staff, in Tokyo this fall. Their two children, Suzanne Elizabeth, and Peter, are eight and six years old.

1936

Life Secretary—Carolyn Young Cate (Mrs. H. F., Jr.), 130 Temple St., West Newton 65, Mass.

Helen Cairns, x-'36, was married in 1942 to Dr. John Soper Crawford, eye physician and surgeon. They are living at 555 Russell Hill Rd., Toronto, Can. Their son, John Robert, was born March 2, 1947.

Jean Follett Stockwell, '34-'35 H. S., and her son, David, 5½, will fly to Idaho this summer to spend three months with her husband's family in Moscow. Mr. Stockwell died a year ago. Jean visited Nat Bartlett Adams and her family last summer.

Luke Elton Rémig reports that she, Russ and their two sons recently spent the day visiting her former roommate, Win Smith Auten, x-'36, in Somerville, N. J. Win and David have two boys, Deke, 3, and Tim, almost a year old. Aggie Savage, x-'36, has visited them several times.

Billie Baxter Perkins was unable to attend Midwinter Reunion as she and Ray were away on vacation. When they returned home Billie found she had won a set of World Scope Encyclopedia on a local radio contest. Congratulations!

Jerre Andrews recently visited Dot Paine Chaucer in New Haven, Conn., and Luke Elton Rémig in Collegeville, Pa.

1937

Life Secretary—Louise Tardivel Higgins (Mrs. Charles A., Jr.), 23 Oxford Rd., Newton Centre 59, Mass.

Dorothy Abbott Atherton wrote recently from her home in Lakeport, N. H., that she saw Miss Ruby

Foss, formerly of the Lasell staff, last fall. Miss Foss has taken over her sister's gift shop since the latter's death last year. Dorothy's husband, Walter, is a dealer for International Harvester Machinery in Laconia.

Bunny Alves and Alexander MacEwan, Jr., were married in 1942 and have one son, Robert Alexander MacEwan, born Oct. 9, 1944 in Fresno, Calif. They recently bought a home at 18 Hillview Rd., Braintree Highlands, Mass.

Through Mrs. Ruth E. Barry of the faculty we have learned the new address of Sarah Gwen Davies Giffin, 31 Raleigh Rd., Belmont 78, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Newton H. Hoyt, Jr. (Barbara Fowler) have moved to 222 Park St., Montclair, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis H. Buffington (Marjorie Hills) and family are living at Apt. 361, Westgate West, Cambridge 39, Mass., while Mr. Buffington attends M.I.T. as a graduate student. Steve is in the first grade, and Roger will attend kindergarten next year.

Glennys Preston Allicon and Eileen Crehan Leider, '42, recently met in Salzburg, Austria, where Capt. Allicon is at Claims Team, and Capt. Leider, M.C., is with the 62d Field Hospital. Last August, when Glennys sailed from New York, she met Isabel Wyatt Asselta, who was leaving to join her husband in Berlin.

Florence Stetson Pipes wrote recently from 2471 Walgrove Ave., Venice, Calif., that her husband, Dr. Louis A. Pipes, has resigned from Harvard University and is now a professor in the physics department at U.C.L.A. Their son, Gerald, is two years old.

Frances Woodruff Saunders has three children, a son, Robert, and two daughters, Martha and Ellen, who keep her very busy. She hopes to return to Lasell for our tenth reunion in June.

Lois Tracy, x-'37, was married in 1942 to Mr. Le Roy Thompson Rix, and now lives at Ballston Lake, N. Y. She received her B.S. in Business Education and Teacher Training at Russell Sage in June, 1939, and is now employed as Salary and Wage Administration Analyst in Schenectady. Her daughter, Martha Ellen, will be a year old this July.

1938

Life Secretary—Virginia Wilhelm Peters (Mrs. R. R.), 2316 Dixwell Ave., Hamden 14, Conn.

Connie Hatch Knowles is living in Norfolk, Va., where her husband, Lt. J. Marshall Knowles, U.S.N., is stationed as supply officer for Submarine Group II of the 16th Fleet. Address: 511 Dune St.

Alice-Kristine Lockwood Leach has a second child, a son, Robert Alden Leach, born Jan. 25, 1946. Virginia will be five years old in September.

Betty Morley has returned to this country after two years as a secretary in the foreign service branch of the State Department, first in Basra, Iraq, and later in Beirut, Lebanon.

Jean Finney Collins, x-'38, reports that after her year at Lasell she attended the University of Vermont, from which she was graduated in 1941 with a B.S. degree in Education. She taught a year in Chester, Vt., and in 1942 married Donald Collins, Cornell, '41, a dairy farmer. They and their two children, June Dianne and Donald Finney, are living in Malone, N. Y.

From Cappie Gardiner Aque, x-'38, 65 East Passaic St., Maywood, N. J., come greetings to her classmates of '38.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor C. Westfall (Ruth Brayman, '36-'37 H.S.) are living in Chatham, N. Y., where Mr. Westfall is manager of G.L.F. Store. Their son, Keith, will be three years old on June 8. Ruth was graduated from State Institute at Cobleskill in 1939.

1939

Life Secretary—Meredith Prue Yosick (Mrs. C. J.), 219 Morrell Blvd., Orange, Texas.

We have recently learned of the marriage in December, 1945, of Shirley A. Robins and Mr. Allan E. Lipkin. They are living at 15 Gralynn Rd., Newton Centre 59, Mass.

Janice Rogers Wilson expects to move to Warwick, R. I., as soon as she and Dick can find a home there. She visited Alice Lockwood Leach, '38, in Greenwood, R. I., recently and saw her two lovely children. Janice and Dick are now proud parents of a son, Richard Armstrong Wilson, born in January.

1940

Life Secretary—Priscilla Sleeper Sterling (Mrs. R. D.), 55 Woodmere Rd., Bristol, Conn.

Betty Bell Barry writes hearty approval of the new alumnae magazine which is due to appear early in 1948. It will take the place of the present Personals column in the school magazine and will feature articles by alumnae, campus notes, faculty notes, club reports, and class notes.

A new business, the only one of its kind in the United States, has been started by two former Army nurses, Elizabeth M. Clark and H. Phyllis Burns, '40, of Newton, Mass. They are providing mothers and hospitals with ready-made baby formulas from the individual prescriptions of the family doctor. With the help of local business men and a G.I. loan, they launched their project. Then they incorporated with Frank A. Russell of West Newton, a former Seabee, who will handle the business end of the project and take care of the electrical work. Phyllis, a graduate of the Massachusetts General Hospital School of Nursing, is president of the corporation. They have rented a store near Newton Corner, bought equipment from the War Assets Corporation, and the place is now a model laboratory for the dispensing of babies' formulas.

Jeanne Buse Crowell's new address is 21 Sycamore Lane, Bradley Woods, Hingham, Mass.

Pat Kieser, another who heartily endorses a new alumnae magazine, has sent us copies of the Carnegie Tech alumni bulletin from which we may glean some ideas for our own. Pat hopes to receive her B.S. degree from Margaret Morrison Carnegie College for Women (part of Carnegie Tech) in September.

Barbara Kimball Haselton recently moved from Cazenovia, N. Y., to Beech Circle, Andover, Mass.

Margaret Kuhns received her discharge from the WAVES with the rating of Specialist "Q" 1/c, last November, and is now a secretary for Standard-Vacuum Oil Company, New York City.

Catherine Nichols Dickmeyer has a son, John Nichols Dickmeyer, born Sept. 25, 1945.

New addresses: *Alberta Taylor Robinson*, 7307 Three Chopt Rd., Richmond, Va.; *Pat Taylor Henderson*, 133 Eliot Ave., West Newton 65, Mass.; *Hilda Cook Malouf*, x-40, 4948 Circle Rd., Montreal 6, P.Q., Canada.

1941

Life Secretary—*Janet Jansing Sheffer* (Mrs. John W., Jr.), Old York Road Country Club, Jenkintown, Pa.

Gert Fischer has kindly shared with us a recent letter from *Mary Elizabeth Allen Ryan*, who wrote from her home in Muncie, Ind. in February:

"We returned from Brazil in December after spending a short vacation in Rio the early part of November and returning to Natal to pack our belongings as we had expected to be stationed in Rio. Bob left for a short trip to the States to order dental equipment so he would have it at the time of his discharge this July. I stayed in Natal, and when he returned he told me his term of service had been cut and that he could be discharged right away. So, after several weeks of waiting for a plane, we flew from Natal to British Guiana, where we spent four days. The base is 20 miles down the river from Georgetown, B.G., and the Army had a nice speedboat to take us into town. It was picturesque but not beautiful there. The base is in the jungle, and head hunters are known to be only 50 miles away.

"From British Guiana we caught a plane to Puerto Rico. Spent nine days there and made several trips to San Juan, about 90 miles from Borinquen Field at the other end of the island. Then flew to West Palm Beach after stopping for dinner in Nassau. We spent several days in Florida before flying to Muncie.

"We expected to get into our apartment shortly after our return, but are still with my family. Bob is opening his dental office the fifteenth of April.

"Rio is a beautiful city, one of the most gorgeous I have ever seen. We loved it there and hope to return some day."

Mary Cameron Blaisdell visited *Jay Ransom Goebel*

and her two darling children recently. *Pat Taylor Henderson* and her three-month-old daughter called on Mary one afternoon, and Mary reports that her 16-month-old Sandy couldn't take his eyes off Carol.

Norma Forsberg Burman couldn't attend our fifth reunion last year as she and her parents were on their way to Sweden aboard the *Gripsholm*. They returned on the same ship in September. In November she was married to Mr. Warren L. Burman, an Air Forces veteran who is attending engineering school. Norma continues her work as secretary to the Assistant Manager of the Foreign Division at Norton Company.

Dorothy Green Braeger writes with enthusiasm of California, where she has been living for a year. She and her husband were lucky enough to find a house for rent in Oakland. Mr. Braeger, a fire crewman for the Oakland Water Company, watches for fires from a tower up in the mountains: quite a job as there is no rain all summer.

Our sympathy to *Dorothy Stone Faino* and her sister, *Priscilla* (undergraduate) on the death of their mother, Mrs. Harold D. Stone, in March.

Changes of address: *Helen Savery Daugherty*, 1034 Dover Ave., Elsmere Manor, Wilmington 187, Del.; *Virginia Reynolds Morey*, 1012 North Fairview Ave., Burbank, Calif.; *Dorothy Stuhlbarg*, now Mrs. Robert Kopple, 148 Princeton St., Roslyn Heights, N. Y.

Janet Lowe Kammire's husband, Harry M. Kammire, recently completed his law course.

Before Christmas *Dorothy Macomber* enjoyed an eight-day trip to Bermuda.

Mary Murphy is at Paradise Inn, Phoenix, Ariz., for two months, taking pictures for the catalogue of Alden's, Inc.

Janet Jansing Sheffer and her daughter, Linda, visited Janet's family in Albany, N. Y. at Easter time. In June and July they will be at Eagles Mere, Pa.

Gert Fischer had a nice vacation in March, skiing at Mont Tremblant, Canada. She reports a total of \$151 in the class treasury toward the next reunion gift. Congratulations, '41!

1942

Life Secretary—*Mary V. Hurley*, 41 Linden St., Schenectady, N. Y.

Assistant: *Anne Lynch*, 1784 Washington St., Auburndale 66, Mass.

Plans are under way for the 1942 Fifth Reunion Luncheon at the Parker House, Boston, Saturday, June 7.

Jessie Dobson Salmon is living in Jacksonville, Fla., at 4841 Riverdale Rd. She expects to bring Carol and Jeanne north to Groton Long Point, Conn. for the month of August.

Sally Nolan Williams and her husband have bought a home at 890 Lawton St., Akron, Ohio, where they

are living with their two daughters, Rebecca Mae and Martha Ellen. Mr. Williams is with B. F. Goodrich Company.

Trudy Ruth Kauffman and her husband moved into their new home at 141 Stuart St., Lynbrook, Long Island, in April. Comdr. Kauffman is in charge of the Reserve Training Program at Floyd Bennett Field.

Hazel Strachan Martin's husband, Lt. (jg) Edward Martin, Jr., was a member of Admiral Richard E. Byrd's recent Antarctic expedition as medical officer aboard the *U.S.S. Canisteo*. According to an Associated Press dispatch dated Jan. 8, 1947, he performed an emergency appendectomy which, according to members of the expedition, is the first such operation performed south of 60 degrees south latitude and in sight of the polar ice pack.

Dorothy Winchester entered Yale University School of Music in September, 1945, and will be there two more years.

Lorraine Ude Henry, her husband, Mr. R. J. Henry, a pear orchardist, and their small son, Rupert James Henry, III, are living at 1883 Cunningham Ave., Medford, Ore.

Life Secretary *Mary Hurley* was a recent welcome visitor at the college.

1943

Life Secretary—*Nathalie Monge Stoddard* (Mrs. Morris F., Jr.), 80 Greenwood St., Greenwood, Mass. Assistant: *Elizabeth A. McAvoy*, 93 Hillcrest Rd., Windsor, Conn.

Ruth Dempsey writes that her family has moved to Winston-Salem, N. C., and that she is living with friends in Westfield, N. J., until her marriage in August. After August she will be in Easton, Pa., for two years while Carlton completes his course at Lafayette. Ruth met *Betty Cushman*, *Betty Schmidt* and *Elaine Kemp Johnson* for luncheon in New York recently.

Ruth Meyrowitz Shaw and her husband are in Chicago looking for an apartment. Mr. Shaw was recently transferred there from his New York office.

Ruth Sayce is now Mrs. Lawrence M. Ferguson, Jr., 805 Sandifer St., Columbia, Mo.

Another change of name and address which has recently come to us: *Joyce Wagner*, now Mrs. Allen D. West, 457 South Harvard, Tulsa, Okla.

1944

Life Secretary—*Norma Badger*, Box 131, Portsmouth, N. H. Assistant: *Barbara Coudray*, 76 Halsted St., East Orange, N. J.

We have only recently learned of the marriage of *Lucille Duffy*, x-'44, and *Douglas W. Bainbridge*. Mr. Bainbridge attended the University of Wisconsin.

Bobbie Morner, x-'44, a graduate of Western College, Oxford, Ohio, is working in the admissions office at Antioch College.

1945

Life Secretary—*Emma Gilbert*, 589 Prospect St., Maplewood, N. J. Assistant: *Louise Long*, 60 Lorraine Ave., Providence 6, R. I.

Jane W. Burnham is social secretary to Mrs. Walter Carpenter, wife of the president of du Pont Company.

From the Lasell Placement Office we learn that *Barbara Keene* is working at Harvard Medical School.

During the summer *Joanne Leggett Miner* and her husband will be living with Joanne's family in Ash-tabula, Ohio, where Mr. Miner will work at the local radio station. He is a student at Duke University.

Marion Munro works for Dr. Edwin F. Lovering 209 Broadway, Pawtucket, R. I.

Changes of address: *Marguerite Hunting Dupuis*, 510 Millburn Ave., Apt. #104, Millburn, N. J.; *Jean W. Rowe*, Mrs. Andrew R. Edwards, Jr., Eaton's Santa Anita Hotel, Arcadia, Calif.; *Saunda Pease Taylor*, 23 Whitney Rd., Manchester, Conn.

1946

Life Secretary—*Louise Pool*, 1740 Que St., N. W., Washington 9, D. C. Assistant: *Mary Jane Magnusson*, 29 Westwood Ave., New Rochelle, N. Y.

No news is good news, so they say, and that's what we've got about the class of '46. All the honorable members seem to have settled down with their noses to the grindstone and decided to stick to this business of a career. At least it can't be said that the Class of '46 consists of "job-drifters!"

There are a few items of note, however. Among them: the engagement of *Marjorie Norris* to Gordon Harris on February 14th. The wedding will be in September and Margie will have for her bridesmaids *Ozzie Buck*, *Marge Mosher*, *Dot Morris*, *B. J. Weltner* and *Lee Pool*.

Ozzie Buck recently flew to California (via American Airlines, of course) during her vacation. She says California is all the Chamber of Commerce claims it to be.

June is the month of weddings, and two scheduled then are the marriage of *Muriel Ross* to Richard Ben-shimol on June 15th and *Mary Scribner's* on the 14th. Moo and Dick are being married at Harvard Chapel, and the reception will be held at the Phillips Brooks House. *Joan Babcock* will be one of Mary's bridesmaids.

Not to be outdone by *Ozzie Buck's* trip to California, *Betty Morris* journeyed to Florida for two weeks in March. Those Florida tans are really something to brag about.

Living in the Franklin Square House, Boston, are *Barbara Weeks*, *Connie Wilbur* and *Peggy Hale* who are all working in Boston. Babs is a typist for the Century Indemnity Company.

The midwinter Junior Prom was somewhat of a reunion for *Ginny Terhune*, *Joan Hanson*, *Lynn*

Blodgett, Peggy Hale and *Moo Ross*, and a grand time was had by all.

Here's hoping we're going to see a good turnout at the reunion in June and then the news will be flying!

Jackie Darcy recently sent in the following news items:

Lynn Lerch is a technician at New England Baptist Hospital.

Joan Hanson is an assistant buyer in the cosmetic department at Paine's, while *Anne Blake* is a receptionist at the same store. *Judi Greenough* is a buyer's assistant at Stearns where she has done some copy-writing. *Susie Steel* has a drafting job with the Bell Telephone Company, Greensburg, Pa.

Jackie recently had a front-page by-line in the *Boston Traveler*, on a story of hers about the way men shyly call up the beauty and fashion department in which she works, and ask various and sundry questions. The story was a little out of line for the beauty department, and at the suggestion of the department editor, Jackie took it to the city editor. He grabbed it, ordered some art to go with it, and the front page was accordingly brightened.

Evelyn Hillis and *Corinne Wilkins* called at Lasell early in May. Evie was on vacation from her job as

secretary to the manager of the Broadmoor Hotel in Colorado Springs. Corinne is designing for Lanz in New York City, where she is living at 118 West 13th St.

Jean Miles recently gave up her position with American Airlines to work for Dairymen's League in New York City.

Scotty Rayfuse stopped at the Alumnae Office in April to report that she is majoring in English at Boston University College of Liberal Arts this year.

Helen Mabbs, x-'46, is studying occupational therapy at Ohio State University.

Bertha C. McNerny, '44-'45 H.S., is a student at Jackson College.

Changes of address: *Clare A. McCarthy*, 196 Jackson St., Lawrence, Mass.; *Elizabeth L. Marchand*, Mrs. Dell King, Jr., 160 Stonecrest Dr., Bristol, Conn.

Barbara Grove is secretary to the Architectural Editor of *House Beautiful* magazine.

x-'47

Gretchen Haroth is now Mrs. John Y. Pepper of 46 Ocean Ave., Lynn, Mass.

Linda Koempel is secretary to the Personnel Manager at Atlas Powder Company, Stamford, Conn.

Lasell Alumnae, Inc. Midwinter Reunion

Everyone agreed that the 1947 reunion of the *Lasell Alumnae, Inc.*, held early in March, was the most enjoyable one in many years. Over 230 alumnae, faculty and guests heard a delightful talk by our new dean, *Miss Ruth Rothenberger*, who proved that not only is she an able administrator, but an excellent speaker as well. We learned with regret that *Dr. and Mrs. Winslow* and *Mr. Amesbury* will leave Lasell in June. With them go our best wishes and the hope that they may be with us at our annual luncheon for many years to come.

Marjorie Bassett MacMillan, '36, vice president of the *Lasell Alumnae, Inc.*, was luncheon chairman, assisted by members of the Board of Management and class representatives.

Life Members

The following girls have taken out life memberships in the *Lasell Alumnae, Inc.* since publication of the last issue of the LEAVES: *Marian Bliven MacDonald*, '21; *Theresa Thompson Osborne*, '22; *Una Wise Haas*, '11-'13; *Margaret Harris Abreu*, '37; *Ann B. Scott*, '44; *Priscilla Barker Neff*, '38; *Helen Stephan Sterley*, '17; *Louise Woolley Morgan*, '23; *Margaret Newman*, '28; *Joan Moller Brown*, '43; *Mary Alice Timmins Moulthrop*, '28; *Elizabeth Tarr Benton*, '22; *Elaine McQuillan Marston*, '45; *Louise Funkhouser Colegrove*, '09; *Margaret L. Jones*, '38, and *Roberta Morrill*, '35.



Mr. and Mrs. Raymond C. Wass pictured at the Midwinter Reunion in March. Mr. Wass will take over his duties as president of Lasell Junior College on July 1.



Marjorie Bassett MacMillan, '36, Midwinter Reunion chairman, greets Dr. and Mrs. Winslow at the 1947 luncheon, held at the Hotel Sheraton, Boston, on March 8.

Chicago Lasell Club

Members of the North Shore group continue to meet once a month at members' homes. *Catherine Morley King*, '29, president, reports that in September a tea was held at her home for mothers and daughters and prospective Lasell students. Among those present were: *Helene Grashorn Dickson*, '22, and daughter, Jean; *Linky Kuehl Dawson*, '21-'22; *Margherita Dike Hallberg*, '10; *Julia Potter Schmidt*, '06, and her daughter, *Betty Schmidt Krause*, formerly of Lasell's faculty, who had as her guests, *Ruth Colton* and Miss DeLaney; *Alice Wry Anthony*, '24, and Alice Anne; Mrs. Middleton and her daughter, Joan; Mrs. Guy Owens and Charlotte; *Marion Westphal Newhall*, '19-'21, and Nancy; *Dorothy Taggart Krumsieg*, '32; *Audrey Reeman*, '46; *Doris Perkins Meyer*, '19-'20; *Eleanor Rinebold Struve*, '24, and her daughter, Eleanor.

The October and November meetings were held at *Helene Grashorn Dickson's* and *Margherita Dike Hallberg's* homes.

Connecticut Valley Lasell Club

On Saturday, April 26, 1947, at 2:00 P.M. the *Connecticut Valley Lasell Club* sponsored a bridge party for the benefit of the Lasell Building Fund. The bridge was held at Centinel Hill Hall, G. Fox and Company, Hartford, and was well attended, there being 22 tables playing. Tables were decorated with tiny flowering plants (which were given as table prizes), paper cups filled with nuts and candies, and pretty tally cards in varied colors with "Lasell Bridge" artfully designed on them by the chairman. Door prizes were drawn, and refreshments of delicious cookies, cakes and punch were served from the refreshment table which was beautifully decorated with bouquets of spring flowers.

The club realized a sum from this bridge which will make it possible for us to give to the Lasell Building Fund \$150 in Savings Bonds.

The committee in charge of the benefit was as follows: *Maxine Williamson*, x-'44, chairman; *Carol Wadhams Wolcott*, '43, tickets; *Mary Ramsdell*, '44,

publicity; *Priscilla Spence Hall*, '43, door prizes; *Betty McAvoy*, '43, table prizes; *Lois Wadhams Anderson*, '38, refreshments; *Dora Scoville*, '44, cards and pencils. We will plan another affair next year and hope that our efforts will be as well rewarded.

Priscilla Spence Hall, '43
Secretary

Worcester County Lasell Club

The Worcester County Lasell Club held a tea in honor of the undergraduates during spring vacation. *Virginia Phillips Messier*, '45, chairman, was assisted by *Marie Hammarstrom Seaton*, x-'43, *Elfreda Reck*, '44, and *Barbara Peterson*, '41. *Louise Cenedella Kidd*, '33, *Sylvia Browning Thompson*, x-'33, *Elsie Bigwood Cooney*, '17-'19, and *Adrienne Fontaine Caron*, '23, poured. Servers were: *Barbara Bowers Piplar*, '46, *Jane Fullerton*, '45, *Barbara Peterson*, '41, and *Elfreda Reck*, '44. *Marjorie Olson Bjork*, '45, and *Marjorie Magune Curtis*, '31, were in charge of reservations.

Members re-elected *Elsie Bigwood Cooney*, '17-'19, president at the annual meeting, April 28, in the

Adora Restaurant, Northboro. Also elected were *Doris Barry Ponte*, '40, vice president; *Eleanor Smith Cutting*, '26-'27, treasurer; *Marion F. Parmer*, '41, recording secretary; and *Virginia Phillips Messier*, '45, corresponding secretary.

Others elected were: *Louise Cenedella Kidd*, '33, chairman of the nominating committee, assisted by *Nancy Smith*, '44 and *Jane Maynard*, '44; *Barbara Ordway Brewer*, '35, chairman of the board of directors, assisted by *Marie Hammarstrom Seaton*, x-'43, and *Sylvia Browning Thompson*, x-'33; *Marion Kingdon Farnum*, '29, publicity; *Dorothy Inett Taylor*, '30, program; *Marilyn Blodgett*, '46, *Virginia Phillips Messier*, '45, and *Eleanor Smith Cutting*, '26-'27, membership; *Jeanette White Eaton*, x-'36, *Frances E. Wright*, '14-'15, and *Eleanor Ramsdell Stauffer*, '35, scholarship trustees; and *Marjorie G. Sherman*, '40, auditor.

Elsie Bigwood Cooney was presented a silver monogrammed pin on completion of her first year as president. Members donated to the cancer fund.

The club will hold a dance, the 1947 "Lasell Chandelier," on June 20 at Northboro Manor.

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Retiring president, Dr. Guy M. Winslow, and the new president, Mr. Raymond C. Wass, pictured after the Alumnae Meeting, June 7, at which time Lasell Alumnae presented to the college checks amounting to more than \$7,000 with which to start the WINSLOW BUILDING FUND, in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Guy M. Winslow.

The Winslow Building Fund

LASELL has long held an enviable position in the junior college field. She now desperately needs adequate educational facilities if she is to hold the position already gained, and in the years to come successfully compete with other institutions seeking to give the same type of service to young women.

No one who is in daily contact with the intimate life of Lasell can fail to see the evidence of the handicaps the present old buildings place upon the growth of the college. The happy memories the old buildings recall are priceless, but neither charm nor tradition can blind us to the fact that with the exception of Winslow Hall the buildings are wooden structures expensive to operate and maintain.

Lasell is financially sound and its current income is sufficient to permit it to operate with a balanced budget, but the need for new buildings is urgent. To make new buildings possible the college must depend upon its alumnae and friends.

The establishment by the Lasell Alumnae, Inc., of the Winslow Building Fund during the 1947 commencement week was a most encouraging step. The loyalty of Lasell's alumnae is one of its greatest assets.

A building program is a long and tedious business, but Lasell's need for new buildings is imperative. A classroom building, a dormi-

tory for first-year students, and a kitchen-dining room unit should, perhaps, be our first objectives with other replacements to come later.

Lasell offers its alumnae and friends the opportunity to participate in a building program that has for its ultimate goal a physical plant that is commensurate with her leadership in the field of junior college education for young women.

RAYMOND C. WASS, *President*

Gifts to the Winslow Building Fund June-July 1947

Lasell Alumnae, Inc.	\$5,000.00
Mabel T. Eager, '80-'89	1,000.00
Florence E. Tower, '74-'77; '85-'87..	500.00
Harriett G. Scott, '94	100.00
Class of 1897	40.00
Class of 1922 (including gift of \$500 from Fannie P. W. Hemingway, mother of Cornelia Hemingway Killam, '22)	712.00
Class of 1932	46.50
Class of 1933	75.00
Class of 1937	103.50
Class of 1947	500.00
Connecticut Valley Lasell Club (in Savings Bonds)	150.00
Chicago Lasell Club	10.00

Lasell Junior College Winslow Building Fund

I enclose \$. as my gift to the Winslow Building Fund:

Maiden Name. Class.

Married Name.

Address

.

Date.

(Please make check payable to Lasell Junior College, and send to Alumnae Secretary, Lasell Junior College, Auburndale 66, Mass.)

Commencement Address

THE ninety-second annual commencement exercises of Lasell Junior College were held on Monday, the ninth of June, at eleven o'clock. After Dr. Winslow had greeted the parents and friends of the graduating class, he introduced the speaker, the Reverend Dr. Boynton Merrill of Columbus, Ohio, welcoming him as a real member of the Lasell family. Dr. Merrill, when minister of the Second Church in West Newton, had preached regularly at Lasell vespers for a period of twenty years.

Dr. Merrill expressed great pleasure in his return to the college, since he has always had a fondness for young people and commencements. He said that he felt particularly honored in being asked to speak at Dr. Winslow's last commencement, but that even on this beautiful spring morning and on this otherwise happy occasion, the students as well as he must feel a tinge of deep sadness in the knowledge of the president's retirement.

Dr. Merrill went on to the main part of his address, stressing the tragedy of the sick world in which we live—the note that Mr. Drew had emphasized in his Baccalaureate sermon. He said that we must face the world's dilemma squarely, for ignoring it will only be disastrous. We should ride like Paul Revere through the night that surrounds our times and wake people to the danger—people whose immediate fault is that they do not wish to be disturbed, but desire to continue life as it is. This attitude has caused us twice in the last thirty years to fall short of the greatness that is the heritage of mankind. The present decade has been irreparably damaged by five years of destruction, and yet we have already forgotten the 300,000 American dead because of our careless interest in the fresh incoming tide of power politics.

Said Dr. Merrill, all sensitive individuals should be aware; all hopeful people should speak out. We must live our lives sacrificially and purposefully, or die horribly. In fact, there is only one thing that can save us from

the peril which is engulfing us; that is an upsurge of human goodness.

Of the members of the graduating class, the speaker went on to say that they were old enough to know that they live in a world pulled apart by two great forces, evil and goodness, and that life is not a Noel Coward situation of gowns and parties. At present evil has brought us to the place where we are; our suffering is of our own making for we have fixed our eyes and interests too long on temporal things and too little on the spiritual. For five hundred years the human race has been concerned only with the secular. As Dr. Merrill said, love and righteousness have fallen away like an untended garden.

Fifteen years ago, a college professor traveled through hundreds of American villages to question the people on their opinions of world affairs. To show the result of his research, he wrote a book, indicating the hollowness of their lives, for the average American hid behind a surface glitter and lived in a world of papier-mâché. Among other evils, he pointed out that the people inwardly had no faith in their government, that children were impatient of discipline and unaware of true greatness, and that the churches had forgotten their avowed purposes in their concern to save their own lives. In short, he stated that America was "a wilderness crying for a voice."

And if that were true fifteen years ago, said Dr. Merrill, what can we expect now after the second world war? Since the things we love have been levelled, we have to search in the chaos for new values, some of which only turn out to be false standards. As an example, he mentioned the article in a recent *Harper's Magazine* which told of a group of Bohemians living in shacks on the California coast. These people insist that their only obligations are to themselves—not to church, state, or home. They believe in life without labor, creation without purpose, sex



Academic Procession, Commencement Day, June 9. Mr. Wass, Dr. Winslow, Miss Rothenberger, Mr. Amesbury, Miss Blatchford and Miss Atwater.

without responsibilities. Religion is not overlooked, but they have selected a strange belief, for to them God is to be found in sex and psychiatry. The unhealthy attitude of these people is not as remote as it seems; this pestilence comes close to us as do all such evils. Dr. Merrill mentioned that he did not dare to come out of his church at night without first examining the shadows for people lurking there. Moral perverts and delinquents walk the streets everywhere and their existence affects the lives of all of us. It is time that church and school wake up, face the facts, and do something about these things.

As for the girls there in Winslow Hall, he said, they must make a vital choice between goodness, the middle ground of indifference,

or a place with people who love transgression. Those who choose goodness must love it with a great love, and they must strip the disguise from evil so that recognition will mar its growth. He said, in the past we have ignored or at least not realized the fact that knowledge itself has moral implications, but now the discovery of the atom bomb has definitely shown scientists the existence of these problems. Evil also exists in the strife of labor with capital; it exists there because of the selfishness motivating the conflict. People who divide the world into two parts—Russia and the rest of the world—are breeding disunity that again makes for destruction and death.

Humanity has seen great ages when God

walked the earth and showed people that there were great abuses to be trampled under foot and great beauties and loyalties to be loved. We need to find this inspiration now; we need to be stripped of our complacency and laziness. Too much we fiddle, not while Rome burns, but while the dearest things that give life meaning are endangered. We must remember that we do not spend our lives in the wings of the world's stage, but on that stage itself. Dante had the courage to call his great poem a comedy because of its glorious ending, but there is no chance of a divine comedy in our time, unless we play our parts with integrity.

To live as they should in this difficult world, all men need stout hearts, but, although Americans have knowledge mountain-high, they lack character, an essential for which there is no substitute, and one which is necessary if a man is to be lifted out of the realm of indifference and mediocrity into greatness.

Dr. Merrill then cited what Baron Friedrich von Hügel, philosopher and interpreter of mystical religion in Europe, had once said were the four things necessary for sainthood (quoted from *The Radiant Life* by Rufus Jones). Those four conditions, Dr. Merrill continued, were of value to all people regardless of their final category in the history of the world.

The first, according to von Hügel, is loyalty, for the saint must be loyal to the teachings of the church, to the highest he knows and the best he can do. All great men must be loyal to the three parts of Plato's trinity: beauty, goodness, and truth. At present the American with character must be loyal to other things as well—to the great ideals back of his country's founding and to the fact that America is the haven of the oppressed. He

must be cognizant of and loyal to the world's need for peace.

And if he is going to support such things as these, a man, too, must be heroic—the second point which von Hügel emphasized. Arthur Gossip, a Scotch preacher, stated that gallantry of heart is God's favorite virtue. And we all can use it in what seem to be our very commonplace lives. Heroism, in fact, is the great need of our time; it develops the good mother, the loyal daughter, and the great teacher.

The third requirement of sainthood is humility. We must learn to allow something greater than we to pass through us and inspire us; as instruments in the hands of a good and noble power, we have endless abilities. Dr. Merrill gave as an example Leslie Howard, the great actor, who in private life was frail and weak. Yet when he came out on the stage, his very being was infused with a hidden force, and his physical frailties were pushed aside to reveal a new and amazingly strong personality.

The final quality, quoted Dr. Merrill, is radiance—the sense that we are lighted up by inner joy.

And even above all of these qualities that we should emulate, Dr. Merrill suggested still another aim in the words of a professor of philosophy at Yale University, who said that the greatest joy in life is the knowledge that we are going somewhere wholeheartedly. We must make up our minds as to our destination and proceed toward it with determination. In that way we can live fully, concluded Dr. Merrill, as he quoted from the letter of a small boy to his father which read: "I love you. I hope you will live your full life." Taking these words in their broader sense, Dr. Merrill extended that hope to all of his listeners.

Marion James

Baccalaureate Sermon

THE Baccalaureate Sermon for the graduating class of Lasell Junior College was delivered on Sunday, the eighth of June, by the Reverend Bernard T. Drew of the Grace Congregational Church in Framingham. He was assisted by the Reverend Stephen J. Callender of the Centenary Methodist Church, who gave the Invocation; the Reverend Richard P. McClintock of the Church of the Messiah, who delivered the Scripture Reading based on the Sermon on the Mount; and the Reverend Dr. Ralph H. Rogers of the Congregational Church, who said the Prayer and the Benediction.

Mr. Drew opened his address by speaking to the seniors of the happy, carefree days of commencement time when work is completed and there is an anticipation of interesting experiences in the future. However, said Mr. Drew, life is not always as satisfying and complete; we are not always at the top of the world, for often we find ourselves quite insignificant, insecure, and inadequate. And yet these feelings too, are good, as it is necessary once in a while to feel humility just as it is necessary to experience exultation. Without humility, education and growth are not possible.

Life is full of strange paradoxes and contrasts. One of these is that man is the greatest and at the same time the least being on this earth. Henry Van Dyke noted this last fact while sailing across southern seas. After viewing the myriad of stars in the night sky and the endless expanse of ocean, he said that he felt himself to be but a speck in the midst of all the splendor of the universe and that God was everything.

The members of the graduating class do not feel like tiny specks at this moment, Mr. Drew commented; yet they have doubtlessly had that experience in the past whenever they have stood in awe before a great range of mountains or gazed up into the infinity of the sky. They perhaps have felt this humility

when walking through a gigantic library or when conversing with some person who had remarkable wealth of information or a notable philosophy. Then they have known their own smallness and meaninglessness. The realization has come to them that they appear only briefly on this earth out of the infinite. In many ways the beasts have qualities of power superior to their own, the eagle its wings, the turtle its amphibiousness, the elephant its strength. We should, said Mr. Drew, remember our dependence — dependence of children on parents, the dependence of all of us on temperature and the chemistry of the atmosphere. When we recall that any slight changes in our environment can cause our destruction, we may question the boast of the man obsessed by his own importance.

On the other hand we do have a kind of greatness. The writer of Genesis said: "God created male and female. And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it." In these last words, the midget of mankind is indicated as a potential colossus.

And now we live in a period when man does seem to have subdued the world about him; the tiny speck appears to amount to something after all. But is this true?

If we consider a composite of all men at present—a John Doe, we find that he is living at the pinnacle of human history, that he has pushed the jungle aside, that he has subdued the forces of nature. The world being his servant, John Doe feels that the millennium has arrived, but in reality he has prevented it from doing so. Because his mind is swayed by his emotions, by his prejudices against Negro, Jew, and communist, and by animal appetites, John Doe is still a midget. His body is soaked in alcohol and fattened by rich food. If he is told that his body is insignificant and that the spirit is all powerful, he says, "But I can see the body; I can not see the spirit. Show it

to me." John Doe boasts of his freedom, but he really lives like a serf, governed by advertising and propaganda. He concentrates on being a midget, for, although he sees the cloud of destruction, he shrugs his shoulders. "What can I do about it?" he asks. "I am only one of a million." He does not choose to be the leader; rather he has elected to be the jester.

Edwin Markham in his "Man with the Hoe" expressed the same tragic situation and provided the same challenge when he said:

"Is this the dream He dreamed who shaped the
suns
And markt their ways upon the ancient deep?
Down all the caverns of Hell to their last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of the world's blind
greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More packt with danger to the universe."

John Doe, Mr. Drew went on to say, by insisting on being a midget puts himself and the universe into great danger. Perhaps by the time that the members of the graduating class are fifty, destiny will have reached one conclusion or another. History may even come to a close since, for the first time in human experience, we can destroy ourselves.

The seniors here and others of the same generation are the last hope of mankind. This is a day of great opportunity, or it is a day of eclipse, and whatever happens to the world depends on their actions. As Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick once said, "We are only the old savage in a new civilization." And in view of past experience, we can have a pretty good idea of what the old savage will do. This is an issue that we must face, for what has gone on before cannot continue if we are to show ourselves to be the heirs of the promise of God and the masters of the world and ourselves.

Although there should be a transformation in human nature, Mr. Drew said, the mass of mankind obviously is *not* going to undergo a great conversion. We cannot wait for that

event, for humanity is too filled with fears, bigotries, and hatreds to change in a single generation. This being so, must we say that the end of civilization is here? Luckily, such an idea may not be an actuality, for the mass has never been the salvation of the world. Redemption has been the task of the individual possessing the remarkable ability to alter his surroundings; history is shaped by persons, not multitudes. Sometimes, it has been a distorted shaping as in the case of Hitler, but even that situation has proved the potential strength of the individual.

Leaders do not come from particular families or traditions, but rise from the hinterlands, governed by a power greater than they. Such leadership was shown by Abraham, who was stirred by a force he did not comprehend; by another Abraham, Abraham Lincoln, who carried the message of free men. Such leadership was shown at the greatest point of all history by still another man, Jesus Christ, who was not born with great advantages, but born only with a hope in his heart. Because he never wrote a book, or had a ministry of more than eighty days, and because he died the death of a criminal, his memory would have seemed doomed to obliteration. But his voice has lived, and all civilization has changed because of this one individual who saw the light and truth of God. He dedicated his life to these things and redeemed the world.

Therefore, said Mr. Drew, there is still the possibility of a great leader today who will see beyond the fleshy way of life and through whom the masses will be transformed. Now is the time for us to assume our individuality—to be converted by great ideals and to be lifted above the mass in acquiring a vision that will transfigure us. If we lead acquiescent lives, if we are concerned only with getting by, God's promise, expressed in Genesis, is dead. What we do governs the destiny of the world.

Mr. Drew concluded his address by saying to the graduates that they are small and

humble, but they have the greatness that can win the salvation of the world—the salvation that they hold in their hands. The speaker, as a final thought, told his listeners to always repeat these words to themselves: “I am only

one, but still I *am* one. I cannot do everything, but I can do something. Because I cannot do everything, I will not refrain from doing something.”

Marion James

“Home Is Where the Heart Is”

*Inspirational Oral Speech Delivered Before
the Literary Interpretation Class*

“HOME is where the heart is.” “Home is where I hang my hat.” These adages creak with age, but they indicate that home is not just an address or a locality. What is it then? Is it a place where parents and children eat and sleep under the same roof? Not necessarily. Maybe there is only one person, and yet he can have a home.

The ancient Romans used to have a symbol for that sentiment which made one place home. Home was the place where the family God, called the *lar*, presided. Each family had its own *lar* which watched over the fortunes of the household. If the members of a family moved, they took the *lar* with them, and it was the first thing set in place on the hearth of the new house. The worship of the *lar* created a feeling of belonging, which made a home out of a house.

Today we have no Gods on our hearths, but we too think of home as a place where we really belong. A home does certain things for us that no other place can do. Only at home can we be host and enjoy the privilege of offering hospitality to other people. Having a home gives us also the privilege of choosing those people we prefer to be with and lets us rule out those we don't care to be with—by not inviting them.

At home we find shelter, not only from storms of rain, snow and wind, but from the storms inside of us which are brewed by rubbing elbows with other people. At

home we give and take criticisms. Perhaps at the dinner table we nonchalantly announce some pet project such as, “I think I'll go on the stage after I finish college.” We get an instant reaction—enthusiastic approval, boos and jeers, or even shocked silence. Even when we feel we are greatly underrated or misunderstood at home, we still can profit by the criticisms there, because such criticisms are prompted by the concern and interest of those who love us.

We can really take “our hair down” at home and be entirely ourselves. This creates a feeling of security which permits us to relax and to marshal our forces to cope with the unsheltered world outside.

The atmosphere of the home depends upon the people who live there. It can be happy or unhappy, charming or squalid, peaceful or quarrelsome. It can be a place for recreation and rest, or it can be full of monotonous toil and hopeless anxiety. A house where a large, happy family lives may be bravely shabby, but far more a home than the house which has the perfection of an interior decorator's window, but where love and congeniality do not exist.

Home is largely what we make it, and we are largely reflections of our homes. So living in a home should be a challenge—a challenge to do our best in creating a place which is charming, cheerful and interesting, and equally, in letting our home do its bit to keep us always at our best. “Home is where the heart is.”

Virginia Morss



June Queen and Court: Mary Young, Barbara Rich, Joanne Eaton, Carolyn Lewis, *queen*, Frances Oden and Barbara Adler.

June Fete

MUCH to the pleasure of Lasell students and their friends, the fifth of June was a beautiful summer day, and all anxiously awaited the events of the occasion. According to tradition, the juniors, dressed in soft pastel gowns, lined each side of the walk behind Bragdon Hall, and the seniors in cap and gown marched to form a double row from the arch to the Crow's Nest.

Pretty little Marcia Ann Madden, five-year-old daughter of Priscilla Parmenter Madden, '37, corresponding secretary of the Lasell Alumnae, Inc., was crown bearer, and led the procession of the June queen and her court.

Smiles of approval passed from face to face as our queen, Carolyn Lewis, walked slowly

to the Crow's Nest, preceded by her maid of honor, Joanne Eaton, and the other members of the court: Barbara Rich, Frances Oden, Barbara Adler, and Mary Young.

They were dressed in light-colored satin gowns and carried sprays of spring flowers. After Barbara Schardt had placed a crown of flowers on Carolyn's head, the seniors faced the Crow's Nest and sang their song to the queen.

Then all walked to Winslow Hall to observe the fashion show presented by the clothing students in honor of the queen and her court. There the guests were welcomed by Gloria Wurth, who explained that the students were trained to buy and construct

clothes intelligently and to prepare for careers in the clothing field. The first-year students modeled cotton dresses and sports outfits. Younger fashions were modeled by children, accompanied by the girls who had made the clothes. The second-year students wore suits, dresses, and coats that they had made, showing fine tailoring.

After the fashion show, the modern dance students held their pageant, *Alice in Wonderland*, on the athletic field. The production, under the direction of Mrs. Jeanne Cousins, starred Doris Wemmell as its leading lady. The large cast consisted of all the girls taking the modern dance course. Music was provided by Miss Eileen Sutherland, and Gloria Sylvia served as narrator. Others who contributed their services to the production were Miss Virginia Carter, who directed the de-

signing of the sets; Miss Betty Winslow, stage manager; and Miss Roberta Morrill and Virginia Morss, in charge of make-up. The stage hands included Betty Harney, Natalie Baker, and Nan Alger.

This year we were fortunate to have a revolving stage which facilitated the scenery problem and added to the success of the program. The entire pageant depicted scenes from the famous story such as "a mad tea party" and "pig and pepper." One of the most impressive scenes was "the queen's croquet ground" in which the girls dressed to represent playing cards, performed a drill accompanied by martial music. The colorful costumes and the appropriate music, combined with a warm June day, made possible a very picturesque and gorgeous June Fete.

Marcia Landick



Crown Bearer at the June Fete, Marcia Ann Madden, daughter of Priscilla Parmenter Madden, '37.



Humpty Dumpty (Joanna Lamb) and Alice (Doris Wemmell) in a scene from the dance pageant, *Alice in Wonderland*.



Winning Crew, River Day, with Coaches Muriel McClelland and Earl Ordway. Front Row: Bergen, Williams, captain, Familton. Second Row: Dale, Donovan, Lewis, Hriczko, Roberts and Birath.

River Day

THE annual Lasell River Day festivities took place this year on Wednesday, May 28, and a full program of seven races was viewed by a large crowd of enthusiastic students, their friends, and their relatives, who lined the banks of the Charles to lend vocal support to their favorites. Classes were dismissed at 12:20 so that the races might begin by two o'clock, and all who attended were rewarded by an entertaining afternoon spent under a clear sky and bright sun. In spite of a strong wind which swept the river, the competing crews managed to avoid any unexpected dunkings, a misfortune which has befallen various crews in past years, but the

excitement of the races themselves more than made up for the absence of such added attractions.

This year the Senior Red, captained by Betty Ann Williams, captured the laurels as the most outstanding crew among the four senior and five junior crews competing. Betty's boat won its preliminary heat and then went on to nose out the other two finalists in the seventh and most exciting race of the day. Besides Captain Williams the members of the winning crew were Mary Ellen Roberts, Janet Dale, Carolyn Lewis, Alice Donovan, Carol Birath, "Jeff" Familton, Carol Hriczko, and "Corky" Bergen.

The colorful program got under way with three preliminary races to determine the lineup for the finals. These races were won by the Senior Navy Crew captained by Peggy Beach, the Senior Whites led by Barb Schardt and the Senior Red canoe of Miss Williams, thus making it a certainty that the championship would go to the Class of 1947.

The three opening contests were followed by an annual River Day feature, the race between the faculty and alumnae crews. The course for this race was reversed in order that the privileged competitors might not have to face the unusually strong current, and the faculty crew, headed by Miss Blatchford, paddled to an easy win. However, the pedagogical eight committed the grievous error of allowing the wind to blow them across the path of the struggling alumnae and were forced to

cede the victory to their rivals because of this infraction of the rules.

The fifth race, which followed, included the three crews which had finished second in the preliminary races and was won by the Junior Blue boat led by Ann Johnson. The sixth race, among the third-place finishers struggling to avoid the dubious honor of winning the booby prize, was captured by Paula Drake's Junior Yellow Crew. This set the stage for the final event of the day in which the Senior Reds stroked to their well-earned victory over their classmate rivals.

At the close of the thrilling afternoon everyone returned to the athletic field for a picnic supper, a softball game between the juniors and seniors, and then an exciting stunt night in Winslow Hall.

Margaret L. Leary

Class Night

TO THE strains of "Pomp and Circumstance" the class of '47 slowly marched down the hill to the athletic field carrying the traditional laurel chain and led by the junior class president, Frances Lee, and the senior class officers. The seniors' parents and friends stood shivering with the cold and dampness as the girls took their places on the platform, but remembering the rain of class night last year, the class was contented with the cold, clear weather.

Barbara Morton and "Jody" Lamb, song leaders, led the class in their welcome song taken from the "Breakfast Club" tune. Then the program opened with the welcome speech by Peggy Beach. The Endowment Fund chairman, Mary Kinney, presented \$500 from the class of 1947 to Dr. Winslow for the Endowment Fund.

The class will, which was presented by Virginia Smith, brought forth many laughs from both the audience and students, and even more response resounded over the field when the class prophecy was read by Carolyn Lewis, Sarah Cross and Barbara Stickle. It took the class of '47 four years into the future and included each member of the class.

The prophecy was followed by the farewell song to the juniors to the tune of "Finlandia."

Finally the senior class president, Barb Schardt, gave her farewell address, and the class left the platform, singing to the tune of the De Koven Recessional.

The annual torchlight procession then took place, the juniors carrying torches for their senior sisters. A double line of seniors, attired in cap and gown, was bordered on either side by juniors dressed in white. The procession proceeded to Gardner, Carpenter, and Clark where Barbara Morton, Sally Connor and "Bunny" Widenor, respectively, gave the farewell speeches. At each of these houses a farewell song was also sung, the words of which were written by "Jody" Lamb and Barbara Morton to well-known melodies. Phyllis Haviland gave the farewell to the Junior Houses in front of Bragdon and then the introductory flame speech was delivered by Valerie Reynolds at the fire on Bragdon lawn. The entire class circled around the fire with the juniors behind them.

Marie Chase, Betty Brady, Sally Shafer, Beverly Yeates, Dorothy Maher, Marilyn Isaacson and Joan Cox made the sacrifices to

the flame for Cushing, Clark, Briggs, Gardner, Casino, Chandler and Carpenter respectively. Draper, Blaisdell, Hawthorne, Conn, and Pickard were represented by Nancy Pursel, Barbara Fenstermaker, Marjorie Ross, Charlotte Fletcher and Lois Kenyon, while Anne Scarlatos concluded the ceremony with the sacrifice for the "day hops." After singing the "Cap and Gown" song and the "Alma Mater," the group disbanded for the President's reception at Woodland.

Despite the wintry weather which prevailed, this class night was one which the members of '47 will never forget.

Margaret L. Leary

A boy had a sweetheart named Cora;
He said he would always adora.

When she ran off and wed,
To Ireland she fled.

Now he writes her "Box ten, Glocamora."

Patricia Kirby

Lightbulb winks his eye at me

When I turn the switch at night:

Through his wink the room I see—

Lightbulb winks his eye at me!

For his work he gets no fee,

But the room is always bright.

Lightbulb winks his eye at me

When I turn the switch at night.

Sally Simonds

My First Driving Lesson

IN THE course of my not-too-uneventful life, which, so far, has drawn itself out over nigh onto nineteen years, I have made one discovery which I consider really outstanding. That discovery, stated in one (or perhaps, two) syllable words is simply—there are drivers and then there is that class of homo-sapiens who drive the way I do. It is with the group last mentioned that we shall concern ourselves now.

The first time I sat behind the wheel of a car, my Father said two little words to me. They were, "Now drive." My brow broke out in a frigid sweat, my mouth fell open and my eyes took on a glassy, dazed look. "Drive?" I said, "Now? Here?" "Drive, now, here," Father replied calmly.

Not knowing one piece of apparatus from another on this machine which suddenly seemed so complex, I turned the light switch, stepped on the radio shut-off and was sourly and bitterly disappointed when my only response was a stream of light and a crackle of static. For some unknown reason, Father was upset. But he regained his composure. After inquiring whether I knew what the starter was for and receiving an affirmative reply, he asked whether I knew where it was. This time the reply was *not* affirmative. Then Father began to suspect that his favor-

ite daughter was not the genius that he had believed her to be. He showed me the starter.

There followed a lengthy explanation of the workings of the starter, accelerator, brakes and clutch. While Father talked, I amused myself by watching the reflection of the sun on the greenhouse. It was a truly beautiful sight!

In spite of my inattention, I did absorb some knowledge. It seems that when one lets the clutch out, two round plates, somewhere in the modern automobile's innards, are brought into contact with each other. One must be sure the clutch is let out slowly and evenly. Otherwise, the car exhibits a strange tendency to leap over the nearest telephone pole.

"Now, do you think you understand?" Father asked.

"Oh, yes, I'm sure I do," came my quick, but not too brilliant reply.

"All right, let's try it."

So we tried it. The result was not encouraging. "Baby," as we so fondly call our little run-about, seemed to undergo a remarkable change. When I had first stepped into her, I had regarded her as nothing more than a mass of steel and glass. What an illusion! Now she was a kangaroo, a pogo stick, a jitterbug, anything but a car. I gripped

the wheel and wondered whether that barn would get out of the way, if I showed no inclination to retreat from action. It didn't. Neither did I. As I approached the barn, it seemed to approach me. Father remained unruffled. I glanced at him wildly and screamed, "What do I do now?"

"You might try the brakes and see what happens," he said.

Well, I tried the brakes. They took hold instantly. "Baby" shrieked to a halt, about two feet from the barn. I relaxed, taking my foot off the brake. That was all that "Baby" needed. Gathering up all her remaining strength, she gave a final bound, leaped up against the barn wall, wheezed once and died. It was then that Father explained that when one intends to stop, one steps on the clutch as well as the brake.

Then Father turned the car around and drove back to the house. I don't know

whether he did this because he valued his life, or because he realized that I was so confused by this time that I couldn't even see the road—not that seeing it made any visible impression on me.

Mother was in the kitchen when we came in. She turned and smiled at us and said, "How goes it?"

"You know, Mother," Father said, "I think we have a topnotch driver in our youngest."

I walked on through the dining-room and slowly climbed the stairs which lead to my room. "Why is it," I asked myself, "that parents are so disgustingly human? When you're up, you're up and when you're down, you're down. I wonder if Father will be so understanding after a week or so of this nerve-shattering torture."

So ended my never-to-be-forgotten first driving lesson.

Mary Ida Hanson

June Prizes and Special Recommendations

Prizes

Crew

The Senior RED Crew won on River Day; members receive an "L."

Betty Ann Williams, *Captain*
Corinne Bergen
Joan Famlton
Carol Hriczko
Janet Dale
Mary Ellen Roberts
Carol Birath
Carolyn Lewis
Alice Donovan

Athletic Shield

Won by the WHITE team, led by Virginia Smith. Scores: Whites—179; Blues—127.

The Large "L"

is awarded to the following girls for outstanding performance in:

Field Hockey

Joan Cox
Sarah Cross
Priscilla Howard
Virginia Smith
Paula Drake
Beryl Groff
Joan Logan

Soccer

Betty Brady
Sarah Cross
Priscilla Howard
Gloria Secatore
Eunice Watson
Virginia Butt
Marjorie Cramton

Basketball

Carol Birath
Sarah Cross
Jane Currier



Janice Hayden
Dorothy Harvender
Mary Kinney
Ruth Small
Virginia Smith
Nancy Chapman
Beryl Groff

Volleyball

Cynthia Morrison
Eunice Watson
Paula Drake

Softball

Patricia Brunner
Dorothy Hinchliffe
Margaret Abrahamian
Betty Ahner
Eleanor Cowley
Miriam Day
Mabeth Hires
Lorraine Pierce

Special Awards for Outstanding Athlete

A large Lasell banner is awarded to:
Sarah Cross

Lasell Coats

A Lasell jacket is awarded to three students who, in the opinion of a committee of which two-thirds are students and one-third members of the faculty, are representative Lasell girls possessing in high degree the qualities of: integrity, loyalty, consideration for others, good sportsmanship, scholarship and leadership.

Awarded to:

Margaret Beach
Barbara Schardt
Elizabeth Brady

Special Recommendations

Shorthand

Gregg certificates—awarded on the basis of 5 minutes' sustained dictation, transcribed with 98 percent accuracy.

100 Words Per Minute
Lorraine Belliveau
Jane Bradley
Eleanor Clark
Regina Costanza
Janet Dale
Elizabeth deChiara
Rosalie Doucette
Lorna Earle
Millicent Entwistle
Jean FitzGerald
Patricia Ford
Gloria Galley
Vesta Horton
Carolyn Huntley
Genevieve Hurley
Florence Keeney
Nancy Keim
Eleanor Meloccaro
Dorothy Milkey

Meredith Olson
Phyllis Pagliarulo
Laura Jane Pascoe
Mary Ruthe Powers
Meriam Rainey
Jean Reynolds
Helen Sanasarian
Lois Seidel
Janet Stearns
Priscilla Stone
Phyllis Sykes
Shirley Tighe
Elizabeth Waters
Eunice Watson
Beverly Yeates

120 Words Per Minute

Barbara Adler
Jean Collignon
Jeanne Dillon
Carol Hriczko
Carolyn Lewis
Barbara Roedel
Marjorie Santerson
Ruth Small

Typewriting

60 Words Per Minute

Barbara Adler
Jane Bradley
Jean Collignon
Regina Costanza
Sarah Cross
Margaret Hanson
Marilyn Heller
Florence Keeney
Carolyn Lewis
Rosamond Libby
Jane Lupien
Phyllis McNeil
Eleanor Meloccaro
Meredith Olson
Phyllis Pagliarulo
Laura Jane Pascoe
Meriam Rainey
Barbara Rymer
Helen Sanasarian

Marjorie Santerson
Phyllis Sykes
Elizabeth Waters
Eunice Watson
Beverly Yeates

70 Words Per Minute

Carol Hriczko
Carolyn Huntley

Accounting

Betty Carter
Elizabeth deChiara
Eleanor Meloccaro
Meriam Rainey
Grace Read
Jean Reynolds
Sarah Shafer
Ruth Small
Priscilla Stone
Olga Voss

Advertising

Awarded to the student who throughout two years has shown cooperation, has had



uniformly high grades and above all has realized the possibilities of creative advertising. Awarded to:

Ruth Redden

Interior Decoration

Awarded to the student who throughout two years has shown cooperation, has had uniformly high grades and above all an appreciation of the beauty in furniture and fabrics used in decorating a home. May this book remind her of many pleasant hours shared.

Awarded to:

Doris Wemmell

Clothing

1st—Gloria Secatore

2nd—Shirley Porter

Foods

1st—Valerie Reynolds

2nd—Rosemary Quilty

Secretarial Curriculum

Eleanor Meloccaro

Medical Secretarial Curriculum

Barbara Adler

Jean Collignon

Phyllis Pagliarulo

Helen Sanasarian

Dramatics Curriculum

Virginia Morss

Merchandising Curriculum

Clare Dickover

Nancy Pursel

Scholarship

1st—Joanne McMillan

2nd—Eleanor Meloccaro

Honorable Mention:

Lois Seidel

Margaret Emmerling

Lasell Girls on College Fashion Boards

LOIS SCHMIDT, a resident of Maywood, New Jersey, and the daughter of an executive in the exporting-importing business, will represent Lasell Junior College on the College Fashion Board at Bloomingdale's in New York. Lois, who will be a senior in the merchandising department at Lasell next year, has always liked clothes and has the ambition to become a buyer.

Last Christmas she sold accessories at the new Arnold Constable unit in Hackensack, New Jersey, and this summer she is working at Bloomingdale's in a dress department until the College Shop opens on the first of August.

Another merchandiser, Jane Carroll, who lives in Belmont, Massachusetts, will serve on the Filene's College Fashion Board as a repre-

sentative of Lasell Junior College this year. She has previously represented Belmont High School on White's Fashion Board. Jane, also a senior in the merchandising department next fall, came to Lasell because of the good reports she had heard about that particular course.

She owns to considerable experience in the merchandising field, having worked in Filene's in the high school shop or the junior miss shop for three years during the summer and at Christmas time, and she is working in the same store through this summer season. Not only has Jane proved herself able in sales work, but she has distinguished herself as a photographer's model, and has modeled for Simplicity pattern shows.

Prom Date

THE sun streamed through the dorm window and fell across the faces of the two college girls stretched out on the bed.

"Tell me, Ellen. What happened?"

"Well, I called the dorm and he wasn't there, so I left a message for him to call me as soon as he got in. I still feel foolish asking a fellow I've only been out with once to a formal. I bet he won't even remember who I am."

"Don't be silly, Ellen. Don't you think Harvard men like to go to formals, too? . . . What's his name again?"

"Bob Upton—from Chesley House. Golly, this waiting is driving me mad."

"Calm down, Roomie, all he can say is no. I bet . . . Oh . . . there's the phone."

From down the hall came another female voice. "Hey, Ellen, it's for you. It's a man."

Five minutes later Ellen bounced back onto the bed. "He's coming, Jody. He's coming! He said he got my message in the library, and he'd love to come, and he asked what color dress I'm wearing, and . . ."

"Slow down, Snooks, and take a breath. Boy, is that neat. How did he sound? What time is he coming?"

"His voice was deeper than I remembered it, but oh, so smooth! He's coming at eight-thirty. Oh, Jody, I'm so happy!"

Gowns were draped on doors all through the week and by Saturday night the smell of perfume and nail polish filled the dorm. At eight-twenty Ellen stood before the mirror. "There, how do I look, Jody?"

"Luscious, Roomie. Fix your left glove. You look like Hedy Lamarr herself. The gardenias just add the finishing touch. Oh, oh. He's arrived. I'm dying to see him."

"Oh, Jody. Wish me luck. I've got butterflies in my tummy!"

Ellen went down the stairs smiling. But at the last step she halted abruptly.

"Hello, Ellen."

"But—You're not Bob Upton!"

"I most certainly am."

"You can't be. I've never seen you before. Oh, this is awful. Are you from Harvard? Chesley House?"

"From Harvard, yes. Chesley House—no."

"I don't understand—"

"But I talked with you on the phone. You asked me—"

"Not you. The Bob Upton I know lives at Chesley House. Oh, what'll we do now?"

For a full minute they faced each other in silence. Then Bob spoke. "Look, Ellen. We're both ready to go to a wonderful dance. I still would like to take you if you want to go. How about it?"

"Well, I—"

"Can't you pretend you asked me to come—but you *did*! I mean, pretend that I'm Bob Upton—but I *am*! Oh, heck, you know what I mean—"

"Mr. Bob Upton-from-Harvard-not-Chesley-House . . . it would be a pleasure!" As they turned to go, they looked at each other and laughed.

A triôlet I had to write,
With rhyme and meter that would please.
I thought and thought with all my might.
A triôlet I had to write.
It haunted me both day and night;
I felt completely ill at ease.
A triôlet I had to write,
With rhyme and meter that would please.

Ruth Rooney

There once was a young man of Rollege
Who determined that he'd go to college.
So he went, and they got
All the money he brought,
But he didn't acquire any knowledge.

Anne Ellsworth

There was an old man of Lenie
Who vowed to the moon he would fly
And though he sure tried—
Flapped his arms 'til he died—
He still didn't get very high.

Anne Ellsworth

Faithfully Yours

FRAN was setting the table for dinner when the phone rang.

"That must be Jim," she thought, "calling to say he'll be late again. Poor darling, he's worked late every night for two weeks. You'd think Merrill and Black was the only architectural firm in Chicago, from the amount of business they've been handling."

"Hello?"

"Honey, I'm sorry to be late again tonight, but an old Army pal of mine came into the office this afternoon and time got away from us. You've heard me mention Bob Lewis . . . with my squadron on Attu?"

"Bob Lewis! Why, no, I don't think so. I didn't know you knew anyone by that name." ("It must be a different Bob Lewis," Fran told herself. "It's a common enough name.")

"Well, say, suppose I bring him out to dinner tonight? Want you to meet him. He's only in town for one night. Could we fix him up in the guest room?"

(Dear God, it couldn't be. . . .) "But Jim," she managed, "we can't."

"Oh, baby, sure we can. Don't fuss, just put an extra plate on the table and we'll drive out in about an hour Okay? Say something, darling."

"Oh, I'm sorry, Jim. I'm just trying to think of what we can have for dinner Oh, well, bring him along and we'll see Bye, dear."

She put the phone back in its cradle slowly, and automatically stood up and looked at herself in the round gilt mirror over the little table. The oval face with the deep-set hazel eyes looked back at her blankly. It occurred to her that this was what Jim called her "Madonna Look," the glossy black hair pulled back with its clean white center part from the high round forehead, the straight not-quite Roman nose. She noticed automatically that she needed lipstick . . . that she'd better

change into her more sophisticated red wool . . . Bob had liked her in red.

Bob? Something happened to her knees. She had to sit down and somehow sort out her thoughts. It just couldn't be . . . ? It was four years ago this November that they had said good-bye to each other at Penn Station in New York. It was two years after that that she had met and married Jim. She'd always wondered if Bob had ever gotten her announcement, if he ever knew her married name.

She could still see him walking away in the blur of smoke and uniforms at the station that night. He had looked very tall and very masculine in the trim Air Corps battle jacket. And he had looked very determined. She remembered how at the last minute he had thrown down his cigarette and almost viciously ground it under his heel and looked down at her with that same combination of tenderness and humor that never left his blue eyes even when he was most serious.

"I love you," he had said, "and I always will. Remember that." And there was a long kiss among all the twosomes of kisses that were going on, and the crowds seemed to surge away and then almost as suddenly closed in on her—and she was alone, a forlorn figure in her deceptively brave red coat, watching the top of his head disappear down the escalator to the train.

It had been hard toward the end not to run after him and tell him what her heart had been crying all afternoon — that she couldn't bear to let him go out of her life with no assurance that he could ever come back to her again.

But it was too late, now. He was gone, and she knew it was useless to try to find him again. One Air Corps lieutenant among hundreds—one olive drab uniform among thousands.

Fran had walked home slowly and wearily, wondering if her life would be worth living

now that her one main interest had been taken away. She had known Bob for only ten months, but somehow she couldn't remember much about anything that had happened before she had met him. She had seen him five or six nights out of every week of those short months, and the few nights he had not been with her were full of reading up on current affairs, in order to talk with him intelligently, or making herself more beautiful, for him to look at. All of her friends had drifted away, for she hadn't much time for them. Bob was all she had, and all she wanted. Now that he was gone, the days stretched bleakly before her, holding no promise of happiness until the day he would come back to her again.

Her position as secretary to one of the executives of the telephone company was a lifesaver for Fran. It helped the days to pass by a little faster, until, after a while, they became just intervals between mail deliveries. She rushed home at noon each day to check her letter-box, and again after work. Then after a makeshift dinner, she would sit in front of the fire in her once cozy living room and make excuses to herself as to why she hadn't received even a line from Bob. At first she had thought that he was waiting for a permanent address to send her, before writing, but after a while she realized that he wasn't going to write—ever.

Then she began to forget—slowly, at first, and then more rapidly after she had met Jim poor Jim she had never told him about Bob. Why hurt him unnecessarily? She would never see Bob again. He was a part of her life to be forgotten—or at least, tucked away into the farthest corner of her heart. But, now, it seemed she was going to see him again, right here in this house. In Jim's house. And *Jim* was bringing him. . . .

Jim was a good husband. Slow and easy going, he was the perfect complement to her. She had always been quick to anger, and just as quick to forget that anger. She seemed to live half the time in the depths and the other

half in the heights. Jim had been the balance she needed. Life with him, though it rarely reached ecstatic heights, never reached the miserable depths she had experienced with Bob. Jim's love made her content and often happy.

When she had first met him, he had realized that she was unhappy, almost to the point of being neurotic. He had asked no questions, though, but had gone quietly about the business of making her forget what was bothering her so. Night after night, he took her to dinner at small but gay little restaurants, and then to a musical show or a carefree comedy, where she learned to smile and laugh all over again. Sometimes, when she saw an old mutual friend of hers and Bob's or went some place that reminded her of him, she would become depressed, again. It was at these times, which came less and less frequently as the months went by, that Jim was the kindest of all. Then he was content to sit at home with her, almost in silence, if she wished or to listen to the radio or just talk. . . .

Then, after almost a year of being with Jim three or four nights a week, time began to go more swiftly again, and, almost without realizing it, Fran began to wait impatiently for Jim to call on the telephone or come to see her, rather than for the postman to come with the hoped-for letter from Bob or a call from him. Jim seemed to sense this change in her, for he treated her differently as soon as the change became noticeable. He was as gentle and kind as ever, but now it was in the manner of a lover, rather than just a pal. When he asked her one night to go with him to his home town to meet his family, she knew that it meant much more than it seemed on the surface. Sure enough, a few days after they got back from the trip, he asked her to be his wife. She didn't hesitate even a minute, for she knew by that time that Jim was the one man she had ever met who could make her happy, not for just a week or month, but for the rest of her life.

They were married in Jim's home town.

His sister was her maid of honor, and a mutual friend of theirs gave her away. She remembered the wedding with a pang of melancholy. It had been just right. She had worn a white satin dress with a long veil and orange blossoms and had looked just as she always dreamed she would.

Since that night, the time had flown by. Jim had been offered a position with Merrill and Black here in Chicago, and they had moved out from New York. Last year, Jim had designed and built their bungalow in Glendale. It was a lovely place—a house she was proud for anyone to visit. She had had so much fun decorating it. Jim had given her a free hand and she had made it as charming on the inside as he had on the outside.

Yes, she was happy! But that was only until Jim had called and said so casually that he was bringing Bob Lewis out for the night. Just one mention of his name had thrown her into turmoil. She didn't know what would happen when she saw him again. Maybe it would be the same as before. Perhaps she would want to forget everything just as though the last two years had meant nothing.

"Stop it! Forget this foolishness and get to work. Run across the street and borrow some extra ice-cubes from Betty Bennett and dash upstairs and dust the guest room, and be sure that everything is ready to put into the oven when the door opens.

"How do you do, Mr. Lewis? I'm not used to situations like this. Some girls could take them right in their stride, but I'm not one of them. So forgive me if I seem a bit off the beam. . . ."

"Why, I *am* off the beam. I can't even think straight. I'd better lie down on the bed, and try to collect my thoughts. They'll be here in half an hour."

Jim came in first, looking more carefree than he had for several weeks. Bob followed him, but stood for a minute in the entrance foyer, glancing appreciatingly at the beautiful job of interior decorating Fran had done. He

had aged ten years in appearance since she had last seen him, barely four years before. He wasn't any handsomer now, but he looked more like a man of the world. There were a few grey hairs sprinkled like salt in his pepper black hair, but they served to give him the distinguished air that he had lacked before.

"Hello, honey. This is Bob Lewis, Bob, my wife."

"How do you do, Mr. Lewis? Jim and I are so glad" ("Don't act like a high school girl. Be friendly, but be vague. Smile, and act as though you've never seen him before he may have forgotten.")

"I think we've met before, Mrs. Sanders," he said slowly, and his hand touched hers briefly, but firmly.

"Where?" said Jim quickly, looking handsome but very bewildered.

"I'm afraid you're mistaken, Mr. Lewis. I feel sure I would remember you if we'd met before."

"You must remember, Fran. It was in New York. You had an apartment on 58th street between 5th and 6th Avenues. It was only four years ago. You can't have forgotten completely."

"New York!" exclaimed Fran, as if that explained everything. "Why you know how New York was during the first few years of the war. Every party you went to you met fifty new people. But I do believe I remember you, now. At least your face is familiar. But when Jim called I didn't recognize the name I've always been so *horrible* about names!—but do come in. Jim can run upstairs and change and then we'll sit down to dinner right away. I know Jim will"

Relief flooded Jim's face as he agreed. "Yes dear, you and Bob go on into the living room. I'll be down in a jiffy."

As they walked in and sat down on the sofa together, it seemed that the silence between them was worse than any words could be

Then Bob murmured, "So you don't remember me: You don't remember New York

and 58th Street, and Tony's, or Penn Station that last afternoon?"

"Bob, please."

"You do remember, don't you?"

"Yes, I wish I didn't. I wish . . ."

"I know," he said. "You wish I'd never turned up here, today or ever."

"You've changed quite a bit," she said.

"And you, too. All for the better though. Jim must make you a good husband."

"He is a nice guy."

"Are you in love with him?"

"I don't know. I've thought so for several years, but now that I've seen you again, I don't know. All I do know is that I feel like I did before you left."

"Fran, my precious, there's something I have wanted to tell you for so long but I couldn't until now. I couldn't marry you four years ago in New York. There was a girl in Nevada whom I was married to. She hated me, but wouldn't give me a divorce. I guess she just wanted the security. After I left you I went out to see her. I practically got down on my hands and begged her to let me go. She just laughed at me. So you see, I couldn't write to you to try to see you or anything, not as long as I was tied down in any way to another woman."

Jim came down the stairs in his blue suit, looking handsome and affable. He was the kind of person you like the minute you meet him. Like and trust. Fran knew he was faithful to her not because he felt he had to be, but because he wanted to be. She knew, too, if he ever discovered his wife was anything less than faithful to him, his entire world would come crashing down. Her heart tightened with actual physical pain when she looked at him and thought of what was happening.

Fran didn't say much during dinner. Things were moving too fast for her. Bob hadn't left her four years ago and not written for no reason at all. It was because he was married to a woman out in Nevada who wouldn't divorce him, so he had bowed out of

her life before he had hurt her any more. Which meant that he must have loved her very much. As much as she had loved him.

When they had finished their coffee in the living room, Jim said that he had a phone call to make, and Bob and Fran were alone again. Bob lit two cigarettes, put one between her lips, and left the other between his own—just like old times.

She smoked and inhaled deeply, the fumes making her eyes smart. Bob said, exactly as though Jim had never come downstairs and interrupted them, "You got over me and married Jim and you've been happy, or have you?"

"Yes, I've been happy." She had been happy. She and Jim had had fun during the last two years. Why, then, hadn't her feeling for him survived this meeting with Bob Lewis? The instant he had walked in the door tonight, she knew she hadn't forgotten one single thing about him. Who said four years was a long time? It might have been yesterday that he had kissed her good-bye. Even the lonely months spent waiting for word from him were forgotten, now that he was here.

Forgotten, too, was the fact that he had not even tried to get in touch with her for the last four years.

Only, it seemed, he had. A year ago, when he had come through New York on his way home from overseas, he had searched with all his effort to find her.

"I went to the apartment on 58th Street," he said, "but you had moved. I called two or three people whom I thought might know where you were, but they were either out of town, didn't answer the telephone, or didn't know where you could be."

Fran then asked why he was finally free from his wife.

"Mary met a Navy flyer when she was visiting out on the coast. Being a citizen of Nevada, she was granted a divorce almost immediately. Of course, there was a paper sent to me, which I was more than willing to sign."

Mary. So that had been her name. This woman whom she had never even known existed. She tried to fit a face to the name and couldn't. She couldn't make it seem real that Bob had even had a wife. And then suddenly, the thing hit her. He had had a wife who wouldn't divorce him so that he couldn't marry her, Fran. But now this woman was out of the picture—which must mean that, so far as Bob was concerned, if she wanted him, she could still have him—not for a few weeks, or a few months, but forever.

"Darling, imagine how I felt when I walked into this house tonight, and saw you standing there in your little red dress, and then when you handed me that line about New York, and meeting so many people—darling, that was really"

She said, "It wasn't easy for me either. Don't think that it was."

"Nothing is easy about any of this," said Bob. "Someone's going to get hurt, badly hurt, and unless I'm terribly mistaken it's going to be Jim."

Jim came back in, just at that moment. His smile, so swift, so reassuring, so frankly affectionate, did something terrifying to her. Why had this had to happen to a nice person like Jim?

But she couldn't go on with him, not loving him; he was the last person in the world to want her to. It would do something quite horrible to her, and in the end, to him. Because sooner or later he would be bound to know. Better to strike quickly than to drag it out; better to make a clean, swift break. She'd tell him tomorrow. She'd wait until he came back from the station after putting Bob on the train and then she'd tell him.

Jim would stare at her, his eyes stunned, sick with bewilderment and disbelief. As long as she lived she would never be able to forget the way his eyes would look at her, the way his voice would sound when he spoke. She might forget what he said to her, the actual words that would pass between them, but she would never forget his eyes or the

way his voice would sound saying those words.

Suddenly she shivered uncontrollably, and Jim reached out and found her hand, and his fingers closed around it warmly.

Her first impulse was to drag her own hand away. It seemed hypocritical, somehow, to leave it there. She had no right any more to that comfort, that reassurance which the slightest touch of his hand had always given her. No right at all. Never again so long as she lived could she turn to Jim for anything.

Then, gradually, as the warmth of his fingers crept into her own, she felt herself relaxing. Some steadily mounting tension inside her began slowly to let go. The room, which had been spinning around crazily, settled back into place. She found herself breathing normally again, lightly. The pain in her chest was gone. The tightness left her throat. She was no longer frantic as to how she was going to tell Jim about Bob, because she knew, then, that she wasn't going to tell him anything.

There wasn't, actually, anything to tell him. She wasn't in love with Bob. She hadn't been, really, for years. If she were, she wouldn't be sitting here worrying about Jim. If she were in love with Bob, only that would be important. If she were in love with Bob, Jim would be just a vague, indeterminate person, who, for the moment, was standing in the way of her happiness and must, therefore, be eliminated as swiftly and as permanently as possible. Because when you are in love, truly, deeply in love, only one person counts. Everyone else melts into the background, becoming just a name and a face.

She knew because it had been that way when Bob had left her, and it was that way now when she tried to imagine herself leaving Jim. Before, only Bob had been important, just as now only Jim was!

* * * * *

Fran awoke with a start. She realized she had been dreaming and, looking at her wrist-watch, she saw she had only a few minutes to get dressed before Jim would arrive with Bob.

She was glad she had dropped off to sleep and had that dream, for it had helped her realize that no one, not even Bob Lewis could wreck her marriage with Jim.

She knew that from now on their marriage would be happier than ever—for she had cleared the thought of Bob Lewis out of that deep recess in her heart.

The bell rang, and Fran walked downstairs confidently, almost joyfully, ready to face anything that Bob might say or do. Fran opened the door, kissed Jim lightly and then held out her hand to welcome Bob Lewis. She was more than a little amused to see that *this* Bob Lewis was a man she had never seen before in her life.

Marion Smitherman

There was a young lady named Frances
Who never missed going to dances;
She spinned and she twirled,
She conquered the world,
And the men she most gaily entrances.

Patricia Mertz

POEM

It was not fate,
How well I knew,
That made him late.
It was not fate
But it was Kate.
He was untrue.
It was not fate,
How well I knew.

Nancy Hayner

COMMENCEMENT

Our life begins when we must leave these halls;
It is an end, but more a life begun;
For life to hardships, joys, and pleasures calls,
When last our songs of sorrow have been sung.
This era opens like the endless sea
That stretches wide and empty in our view,
And beckons us to sail—which is the key
That summons us to start our life anew.
Now is the time to practice what we know,
And knowledge we have gained to put to use,
That soon our lives may richer, higher grow,
And value of these years we will not lose.
A challenge for us all to make our life
Worth while and real, yet never shunning strife.

Marcia Landick



Faculty and Administration Notes

Dr. and Mrs. Guy M. Winslow are busy settling their new home on South Street, Medfield, Mass. Lasell's new president, Mr. Raymond C. Wass, who took over his executive duties on July 1, has moved into the Winslow's former home on Woodland Road.



Mrs. Statira P. McDonald

Lasell will be missing the graciousness and charming presence of our assistant dean, Mrs. Statira Preble McDonald, who retired this June after thirty years of service at the college. Mrs. McDonald is now at home in a pleasant new apartment in Sackville, New Brunswick, close by her daughter, Gwendolyn McDonald Black, '18-'28. Her summer days have been filled with visits to the shore with her grandchildren, entertaining former Acadia College friends, and "becoming acquainted with all the modern homemaking equipment—especially the pressure cooker."

Miss Lillian G. Bethel, member of the Lasell staff since her graduation in 1928, has resigned her position here to work in the Waltham (Mass.) Hospital.

In September, Miss Sarah Root, for nine years head dietitian at Lasell, will take up her duties as dietitian at the Westminster School in Simsbury, Conn.

Miss Editha Hadcock, member of the faculty from 1936 to 1943, has received her Ph.D. degree from Cornell University and will teach at DePauw University, Greencastle, Ind., next year.

Miss Velma Colson, instructor in merchandising from 1943 to 1947, is head of the training department at Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl M. Franklin (Carolyn Craig, librarian '42-'43), are parents of a second son, Sterling Craig Franklin, born May 9, 1947.

Appointed dean of women and director of admissions at Gordon College of Theology and Missions, is Mrs. Blanche Danforth Varney, member of the faculty at Woodland Park School during 1930-31.

Miss Ruth E. Dunham (Woodland Park faculty, '26-'31), is spending the summer at Willoughby Lake, Westmore, Vt. Since her father's death in 1946, she and her mother have lived in Northampton, Mass., where Miss Dunham is a member of the faculty of Northampton School for Girls.

"Enjoy New England cooking in the charming atmosphere of a century-and-a-half-old house situated on the Town Green in historic Washington." So reads the advertisement of The Toby Jug in Washington, N. H., where Miss Mary Worcester and Mrs. Ruth Tobey Lindquist are serving luncheon, tea and dinner to enthusiastic customers daily during the summer.

In the garden of her parents' home in Orleans, Vt., Miss Ilene L. Derick, member of the Class of 1941 and secretary to Lasell's dean, Miss Ruth Rothenberger, became the bride, on July 5, 1947, of Mr. Richard F. Whelpley of Weston, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Whelpley are at home at 5 Derby St., Waltham.

Dr. Ann M. Weygandt, faculty '43-'47, will teach English at the University of Delaware next year.

June 6, 1947 was the date of the wedding, in Auburndale, of Miss Patricia Wilson, formerly of the Lasell office staff, and Mr. Roger Mason Amadon. Mr. and Mrs. Amadon are living at 39 Gray Cliff Road, Newton Centre 59, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell G. Carter of Newton announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Virginia G. Carter, instructor in art since 1944, to Mr. Norman M. Neagle, son of Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Neagle of Belmont. Mr. Neagle, a graduate of Harvard in 1942, is an engineer with General Electric in Schenectady, where he and Virginia will live after their marriage in November.

In the June 24 issue of the *Boston Traveler*, Miss Eileen Sutherland, accompanist for the dance groups at Lasell, is written up in Natalie Gordon's "Gracious Ladies" column. Miss Sutherland attended the New England Conservatory of Music, where she studied piano with George Gibson; and later studied organ with Ira Bates of Boston and harmony with Mme. Vera Popova in New York City. As organist she has played an engagement at the Copley Plaza's Merry-Go-Round Room, and now holds forth at the Hammond organ in the Winfield House, Quincy. A composer as well as a performer, she has composed music for dance groups at Tufts, Radcliffe and Lasell. Guests at Lasell's dance peagant, "Alice in Wonderland," in June, heard her musical score written for that occasion.

Miss Margaret L. Jones, '38, until recently assistant dietitian at Lasell, and Miss Esther Sosman, '36, alumnae secretary, together with Miss Marjorie Andrews, '36, will leave Midland, Mich., by car early in September, to drive to California. They plan to settle in San Diego.

Lasell wishes to acknowledge two recent gifts to the library, from Nellie Feagles Kattelle, '97, and Miss Sally Turner of the faculty. Mrs. Kattelle has given 18 volumes of *Waverley Novels*, and Miss Turner, 12 volumes, *Waverley Novels*, and 12 volumes, *English Comedie Humaine*.

MR. WILLIAM H. EMERSON

William H. Emerson, 73, of West Commonwealth Road, Wayland, Mass., formerly of Auburndale, died August 1 at an Ashland Rest Home. For twenty years, from 1924 to 1944, he was house man at Lasell, where his friendly smile and his ever-ready willingness to help at any time, made him greatly loved by all. His many friends now at Lasell, and those who knew him at the college in past years, extend sympathy to Mrs. Emerson, her son, Mr. George F. Emerson, and daughter, Mrs. Carl E. Hatch.

VILLANELLE

If I see you again some day,
And fancy tells me that I might,
I wonder what you'll have to say.

My thoughts to you so often stray,
Sad thoughts—will they once more be bright
If I see you again some day?

If you should chance to pass my way,
You could make sunshine out of night;
I wonder what you'll have to say.

Perhaps you'll pause awhile and stay;
My eyes would welcome such a sight,
If I see you again some day.

Your laughter still is young and gay,
But when it loses all its light,
I wonder what you'll have to say.

In every quarrel one must pay,
But it takes two to set it right.
If I see you again some day,
I wonder what you'll have to say.

Marjorie Weinman





Your New Alumnae Magazine

For some time the alumnae and members of the faculty and administration have considered separating the Personals column from the students' literary and art magazine, making two publications. The Board of Management of Lasell Alumnae, Inc., in cooperation with the officers of the college, has planned a new alumnae magazine which will continue to use the name, Lasell LEAVES.

The new LEAVES will appear for the first time this November. Besides the usual class notes and lists of weddings, engagements, births and deaths, there will be campus notes, faculty notes, club notices, photographs and articles by and of particular interest to alumnae and faculty. There will be four issues a year.

Because of the added expense of this new enterprise, Lasell Alumnae, Inc., is asking you to increase your annual donation to the Alumnae Fund. [Your alumnae organization has already given to the college, this year, \$5,000.00 for the newly established Winslow Building Fund.] Your opportunity to contribute to the Alumnae Fund will come in September, when the annual notices, formerly sent out in January, will be mailed to you. We are hoping to break all records for membership.

Who will receive the new LEAVES? Only those members of the alumnae, faculty and college administration (past and present) who contribute \$2.00 or more to the Alumnae Fund each year will receive the magazine, *with the following exceptions:*

1. Life Members and those who have started Life Membership on the installment plan will receive the LEAVES whether or not they contribute to the Alumnae Fund.
2. Alumnae who are already subscribers to the

LEAVES and the *News* will continue to receive both publications until their subscriptions expire.

3. Alumnae who paid \$1.00 alumnae dues in advance for 1948 need pay only \$1.00 more in order to receive the LEAVES next year.
4. Members of the Class of 1947, which joined Lasell Alumnae, Inc., in a body in June, will not be asked to contribute to the Alumnae Fund until September 1948. They will receive the LEAVES for the current year.

Naturally these changes bring many questions to your mind. We have endeavored to answer most of these, but if you have others, please send them to the Alumnae Secretary, Lasell Junior College, Auburndale 66, Mass. We also welcome your criticisms and suggestions. This will be your magazine; help make it an outstanding alumnae publication of which we may well be proud.

[We should like to correct the common fallacy that only *graduates* of a school or college are alumnae. An alumna is a member of a school or college *class* that has been graduated. Every girl who attended Lasell Seminary or Junior College for at least one quarter of a year is on our alumnae list. Approximately 10,000 girls have attended; forty-five hundred are on the present LEAVES mailing list.]

Weddings

Winona W. Wiggin, '25-'27 Special, and Mr. Andrew C. Andrews, June 21, 1947 at Milford, N. H. Mr. Andrews is the brother of *Harriet Andrews Ray*, '26-'27. They will live in Wallingford, Conn., for the present.

Elizabeth Page Flemming, '32, and Mr. John C. Sealey, Jr. (Univ. of Maine), July 9, 1947 at Skow-

hegan, Maine. Mr. Sealey served with the Navy three and one-half years.

Bernice Silva Darrah, '35, and Mr. George C. Davis (Howard College, Birmingham, Ala.), Jan. 10, 1947 at Tifton, Ga. Mr. Davis served in Army Air Forces for over five years as installer of radio equipment and navigator. He is now installer for Western Electric, working for Southern Bell Telephone Company.

Deborah Sweet, '37, and Mr. Chester Rowland King (New England Conservatory of Music), June 21, 1947 at Hartford, Conn. Mr. King is a musician employed at Rhode Island Textile Company, Pawtucket.

Lucael B. Welsh, '40, and Mr. Victor S. Berni (Princeton, '42), April 5, 1947 at Kingston, Pa. Mr. Berni is a security analyst at W. R. Grace and Company. Lucael teaches at New York School of Interior Decoration.

Ilene L. Derick, '41, and Mr. Richard F. Whelpley (Northeastern Univ.), July 5, 1947 at Orleans, Vt. Mr. Whelpley is owner of Whelpley Radio Service, Weston, Mass.

Rosemary Ermilio, '41, and Mr. Amerigo Zamarro (Worcester Junior College, '42), April 22, 1946 at Worcester, Mass. Mr. Zamarro is Deputy Tax Collector with the U. S. Treasury Department, Division of Internal Revenue.

Lucille M. Hooker, '41, and Mr. William Arthur Paterson (Univ. of Vermont, '47), June 21, 1947 at St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Marion F. Parmer, '41, and Mr. Russell Arthur Wheeler (Clark Univ.; Fitchburg State Teachers College, M.E.), June 21, 1947 at Worcester, Mass. *June Cherry*, '42 was a bridesmaid. Mr. Wheeler will teach a year at Warren, Mass., High School, after which he will study for his doctor's degree in education at Columbia University.

Madeline D. Vivian, '41, and Mr. Howard E. Murphy (Manhattan College, '42), June 7, 1947 at Ansonia, Conn. Madeline's Lasell roommate, *Virginia Whalen Petrie*, '41, was matron of honor.

Alison L. Hatfield, '42, and Mr. Philip William Gore, June 26, 1947 at Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. Mr. Gore served with Army Air Forces for five years, including overseas duty.

Barbara Raye Leonard, '42, and Mr. Joseph Francis Wiser, Jr., July 3, 1947 at Newtown, Conn.

Mary E. Mallory, '42, and Mr. John Bentz Carroll (Dickinson College; Harvard Business School, '41), April 26, 1947 at Douglaston, N. Y. Mr. Carroll is an investment broker.

Victoria Muehlberg, x-'42, and 1st Lt. Wilbur Dean Warner, Medical Corps, U.S.A. (Allegheny College; Temple Univ. School of Medicine), July 5, 1947, at Montclair, N. J. *Barbara Walworth*, '42, was a bridesmaid.

Elizabeth A. Moore, '43, and Mr. Robert Wilson

Young (Reed College, Portland, Ore., '41), July 5, 1947 at Staunton, Va. *Jean Brock*, '43, was a bridesmaid. Mr. Young is in the hardware business.

Anita D. Scott, '43, and Mr. Richard Lewis Wanner, June 25, 1947 at Woodbridge, Conn. *Joan Hunting*, '43, was maid of honor, and *Betty McAvoy*, '43, a bridesmaid. Mr. Wanner, who was a 1st lieutenant in the Army Air Forces during the war, is the son of *Lucinda Obermeyer Wanner*, '18. Nita is the daughter of *Anita Hotchkiss Scott*, '18, and niece of *Alcine Hotchkiss Rippere*, '03-'07.

Jane Tarbutton, '43, and Mr. Thomas Roper Travis (Benjamin Franklin Univ., Washington, D. C., '41), June 28, 1947 at Fredericksburg, Va. *Betty Moore Young*, '43, was a bridesmaid. Mr. Travis is attending Mary Washington College of the University of Virginia. Jane will continue teaching at James Monroe High School, Fredericksburg.

Jane B. Timm, '43, and Mr. George Irwin Engle (Northeastern Univ., '47; Purdue Univ.), June 7, 1947 at Newton Centre, Mass. *Pauline Keefe*, '43, was a bridesmaid. Mr. Engle is a civil engineer with the Hingham Construction and Supply Company.

Elizabeth L. Walker, '43, and Mr. Edward O'Neill Young (U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.), June 7, 1947 at Utica, N. Y. *Edna Lyons*, '43, was maid of honor. Mr. Young is a salesman for General Foods.

Kathryn J. Evans, '44, and Mr. John C. Downs (Adelphi Acad., '40), June 21, 1947. *Mary Ramsdell*, '44, was maid of honor. Mr. Downs is a junior executive with W. J. Grant Company.

Geraldine King, '44, and Mr. Arthur John Garatti (Cooper Union, N. Y. C.), July 26, 1947 at South Windsor, Conn. Mr. Garatti is a photographer.

Alba Squarcia, '44, and Mr. Thomas John McLinsky, Aug. 24, 1946 at Plainfield, N. J.

Constance Hill, x-'44, and Mr. Quentin Orville Young, June 28, 1947 at Newtonville, Mass. Mr. Young served with the 5th Air Force in the Pacific.

Bernice Coyne, '45, and Mr. Jacob Boon, Jr. (Newark Univ.), June 28, 1947 at Essex Fells, N. J. Mr. Boon, who served as an Army Air Forces lieutenant for three and one-half years, is associated with the Home Life Insurance Company, New York City.

Gretchen E. Fuller, '45, and Mr. Robert Boyd Beers (Dartmouth; Tufts, '47), June 28, 1947 at Bronxville, N. Y. *Frances Starr Robinson*, '45, was matron of honor. Mr. Beers is an engineer with Ebasco Services Corp., New York City.

Violet Greenwood, '45, and Mr. Arthur D. Kaufman (N. Y. State College of Forestry, Syracuse), May 24, 1947 at Framingham, Mass.

Naomi C. Lederman, '45, and Mr. Everett P. Grossman (Thayer Acad.). Mr. Grossman, who served with the Army Corps of Engineers for three years, with duty in China and Burma, has reentered Harvard College.

Muriel A. Ross, '46, and Mr. Richard Benshimol (Harvard, '47), June 15, 1947 at Cambridge, Mass. Constance Wilbur, '46, was maid of honor, and Marilyn Blodgett, '46 and Joanna Lamb, '47, bridesmaids. Gail and Joan Summerhays, daughters of Florence Ross Summerhays, '40, and nieces of the bride, were flower girls.

Jane E. Bergwall, x-'46, and Mr. Mayo Adams Shattuck, Jr. (Noble and Greenough School; Harvard), June 5, 1947 at Boston, Mass. Mr. Shattuck is a graduate of the Armored Officers Candidate School at Fort Knox, Ky., and served as aide-de-camp at Fort Bragg, N. C. He is a junior at Harvard.

Mary B. Scribner, x-'46, and Mr. Charles Frederick Abbott, Jr. (Brown, '45), June 14, 1947 at Glen Ridge, N. J. Joan Babcock, '46, and Patricia Reynolds, x-'46, were bridesmaids.

Helen M. Widenor, '47, and Ens. Emera S. Bailey, U.S.N. (Dartmouth; Harvard), July 20, 1947 at Dover, N. J. Gloria Sylvia, '46, was vocal soloist.

Helen R. Bowser, x-'48, and Mr. Ronald Eugene Sayers, June 1, 1947 at Auburndale, Mass. Mr. Sayers served overseas with the Navy for two years.

Carol J. Rockman, x-'48, and Mr. Norman S. Feinberg (Harvard), at Boston, Mass. Mr. Feinberg served with the Army overseas for three and one-half years.

Engaged

Amoret Larchar, '33, to Mr. Thomas Skilton.

Grace Sheffer, '41, to Mr. Richard Baldwin Hendrick.

Marilyn J. Borne, '45, to Mr. Bruce McLane Ferguson.

Janice E. Schuelke, '46, to Mr. Frederick L. Test.

Births

May 5, 1947—a son, Paul Kevin, to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas P. Foley, Jr. (Helen Fitch, '32)

May 27, 1947—a son, Randall Hebert, to Mr. and Mrs. Russel W. Childs (Helen Bardua, '33)

May 31, 1947—a daughter, Sue Dee, to Lt. Col. and Mrs. Glenn E. Duncan (Marian Mapes, '36)

July 3, 1947—a first daughter and third child, Mary Elisabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. Richard E. Ide (Margaret Pearl, '36)

July 19, 1947—second child, a son, John Baber, to Mr. and Mrs. William J. Lounsbury (Ruth Baber, '37)

Recently—a second son, James Lee, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Dahlberg (Babe Beamer, '37)

June 6, 1947—a son, Thomas Graham, to Mr. and Mrs. Carl H. Amon, Jr. (Dorothy Coffin, '37)

May 19, 1947—a second son, James Nicholson, to Mr. and Mrs. Richard T. Culp (Mary Nicholson, '37)

May 22, 1947—a daughter, Kaye, to Mr. and Mrs. William K. McCampbell (Betty Tracy, '37)

October 27, 1946—a daughter, Joyce Alane, to Mr. and Mrs. Donald D. Barlow (Florence Keegan, x-'37)

April 24, 1937—a second daughter, Pamela Hartley, to Mr. and Mrs. James S. Ware (Eleanor Ayers, x-'38)

June 16, 1947—fourth child and second daughter, Louisa Harvie, to Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin T. Woodruff (Susan Cunningham, '39)

July 7, 1947—a second son, Jonathan Himes, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Neal, Jr. (Janice Donovan, '40)

May 8, 1947—a son, Bruce Lawrence, to Mr. and Mrs. C. Lawrence Carlson (Dorothy Brewer, '41)

July 27, 1947—a son, Douglas Porter, to Mr. and Mrs. Vandie A. Porter, Jr. (Constance Moore, x-'41)

July 26, 1947—a second son, James Richard, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Ficken (Sheila Hand, '39-'40 H. S.)

June 8, 1947—a daughter, Nan Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fetters (Patricia Annis, '42)

June 13, 1947—a daughter, Lea, to Dr. and Mrs. Harold J. Leider (Eileen Crehan, '42)

September 12, 1946—a son, James Fraser, to Dr. and Mrs. Harvey C. Pauley, Jr. (Mildred Fraser, '42)

May 11, 1947—a daughter, Mary Lynn, to Mr. and Mrs. Bob W. Roberts (Arline Kreider, '42)

May 24, 1947—a third child and first son, Gardner Edward, to Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Sullivan (Gwen Prouty, '42)

May 24, 1947—a son, Brooke, to Mr. and Mrs. Fredric H. Giddings (Gusta Morgan, '37-'41 H. S.)

April 18, 1947—a son, Robert Allen, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Wells (Shirley Wolcott, '43)

May 20, 1947—a daughter, Marguerite Jean, to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Casey (Jean Henry, x-'43)

March 18, 1947—a daughter, Jane Elizabeth, to Dr. and Mrs. William R. Staples (Betsy Maynard, '44)

February 28, 1947—a daughter, Barbara Jane, to Dr. and Mrs. James G. Clune, Jr. (Evelyn S. Allen, '44)

July 23, 1947—a son, Richard Westgate, to Mr. and Mrs. Douglas T. King (Claire Tracy, '45)

June 6, 1947—a daughter, Candice Marie, to Mr. and Mrs. Donald Conchar (Gloria Dupuis, x-'45)

January 14, 1947—a son, Kenneth Thomas, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth T. Maskell (Jeannette Ingersoll, '46)

Necrology

Elizabeth Merriam, '83-84, of Framingham, Mass., died in January 1947.

Clara Eads Levings, '93, died at Terre Haute, Ind., June 6, 1947 after a month's illness. Clara Eads was born in Paris, Ill., Dec. 3, 1873, daughter of James A. and Clara (Munsell) Eads. Her marriage to Mr. Charles S. Levings took place in December 1904. Surviving besides her husband are a daughter, Miss

Eleanor E. Levings, New York City; two sons, James E. Levings, New Kensington, Pa., and Charles S. Levings, Jr., Paris, Ill.; three grandchildren and three sisters.

Marion Josselyn Young, '93-'95, of Newton, Mass., died July 27, 1946. Her sister, *Lena Josselyn Lamson*, is a member of the Class of 1897.

Elizabeth Bolton Settle, '96-'97, of Ballston Spa, N. Y., died Oct. 22, 1944.

Lorraine P. Belliveau, '47, died as a result of an automobile accident, June 21, 1947. Lorraine was born Sept. 26, 1927 at Fitchburg, Mass., daughter of Albert and Florida (Guenette) Belliveau. After her graduation from St. Bernard's High School, Fitchburg, in 1945, she entered Lasell, where during her two years she was active in the Orphean and Dramatic Clubs and won her letter in volley ball. On June 7 she received the degree of Associate in Science. She was also awarded a Gregg certificate in shorthand. Lorraine's classmates and friends at Lasell extend sympathy to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Belliveau, and her brother, Mr. Paul Belliveau.

1897

Class President—*Nora Burroughs Dillingham* (Mrs. I. S.), 8 Gloucester St., Boston 15, Mass.

Until Alumnae Day, members of the Class of 1897, celebrating their fiftieth class reunion as guests of Lasell Junior College, had hoped that eight members would take an active part in their celebration, but on that day *Grace Washburn Hoskins* wired her regrets; *Zella Robinson Hakes* found it impossible to get away from her home in Fredonia, N. Y.; a recent X-ray photograph of a healing hip (broken last summer) failed to receive the sanction of *Nellie Feagles Kattelle's* surgeon for the long journey from Upper Montclair, N. J.; and *Edith Dresser*, of Providence, R. I., suffered a severe attack of the flu. The four who actually arrived were: *Emeline Carlisle Hill* and *Ann Warner*, both from Washington, D. C., *Edith Howe Kip*, from Passaic, N. J., and *Nora Burroughs Dillingham*, from nearby Boston.

The three-day celebration began with a "President's Luncheon" given at Brae Burn Country Club; the Alumnae Meeting in Bragdon Chapel; Alumnae Dinner at Dr. and Mrs. Winslow's table in the Bragdon dining room, and later Class Night exercises on the new Recreation Field with its beautiful outdoor setting.

Sunday, following dinner at the apartment of *Nora Burroughs Dillingham* in Boston, reunion letters were read from every living member of our class, thus proving our class motto, "Loyal en Tout." Memory books were brought out and laughed and wept over, and several letters (fortunately saved) written to "Marmee" by *Emeline Carlisle* during our

three years' stay at Lasell, gave many side lights on the life and activity of fifty years ago!

A heavy rain curtailed further activities for the day, which had included a concert at Mrs. Jack Gardner's Museum in Boston and Baccalaureate Services at Lasell. Monday, being fair and Commencement Day at the college, we again, as Lasell's guests, had a full, happy day, parting in the afternoon, our morale high and everyone loud in praise of the personal attention given us and the hospitality bestowed by Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Miss Sosman, the alumnae secretary, other faculty and staff members, and even the present-day girls themselves; feeling as did Shakespeare long ago, that one of the indications of a fortunate old age is "the troops of friends" it brings, for we left Lasell younger in spirit and deeper in our sense of loyalty, appreciation and gratitude to our beloved Alma Mater.

N. B. D.

Shortly after Commencement the college received a gift of \$40 from the members of 1897 who attended the reunion, to be added to the Winslow Building Fund, established in June by Lasell Alumnae, Inc. in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Guy M. Winslow. The class secretary is appealing to other members who could not return for reunion and therefore did not have the opportunity to contribute to the fund. Lasell is grateful to these members of the fifty-year class and to many others for their continued expressions of loyalty to their Alma Mater.

Helen Merriam Cornell, '02-'03, and *Edith Burke Wells*, '02-'03, spent Commencement week end in Auburndale and attended the many festivities. We are always happy to welcome these loyal Lasell girls.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Peyser (*Katharine Washburn*, '06) of Portsmouth, N. H., announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Virginia Washburn Peyser, to Mr. Russell Henry Kunkle, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert David Kunkle of Allentown, Pa. Virginia is a graduate of Wellesley College. The wedding will take place this autumn in Calcutta, India, where Mr. Kunkle is employed by the Standard Vacuum Oil Company.

Elizabeth Robinson Breed, '06-'07, was a recent caller at the college. Her new address is Moorheadville Road, Route 4, North East, Pa., where she will live with her son, Allen, who has a position with General Electric.

Among the many who returned to Lasell for Commencement week end were: *Agnes Bullard Hobart*, '08, *Grace Emerson Cole*, '08, *Lela Goodall Thornburg*, '08, *Charlotte Ryder Hall*, '08, *Louise B. Paisley*, '09, *Florence Swartwout Thomassen*, '09, *Julia DeWitt Read*, '10, *Grace Douglass Schindler*, '08-'10, and *Sally Guething Herrick*, '07-'09. Lela and her hus-



Members of the fifty-year class pictured with Dr. Winslow in June: Edith Howe Kip, Dr. Winslow, Nora Burroughs Dillingham, Ann Warner, Emeline Carlisle Hill.

band were planning a trip to Scandinavia, Denmark, Dublin and Edinburg, sailing about July 5 and returning September 2. Charlotte reported that she had called on *Miss Potter* in Portland this spring and found her remarkably well and happy under the devoted care of *Caroline Lindsay Haney*, '20. Charlotte also told us that *Mary Quick Dean*, '14, and her husband had seen *Maria Riker Hume*, '09, while on a trip to Florida earlier this year.

Marion Ordway Corley, '11, was on hand for alumnae festivities, as were *Ruth Bachelder Luscombe*, *Ruth Coulter Bierer*, *Miriam Flynn Speth* and *Mary Starr Utter Maxson*, of the Class of 1912, and *Pauline Rowland Lane*, '11-'12. Pauline's daughter, Janet, was a member of the graduating class, and Mary Starr's daughter (also named Mary Starr), a member of the junior class.

Classmates extend sympathy to *Cornelia Stone*, '10, on the death of her father, Mr. H. M. Stone, in May. He was president of the City National Bank, Kankakee, Ill., for 46 years.

Elinor Ryan Hixenbaugh, '12, is supervisor of case work in the Ohio Department of Public Welfare. Both her sons have been graduated from Ohio State University, and both served four years as officers (one in the Army Chemical Warfare Service, the other as executive officer on a destroyer through the Pacific campaign from New Guinea to Japan). They are now married and in business in Columbus. Elinor's husband, Mr. Walter A. Hixenbaugh, Jr., has been with the Federal Security Agency for a number of years. They have one three-year-old grandson.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene A. Dinot (*Edna Mathias*, '13) of Joliet, Ill., and their son, who was graduated from Harvard in June, called at Lasell June 4.

Marion Gray Rollins ('11-'12) daughter, Jane, was graduated from Colby College this year, and will enter Simmons School of Library Science in the fall.

Mary Quick Dean, '14, and *Marjorie Morrison Coburn*, '17, came from Providence, R. I., for Alumnae Day; *Elsie Doleman*, '14, of Brookline, Mass., was also on hand for some of the festivities. *Maude*

Hayden Keeney, whose daughter, *Florence*, is a member of the Class of 1948, and her sister, *Ruth Hayden*, '20, were on campus during the week end. *Ruth Thresher Jenks*, '14, came from Pawtucket, R. I., for the Commencement exercises.

Irene Lederer Dreyfus, '17, and her son, who will enter Harvard this fall, called at the college in July.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Dyer of Dover, Mass., have announced the marriage of their daughter, *Marjorie Helen Dyer*, and Mr. William Blanchard Shriner, which took place recently in the Wellesley Congregational Church. Mr. Shriner, son of Mr. and Mrs. Blanchard U. Shriner (*Katherine Moss*, '14-'18) of Wellesley Hills, was graduated from the Choate School, Wallingford, Conn., and from Babson Institute, Wellesley.

Roxanna Stark Burns, '18, came from Louisiana, Mo., for her daughter, *Ada's*, graduation. *Priscilla Alden Wolfe*, '19, of New Hampton, N. H., was on hand, too.

Among recent callers at Lasell were: Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Purviance (*Catherine Murchison*, '21) of Santiago, Chile, and their two daughters; *Carolyn Chandler Fitch*, '19-'20, of East Bridgewater, Mass., and her daughter, *Helen*; *Marguerite Stearns Cutler*, '20-'21, of Evanston, Ill.; and *Dorothy Alexander Windatt*, '21-'22, and her daughter, *Florence*, from Plainfield, N. J.

1922

Assistant Life Secretary—*Marjorie Lovering Harris* (Mrs. George S.), 3 Lovering Road, West Medford, Mass.

Especially to those who could not come we send this report as next best to being with us all at our most successful twenty-fifth reunion which started with a bang (or should I say chatter) at 12:30 sharp, June 7, at Brae Burn Country Club. Thirty-one present out of 73 living members, and all but 15 of those not able to attend sent some word or picture (and some, both) that we might reminisce (which is just what happened when your letters were read and pictures passed at Brae Burn and again at *Phyllis Rafferty Shoemaker's*). How we wish those 15 had sent even the return card.

A delicious luncheon was served, topped off with, of course, a "Fudgey." White roses brought by *Flossie Day Wentworth* gave the table our green and white class colors, and the favors were clear lucite perpetual calendars with our numerals and school seal in gold on the base. Oh yes, they are good for fifty years, so keep 'em set!

Kay Howe Thomas drew honor prize for traveling the farthest distance, from Fort Worth, Texas, with *Jean Field Faires* of Lincoln, Nebraska, as runner up for "consolation award." Did you ever measure the

distance to each from Lasell? We were honest; it was *Kay's* honor.

At Alumnae Meeting, *Phyllis* was the proudest gal present when she announced to Dr. Winslow, in behalf of the class, that our class gift was over \$700 and would be added to the newly established Winslow Building Fund, with the exception of \$50 to the Alumnae Building Fund. The \$500 Kinks' mother sent to us was, of course, a wonderful starter. All money was not in at the time, so we'll let you know via the next LEAVES our final gift total. We also have 19 Life Members of *Lasell Alumnae, Inc.*, the most of any class. Let's keep ahead always.

Dinner was in Bragdon dining room, and with *Casey* and *Helene* ever prepared, we had three songs rehearsed, including the "Bloomer Girls" complete with costumes (à la our old gym outfits!). But we missed the other class songs that used to ring back and forth across the dining room (which the school has now so outgrown that it scarcely holds the reunion alumnae).

A chance to roam the campus to see the changes, bring back memories and renew acquaintances was taken by all before Class Night exercises, now held (weather permitting) on the golf course behind Carpenter Hall. The informal reception at Woodland, after the exercises, brought to a close a most happy day.

Sunday evening found 24 of us at 112 Revere Street, Boston, with Doctor and *Phyllis* once again most gracious hosts for Sunday night supper. "Medico" really is in his glory with the '22-ers, but we wonder how he stands the noise.

Jo Holbrook Metzger had us all write a brief history of our families and interests and has promised to have a booklet printed and sent to all. It will also contain some of the humorous incidents which kept all in various stages of laughter over the Commencement week end.

Those who attended this wonderful twenty-fifth reunion were: *Helen Adams Cullen*, *Frances Angel Levenson*, *Florence Archibald Stanly*, *Carolyn Badger Seybolt*, *Iverna Birdsall Lutze*, *Dot Caldwell Jordan*, *Harriette Case Bidwell*, *Vera Clauer Hans*, *Violet Comley Peirce*, *Florence Day Wentworth*, *Virginia Emmott Orr*, *Jean Field Faires*, *Grace Gates Brown*, *Heléne Grashorn Dickson*, *Cornelia Hemingway Killam*, *Josephine Holbrook Metzger*, *Margaret Horne Elliott*, *Catherine Howe Thomas*, *Louise Jackson Davol*, *Josephine Kenyon Little*, *Eleanor Knight Bowering*, *Marjorie Lovering Harris*, *Elizabeth Madeira Campbell*, *Edrie Mahaney Rathburn*, *Phyllis Rafferty Shoemaker*, *Mabel Rawlings Eckhardt*, *Dorothy Smith McFarland*, *Louise Stevens Prince*, *Elizabeth Tarr Benton*, *Theresa Thompson Osborne* and *Mary-Louise Weymouth Thompson*.

Marjorie Lovering Harris

Our "new" 1922 banner: The original looked far older and more faded than any of us were going to look, so we decided a new one was in order—if only to boost any lagging spirits. A new one would cost \$25, but thanks to Margot and five and one-half hours of her work at the sewing machine, we have a new one for about \$8.

My lovely, lovely crystal vase. . . . That was thanks to (and from) our most appreciative Sunday night supper guests. It may not always be filled with flowers, but it will be with happy memories. And speaking of filling it with flowers—Flossie, even though she couldn't make the supper, saw to it that a most lavish box of delicately shaded carnations was bought for just that purpose. So you can guess our disappointment when Casey's flash bulb refused to flash! (She's always taken such grand snaps of the "doings" here Sunday night.)

She wasn't the only one who had bad luck with her photography; neither Kinks' nor my camera did us any credit this June. Just hope someone did get a picture at Brae Burn.

We thought it wonderful that we had two girls from such a distance, Kay and Jean winning the prizes, though *Florence Archibald Stanly* was a close third, and *Vera Clauer Hans* drove on, a week ahead, from South Bend, Ind. *Mildred Melgaard Rees* would have come from California if her own wedding anniversary plans for a European trip hadn't taken precedence.

We were very grateful to those who took the time to write us; we wished you'd been right here, though. It seems the loyalty and class spirit of '22 become even stronger with the passing of the years. Yes, perhaps you've guessed—'22 is my all time favorite!

Phyllis Rafferty Shoemaker

Pauline Gagne Warren, '24, is with the Boston *American*, and lives at 346 Beacon Street, Boston. She formerly worked for the National Broadcasting Company in New York.

Bada Waltz Shaw, '27, of Ann Arbor, Mich., called at Lasell in July while vacationing in New England.

Lasell is missing *Lillian Bethel*, '28, who resigned her position in the treasurer's office in June. She is working at the Waltham (Mass.) Hospital where she lives at the nurses' home.

Friends extend sympathy to *Katherine Braithwaite Woodworth*, '29, whose father, Mr. Ernest Braithwaite, passed away May 25.

Four members of the Class of 1929 had a reunion in Worcester this spring: *Mary McEvoy Robideau*, *Margaret Allen MacDonald*, *Dorothy Cole MacRae* and *Marion Kingdon Farnum*.

We were glad to welcome *Gwendolyn McDonald Black*, '18-'28, to the campus in June. Her mother, *Mrs. Statira P. McDonald*, who retired this year, is living in Sackville, N. B., Canada.

1931

Life Secretary—*Karin Eliasson Monroe* (Mrs. H. S.), Starr Hill Road, Groton, Conn. Scribe for this issue—*Clara Giarla Albani* (Mrs. Salvatore), 58 Franklin St., Chelsea 50, Mass.

Several members of the Class of 1931, although it was not our reunion year, got together for luncheon on Alumnae Day, June 7, at the 1812 House in Framingham. Present were: *Mim Abbe Fowler*, *Blair Whittier*, *Mildred Bell Cole*, *Mary Marble*, *Eunice Stack O'Connor*, *Dorothy Curtis Ashworth*, *Dotha Warner Jope* and *Clara Giarla Albani*.

We had a grand reunion, and those of us who went out to Lasell before the luncheon saw many of our junior sisters of the Class of '32, who were having their fifteenth reunion.

1932

Life Secretary—*Katharine Hartman Macy* (Mrs. H. R.), East Main St., Oyster Bay, N. Y. Assistant—*Natalie E. Park*, 73 Goden St., Belmont 78, Mass.

There were 26 of us lucky enough to return to Lasell for our fifteenth reunion on June 7. We all had so much pleasure in being together that our only regret was the fact that more of our 81 members could not be with us.

We met in the Bragdon library at noon, and it did seem like old times, even though most of us had feared that we might fail to recognize some after five, ten or even fifteen years! However, there was little trouble because, as we assured each other again and again, far from showing our age, we were a more youthful looking crowd than the one which sobbed farewell to the Crow's Nest in '32.

Marge MacClymon and *Babe Whitney Lenzi* (who had junketed all the way from Florida for the occasion) had made arrangements for the luncheon, so we proceeded to Seiler's in Wellesley. Luckily they had been able to secure a private room, as the efforts of 26 "White Doves" to bridge the intervening years, discuss their innumerable and fascinating children, and even to practice a class song, caused considerable din. At least we enjoyed the din, and in spite of the talk and constant picture passing, managed to consume an excellent lunch.

Casey and *Barbara Stanley Ulrich* had written a very snappy song, and when we sang it later at the Alumnae Meeting, it could not have left the slightest doubt in anyone's mind that there "never was such a class as that of '32."

After the luncheon the Life Secretary made a few remarks, and among other items of business asked that an assistant secretary be elected who lives in the Boston area and who would be in a better position to keep in touch with school matters and be more effective at reunion time. *Natalie Park* was chosen and agreed to serve in that capacity.



Class of 1932—Fifteenth Reunion

We also decided to give a \$50 Savings Bond to the newly created Winslow Building Fund, with the hope that it would be increased by those members who were not present and who would subsequently send contributions. If you have not already done so, will you please send yours to Mrs. Henry R. Macy, East Main Street, Oyster Bay, N. Y.

Following the luncheon we went to the Alumnae Meeting and Dinner at Bragdon Hall. We felt that the entire day was great fun and our fifteenth reunion a most successful one. Special thanks go to Marge MacClymon and Babe Whitney Lenzi for their efforts.

Those present at the reunion were: Babe Whitney Lenzi, Libby Page Flemming, Agnes Metcalf Connon, Mildred Munson, Gert Hooper Ring, Edith Parsons Booth, Frances Turner Sleigh, Natalie Park, Helen Fitch Foley, Eldora DeHaven Wainwright, Marjorie Tarbell Adams, Flora Marshall Mueller, Rhoda Mooney Herbert, Elinor Small Domina, Margaret Hrubec, Barbara Stanley Ulrich, Julia Case, Janet Kennedy Chapman, x-'32, Mary Lib McNulty McNair, Muriel Morse Henrich, Leslie Barker, Lucy Robert-

son Taylor, Dot Trask Kearsley, x-'32, Marge MacClymon, Gertrude Dupuis McGrath and Kay Hartman Macy.

Following are some random notes jotted down about those at reunion or heard from:

A telegram from Carolyn Sproat Spigner, who has the class banner for having the first child, indicated that she was wise to make an early start, as she announced the arrival of her fifth. In this respect, however, she must take second place to Helen Fitch Foley who had her fifth child a month ago. Janet Kennedy Chapman had pictures of her four, and in the three class were Babe Whitney Lenzi and Edith Parsons Booth.

Les Barker is doing a successful real estate business in Huntington, N. Y. Casey, who recently received her M.A. from New York University, is teaching physical education at Cos Cob, Conn. Gertrude Dupuis McGrath keeps busy operating a guest house near the beach in Lynn, Mass., and has a son who is taller than she. Barbara Gould Whittredge reported a new home in Lynn. Gert Hooper Ring's young son was most cooperative and recovered from

an infection in time for his mother to dash down to Lasell for the day. We couldn't do without Gert at a reunion. *Mary Lib McNulty McNair* headed the list of officers, all of them back. *Agnes Metcalf Connon*, in spite of a young son, hasn't lost her infectious giggle. Congratulations are in order for *Libby Page Flemming* and *John C. Sealey, Jr.*, who were married in July. *Nat Park*, after a good record in the WAVES, is studying at Wellesley College. One of the nicest letters came from *Lydia Parmelee Holmes*, who sounds so happily domesticated and has a little towheaded son, *Dwight*. *Ann Paxton Wildman*, of Springfield, Ohio, had planned for a long time to come to reunion, but at the last minute had to give it up because of complications in leaving her four-month-old daughter. We were disappointed, too, *Ann. Frannie Turner Sleigh* still looks younger than anyone else in the class. Another person we missed was *Blanche Daugherty Horsman* who wasn't able to come but who sent a most generous check for the Winslow Building Fund. Banny can always be reached at the Biltmore Hotel, New York City, where her husband is resident manager. We were saddened to learn that *Thirza Fretchner Johnson* is

at Trudeau Sanitarium, Saranac Lake, N. Y., and hope that her recovery will be a speedy one. We seem to have lost track of *Ethel Buchanan*, *Esther Gilbert*, *Viola Walthausen Orr*, *Eleanor Johnson* and *Roberta Crouse Crotty*, and hope that someone will be able to supply the Life Secretary with their addresses.

Joanna Foster Talbot, x-'32, and *Marion L. Freeman*, x-'32, stopped at the alumnae office recently. Joanna was married six years ago to Mr. George E. Talbot, and now lives at 303 Beacon Street, Boston. Marion's address is 2407 Pioneer Road, Evanston, Ill. She is secretary in the Personnel Office of A. C. Nielson Company, Chicago.

1933

Life Secretary—*Ruth Stafford Clark* (Mrs. Emerson M.), Box 83, Wesleyan Station, Middletown, Conn. Assistant—*Barbara Edmands Place* (Mrs. Edward H., Jr.), 57 Sheridan Road, Wellesley Hills 82, Mass.

The Class of 1933 held its 14th reunion luncheon at the Wellesley Inn on Alumnae Day, June 7, 1947, with 17 members present. We were: *Faith Barber Brandt*, *Helen Breed Solberg*, *Barbara Edmands*



Class of 1933—Fourteenth Reunion

Place, Barbara Erickson Rogers, Shirley Gould Chesebro, Mary Hill Davis, Hazel Merritt Bliven, Louise Newell Audette, Virginia Ogden Hayes, Charlotte Phillips Wilkins, Angelita Santiago Gebelein, Nancy Skiff, Ruth Stafford Clark, Barbara Stover Van De Bogert, Millicent Thomson Hammer, Ruth Vassar Bailey and Ruth Wyand Thissell.

The members of the luncheon committee were Faith Barber Brandt and Ruth Stafford Clark. As Char Phillips Wilkins had generously volunteered to mount "snaps" of us and our children for the occasion, we enjoyed seeing our classmates' families and getting a glimpse of our friends who were unable to come. During the luncheon the questionnaires which had been mailed to all members were read and were the source of much interesting conversation.

After the luncheon, at an informal meeting, Barbara Edmands Place was elected Assistant Secretary and Char Phillips Wilkins, who has been active in helping to plan our past luncheons, was elected chairman of our next reunion luncheon committee. The members present donated a gift of \$75.00 to the Winslow Building Fund, which was presented at the alumnae meeting in Bragdon Chapel by Barbara Edmands Place. We also voted to establish a fund for stationery, stamps and miscellaneous expenses incurred by our secretaries in their class duties.

From our questionnaires we discovered that our class boasts of 73 children, with Alice Fernandez Harkins, Elizabeth Swift Coyle and Shirley Gould Chesebro leading our group with four children each. Judging by the "snaps" that Shirley brought of her Robert, 9, John, 7, and the twins, Gordon and Nancy, 4, we can well imagine what her present occupation is. Alice's children are Gracia, 9, Michael, 8, Margaret, 6, and Bernard Jr., 5.

Our newest baby is Randall Hebert Childs, who was born May 27, 1947. He is Bunny Bardua Childs' third baby. She sent us a delightful "snap" of herself and of her older children, Richard, 6, and Rosalind, 4, and wrote that she is "active in the League of Women Voters, but very active in bringing up her children."

Faith Barber Brandt is living in her new home at 100 Wells Road, Wethersfield, Conn., and has been busy on a Trinity College drive.

Helen Breed Solberg brought us a picture of her son, who is now $4\frac{1}{2}$ years old.

Mae Borkum Finkel wrote that she has two daughters, Diane Elsa, 9, and Frances Betsy, 5.

Evelyn Doudera Colwell also has two children, Philip, $4\frac{1}{2}$, and Pamela, almost 2.

Lillian Druker Feingold writes that she has a son, David, $6\frac{1}{2}$. Her new address is 10 West 96th Street, New York.

From Florida Grace Dunne Walker writes that she is looking forward to being in the north for our

next reunion. Her children are Stuart, 6, and John, $1\frac{1}{2}$

Barbara Erickson Rogers is the busy mother of two children, Stephanie, 5 and Arthur, 2.

Dorothy Guest Harney sent us a delightful snapshot of her three-year-old daughter, Mary, but was unable to be with us as she is in Florida. Her new address is 310 13th Avenue, N. E., St. Petersburg.

Betty Hayford Stewart sent her regrets at being unable to celebrate with us since her son, Malcolm Jr., age 8, was still in school. She writes that they "like Vermont except for the cold winters, and hope for the South in our old age."

Jeanne Heilig Noach has a daughter, Cynthia, 7.

Mary Hill Davis finds that her children, Janet, 9, and Steven, 7, keep her very busy.

We sincerely hope that Alice Hutton Moore's mother, Mrs. Edward H. Hutton, has regained her health, and we are sorry that Alice could not be with us. Her daughter, Judith Hutton, is now almost 11.

Helen Joyce Cardozo writes that she was unable to join our class reunion as she is busy with her new home, which is located at 85 Langsford Street, Gloucester, Mass. Her daughter, Joyce, is now 6 years old.

Amoret Larchar's engagement has been announced to Thomas Skilton of Pennsylvania, a newspaper photographer. She is planning a fall wedding. Her present occupation is that of department head at the Central Scientific Company, Newark, N. J., and her new address is 26 Van Ness Place, Newark.

Another new address is that of Maude Lee Bliss at 2 High Street, Katonah, N. Y. Maude has a son, John, 7.

Our artist, Jacqueline Meyers Morhous, has found time to continue her art and belongs to the Malverne Artists, who give an annual exhibit. She is also an active P.T.A. member, and the mother of John, 8, Jeffrey, $4\frac{1}{2}$, and Jeryl, 3 months.

Libby McIntire Bennert sent us her best wishes. She is the mother of Harry Jr., 11, and Susan, $8\frac{1}{2}$.

Hazel Merritt Bliven also has two children, Joan, 7 and David, 9.

"John" Murphy Aneda has a busy future planned for herself, as she hopes to return to Puerto Rico in August. She and her daughters, Joan, 4, and Judith, 6 months, will be joined by her husband in November. They will spend the winter in Puerto Rico, returning to this country next spring.

Louise Newell Audette is organist at the Congregational Church, Derry, N. H., and the mother of Dana, 7, and Linda, 5. Her address is 24 Crescent Road, Derry Village.

Her cousin, Alice Newell Beede, also has two children, Marilyn Joan, 9, and David, $4\frac{1}{2}$. She writes that she is a housewife "with usual and unusual oc-

cupations." On May 1 they moved into their new home at 288 Sound View Avenue, Stamford, Conn.

Virginia Ogden Hayes brought a snapshot of her two children, Alice Virginia, 5½, and Carl Irving, Jr., 2½. She is another busy housewife.

Martha Palmer was married recently to Mr. Walter Elwood Mack. Her new address is 68 Washington Street, Ayer, Mass. She writes that she is "combining working with being a housewife."

Char Phillips Wilkins has two attractive daughters, Marcia Jean, 4, and Linda, 2½.

Linda Sue, 6, and Peter Lawson, 1½, keep *Bertha Root Smith* occupied. She sent her regrets that her husband's reunion at Clemson, South Carolina, prevented her from attending ours.

Frances Rothenberg Watchmaker also sent her regrets. She has two children, Joan, 10, and Peter, 5½.

Angelita Santiago Gebelein has a daughter, Carol, 6½, and a son, Arthur David Jr., 3.

From San Francisco, California, *Marjorie Shetland Bates* wrote that she was sorry not to be with us. Her son, Robert Franklin, is now 3.

Harriett Smith Rawson was also unable to come to the reunion, but she sent a fine "snap" of herself and her children, Sarah Elizabeth, 7, and Thomas Wilson, 3.

Barbara Stover Van De Bogert's children are Ann, a six year old and H. Peter, 8 months. Her "snap" of them was captivating.

Elizabeth Swift Coyle has four children: Dorothy, 10, Richard, Jr., 8, Bernard, 3, and William, 5 months.

Millicent Thomson Hammer has two children, M. Lee, 10, and Bonnie, 6. She is another enterprising homemaker.

Ruth Tiunan Harris' new address is 12 Holland Terrace, Montclair, N. J. Edwin, 5, and Paul, 17 months, occupy her time.

Ruth Wyand Thissell has two darling, blonde children, Joan, 7, and David, 4. Her new address is 735 East Squantum Street, Squantum, Mass.

Among our career women are *Ruth Vassar Bailey*, who combines her work with the Western Massachusetts Electric Company in Turners Falls—where she is in charge of the payroll—with that of a homemaker.

Another career wife is *Jane Dexter Abar*, who is an assistant to a personnel director while her husband is a student at the Philadelphia College of Osteopathy. Next year she plans to be in Portland, Maine, where her husband will be interning.

Helen Burwell is with the Hartford Board of Education.

Nancy Skiff is a private secretary for T. A. D. Jones and Company, Inc., New Haven, Conn. She was a guest of *Char Wilkins* during reunion week end.

Charlotte Ockert is an insurance agent, working in a large New Haven agency. She writes that she loves her work, and is sorry to miss our reunion.

Marjorie Walker is a Government stenographer.

Thank you all for returning the questionnaire so promptly and for sending the interesting "snaps" to Char.

As there seems to be some misunderstanding about our 15th reunion, I would like to say that according to the new reunion schedule provided by the college, we held our reunion this year instead of in 1948, in order to be with the girls of '32.

Let's all try to be together for our 20th.

Ruth Stafford Clark

1934

Life Secretary—*Roberta Davis Massey* (Mrs. R. A.), 1371 Hampton Rd., Grosse Pointe Woods 30, Mich.

Lois Andrews is now Mrs. Earl Garlotte, 720 Duval Street (rear), Key West, Fla.

Edith Downey, Curator of Education at the Children's Museum of Hartford, writes that *Spot Thomson Hammer's* ('33) and *Mary Korper Steele's* ('29) youngsters visit the museum often. Edith teaches there daily.

Helen Hall Streeter's new address is: Mrs. B. Dexter Streeter, 706 Hazelwood, Detroit 2, Mich.

1935

Life Secretary—*Barbara King Haskins* (Mrs. B. K.), 111 Wilcox Ave., Meriden, Conn.

Maida Cardwell Atwood, Howie, and the two boys, Petie and Bobbie, are vacationing at Cumberland Head, Plattsburg, N. Y. *Barbara Ordway Brewer* and her family are at the Ordway summer home in Brookline, N. H.

Priscilla Winslow has resigned her position as secretary to the Dean of the Graduate School at the University of Utah, Salt Lake City, and may return to New England this fall.

1936

Life Secretary—*Carolyn Young Cate* (Mrs. H. F., Jr.), 130 Temple St., West Newton 65, Mass. Scribe for this issue—*Esther Sosman*, Lasell Junior College, Auburndale 66, Mass.

Have just returned from a brief visit to Washington, D. C., at which time I saw *Marjorie Stuart Olds*, *Marian Mapes Duncan*, and *Rosalie Martin*, faculty '31-'43. Stuie and Bob will move into their new home in Falls Church, Va., soon; Marian, Glenn and their small daughter, Sue Dee ("Sudee") are living at 3641 Greenway Drive, S. E., Washington 20. Met *Rosalie Martin* quite by accident while driving along Wisconsin Avenue, so stopped for a brief visit. She is still a lieutenant commander in the WAVES, living at 1617 Rhode Island Avenue, N. W.

Jerre Andrews and I leave Boston Aug. 22 for Midland, Mich., where we will join *Peggy Jones*, '38,

to drive to California. Our plan is to settle in San Diego, where we hope to find jobs and a place to live! En route we will call on Lasell girls, among them (we hope), *Dale Seeley Bull* of Neenah, Wis. Dale wrote to *Helen Beede*, '21, in June, "Betsey is going into the fourth grade, and Nancy the third. Betsey is already up to my shoulder and will be nine years old next month. Guy is over two and promises to break six feet before he is through growing!"

1937

Life Secretary—*Louise Tardivel Higgins* (Mrs. Charles A., Jr.), 89 Woodland Rd., Auburndale 66, Mass.

Our tenth reunion was held at the Wellesley Inn on Alumnae Day, June 7, and what fun we had! There were 40 present, and from the noise everyone made trying to catch up on the past five to ten years, one would have thought there were 140 of us!

The luncheon was a huge success, due in great part to *Bunny Alves MacEwan*, who prevailed upon her brother to show the moving pictures Mr. Alves had taken of our crew races and the taking of cap and gown. There were many laughs, particularly when we saw the length of our skirts in '36 and '37! *Barbara Wheeler Sampson* brought her films of the May Queen festivities, so we all felt for a few minutes as though we had relived those carefree, happy days—"way back when." I want to thank *E. Y. Cummings Mileikis* and *Betty Harrington Van Huysen* for helping me with the final arrangements and fixing the favors. For the information of those who were not present the favors were the class flower, gardenia, tied with a black ribbon to which were attached the class numerals in gold. A collection was taken for the Winslow Building Fund, which was established this June as a farewell token of appreciation to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow. The money collected at the luncheon, together with that sent in by those unable to attend, totaled over \$100. We hope those who have not already donated will do so and swell '37's total. How about it?

Before the news items, here are a few interesting class statistics: Out of a class of 98, seventy-four are married. There is a grand total of 76 children, 37 boys and 39 girls. (This includes all the information sent in to date. Those who have not already done so, please send in your vital statistics as your classmates are eager for news of you. As your replies are received we will print your news and change our statistics.)

Among those attending were: *Dottie Abbott Ather-ton*, who journeyed from Lakeport, N. H. *Dottie Acuff Stone*, from Longmeadow, Mass., came just for the luncheon; we were sorry she had to rush right back. *Bunny Alves MacEwan* has a new address, 18

Hillview Road, Braintree Highlands, Mass. She will leave shortly for Tokyo where her husband has gone on business.

It was good to see *Bucky Buchanan Lenart* who came from Larchmont, N. Y., to see us. *Babs Burnham Rice* journeyed from Wilmington, Del., meeting her roommate, *Jane Eldridge Meaney*, on the way. They were guests of their other roommate, *Priscilla Parmenter Madden*, in Wellesley Hills. Little sleep was had by all!

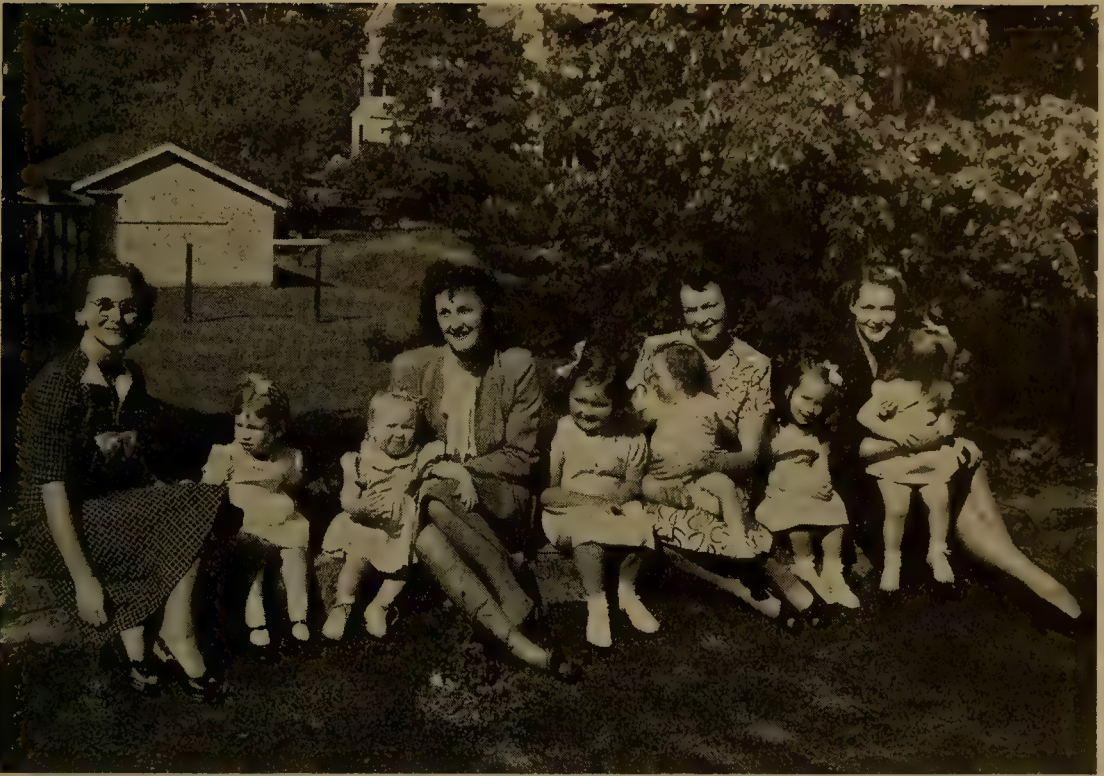
The day students were well represented: *Doris Connington Bryant*, *Virginia Deal Allen* (who, with her husband, will leave soon for the Embassy in Argentina), *Alice Dohoney White*, *Louise Hedlund Mercer*, *Lucille Huse*, *Jean Meady Harvey*, *Janet Owens De Arment* (who came from Meadville, Pa.), *Evelyn Towle Blaisdell*, *Elizabeth Wisdom*, *Virginia Wright*, *Edith Fitzgerald* (sporting a beautiful corsage and looking very happy as she is our next bride-to-be), and *Camilla Mafera*.

Sarah Gwen Davies Giffin arrived with the good news that she is living in Belmont, Mass. *Helen Flint Moody* and *Miriam Goff* helped make our meeting a merry one. (Goofie puts in long hours working for a doctor.) *Meredith Johnson French* came up from Bristol, R. I., to join us, and from the greatest distance, Peoria, Ill., came *Eleanor Kenney Barthold*.

Butch Martini Turton arrived with her roommate, *Gertrude McEvoy*, and *Barbara Potter Fyfe* came down from Portland, Maine, with *Catherine Laffin Mahoney* who is living in Ellsworth. *Annie Robertson Miller* traveled from Rochelle Park, N. J., while *Louise Visel Redfield* and *Helen Williams Hoyt* drove up together from New Haven.

We had a nice letter from *Frances Austin Ferris*, saying she had hoped to come but her husband could not get his leave in time. She gave a "brief history of the Ferris family: Don is still in the Army at Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio. He likes his work as engineer in Air Corps Maintenance, also gets in a lot of flying and plans to stay 'in' another year or two. Our Bobbie is 16 months old and so good and happy all the time. I'd love to hear from any of you." Frankie's address is 520 Forrer Boulevard, Dayton 9, Ohio.

We also received a nice note from *Priscilla Greig Jones* in which she enclosed a donation to the Winslow Building Fund, a darling snapshot of her daughter, Cynthia, and a picture of *Ruthe Baber Lounsbury* and her little girl. Priscilla has moved to her new home at 246 Summer Street, Auburn, Maine, which she bought from another Lasell girl, *Jean Fosdick Durgin*, x-'30. We missed Priscilla and her roommate, Ruthe, but hope to see them at our next reunion!



Lasell Girls and daughters: Arlene Wishart Sylvester, '38, and Carolyn; Myrtle Sylvester Ensor, '38, and Meredith; Priscilla Parmenter Madden, '37, with Marcia and Marilyn; Marjorie Bassett Mac-Millan, '36, with Betsy and Jean.

Dottie Coffin Amon wrote a line the other day to say she was sorry to miss the fun, but the day before our reunion she had her third son. Congratulations! The Amons are living at 43 Bond Street, Reading, Mass.

In May *Virginia Gately Hennessey* and her son, Jimmy, left to join Major Hennessey in Tokyo, so missed the reunion. We seem to have a good number of our class overseas. When *Bunny Alves Mac-Ewan* joins her husband there will be two '37-ers in Tokyo. *Babe Beamer Dahlberg* in Hilo, and *Midge Gilbert Wiggins* in Lanai, are two in Hawaii. Babe's husband opened his ice cream factory on May 24, and is selling Bluebonnet Ice Cream. Midge was in Newton this spring with her little girl, Rickie. She had some fascinating tales to tell of the Islands; plans to fly down to see Babe soon. The last word of *Jerre Fothergill* placed her with the Red Cross in Europe. *Glennys Preston Allicon* is in Austria with her husband. She tells of meeting *Isabel Wyatt Asselta* and her little girl on the ship going over; Isabel was joining her husband in Berlin.

Renie Dreissigacker Brimlow sent her regrets from Lee Place, Frederick, Md. The snapshot of her two sons was admired by all.

Margaret Harris Abreu sent greetings to all '37-ers and said she hopes to get to future reunions. "Please say hello for me, and extend a cordial welcome to any Lasellites in the Bay Area here in California." Peggy's address is 5808 Merriewood Drive, Oakland 11.

All of '37 joins me in extending our heartfelt sympathy to *Barbara Hersey Moore*, whose husband, Albert R. Moore, died last spring.

We were sorry to learn, too, of the passing of *Betty Olson Cooper's* father. Betty enclosed a check for the Winslow Building Fund with her letter, and wrote: "I am married and don't do anything more exciting than keep house and take care of our 20-month-old daughter, Bonnie Jean. Have fun at the reunion!"

Rae Salisbury Richards wrote: "I'll be thinking of you all and wishing like crazy I could be with you. I want Roslyn to enter Lasell and am already feeding her singing-bird seed. Would love to repeat on all four of those nifty years back there; golly, I'd like to see all of your clowns on our tenth! We are moving to White Plains, N. Y., 90 Bryant Avenue, The Surrey Strathmore Apartments. Sing loud and long for me. Much love, *Aunt Rae.*" I am afraid we must

confess that we didn't dare tackle the Cap and Gown song without you, Rae.

Deborah Sweet King could not attend the reunion, but wrote: "Would like to see you all and relive our two years. I am an instructor in jewelry making at the Rhode Island School of Design. Never thought I'd be a teacher, but now that I'm in it, I love it. Good luck to all, and have a wonderful time!" Deborah was married June 21 and now lives at 69 Warren Avenue, Pawtucket, R. I.

Betty Tracy McCampbell sent a check for the Winslow Building Fund from 2550 Henry Street, Augusta, Ga. Her daughter, Kaye, was born May 22, so a 900 mile trip to reunion was out of the question.

Marjorie Westgate Doran had her reservation in when her children caught one of those childhood diseases so mommy had to give up her plans. We missed you, Stitch.

Augusta Williamson Lips wrote: "Just a line to convey my best wishes to one and all of the Class of '37. I will certainly be thinking of you and wishing I could be there. Paul and I have been living in little old New York for two and one-half years, and since last fall I have been working part time in the silverware department of B. Altman and Company. Would so love to see any or all of you who come to the great city. Just give me a buzz or drop in." Billie's address is 32 East 30th Street, New York City.

Connie Wood sent a telegram: "Here's to '37 and its president. With you all in spirit. Lasell memories are wonderful. Ours the best class ever. Have a grand reunion. Affectionately. *Connie Wood*."

A nice note arrived from *Hilma Williams Alger*, with a picture of her four children enclosed, "the four reasons why I am pretty well tied down during the day. . . . Wishing you all much success at the reunion."

Mary Ruth Sanford, x-'37 could not attend reunion as it was impossible for her to leave her nursery school in Westfield, Mass. Now in its eighth year, the Cradle School takes care of 15 children between the ages of two-and-one-half and five years.

We were sorry "*Miss Eliasson*" could not attend our luncheon, but those of us who returned to Bragdon for the Alumnae Meeting had a nice visit with her.

Florence Keegan Barlow, x-'37, is living at 17201 Littlefield, Detroit, Mich., as her husband is a sales engineer in the Detroit Office of General Electric. Their daughter, Joyce, will be a year old in October.

I think we have about exhausted the '37 news, but I have hopes of hearing from the 39 girls who did not find time to write us before! Let's keep the news coming!

1938

Life Secretary—*Virginia Wilhelm Peters* (Mrs. R. R.), 2316 Dixwell Ave., Hamden 14, Conn.

Arlene Wishart Sylvester will move soon into her new home at 81 Woodland Road, Auburndale (formerly a Lasell dormitory, Dillingham House, across from the Congregational Church), next door to *Louise Tardivel Higgins*, '37. Wishy's husband, Dr. R. Emerson Sylvester, has set up his medical practice in Auburndale. They have one daughter, Carolyn, two years old.

After she left Lasell the end of June, *Peggy Jones* visited *Esther Sosman*, '36, and *Marty Romaine Jones* in New Jersey, *Louise Hamilton Gwynn* in Holliston, Mass., and *Irene Ball Sill*, '15, and *Marty Sill Wolstenholme* in Massena, N. Y., before returning to her home in Midland, Mich. Early in September she and two other Lasell girls, *Marjorie Andrews*, '36, and *Esther Sosman*, '36, will leave Michigan by car to travel to California, where they hope to settle in San Diego.

Caprice Gardiner Aque's (x-'38), son, *Walter Clifford Aque, Jr.* ("Skipper"), was born April 10, 1946 at Englewood, N. J.

Marty Romaine Jones recently moved into her new home at 183-A Roosevelt Boulevard, Florham Park, N. J.

Arlene Wishart Sylvester, *Mildred Birchard Pen-theny* and *Rosemary Pegnam Johnson* returned to campus for Alumnae Day.

1939

Life Secretary—*Meredith Prue Yosick* (Mrs. C. J.), 219 Morrell Blvd., Orange, Texas.

Kupe Shepard Cushman called at Bragdon shortly after Commencement. She moved recently to 271 Gardner Ave., New London, Conn.

1940

Life Secretary—*Priscilla Sleeper Sterling* (Mrs. R. D.), 55 Woodmere Rd., Bristol, Conn.

Congratulations to *Nancy Bailey Black* who retained her Massachusetts women's golf title by defeating *Dorothy Sullivan* on the 19th green, June 7, in the final round of the 44th championship tournament at Belmont Country Club.

Jeanne Buhler Gross, x-'40, is at Norris Junction, Yellowstone Park, Wyoming. Her permanent address is Route No. 1, Box 79, La Center, Washington.

Scotty MacNeish Bruck, '40, was graduated from Columbia University in June.

1941

Life Secretary—*Janet Jansing Sheffer* (Mrs. John W., Jr.), Old York Road Country Club, Jenkintown, Pa.

Jane Abbott called at the college in May; she is

teaching at the Powers School, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Life Secretary *Jan Jansing Sheffer* and daughter, Linda, are spending the summer at Jack's family's summer home in Eagles Mere, Pa.

Dorothy Martin stopped at Lasell for a brief visit in July. She has an excellent job with WRGB, Schenectady, in television.

In July Jan Jansing Sheffer wrote that *Janet Miller Schmid* had been living in Philadelphia while her husband completed his last year at the University of Pennsylvania. They were to leave for Kingston, N. Y., where Bob planned to work.

Marguerite Agar Baker, x-'41, is living in Akron, Ohio, where her husband is employed by Firestone Tire and Rubber Company. Their twin sons, Brook Kingston and Gary Mason, were born in February.

We had a surprise visit in July from *Gert Fischer*, on vacation in her new car.

1942

Life Secretary—Mary V. Hurley, 41 Linden St., Schenectady, N. Y.

Assistant: Anne Lynch, 1784 Washington St., Auburn-dale 66, Mass.

Until further notice *Mildred Fraser Pauley* will be at 113 Lemon Court, Blackhawk Village, Hanover, Ill. Her husband, Dr. Harvey C. Pauley, plans to practice medicine in Savanna, Ill., where they will make their home.

Marie Huhn Burkhart's new address is 4905 South 29th Road, Apt. B-2, Arlington, Va.

The Class of 1942 held its reunion luncheon at the Parker House, Boston, on June 7. The following girls registered at the college during the day: *Elizabeth S. Allen, Mary Dobson Lincks, Mary Hurley, Anne Lynch, Dorothy Mosher Stone, Sue Naeher Morgan, Jayne O'Rourke Gaffney, Martha Pangborn, Betty Polhemus Parker, Nancy Scott, Priscilla Swett Reed, Arline Walter, Barbara Walworth, Joyce Brewer Toft*, x-'42, *Vicki Muehlberg*, x-'42 and *Jeanne Nestler*, x-'42.

1943

Life Secretary—Nathalie Monge Stoddard (Mrs. Morris F., Jr.), 258 Main St., Wakefield, Mass. Assistant: Elizabeth A. McAvoy, 93 Hillcrest Rd., Windsor, Conn.

Back in April *Priscilla Spence Hall* wrote that she had met *Betty Duerr Brownell*, x-'43, for luncheon at the Connecticut Room in G. Fox, Hartford. Betty and her husband were down from Pittsfield for a few hours' shopping.

Priscilla's husband has been attending the University of Connecticut, Hartford Branch, and they have an apartment at 174 Ashley Street, Hartford. Priscilla is secretary to a physician in the city.

Jessie Mackenzie, x-'43, who was a pharmacist's mate in the Navy during the war, has been graduated from Temple University and is now a dental hygienist.

Jane Norwell Chamberlain has a daughter, Ellen Jane, born on April 4, 1946. *Muriel O'Connor* is the baby's Godmother.

Janet Ryder Dietsch is now Mrs. Russell S. Robinson, 93 High Street, North Attleboro, Mass.

New addresses: *Cynthia Austin Sharp*, R.F.D. 2, Sewell, N. J.; *Jane Norwell Chamberlain*, 80 Seymour Ave., Springfield, Mass.; *Elaine Towne Batson*, 48 Parkis Ave., Providence, R. I.

1944

Life Secretary—Norma Badger, Box 131, Portsmouth, N. H. Assistant: Barbara Coudray, 76 Halsted St., East Orange, N. J.

Peggy Revene is working in the advertising department of Hahne and Company, Newark, N. J. In 1946 she was graduated from Jackson College, where she majored in commercial psychology.

Dorothy Carll Pickering called at Lasell in May. She is a graduate of Maryland College for Women.

Northeast Airlines recently announced the appointment of *Georgia Record*, x-'44, as an airline stewardess.

Peggy Portmore Scheuerman and her husband, Mr. John Scheuerman, called at the college recently.

1945

Life Secretary—Emma Gilbert, 589 Prospect St., Maplewood, N. J. Assistant: Louise Long, 60 Lorraine Ave., Providence, R. I.

Dottie Domina received her B.A. degree from Middlebury College in June, and will teach English and Latin at the Stowe (Vt.) High School this fall.

Barbara Keene is living at 91 Warwick Road, West Newton 65, while working in the pathology lab at Harvard Medical School, for the Harvard Cancer Commission.

Priscilla Peters Cargile's most recent address is care of Lunt's Motel, Salt Lake City, Utah. Mr. Cargile is a service engineer for the American Locomotive Company, working on Diesel electric engines.

August 15, *Gloria Dupuis Conchar*, x-'45, will move into a new garden apartment at 1727 Walker Avenue, Union, N. J. (Apt. D).

Many of the girls were on hand Alumnae Day or at Alumnae Dinner in Bragdon dining room that evening: *Lorraine Anderson Crabtree, Constance Arley Brown, Nancy Bacon Johnson, Margaret Brady, Mary Conant, Norma Crosby, Ruth Davis, Stella Depoian, Irene Evangelisti, Shirley Frank, Phyllis Kenney, Carolyn Kesseli, Elaine Macdonald, Bette McEwen Price, Priscilla Otis, Constance Pettigrew, Elsie*

Simonds Follett, Joan Single Wright, Louise Smiley, Patricia Smith Whittlesey and Doris Wittman.

Marilyn Borne and Bruce Ferguson have set September 6 as their wedding day. They will live in Ann Arbor Mich., while Bruce completes his work for his master's degree at the University of Michigan.

1946

Life Secretary—Louise Pool, 1740 Que St., N. W., Washington 9, D. C. Assistant: Mary Jane Magnusson, 29 Westwood Ave., New Rochelle, N. Y.

Evie Hillis came east for her vacation this spring, and her roommate gave her a surprise party the day she arrived. *Ginny Westerdale, Arline Koppel, Corinne Wilkins, Joan Walker* and *Bev Andres* were present. The girls kept her busy with luncheon and dinner engagements while she was here; she looked wonderful, and we were all ready to go back to Colorado with her.

Muriel Ross and *Richard Benshimol* were married June 15 at Harvard Memorial Chapel, Cambridge, and many of the girls traveled to Boston for the wedding. Loads of luck to you, Moo and Dick, from all of us.

Dolores Reando Miller writes that her new address is 21 Thorndyke Road, Worcester, Mass.

Two of our classmates are in California: *Eloise MacIntosh*, x-'46, in Santa Barbara, and *Nancy Mattoon*, visiting her sister and loving the west.

In Boston *Patsy Corning* and *Barbara Nelson* are on the executive training squad at Filene's. *Lou Sahakaian* is working for her Dad in Providence.

Hillen Peck, x-'46, wrote in June that she would leave soon for a trip to Hawaii.

The Class of 1946 sends congratulations and best wishes to the Class of 1947. Good luck to each and every one of you.

Mickey

Many of the girls returned for a reunion at Alumnae Dinner Saturday night, June 7, and to see their "junior" sisters: *Ursula Anglim, Doris Bellinger, Barbara Bowers Piplar, Mary Brennan, Beverly Briggs, Lucy Clark, Barbara Conover, Carol Cooley, Jacqueline Darcy, Marilyn Dickson, Monique Ducharme, Anne Heaphy, Naomi Kahrimanian, Elizabeth Kendall, Marilyn Lerch, Dorothy Lowe, Nancy Mattoon, Clare McCarthy, Dorothy Morris, Marjorie Mosher, Ann Nelson, Dorothy Nelson, Marjorie Norris, Patricia O'Neil, Norma O'Shea, Louise Pool, Gertrude Quinn, Grace Rayfuse, Betty Read Hanna, Helen Richter, Rita Riley, Corinne Schlegel, Priscilla Scruton, Carolyn Stuart, Phyllis Warburton, Betty J. Weltner, Norinne White and Kay Wilson.*

1947

Life Secretary—Gloria A. Sylvia, 213 Hart Street, Taunton, Mass. Assistant: Lois Kenyon, Woodstock Valley, Conn.

Meeting a deadline has come to be more or less second nature to both Lois and me, and here we are again, at the beginning of the first of a series of articles that belong strictly to our class. We hope you will look forward to its appearance, and knowing its functions of use and enjoyment, make your contributions. Not only now, when items of news and interest are plentiful, but through the years we want to hear from each member of the class. Let's make this link between reunions a strong and successful contact among us all!

Nan Alger was the first to get the ball rolling, writing from Boston where she is living at 229 Marlborough Street and working at Jordan Marsh Co. as a trainee in Interior Decoration. "I'm tripping over Lasellites all the time," says Nan. One of them probably is *Dorothy Papani*, who is a comparison shopper at Jordan's.

Also in Boston are *Nancy Carter, Betty MacNeil*, and *Marcia Kesseli*. They are living together in the Chandler Dorms and working in Jay's. *Jane Ayres* has a position there, too, while "*Ginger*" *Feltham* and *Jane Trott* have jobs at Crawford Hollidge.

Thea Chung, before entering a western college in the fall, is spending the summer traveling throughout the country. *Melva Gonzalez* and *Pat Brunner* are planning a trip down Mexico way, and *Mary Ellen Roberts* is heading west on a cross-country tour.

Some of our other travelers are: *Dorothy Donegan*, who flew to Ireland with her father the day after Commencement for a visit with relatives, and *Gretchen Yost*, who sailed for her home in Balboa Heights, Canal Zone on June 11. It was quite a send-off, for it was at that time that the Chandler "Charmers" were enjoying their excursion in the Big City, and they went, "en masse," to see Gret off, and to wish her "Bon Voyage."

In September we'll be wishing the same to *Joanne McMillan*, when she'll sail for Europe to further her studies at the University of Zurich, Switzerland.

Soon after Commencement, *Mr. and Mrs. S. Smitherman*, better known to us as "Mike" and Scott, started on their homeward drive south, "Mike" is very happy at the prospect of "just keeping house" for her architect husband at 3751 Fairfield Avenue, Shreveport, Louisiana.

Betsey Gavitt is the lucky girl who is opening a dress shop of her own at Narragansett Pier, R. I. Working with her will be *Marcia Frandsen*. Fellow Gardnerite merchandisers will be employed as fol-

lows: *Barb Morton* at Filene's in Worcester, "*Jeff*" *Familton* on the "Flying Squad" in B. Altman's, and *Ginny Smith* with Lord and Taylor's.

Barb Woods is still holding down the position she started, even before graduating, with the Christian Science Publishing House in Boston. *Betty Kirby*, who plans to take over her father's undertaking business eventually, will take courses in art along with those required to become a registered mortician. *Gloria Secatore* also intends to work for her father. *Jane Lupien* will work at the Newton Hospital, while another Med. Sec., *Janet Dale*, has a position with a doctor in Burlington, Vermont.

Spending her summer working at the local beach in Rye, N. Y., is *Sally Whipple*. "*Pinky*" *May* is a counselor, as is *Ruth Redden*, who teaches crafts at a day camp. *Peggy Beach* attended Red Cross Aquatic School on the Cape before becoming a swimming instructor at a day camp in Meriden. "*Maggie*" *Emmerling* is working as a counselor, too, and in the fall will enter Jackson College.

Although at this writing many of us who plan to continue our education have not definite plans, there are those who do know where they will be. *Jean Hubbard* will attend secretarial school in Springfield. *Joan Warriner* plans to go to the Katharine Gibbs School in Boston, while *Syb Frick* will enter the New York division. *Marilyn Isaacson* is attending the summer session at the University of Maine, which college *Rose Cote* will enter in the fall.

Janet Weldon will continue at Marymount in New York. *Barb Schardt* will transfer to Ohio State. *Jane Upton* goes to the University of New Hampshire and *Joan Staples* to Syracuse. *Terry Clarke* will enroll at the Barbizon School of Modeling in New York come September, and *Brenda Brown*, who is taking a secretarial course this summer, will be married September 6.

"*Jody*" *Lamb* was a bridesmaid, June 15th, at the marriage of *Muriel Ross*. '46, to *Richard Benshimol* in Harvard's Memorial Chapel. At the reception, *Shirley Warner*, who is working at a Cape resort for the summer, and I had a lot of fun meeting many of last year's graduates and catching up on news. The position as secretary to a doctor that "Moo" left will now be filled by *Barb Adler*.

I have just returned from a very enjoyable two weeks in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, which included staying with "*Bunny*" *Widenor* at her summer place at Lake Mohawk, and at *Jan Stearns'* in Haverstown, near Philadelphia. *Susie Cross* was there, too, and when we all met in New York we tried to contact *Fran Burns*, x-'47, who was on one of her buying trips from her job in Vermont, but we met with no success. However, we did meet *Lyn Koempel*,

x-'47, who came from Stamford, Conn., to lunch with us at the Hotel Pennsylvania. Lyn sends her greetings to all her friends. She is a secretary to an executive of the Atlas Powder Company in Stamford.

Riding through Newark we thought of *Betty Brady* working there in Hahne's and of *Marty Taylor*, who starts in the fall, but we couldn't stop and the train was soon heading on to Philly. There, *Meriam Rainey* called Jan, Susie and me, and the next day we went to lunch at her home in Collingwood, N. J.

"Bunny" had started her new job as a member of the "Flying Squad" in the Interior Decoration department at Bloomingdale's and could not come. "Rainey" will soon start her secretarial position in the office of the high school in Collingwood. She told us that *Bev Tucker* is working at McCree's in Rochester, New York.

Visiting with "Rainey" was *Jean Russell*, and a gay little reunion was had by all. Jean plans to spend the rest of the summer at Hyannis on the Cape, and to do extensive traveling for another year or so.

Then, to prove that Lasellites are to be found everywhere, we met *Joan Logan* in Wanamaker's one afternoon. She said she was on the job, being employed by Strawbridge and Clothier. As a comparison shopper she was counting the number of visitors to Wanamaker's Village of Vision Exhibition.

I guess that's all I have for a while, but do write, and drop a line to hold a friendship.

Gloria

We were shocked to hear of the tragic accident on June 21 which took the life of *Lorraine Belliveau* and seriously injured *Therese Deneen*. The girls were driving home after the Worcester Lasell Club dance when, due to the blinding headlights of an oncoming car and a thick fog, their car left the road and crashed into a tree. Lorraine died shortly after the crash, and Tee-Dee is still in Leominster Hospital suffering from concussion, two fractures of the right leg, four broken bones in her left foot, and internal injuries. She would love to hear from Lasell friends even though she cannot answer all your letters.

The class extends sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Belliveau of 474 Clarendon Street, Fitchburg, parents of Lorraine.

[We have just received word that *Gloria Sylvia* has been accepted as a junior at Connecticut College for Women. Congratulations to your life secretary. . . . Ed.]

Lasell Alumnae, Inc.

The annual meeting of *Lasell Alumnae, Inc.* was held in Carter Hall on Saturday, June 7, 1947. President *Louise Tardivel Higgins*, '37, called the meeting to order at 3:50 P.M.

The minutes of the 1946 meeting were read by the recording secretary and accepted as read.

Phyllis Rafferty Shoemaker, '22, was then called upon to report on the new Winslow Building Fund. The following gifts have been received: \$5000 from *Lasell Alumnae, Inc.*, \$1000 from *Mabel T. Eager*, '80-'89, and \$500 from *Florence E. Tower*, '74-'77, '85-'87.

The report of the auditor was read by the recording secretary and placed on file with the audited statements of income and expense.

Antoinette Meritt Smith, '23, treasurer, reported that as of May 31, 1947, there is \$11,304.46 in the Building Fund and \$7,969.86 in the General Fund making the consolidated assets of *Lasell Alumnae, Inc.* \$19,274.32.

Priscilla Parmenter Madden, '37, corresponding secretary, read her report which was accepted and placed on file.

Marion Ordway Corley, '11, chairman of the scholarship committee, reported that no loans were made but that gifts of \$25 each were made to three needy members of the Class of '47 and one gift of \$10 to a member of the Class of '48.

Mrs. Statira P. McDonald conducted a brief memorial service and read the names of members who have passed away since the 1946 annual meeting.

The slate of officers for the year 1947-48 as presented by the nominating committee under the chairmanship of *Mildred Strain Nutter*, '17, was read by the recording secretary as follows:

President: *Louise Tardivel Higgins*, '37

Vice President: *Marjorie Bassett MacMillan*, '36

Recording Secretary: *Arlene Wishart Sylvester*, '38

Corresponding Secretary: *Priscilla Parmenter Madden*, '37

Treasurer: *Antoinette Meritt Smith*, '23

Assistant Treasurer: *Phyllis Rafferty Shoemaker*, '22

Directors: *Helen B. Perry*, '24, *Priscilla Alden Wolfe*, '19, *Helen McNab Willand*, '25

Scholarship Committee: *Marion Ordway Corley*, '11, Chairman

Nominating Committee: *Ilene L. Derick*, '41, *Natalie E. Park*, '32, *Ruth Hayden*, '20

The recording secretary was instructed to cast one ballot for the slate of officers as nominated.

The following alumnae were recommended for election to the *Lasell Junior College Corporation*, their term of service to be for five years commencing

in October following their election: *Louise Tardivel Higgins*, '37, *Lillian G. Bethel*, '28, *Esther Josselyn*, '27.

The following changes in the By-Laws and Amendment to the Constitution were read by the recording secretary and voted to be accepted:

"Article V By-Laws Section 1-A Dues. An annual contribution of \$2.00 includes membership in this corporation and a subscription to the *Lasell Alumnae Magazine*.

(B) Any member who shall contribute to the Alumnae Fund at one time the sum of \$50.00 shall become a Life Member and shall be entitled to receive the *Lasell Alumnae Magazine*.

(C) A Life Membership may be paid in five payments of \$10.00 each at successive intervals of six months."

"Article III (Constitution) Membership. Any *Lasell* graduate, former student, present or former faculty member or administration member, shall be eligible to membership."

The Roll Call of reunion classes found four members of the class of 1897 present: *Nora Burroughs Dillingham*, *Emeline Carlisle Hill*, *Edith Howe Kip* and *Anna P. Warner*. The following reunion classes presented gifts to the Winslow Building Fund: Class of 1922—\$712; Class of 1932—one \$50 U. S. Savings Bond; Class of 1933—\$75.00; Class of 1937—\$83.50. The Class of 1922 also gave \$50 to the Building Fund of *Lasell Alumnae, Inc.*

In appreciation of their many years' service to *Lasell Junior College, Lasell Alumnae, Inc.* presented gifts to *Dr. and Mrs. Winslow*, *Mrs. McDonald* and *Mr. Amesbury*, the presentations being made by members of the reunion classes, *Nora Burroughs Dillingham*, '97, *Cornelia Hemingway Killam*, '22, *Ethelyn Whitney Lenzi*, '32, and *Betty Harrington Van Huysen*, '37. *Dr. Winslow* received a barometer-thermometer; *Mrs. Winslow*, a string of pearls; *Mrs. McDonald*, amethyst earrings; and *Mr. Amesbury*, a leather cigarette box.

In the absence of the president of the senior class, *Barbara Schardt*, the alumnae secretary announced that the class of 1947 was joining *Lasell Alumnae, Inc.* as a body.

The meeting adjourned at 5:00 P.M. with the singing of the Alma Mater.

Respectfully submitted,

Arlene Wishart Sylvester, '38
Recording Secretary

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